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H O G G ' S

WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME III.

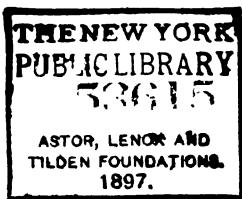
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No. 53.

EDINBURGH, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1846.

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OUR ANNIVERSARY WORD.

It is now a twelvemonth since we launched our bark on the tide of public favour. We may thus be said to have completed our first voyage, and before we again commit ourselves to the wave, our friends and well-wishers may probably expect us to give them some account of our past enterprise, and some notice of our prospects and hopes for the future. The occurrence of an epoch such as that supplied by the anniversary of the *Instructor*, is full of interest to ourselves; nor will our readers, we feel assured, chide or frown upon us, if for a few moments we hold a little confidential intercourse with them. A feeling akin to personal friendship rises spontaneously in generous minds even in the interchange of secular business. How much stronger and purer is this feeling when it is associated with the genial intimacies of thought, the suggestion of high motives and aims, the expression and reciprocation of kindly sentiments. Under its influence would we give utterance to 'Our Anniversary Word.'

Robert Hall being asked his opinion of the moral tendency of the works of a celebrated authoress of our own times, replied—'In point of tendency, I should class her writings among the most irreligious I ever read. Not from any desire she evinces to do mischief, or to unsettle the mind like some of the insidious infidels in the last century; not so much from any attack she makes upon religion as from a universal and studied omission of the subject. In her writings a very high strain of morality is assumed; she delineates the most virtuous characters, and represents them in the most affecting circumstances of life—in sickness, in distress, even in the prospect of eternity, and finally sends them off the stage with their virtue unsullied—and all this without the most remote allusion to Christianity, the only true religion. Thus she does not attack religion or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary by exhibiting perfect virtue without it.' The conviction that a very large proportion of the periodical literature of our country is objectionable on this very ground, and that thus as much harm may be done as when the Christian revelation is boldly and openly assailed—this conviction, and we have the happiness of knowing that it is hourly gaining strength in those quarters where the desire to promote the real welfare of society is strongest, may be said to have originated the *Instructor*. The desideratum we took in hand to supply was, in fact, a widely felt one. We have received repeated assurances to this effect from parties, both lay and clerical, who deservedly hold the highest place in public esteem and confidence. For these, coupled as in every instance they were with warm commendation of our humble labours, we feel grateful, and we trust that, in

union with higher motives, they will tend to quicken our zeal and industry, so that the kind wishes of our friends, and our own hopes, may be fully realised. Our weekly sheet was meant to occupy a peculiar, and, we are free to own, a rather delicate position among the cheap periodicals of the day. By far the best portion of the community were conscious of a craving which these did not satisfy, but which (we do not of course include in this censure publications avowedly religious) they rather mocked. No particular fault could be found with them; the evil lay not so much in what was said as in what was left unsaid; the sin, to borrow a theological phrase, was one of omission rather than commission. There was no dearth of talent or even the rarer gift of genius. A pure morality, moreover, was inculcated—a morality, thanks to the New Testament, in many points superior to that which adorned the pages of Socrates and Seneca, and which embraced the ordinary routine of every day duty. Generous sentiments were proclaimed, heroic deeds were extolled; in short, only one thing was wanting to please the most fastidious of tastes. But the absence of that one thing gave a cold and cheerless aspect to our journals and magazines, besides that it could scarcely fail to foster the delusion that literature and science, instead of being the handmaids of Christian truth, were its antagonists. The light from heaven, in short, was needed; the presence of an authority more sacred and awful was longed for. With devout thankfulness we review our resolution to supply, if possible, this want, and look back with pleasure upon the path over which we have trodden. Nor have we been left to solace ourselves merely with the consciousness of being actuated by good motives, and the hope of eventually gaining the cordial approbation of an enlightened public. The praises of the press have almost exceeded our wishes; assuredly they have surpassed our expectations. As we have just hinted, we have received numerous private communications from parties, whose good opinion we are proud to possess, approving of the plan and conduct of the *Instructor*, while our large and daily increasing circulation is to us the surest pledge that our efforts are appreciated. For these and every other mark of kindly interest we beg publicly to record our thanks, and we do so with the assurance that no effort shall be wanting to render our pages worthy the commendation of those whose commendation we earnestly wish to have.

At the commencement of our undertaking we endeavoured to indicate, as distinctly as we could, the position we intended to take up, the exact sphere we wished to fill. It was never our design to step into the province of the Theological Magazine, and discuss in our pages the sublime and consoling doctrines of revealed religion. This we at

once admit is a higher and holier part of the field than what we sought to occupy. How well occupied it is we need not say. Still we have had difficulty in making some of our excellent and well-meaning friends realise the distinction between a periodical professedly devoted to the defence and exposition of Christian doctrine, and another like ours, mainly literary in its character, yet recognising on all proper occasions 'the truth as it is in Jesus' not insulting it by cold and sullen silence, but uniformly deferring to its authority, and evincing on its pages a regard to the fine sentiment, that 'in the examination of Scripture, then only does reason show herself noble, when, conscious of the presence of a king, the knee is bent and the head uncovered.' On this point we wish not even the slightest misunderstanding to exist. A devout respect for the disclosures and precepts of Christianity may pervade a man's temper and deportment though his religion be not always on his tongue. The holy fire may be burning on the altar of his spirit though it be not always blazing forth. It is enough if he act in accordance with the truth. It is enough if he discover no guilty shame of it. It is enough if he do it all honour and pay it all deference when occasion calls. He may not, for example, be one of its professional defenders, and yet his 'walk and conversation' may be one of its most eloquent defences. It is easy to transfer these remarks to a publication like ours. Nothing alien to the spirit or requirements of the gospel shall appear in our pages. If through mistake or inadvertence this rule should even once be violated, none will regret the circumstance more than ourselves. This, however, were promising little. If the highest praise which could be justly awarded the *INSTRUCTOR* amounted merely to this, *that it contained nothing hostile to Christianity*, then we should be free to confess that we had broken faith with the public, and done nothing more for the best and most sacred of causes than what many of our cotemporaries are doing. But we can appeal with confidence to the past, whether, for example, such points as these—the remedial scheme which the Bible reveals—the great motives to virtue and holiness it propounds—the majestic hopes it unfolds, and the exalted standard of excellence it sets up—have not all along been treated by us with that respect and reverence to which their sacredness and importance entitle them. For the future, we have only to assure our readers, that we have no feeble or faltering convictions as to the meaning of those words uttered by the highest of all authorities, and applicable to every department of our conduct: 'Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' Christianity alone can purify the public taste, and secure the harmonious evolution of all our powers. But this it can do, only when it mixes with every influence that concurs to form the character. Do we need amusement, for example, then Christianity must look on and approve, otherwise the harmony is destroyed; and the pleasures of taste and of religion become first indifferent, then cold, and afterwards positively hostile to each other. Such a crisis is to be deprecated. Even though religion should overcome, (how often is the issue the contrary!) there is yet, in this violent and unnatural separation, an injury inflicted on the minds of individuals. Christianity, instead of being aided, is thereby depressed, by literature; and, at the best, a positive loss is sustained, because the moral harmony is less perfect, and the spiritual result less copious, than otherwise they would have been.

The idea of thus uniting literature and Christianity, in a cheap weekly periodical, was embodied in the '*INSTRUCTOR*'. The remarkable prosperity of our Journal, striking into an untrodden path, is the best proof that we had rightly estimated the want of the public. To the future we look with cheerful confidence. On parents, Christian ministers, and indeed all who feel an interest in the welfare of the young and rising generation, the *INSTRUCTOR* has, we conceive, strong and special claims. To strictly religious periodicals it is quite idle to expect youthful readers will confine themselves. How important there-

fore it is, that those of a literary character which are put into their hands should not have the slightest tendency to vitiate their principles or create an impression injurious to the claims of sacred truth. And we are satisfied that our readers have not found our pages less amusing or exciting on account of the vigilance we have exercised in this matter.

To the improvement in the external appearance of our sheet, which this the first number of a new volume presents, we may, in conclusion, call the attention of our readers, hoping they will regard it as an indication of our desire to make the *INSTRUCTOR* in all respects worthy of their continued patronage and support.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

MEN of poetical tendencies receive very little credit from the world as philosophers. The word poet suggests the idea of a pale, interesting gentleman, with his shirt-collar thrown over, and his hair as redundant as his metaphors; his eyes turned towards the sun, or the green grass and blushing flowers; his ears regaled by murmuring brooks, or the warbling choristers of the grove, and his hand always laid upon his bosom. He is an etherealised being, a combination of ideality and wonder, a lover of nature in the abstract, yet so magnanimous, that he can despise it in the concrete. The word philosopher, on the other hand, suggests the idea of a thin old man, whose flesh has become sapless from roasting over crucibles, or who has lost his tongue and temper in the pursuit of the occult sciences, and who frightens people with the profundity of his knowledge and the acerbity of his face. The characters are, to all appearance, irreconcileable; for the one is assumed to be a mere superficialist, an observer of purely external phenomena, while the other has credit for despising the flashings of fancy, rather delighting to grapple with herculean propositions involving intricate reasoning and patient research. Notwithstanding this impression, however, philosophy has often been arrayed in the most glowing rhyme; and elegant and fascinating poets have often been acute and powerful thinkers. Philosophy has too often hidden below the ambiguity of its name, a cold and worldly tissue of speculations that, striking at the root of man's holiest principles, seek to degrade him in the scale of creation, or exalt his intellect above the subordinate and finite position to which God has limited it. True poetry, which is loving and harmonising in its tendency, finds its most heart-stirring images in the Scriptures, and is a delightful vehicle for conveying the lessons of life to man; the philosophy of Christian charity and love becomes fascinating in its garments; and the harmony of its numbers inclines the soul to hear 'instruction's warning voice.' Expansive intellect, with keen critical acumen, are not incompatible with brilliancy of fancy; and in the subject of this sketch these combinations were happily blended.

Dr Beattie was born at Laurencekirk, in Kincardineshire, on the 25th October, 1785. His father, James Beattie, had a small retail shop in Laurencekirk; and, at the same time, rented a few acres of ground in the vicinity of the town. His mother's name was Jean Watson, and she and her husband were much esteemed in their own sphere for probity and intelligence. Mr Beattie, especially, had the reputation of being book-learned beyond what was common in his station of life. The author of the '*Minstrel*' was the youngest of six children; at an early age, he was sent to the parish school of Laurencekirk, and his progress was so rapid, that it was determined to devote him to the ministry. It is asserted, that his perusal of Ogilby's translation of Virgil gave his mind, at a very early age, a poetical bias; a circumstance remarkable from the fact that a translation of the *Odyssey*, by the same author (who, by the way, was a native of Edinburgh, and by profession a dancing-master), first awoke the latent muse of Pope.

In 1749, Beattie was sent to Aberdeen to prosecute his

studies. He obtained a bursary, and soon distinguished himself in the Greek class of the celebrated Dr Blackwell of the Marischal College. He studied philosophy under the learned and pious Dr Gerard; and for three sessions attended the theological lectures of Dr Pollock, with the view of entering the church. During his attendance at the divinity-hall, he preached a sermon which his fellow-students rallied him for, on account of its flowery style, and its being replete with poetical allusions and epithets. The professor of theology at Edinburgh is said to have approved Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, for delivering his thoughts much in the same manner as Beattie; and the rebuke so operated upon Thomson's mind, that he forsook the church for the temple of the Muses. Beattie did not take orders; but the probability is, that the poverty of his relatives, and not his will, was the cause of his continuing a layman. He was appointed schoolmaster of Fordoun on the 1st August, 1758; and, in accordance with the prevailing practice, he became precentor and parish clerk.

Fordoun is a small hamlet, about six miles distant from Laurencekirk, and situated at the foot of the Grampians. Deprived of congenial society, Beattie roamed the wilds and climbed the mountains contiguous to his home, deriving from his observations of external nature and the wildness of the scenes around him, those poetical germs which, in their growth and fruition, became the 'Minstrel.' Mr Garden, sheriff of Kincardine, afterwards Lord Gardenstone, discovered and appreciated the poetical talents of the obscure schoolmaster; and, to satisfy himself of Beattie's powers of versification, gave him part of a Latin poem to translate, which, after a short retirement, was executed to his entire satisfaction. The patronage of the sheriff assisted him to obtain the vacant situation of usher in the grammar school of Aberdeen; and, on the 20th June, 1758, he removed to that city, where, having access to books and cultivated society, he added to his stock of knowledge, and prosecuted his studies of the classics.

In 1760, a vacancy occurred in the professorship of natural history, Marischal College, and Mr Beattie, incidentally mentioning this circumstance to his friend Mr Arbuthnot, he was advised by him to apply for the situation. This idea had never crossed the mind of Beattie, and he looked upon the proposition as chimerical; but his friend seems to have understood the power of patronage better than the young usher, and he accordingly wrote to the Earl of Errol, who applied to the Duke of Argyll, at that period distributor of the crown patronage for Scotland; and Beattie was translated from his problematical position, as an under teacher, to a chair in the Senatus Academicus of Marischal College, which he had left only seven years before, at the age of eighteen years. By an exchange with the professor of moral philosophy and logic, he gave up the situation to which he was presented, and was inducted into a position more consonant to his taste, on the 8th October, 1760. He applied himself with great diligence to the preparation of a course of lectures for his class, and his pupils received the benefits of his ability and zeal. The young professor felt the advantage of the society into which his situation gave him admittance. He became a member of the Theological Club, of which the Rev. Dr George Campbell, principal of Marischal College, and professor of divinity, was one of the founders; and of a literary society subsequently founded, of which the celebrated Drs Reid, Gregory, and Skene, were members.

Previous to 1760, Dr Beattie had contributed some fugitive pieces to the Scots Magazine, published at Edinburgh, but his first acknowledged production was a small volume of original poems and translations, dedicated to his patron, the Earl of Errol, and edited shortly after his instalment as professor. The volume was well received, and obtained for him a high reputation.

Dr Beattie's life possesses few incidents beyond the ordinary routine of years devoted to literature and the duties of his important situation; but that situation and his literary fame procured him an extensive acquaintance with the literati of the day, and his correspondence is replete with judicious criticisms on books and principles, and it evinces

extensive biblical knowledge. In 1765, Gray, author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' visited the Earl of Strathmore at his seat, Glammis Castle. An interchange of compliments took place between him and Dr Beattie, which resulted in the latter visiting Glammis Castle, and contracting a friendship with the amiable and delightful poet, which continued to the death of Mr Gray, which took place on 31st July, 1771. In the summer of 1766, Beattie published a volume of poems in London, and in this edition he omitted all his poetical translations. It was also well received, and rendered the doctor known beyond the limits of his native land.

He was not by any means robust in health, yet his spirit was possessed of great vivacity. The following extract from a letter to Mr Boyd, son of the unfortunate Lord Kilmarnock, gives an amusing account of the doctor's infirmities, and is valuable as an illustration of his playful epistolary style:—'I flatter myself I shall soon get rid of this infirmity, nay, that I shall ere long be in the way of becoming a *great man*. For have I not headaches like Pope—vertigo like Swift—grey hairs like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes (for fear of corns) like Virgil—and sometimes complain of sore eyes (though not of *lippitude*) like Horace? Am I not at this present moment writing, invested with a garment not less ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles (in the air); I procrastinate, like Julius Caesar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse, lean, old, and lazy, like Rosinante; sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil: this last instance I have on the authority of Seneca; I am of small stature like Alexander the Great; I am somewhat inclined to fatness like Dr Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water like Mr Boyd.' Playful as Dr Beattie's mind is shown to have been by this extract, he was deeply convinced of the disastrous influences of that scepticism which Hume had rendered fashionable in certain circles. During 1767, while confined to his home from the state of his health, he felt himself called upon to combat the assumptions of the sceptics—assumptions which, by their insidiousness, were calculated to glide unquestioned into the unguarded minds of youth, and to obliterate or corrode the principles of religion and virtue. Sensible of the importance of defending our faith against a system whose votaries conducted themselves as if they had proscribed Christianity, Dr Beattie began his defence of truth, which he at first denominated 'An Essay on Reason and Common Sense.' This title he changed for 'An Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism.' He made himself master of all the arguments of the enemies of religion, and carefully considered his subject. He re-wrote portions of this essay three times, and some parts of it often, and was studious not to pervert or misconstrue one proposition of his opponents. After four years' application to the subject, this famous essay appeared. It had been intrusted to Mr Arbuthnot, Dr Gregory, and Sir W. Forbes for publication; they presented it to a bookseller who refused to purchase it, and, resolved that society should not be deprived of such a defence of religion, they purchased it themselves, and concealed this transaction from Dr Beattie, lest they should offend his delicacy. The essay appeared in May, 1770, and such was its success, that a second edition was called for the following year.

On 28th June, 1767, Beattie contracted a union which promised him every happiness, but which was productive of much domestic misery. While he was usher at the grammar school, Aberdeen, he had become intimate with Miss Mary Dun, the daughter of Dr Dun, the rector. This lady inherited insanity from her mother, which awful malady manifested itself in such numberless eccentricities that they embittered the life of the doctor. In 1768, his first son was born; he was named James Hay, after the Earl of Errol, and was a youth of precocious talent; but, like many premature geniuses, his life was of short duration. When thirteen years old, he was entered a student of Marischal College; at eighteen, he took the degree of M.A.;

at nineteen, he was appointed assistant professor of moral philosophy and logic; and at twenty-two, he died.

In 1771, very soon after the second edition of the essay on truth, Dr Beattie published the first canto of the 'Minstrel.' The subject was suggested by Dr Percy's essay on English Minstrelsy; and the versification is in the Spenserian stanza. It pleased Beattie's ear, he says, and seemed, from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some affinity to the spirit and subject of the poem. The Minstrel is the composition on which Beattie's celebrity as a poet rests. It is full of beautiful sentiments, clothed in soft, harmonious numbers; perhaps an infusion of Corinthian ornaments amidst the strong buttresses and stately pillars of its Gothic simplicity, might have increased its beauty without detracting from its strength.

In 1771, Beattie visited London, and was introduced to Mrs Montagu, authoress of 'Dialogues of the Dead' and other works. Her house was the resort of the most celebrated writers in London, and there Beattie met and became intimate with Dr Samuel Johnson and Drs Armstrong, Hawkesworth, and Goldsmith. In 1773, the university of Oxford presented him with the honorary degree of LL.D., and the king conferred upon him a yearly pension of £200. He also contracted a friendship with Sir Joshua Reynolds; and that famous painter executed his portrait, together with an allegorical painting, into which the doctor was introduced, with the robes he had worn at Oxford on the occasion of his being presented with his academical honours. About this period, a vacancy occurred in the chair of natural philosophy at Edinburgh, and although arrangements for allowing him to occupy the chair of moral philosophy could have been easily consummated, he refused to quit Aberdeen, and rejected overtures of church preferment in England with equal firmness and disinterestedness. In 1766, he issued a corrected edition of the essay on truth; another on poetry and music, and their influence upon the mind; one on laughter and ludicrous composition, together with one on the utility of classical learning. These essays evince their author's sensibility, wit, and erudition.

In 1786, three years after the war of independence was brought to a close, Dr Beattie was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was president. The intimation of his election was accompanied with expressions of high esteem, as honourable to the Americans who sent them as to him for whom their respectful sentiments were entertained. The celebrated Mrs Siddons was a most esteemed friend of Dr Beattie; as much for her amiability as her great histrionic reputation. He was an excellent performer on the violoncello, and she had a passionate fondness for Scottish music. Once in a company, where the doctor played the air of 'She rose and let me in,' the tears started into the great tragedian's eyes; upon which the instrument was laid aside. 'Go on,' said she, 'and you will soon have your revenge;' alluding to the effect which she had produced upon the performer's feelings at a former time.

The most prosperous and seemingly happy life is chequered with the ills to which humanity is subject, as surely as night alternates with day. Feeble health was a clog upon Dr Beattie's energies; his wife's incurable malady was a source of misery; and the infirm constitution of his son James was the cause of much anxiety. But he bore these calamities with Christian resignation; like his own hermit, 'he thought as a sage, though he felt like a man.' In 1790, he published the first volume of the Elements of Moral Philosophy; the second did not appear till three years afterwards. This work was an abridgment of the lectures he had delivered to his pupils in Marischal College, and though designated by himself a mere syllabus of a course of lectures, it is so luminous in arrangement and excellent in sentiment that it may be reckoned of vastly more practical importance than the abstruse emanations of the metaphysicians, which perplex and bewilder, without benefiting the student. This was a year of heavy affliction to Beattie. Mrs Valentine, a sister whom he dearly loved, died of apoplexy; and this shock, acting upon his own shattered constitution, affected him so

much that he could not teach. Mr George Glennie was accordingly engaged as his assistant, and he never permanently resumed his duties, although he lectured occasionally till 1797. Dr Beattie's paternal affections were of a very strong character; his elder son had been his peculiar care and pride; and since his premature death, the younger, Montagu, became the object of great attention and solicitude. To speculate upon the probable eminence and usefulness of his boy, and to provide for him every means of mental culture, were the cares of the doting father; but alas! his life was not to be long spared, for on the 14th March, 1796, Montagu Beattie died, aged eighteen years, of fever which carried him off in a week. It is most affecting to mark the effect of this event upon the mind of his father. It did not produce insanity; but it caused that mental estrangement, temporary deprivation of memory, which so often accompanies dotage. He would arrange his son's books, in order that he might resume his studies with facility. The objects which he had regarded with favour were placed in their old familiar places, and carefully attended to, lest they should have been disturbed or soiled. He visited all his son's resorts, for he longed for him, and wondered why he tarried. After searching every room in his house, with a sorrowful yet anxious visage he would come to his niece, Mrs Glennie, and looking in her face with a sad and longing eye, he would say, 'You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is?' And, as she told him of his bereavement, his face would lighten with a melancholy intelligence, and he would bow his head, and whisper, 'God's will be done. I am now done with the world.' In 1799, he was struck with palsy, which for eight days almost deprived him of the power of utterance. At different succeeding periods he had returns of this malady; the last attack of which took place in October, 1802. He lingered till the 18th August, 1803, when death put a period to his mortal existence and his earthly sufferings. It was his earnest wish that he might be buried in the grave with his sons; and he lies in the churchyard of St Nicholas, Aberdeen. The spot is indicated by an elegant epitaph, written by Dr James Gregory, professor of the practice of physic at Edinburgh.

Dr Beattie's reputation as a poet chiefly rests upon 'Edwin's Simple Tale.' But where is the schoolboy who has not felt delighted with the 'Hermit,' as his strengthening mind comprehended its moral and descriptive beauty, and his ear drank in its flowing numbers? Sweetness and simplicity are the characteristics of Beattie's poetry; the inculcation of pure morality and correct principles, the aim of all his writings. His principal production is undoubtedly his essay on truth; and considering the object of its composition, has rendered him deservedly honoured. In all the relations of life he conducted himself with honour. He was a kind son and brother, an indulgent husband, and fond father; perhaps 'the love he bore to learning was in fault' in connexion with his duties as a parent. The mental labour of his son James superinduced nervous atrophy, while judicious restraint might have prolonged his life and usefulness. He was a devoted and kind friend, esteemed by the great, who respected his genius and Christian worth; and beloved by those who knew him in his obscurity, and whom he never forgot. He was a patient and indefatigable teacher, zealous alike to promote the intellectual and religious welfare of his students. Cowper pronounced him to be the only author of his acquaintance, whose critical and philosophical researches were diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination.

A D R E A M.

BY THE REV. W. ANDERSON, GLASGOW.

WHAT sort of inscription, reader, do you wish to be put on your gravestone, when you die and are buried? Or rather, let me ask, Should you proceed to the end in your present course, what will be the inscription, if the world record the truth?

I dreamed I was in a burial-ground, and engaged my-

self in reading the epitaphs. It consisted of two departments—an outer and an inner. The outer, which was by far the more extensive, was a dreary scene. There was no dressing of the graves in it, and the nettles grew rankly on them. Nevertheless, every one was furnished with a stone and an inscription. This I was told, was done at the public expense, which appointed a council of the wisest and most upright of the community, according to whose determination the dead were buried in one or other of the departments of the cemetery, and the inscriptions framed. In the outer, all the stones were titled in the same manner—*The character of the dead for the warning of the living*—and then followed the character, sketched in a few lines or sentences. I shall give a specimen of what I saw.

No. 10 read as follows—‘The character of the dead for the warning of the living.—Here lies interred the body of a man who, though he lived till he was seventy years of age, *never did anything that was good*. He did no harm, indeed; he was not contentious; nor did he contract debts. But he was a useless and profitless weed, vegetating in the midst of society. No poor man was ever the better for his alms, no ignorant man for his counsel, and no sick man for his prayers. *It would have been AS WELL for the world had he not been born.*

‘Also, here lies interred the body of his elder son, who, being of an easy disposition and neglected in his education, was led astray by dissolute company, became a filthy drunkard, and fell a heavy burden on public charity. *It would have been BETTER for the world had he not been born.*

‘Also, here lies interred the body of his younger son. He also was allowed of his useless parent to wander wild without education, and being of a lively and impetuous temper, he commenced a career of vice, which terminated in an ignominious execution. *It would have been MUCH BETTER for the world had he never been born.*

‘Also, here lies interred the body of his daughter. She was a fair and sprightly child; but being destitute of principle, through her father’s neglect, she was early and easily seduced by the destroyer, and became a destroyer herself. After slaying a multitude of youth, she died in a brothel. *It would have been A MERCY to the world had she never been born.*

‘All lie here till the resurrection, when they shall rise to be subjected to the second death.’

Such was the epitaph. I thought in my dream, and I equally think when I am awake, that the council had acted somewhat injudiciously. Should they not have pronounced on the father too, if not on him pre-eminently, that it would have been MUCH BETTER for the world, and better for himself, as the fountain of the misery, that no mother had conceived him, or that he had died when an infant. A merely *useless* parent there can scarcely be. If he is not profitable he must be injurious. He is the natural guardian of his child; and, independently of any positively evil example, if he do not actively perform a guardian’s duty, he stands an obstruction in the way of others who might undertake the charge. The apostacy of *father Mathus and madam Martineau, forbidding to marry,* is a most accursed one; but undoubtedly no man or woman has a right to become a parent who is not morally qualified and resolved to *labour* in the training of his or her offspring. Alas! for the child of man—that it often fares better with the young of the beasts of the field and fowls of the air, whose parents weary not in the conducting of their charge, till, by patient education, they have qualified them for occupying their sphere in the creation of God.

I proceed with my dream. No. 52 was titled as before, ‘*The character of the dead for the warning of the living*,’ and then the epitaph went on—‘Here lies the body of a man who speculated at night and toiled during day; he boasted of his industry; he quoted the scripture ‘Be diligent in business;’ he amassed wealth, built houses, and purchased land. But when he was called on for a subscription for the relief of the indigent, he answered that if all had been as industrious and sober and economical as himself, there would have been no poor to oppress the deserv-

ing; and so he turned away from the solicitation. He was waited on for a subscription in aid of the dissemination of the gospel; he answered that he had no conceit for such enterprises; and, besides, that he suspected there was a mismanagement of the funds; so he turned away from the solicitation again. He died, leaving his wealth to a spendthrift heir, who with it not only ruined himself but many besides. *It had been AS WELL for the world that this earthling had not been born.* He shall have no part in the resurrection of the just.’

Here again I thought in my dream, and think so still when I am awake, that the council was too tender on his memory, and not sufficiently faithful in their warning of the living. They should have pronounced on him that it would have been *MUCH BETTER* for the world had he never existed. For besides the ruining of his heir, a better man, who would have turned the wealth to profitable account, was, in the competition of business, kept in a state of depression by him, and circumscribed in his means of usefulness.

The epitaph proceeded—‘Also, here lies the body of his brother, Demetrius. Like his elder brother, Nabal, he was industrious and amassed wealth. But like Nabal, too, he shut his heart against the indigent and against the gospel, so long as he lived. But when about to die, he bequeathed his property to charitable and religious institutions. *The world is nowise obliged to him.* He kept hold of his riches so long as he could. He would never have parted with them had it been in his power to retain them. Neither shall he have part in the resurrection of the just.’

I was much pleased in my dream, and am so still when awake, with the decision of the council. Not only that they should have decided on his being buried in the outer department, among the unrighteous mob, but that they should have framed his epitaph so well, for the warning of some who delude themselves in their avarice, while they live in the prospect of being charitable after they die! I was, if possible, however, better pleased with what followed—

‘Also, here lies the body of the remaining brother. Like the other two, he was industrious, active, and successful. He was a parent, and spared no expense in accomplishing his children in the refinements of this world. In dancing, in music, in painting, and talking in foreign languages, they had been taught to excel. And as he lay on his bed, after having exhibited them before the company whom he had invited to witness the display, he would congratulate himself on having educated them so well, and for having so faithfully discharged the vows he made at their baptism! But beyond his family, his thoughts never wandered. He did a little for the poor and the gospel, in the way of decency, lest his children should be despised on account of the hard-heartedness of their father; but that little he did with a grudge. Even the wife of his bosom shared little of his attention and affection. *He was a profane man to the world.* It has no blessing for his memory. Yea, *it would have been better for it if he had not been born*, since those children to whom he left his wealth have proved, in consequence of their neglected moral and religious education, the affliction of society. His sons have become corruptors. And his proud, selfish, and unamiable daughters are, as wives, the torment of the fools who wedded them, and as mothers, are rearing an offspring which threaten the world with an accumulation of misery. Can such a man be admitted to the inheritance of the righteous? Let his children, whom he pampered, praise him if they will;—the world made no profit by him, but rather sustained a loss. He lies here among the unrighteous mob; and there shall be no rising for him until the resurrection of condemnation.’

No. 105 was a case which arrested my attention with great force. The common title, ‘*The character of the dead for the warning of the living*,’ was chiselled in larger letters than usual; and the epitaph proceeded—‘Here lies the body of a man whose memory the world deplores. He was ingenious, and benefited the useful arts by his inventions. He was amiable and social in his disposition,

and the delight of his company. He was public-spirited, a promoter of the interests of charitable institutions, and a patriotic reformer of abuses. But his heart was dead towards God; and by his sceptical remarks and sneers, so destroyed the faith, so corrupted the principles of many who had no such constitutional amiability to guide them as himself, that even although there were no world but the present, the good which he did was counterbalanced by the evil of which he was the author. How much more then is his case to be deplored, when the victims of his infidelity are viewed as immortal beings, and as the subjects of the divine government, who shall be judged in eternity. *It would have been much better for the world had he never been born.* I was much affected in my dream by this case, and am affected when I am awake in the thought of some benevolent, public-spirited, and patriotic, but godless men, to whom the description is applicable.

No. 190 was a more distressing case still than any which I have yet recorded. The general title was inscribed in black letter—*'The character of the dead for the warning of the living.'* Here lies interred the body of a man who was born of pious parents, that made no mockery of his baptism, nor formal work of his religious education, in tasking him with only a few questions of the Catechism on the evening of the Sabbath. Their inculcation on his infant mind, of moral and religious truth, was regular and sustained. He prospered under their training. As he grew up a young man, he was forward in every good work. His Sabbath evening class was the best of the whole society. The church of which he was a member, chose him for one of its elders, and he occupied the office with advantage to all. The devout of the church, under experience of his zeal and prudence, gave thanksgiving to the Lord for him, even in their secret prayers. But Satan's blast blew on him. Some say it was spiritual pride; others, that it was the increase of his riches; others, that it was the fascination of an adulteress; others, that it was a spirit of polemical controversy; others, that it was a spirit of politics. But whatever it was, he fell a withered branch from the tree of the church. His zeal was first observed to cool. He then was displaced from his office in the church for repeated acts of drunkenness. He next sat down in the chair of the scorner, first to blaspheme Christ's people, then to blaspheme Christ himself. The evil which he now perpetrated exceeded a thousandfold all his former well-doing. *It would have been better for the world, as well as for himself, that this Judas had never been born.* Here lies the body of an APOSTATE, reserved to the resurrection of damnation! Ah! I would that this were all the fancy of a dream. The worst part of it would have a likeness in some sickening realities, if epitaphs recorded the truth. *Let the character of the dead be a warning to the living.*

I have given as much as will serve for a specimen of what I saw in the outer department of the scene of my dream; and proceed to the same in respect of the other—

THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Such was the inscription over the gate in the wall which separated the outer from the inner cemetery. You may imagine how much I was relieved when, after my wandering among the nettles which grew on the graves of the *useless*, the *unmerciful*, and the *ungodly*, a beautiful and pleasant garden opened on my sight. Every grave was adorned with flowers, and many were shaded with fruit trees. Nor did that solitude reign here, by which the wilderness which I had just left were characterised. Not only were men retained at the public expense for dressing the graves, but those who admired the righteous dead, and persons who had been benefited by their assistance and counsel, often resorted thither to testify their respect for their memories. Having just read, in the outer department, a melancholy account of a wicked man, at the conclusion of which a reference was made to his wife, buried at No. 7, in the resting-place of the righteous, I sought it out first.

There was a general title here also for all the inscriptions: *The character of the dead for the rebuke, counsel,*

and encouragement of the living; and in the particular case of No. 7 the epitaph went on:—*Here lies the body of a mother in Israel.* Her husband became a drunkard, and abused her. She bore it for a while with patience, as the chastisement of the Lord, and laboured with tenderness, though vainly, for his reformation. But she had two boys, and she trembled lest the wicked example of their father, his filthy and profane conversation, and his denial of their education, should ruin them for ever. She consulted with her friends, and the pastor of the church of which she was a member, and, with their approbation, separated from him. She toiled for herself and children night and day. She sent them to school and laboured on their minds at home. With the first month's gains of her elder son, when she had put him to a trade, she purchased a piece of raiment, and sent him with it to his wretched father, enjoining him to treat his parent with respect; and thenceforth she regularly did something to relieve his necessities, though he continued as worthless and wicked as ever. Both of her children are doing well, and occupying their stations respectfully and usefully. The world has been the better for her: *it was good for it that she was born.* She died in the well-grounded hope of the resurrection of the just.

I felt disposed for a moment to question the morality of her separation from him to whom the strictness of the marriage vow had been pledged. But after another moment's reflection, I judged in my dream, and am confirmed in the judgment when awake, that separation from a drunken spouse, whether on the part of man or woman, is not only warrantable, but in many cases an imperative duty. It is scarcely possible that religion can prosper under the same roof with drunkenness. Independently of its evil example, the angers, the anxieties, the abridgment of means of grace which it occasions to every one under the same roof, are all of the most ruinous tendency; and it is surely enough that the drunkard should descend to perdition himself or herself, without dragging spouse and children in company!—I return to my dream.

No. 21 was the next which specially attracted my attention. On the bosom of the grave grew entwined a red rose and a white, and between, beneath them, grew a pure white lily. A richly loaded fruit-tree overshadowed all. The epitaph was as follows:—*'The character of the dead for the rebuke, the counsel, and encouragement of the living.'* Here lie the bodies of John Faithful, his wife, and their child. She was the daughter of that saint and his spouse whose bodies are interred at the preceding No. She was carefully educated. Though left an orphan at twelve years of age, she had received impressions of divine things of a nature deep and lasting. Besides, she went to reside with her father's sister, who faithfully followed up her parent's guardianship, and whose praise is also recorded at the neighbouring grave. Her husband, when he first addressed her, was an unprincipled young man, possessed of some wealth—not dissipated, but characterised for his sobriety; not slothful, but characterised for his industry in augmenting his fortune; not haughty, but characterised for his sociable and winning manners; not ill-favoured, but admired for his appearance. What lacked he yet? Many fathers and mothers, as well as light-hearted daughters, will ask with wonder, what an advantageous alliance for a destitute orphan? No, she had learned of her father the dignity of being a daughter of God, and a sister of Jesus: and her aunt had been careful in warning her, now that she was growing up into the years of womanhood, against the degradation of matching herself with a Canaanite: and by detailing many instances of misery and soul-destruction as the consequence of despite done to the great Apostolic precept, inculcated the duty of *marrying only in the Lord.* How wonderful it is, she would often say, that Christian communicants of either sex shall make no acknowledgment of their Master in the most important step of life! What communion hath Christ with Belial? Thus disciplined, at the very first interview with her suitor, she adjudged him to be destitute of principle. He did not swear, nor use unseemly language (which is more than

some communicants can say of the persons whose addresses they entertain). But he spoke of Burns and Byron with unqualified admiration. When he explained his intentions, and offered her his hand, she refused him, and told him why. He thought it was the coquettish hypocrisy of the sex. Fools of that class of which he then was, suppose that any woman may sacrifice her love of God for such as they. He was taught, and by a most vexing and humiliating experience, that there is such a thing as a heart so smitten with divine love, as to make every other love subordinate to its rule. She was not an insensible stone. She loved him as when her Lord loved a certain youth; but because he wanted one thing, declined to receive him as a disciple. She passed sleepless nights in lamentation that it was not otherwise with him who importuned her favour. She was deeply in suspense, and afraid of failing in her resolution. She had well nigh made the rash vow, without a condition, that she would deny herself to him for ever. His importunities proving vain, he retired in indignation, imprecating curses on her bigotry and fanaticism. She did not bribe him to be religious by promising to receive him favourably, should he return a converted man: and when they parted, even the possibility of their future union entered the mind of neither. It was years afterwards, when, under personal afflictions, he was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. When he considered himself dying, he felt the need of some such principle as that which enabled a destitute female to reject the tempting offer he had made her of wealth and respectable station. His old affection revived now that there was hope. It was a marriage in the Lord. From the beginning its fruits were happy. But their only child having died in infancy, they commenced together such a career of Christian benevolence, in relieving the distressed and instructing the ignorant, as will place them at the head of one of the most numerous families in the kingdom of the redeemed. *It was a blessing for the world that they were born.* And among the many marriages which have been the pestiferous source of the world's misery, theirs, because God was consulted in it, was the assubrious source of incalculable profit. It shall be seen in the resurrection of the just.'

No. 28 was also a case worthy of notice. The grave here was likewise overshadowed with a wide-spread and richly loaded fruit-tree. The epitaph was as follows:—*'The character of the dead for the rebuke, the counsel, and the encouragement of the living.'* Here lies the body of a man, who, from adverse circumstances in early life (for his father and mother lie interred Without), having risen to wealth and respectability by his diligence, prudence, and integrity, was, by the suffrage of his fellow-citizens, elevated to the magistracy. He was a *Christian* magistrate. He never sat down on the seat of judgment without reflecting that he himself would yet stand at the bar of the Almighty, and be judged of by the manner in which he occupied his office. Hence, his decisions were characterised for impartiality in administering justice between man and man; and in cases of criminality he discriminated with care what *judgment* was due to society, and what *mercy* might be safely and profitably extended to the guilty. He was not one of those who endeavour to appear religious at the public expense. But then, the *influence* of the dignity of his office he regarded as being a talent to be employed in the Redeemer's cause: and, within the bounds of his administration, there was not a church or religious institution of which he approved (and he was liberal in his judgment) which did not profit by his countenance and aid. When he died, the city mourned for him as if every one had lost a father. In the day of his Lord he shall be exalted to the principality of many cities. 'Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?'

After surveying several other cases, all of them interesting (for there is no saint whose memory is not sweet), but which I have not time nor space for describing, my attention was attracted by a procession of youth entering the gate. They went and stationed themselves at No. 100, whither I followed them. A military flag waved over the

grave, having the sign of the cross. As the boys were arranging themselves, I read the inscription—*'The character of the dead for the rebuke, the counsel, and instruction of the living.'* Here lies the body of a soldier of Christ. He was born of pious parents, but lost his father when an infant. His mother did her duty in everything, but being careful where she had him apprenticed. He was put to work at the same bench with a profligate infidel, who poisoned his heart. Ruined in character and prospects, he sought a refuge in the army of King George. His weeping mother's life was a life of prayer, which followed him over the sea with its blessing. After resisting many remonstrances of the Spirit peacefully addressed to him, to use his own description, 'the Lord made the enemy's shot the healing medicine of his heart.' He returned home maimed and convicted; and there was no Sabbath school like the old soldier's for enlistments in the service of Christ. He perpetrated much evil when a youth. The council wish it had been otherwise; but in consideration of his zeal in redeeming his time, they have determined that he be buried among the *useful*.'

It was the anniversary of his birth-day. Those children who had been his scholars had met at his grave to say over it a hymn on the resurrection of the just. I was awoke by its melody.

I would try to dream again, could I be transported at once into the resting-place of the righteous, without passing through the dreary scene of the wilderness of the worthless.

THE RAILWAY MANIA OF 1845.

It is a curious fact in the history of the world, that nations as well as individuals are subject to occasional fits of insanity. We have only to mention the Tulip Mania in Holland, the Mississippi Scheme in France, the South Sea Scheme, the Joint Stock Mania of 1825, and now the Railway Mania of 1845, to prove the truth of the assertion we have made. At such times the most extravagant and delusive projects are started, and, in the words of a writer who lived at the period of the South Sea Bubble, 'They were set on foot by crafty knaves, then pursued by multitudes of covetous fools, and at last appeared to be in effect what their vulgar appellation denoted them to be, bubbles and mere cheats.' Yet on such occasions, so general is the desire for speculation, that the prevailing mania becomes, so to speak, national, and includes among its votaries all classes, from the peer and member of parliament to the smallest shopkeeper, and from the baronet's lady and daughters to the sempstress and household servant.

In tracing the causes which led to the Railway Mania of 1845, we at once admit as one of them the abundance of money and the consequent low rate of interest. Indeed, this is essential to all speculation in joint stock companies, and is easily accounted for. At such periods, money being plentiful, and deposited in large sums in the banks, at a very low rate of interest, no sooner is a new joint stock adventure advertised than there are applications for five or ten times the amount of the stock, and as all cannot obtain shares, the disappointed applicants go into the market and offer a premium. The success of the first projects induces adventurers to bring out new schemes, which likewise are brought to bear a premium by disappointed applicants, and sometimes by the projectors themselves, who buy up all the shares in the market at a premium, to induce the shareholders to pay the deposits on the stock. It is soon seen by the public that shares in new companies are always at a premium at the time of allocation, and the knowledge of this fact induces a class of speculators, called *stags*, to apply for shares, who have no intention of holding them, but who always sell at whatever premium is offered. These *stags* go on increasing in numbers as the speculation advances, until at length a great majority of

the applicants for stock are composed of that description of persons. As the speculation increases, it gives rise to the *bulls*, men who buy at small premiums with a view to sell over again at higher; and the *bears*, who sell at high premiums to buy in at lower prices. These speculators, consisting of jobbers, bulls, bears, and stags, from their numbers, may be said to control the fate of new companies; the bulls often raise the most worthless stock to a large premium, and, when backed by the projectors and the members of the provisional committee, they can easily raise the premium to any figure they please.

In the beginning of 1845, the establishment of stock exchanges in the principal towns of England and Scotland gave a great additional impetus to speculation, as the business done in these exchanges was almost wholly of a gambling nature. The brokers circulated daily printed lists of the prices of shares throughout the country, wherein the large premiums on new railways were quoted, which caused an almost universal infatuation for the acquisition of shares; even prudent sober-minded men could not withstand the temptation held out by the sharebrokers, whose offices were actually besieged by anxious individuals, evidently in the highest state of mental excitement. About this time one hundred new railway companies were advertised in the newspapers in one week, and about twelve hundred new projects, chiefly railways, were offered to the public in the course of a few months. Railway newspapers, in great numbers, were established at the same time, to afford the public the means of information on the all-engrossing topic. Many of these papers assisted to puff the new schemes into existence. At length the question every one asked of his neighbour was—'Will there be a panic or not? and, if so, when will the crash come?' Meanwhile the speculators were every day becoming more anxious to realise, and this feeling caused a slight decline in the prices; then followed the thunder of the 'Times,' accompanied by a rise in the rate of discount by the Bank of England; now every one rushed to sell his shares, all confidence was gone, every one discovered that the value of *scrip* was precarious and illusory, and this, as a matter of course, produced the memorable crash of 1845.

It must be evident from the foregoing remarks, that the abundance of money, the premiums on shares, and the establishment of the stock exchanges, were the chief causes which led to the mad speculation in railways, making them progress till the proposed capital amounted to the almost incredible sum of about seven hundred millions sterling. The stock exchanges afforded facilities for gambling in shares, and gave a character to the business, which if it had been conducted by individuals privately, would have been otherwise characterised. The great majority of the speculators believed in a coming panic, but they thought to escape from loss, by selling their shares to the poor deluded victims of avarice, while they still bore a premium, and before the crash came. They, however, deceived themselves in expecting any previous warning; they were sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, which the thunder of the 'Times' exploded, and they were almost all caught with their hands full of scrip; and, consequently, many of them will be ruined. No class of men will suffer more loss than the members of the provisional committees. These gentlemen, in some instances, may be said to have forgot their true position in regard to the public, which was to allocate the stock to those, and those only, who were possessed of capital; but it is well known that they often took an undue proportion of the shares to themselves, and in many cases allocated the remainder to their own personal friends. We have known highly respectable individuals, men of undoubted capital, who applied for shares in one new railway after another, and were always unsuccessful so long as the shares were at a premium, but as soon as the panic came, they received allotments in abundance. We should like to see an investigation made into the number of shares taken by members of the provisional committees in railways allocated before the panic, and the number taken and paid on by members of committees in railways allocated after the panic. We have

heard of a new railway in the sister kingdom, wherein the committee consisted of two hundred and forty individuals, and yet only sixteen out of that number paid their deposits and became shareholders of the company. We have heard also, that names of influential gentlemen are sometimes obtained for provisional committees in a manner that is not very creditable to either party. Gentlemen of high standing in the country are solicited to allow their names to be inserted in the list of the committee; they consent, but at the same time stipulate, that they shall receive a guarantee from the agents to free and relieve them from all the expenses incurred in the formation of the company; and, in general, from any loss or risk they may sustain by allowing the use of their names. Here, then, are individuals brought forward as supporters of new railways, who never intend to take the slightest interest in them, and who are, in fact, mere *decoy-ducks*. This is an evil which calls loudly for legislative interference.

Another subject of complaint among shareholders is, that the members of committees often sell their shares and leave the concerns to shift for themselves; and they are able to sell without the fact being known, as they give out scrip with numbers only, but the names do not appear, so that no purchaser knows whose shares he is buying. Members of provisional committees, from their office, have opportunities of gaining important information regarding the affairs of their own companies, which gives them a most unfair advantage over the public; and for these men to job in the shares of the railway with which they are officially connected, is little better than the gambler who plays with loaded dice.

In conclusion, we have only to observe, that it is earnestly to be desired that government may, by a legislative enactment, prevent in future all gambling in railway scrip—the consequences of which are highly demoralising, and have proved ruinous to so many of the otherwise honest and industrious. This object might be effected by making it not only illegal to buy or sell shares in any railway *for which an act has not been obtained*, but also to subject the party making such sale or purchase to a heavy penalty for each offence; and to enable government to enforce the law, stockbrokers should be obliged to take out a license, and keep a register of all their transactions, which register should be open to the inspection of the government officers. The stockbrokers should also be obliged to furnish weekly lists to government of all sales and purchases, with the names, occupations, and residences of their principals, together with the prices, under the penalty of the loss of license, and a heavy fine; and it should be made criminal to buy or sell shares in joint stock companies, except through the medium of a licensed stock or share broker.

TOM SCOTT AND MARY JOHNSTON.

'A' body's like to be married but me.'

'A' body's like to be married but me!—that line of an arch old Scottish song, stands at the head of a long entry in my mental sketch-book. I sincerely trust that none of my fair readers' hearts can sigh forth an echo to its doleful cadences—'A' body's like to be married but me.' How vividly the words recall an old story of old friends—Tom Scott and Mary Johnston: it breathes of you both as I took such an interest in you half-a-dozen years ago; not that I do not take an interest in you still, friendly, sober and constant, though, peradventure, its tone is somewhat altered since then.

Mrs Johnston, Mary's mother, was at that period a very worthy lady of fifty or thereabouts, exceedingly simple and goodhearted—rather too much so, indeed, in this selfish world of ours, with which she had kept up a considerable struggle. She was the widow of a respectable Liverpool merchant, who dying nine or ten years before, and leaving her without any provision for herself or young daughters, she came with them to Edinburgh, her native city, and by the kindness of friends was established there; keeping a boarding-house for young men attending college, the law classes, &c.

At first, while her daughters were all young, everything went wrong with Mrs Johnston—she was no manager, no economist. Having been herself the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and brought up in habits of luxury and expense, which her husband—an ostentatious and extravagant man—had always encouraged, poor Mrs Johnston could not bear to have any thing about her which she considered mean and shabby; she did not understand the value of money; she had no idea of making bargains; she could not find in her heart to scold her two dirty, slovenly maid-servants, and could not prevent them taking manifest advantage of her. She allowed herself to be cheated by every one who liked to do so, and exemplified the proverb—‘The simple man is the beggar’s brother,’ by becoming about the time her daughters were growing up, entirely careworn and nearly broken-hearted, from the increasing pressure (in spite of repeated assistance from her relatives) of debts long accumulated. Better prospects, however, began to dawn upon her. Young head and young hands—especially when taught prudence by the threatenings of poverty—if willing, can do much in an establishment; and within little more than a year after Mrs Johnston had voluntarily devolved the important government of her household on her daughters, a great deal was done to remedy the long-standing errors, which had been the principal cause of her difficulties. Fortunately, too, just then a wealthy cousin of Mrs Johnston’s died and left her a legacy of a few hundred pounds, sufficient to pay all that she owed; so that by the time Mary, the second youngest daughter, was eighteen, the family were really in flourishing circumstances; and Mrs Johnston, in a handsome easy chair, in the scrupulously neat widow’s weeds she had continued to wear since her husband’s death, with her gold spectacles, her knitting, and her old novel (the good lady had a strong youthful taste for fiction, and mostly for that exploded description of intense suffering followed by equally ecstatic happiness, which our grandmothers loved to study), looked as comfortable an old lady as one could wish to see.

Mary Johnston, my heroine, was a warm-tempered, warm-hearted girl, with respectable talents, a considerable quantity of desultory information, and a share of accomplishments; that is to say, she could play on the piano with some taste, but minus execution; she could draw steadily, but rather incorrectly; manage to translate a volume of Racine’s plays, but without pretensions to speaking the French language; and had dipped into Tasso without any very erudite knowledge of Italian. Also, on the score of a stylish little figure, a clear fresh complexion, laughing small mouth, white teeth, dimples, hazel eyes, and sunny brown braids, Mary was a little vain, and rather affected. She was a lady-looking girl certainly, and decidedly pretty, had it not been for that same dash of affection which is the bane of so many pretty women. Anne and Agnes Johnston, the one older, and the other younger than Mary, were, according to the usual order of young ladies, thoughtless and lively, good dancers, good walkers, good talkers; yet by no means equalling Mary in powers of captivation.

At the time I speak of, when Mary was in her eighteenth year, I was called in, as a particular friend of the family, at a consultation they held on the very important subject of Mary’s first offer, that I might use my influence with her (I believe its extent was rather overrated) to induce her to become a little less refractory and self-willed, which, as the principal person in the affair, she considered herself entitled to be. Besides, Mary’s suitor happened to be a cousin of mine. He was, though only twenty-six years of age, the confidential clerk in the same house in which his brother and uncle were partners; and although his present fortune was not very great, his prospects were excellent; indeed, he had the probability of soon obtaining a share in the business. Some people wondered at the success of these same cousins of mine, whose father, although he had given them an excellent education, had no funds to push them on. Not so myself, or those who knew them intimately; for I never saw men devote themselves with more

self-application to master the details of their business, or more resolutely deny themselves all the dissipation to which young men too often yield, than the Scotts did, and their prosperity was the natural consequence of such a line of conduct. Mary’s suitor had boarded for several years with Mrs Johnston, and had been captivated with Mary. Prudently, however, resolving not to marry until he received a promised increase of salary, he did not attempt to win Mary’s affections, but contented himself with paying her attentions, which I believe Mary, who received such from all the young men in the house, was vain enough to relish and encourage; whether she anticipated their result in this case or not I cannot tell. Having at last received the addition to his income he had for some time expected, he at once proposed for Mary. This proposal Mrs Johnston was very anxious Mary should accept, and Anne and Agnes, eager for the eclat of a marriage, though they would only perform second parts at it, united in giving their votes on the acceptance side. The whole of Mary’s more distant relations, who had been applied to on the occasion, were also unanimous in the same decision. But Mary was obstinate—she *would* refuse Tom Scott, though the whole world should unite to compel her to do otherwise. Perhaps all the little world of Mary’s family and connexions having joined to afford Tom support, was one of Mary’s perverse reasons for declining his hand. Her principal one I knew very well—Mary was a belle in her circle, and from her mother’s having two brothers in Edinburgh, wealthy solicitors, Mary and her sisters were invited into very good society, and her vain little heart could not admit the idea of marrying a clerk, even although a confidential one, and in prospect of soon becoming partner in the house he served. Mary was vain enough to suppose she should yet receive many more offers. Then she was just at the age to under-estimate the many estimable qualities Tom Scott possessed, and to be fascinated by the young officers she occasionally met at her uncle’s table; their flattering attentions had spoiled Mary completely, and rendered her foolish enough to disdain plainer but certainly as worthy men. My cousin, Tom Scott, was a very excellent fellow, with good talents—for all the Scotts were clever—shy and reserved, perhaps, and not handsome; in company he did not look to advantage, but sterling honest, honourable, upright, and manly; and had I wanted a friend on whose advice and assistance to rely, among a thousand I would have chosen Tom. Living years in the same house with him, and therefore well acquainted with his character and disposition, no wonder Mrs Johnston was very desirous that Mary should become his wife.

When I entered the Johnstons’ sitting-room, I found Mary seated on the end of one of the chintz-covered couches, knitting a green silk purse very fast, looking cross and rather sulky, surrounded by her mother and sisters, all actively canvassing the proposal on which I was to give my opinion. While Mrs Johnston and the others welcomed me, I said to my cousin Tom Scott’s flame—‘Well, Mary, how are you to-day?’

Mary answered coldly; she guessed I was enlisted on the opposite faction.

‘Oh, Mrs Orr, I wish you could speak to Mary,’ began Mrs Johnston, as soon as I was seated, ‘about this very flattering proposal she has had from your cousin, Mr Tom Scott. I wish you could only tell her what is for her good, for the rest of us cannot persuade her to see it. About two hundred a-year he has now; and I’m sure all the time he has lived in my house, he has not been out in an evening after ten o’clock, more than once in three months—always in from his office at eight, and after taking his cup of tea, down to his book, and he never moves from it till supper time.’

I assented to Mrs Johnston’s testimony of Tom Scott’s extremely sober and domestic habits; but Mary only knitted the purse faster and faster, and did not condescend to take any notice of her mother’s statement. She was just the sort of girl, at the age too, not to appreciate the force of it.

‘Don’t you think, Mrs Orr,’ inquired Anne, ‘if Mary accepted Tom Scott, he would take that first flat in Anne

Street, the Reeves were so anxious to get. Have you forgotten, Mary, how cheerful and airy you thought it—so near us all too!'

'Yes,' added Agnes; 'and Uncle John has said he would give her her whole wedding dress, if she would take Tom Scott.'

'And Uncle Archy is so anxious for it, too,' sighed Mrs Johnston. 'He has promised Mary a sixty guinea piano-forte.'

Still no reply from Mary; but how rapidly her hands did go at the purse, as much as to say, none of all these bribes and temptations moved her in the very least. I suggested that Mary should at least pause a little before she gave her final decision; but she hotly refused to do so.

'Indeed, Mary, I should like to hear your reasons against marrying my cousin,' I ventured to say.

Mary abruptly stopped her work and looked up with crimson cheeks—'I am not quite certain whether any one has a right to inquire into *my private motives*, Mrs Orr' (great stress on the last words)—Mary had acquired no small increase of dignity and consequence from Tom Scott's unlucky suit); 'but I know at least that it is very unkind of mamma and all of you, to try to force me to marry a man I dislike.'

'Dislike Tom Scott! oh Mary!' ejaculated all her sisters. But Mary had worked herself up to that pitch, that I do believe for the moment she fancied herself an exceedingly ill-used victim, about to be sacrificed by all her near relatives to an individual as unworthy as any of the male monsters in her mother's favourite novels. I was so provoked at Mary's pride and folly, that I half hinted my real opinion, that my cousin, Tom Scott, was a great deal too good for her; a piece of rudeness which Mary received with an indignant toss of the head.

'But, Mary,' whispered Anne, meaning none but Mary to hear her, 'I fear you mistake when you believe you dislike Tom Scott. Do you remember last summer, how often in the evenings you took such long walks together?'

This address had a very opposite effect from what Anne intended it to have: in the first place it was impugning the truth of the declaration Mary had just made, and actually insinuating that she (Mary) unconsciously cherished a sort of liking for poor Tom Scott; in the second, it awakened certain disagreeable twinges of conscience which tended to increase Mary's ill-humour. When one is in a passion nothing is so likely to add to its strength as the knowledge of having done wrong being forced upon us by some injudicious friend.

'But walking with him is very different from marrying him, Anne,' exclaimed Mary, angrily. 'I never thought he had any intention of asking me; and as to marrying Tom Scott, that is a thing I will never do; I always did despise him and thought him very plain and tiresome.' Mrs Johnston, Anne, and Agnes, were shocked at the expressions Mary had been hurried into using against Tom Scott, before his cousin's face, and Mary herself, when she had finished, seemed a little ashamed of her strong language; while I, slightly indignant (although I had no great faith in Mary's angry declaration), insisted that I was not at all displeased, and that there was no need for apologies.

'Well, Mary, since you hold such opinions,' said her mother, hurriedly, 'I suppose Mr Scott's offer must be politely declined; but you will tell him from me, Mrs Orr, that I at least am very much obliged to him for the honour he has done Mary, and am very sorry to find she can vex me so much by refusing him.' I assented, and Mary made no demur at the message, although her lip was put up at the expression *honour* having been done her, and the matter dropped, leaving Anne and Agnes looking very discontented, and Mrs Johnston sorely grieved.

Poor Tom, who had certainly not anticipated a rejection, was hurt and disappointed, so much so, that Mr Orr, who was acquainted with all the particulars, and who had already called him a stupid fellow for having had anything to do with a girl like Mary Johnston, found it necessary, not with my advice or concurrence, or even my knowledge, however, to be guilty of a certain breach of confidence, in

repeating to him some of Mary's expressions. Tom being human, resented them, and there is no better cure for a love-sick heart than a little wholesome anger. He left Mrs Johnston's house immediately, but took great pains to convince me he entertained no displeasure against any of the family; which, with the exception of Mary, I am sure he did not. Shortly afterwards Tom Scott obtained the partnership in the house which he had expected, and fortunately perhaps, it required him to reside in Lyons, where a branch of the firm was established, and to which he set out immediately.

During the next summer, Mrs Johnston took lodgings at Portobello for Agnes, who had always been delicate, and who was recommended sea-bathing; Mary was to accompany her. I remember Mary called upon me the night before she left; she was in high spirits, and laughingly boasted of the loads of books and work Agnes and she were to take down with them, and of the many long sea-side rambles they were to have before they returned to town; and I fancy Mary, like many other girls of eighteen, expected to get a lover at the sea-side.

During one of these rambles the Johnstons did encounter a young physician, who, while attending college several years before, boarded with their mother. He was established, with a promising practice, at Alnwick, I think, but had then left his patients under a substitute, and was visiting his family, who, like the Johnstons, were in summer lodgings at Portobello. Very naturally, the young gentleman renewed his intimacy with his two old acquaintances, and the consequence was his marriage, in about six months, not with Mary, the beauty, but with Agnes. It was considered a capital marriage for Agnes Johnston; her husband had the world to work for, to be sure, but what of that, many young people have that to do, and his prospects were certainly better than most. Then it was what is called a gentle marriage; for the bridegroom was rising in the profession of a gentleman, and had excellent connexions; namely, a cousin a landed proprietor of considerable extent, and a half-brother a colonel in the army; so the young couple went off with great style, from the house of one of Agnes's uncles, in the carriage and pair of the cousin the landed proprietor, borrowed for the occasion. Altogether, it was a much more fashionable affair than Mary's would have been had she accepted Tom Scott; the only drawback was, that Northumberland and Alnwick were not quite so conveniently near the remainder of her family as would have been the first flat in Anne Street.

It was at Agnes's marriage that 'A' body's like to be married but me' was first connected in my mind with Mary. Mr Orr and I had been honoured by an invitation to see the ceremony performed, as family friends of the Johnstons, and, besides, near neighbours and intimate acquaintances with the solicitor, at whose house it took place; and after Agnes and her husband, with part of the company, had left, to stay to a quiet family dinner. During dinner, and after the gentlemen had joined us ladies in the drawing-room, we had all been discussing, not only the wedding we had just seen celebrated, but all the other weddings just happened or about to be amongst our acquaintances.

"'A' body's like to be married but me,' eh, Miss Mary!" exclaimed Mr Orr, during a pause; a general laugh followed, in which Mary joined, but she had the want of tact to show herself a little piqued by the railing which ensued on Mr Orr's quotation. Mary had, I doubt not, as the acknowledged beauty of the family, expected to be herself the first married; and I for one would have said she would have been the first to be chosen, but proofs are showered upon us every day that there is no accounting for tastes. Mr Orr never forgot Mary's mistake in allowing him to see where her vanity might be easiest wounded. From the day of Agnes's marriage he never missed, every time they met, joking Mary about the probability of her being an old maid. At first I dare say, Mary, as every one else did, thought that very unlikely; but when four years passed, and Anne, following Agnes's example, became a matron likewise, and Mary still flirted away with her mother's boarders, was still the great attraction at her

uncle's dinners and evening parties for the younger part of his guests, but (it was very provoking no one got serious with Mary) without having one more opportunity of committing matrimony, I dare say she began to feel a little nervous on the subject; for Mary had no vocation for lonely spinsterhood, and saw the prospect of herself becoming a maiden aunt, a 'Miss Becky Duguid,' with little equanimity. Certainly she liked Mr Orr's quotation worse and worse, although she affected not to mind it, and even went so far as to purchase a copy of the song, and sung it to him every time they met; that very action proved that Mary took the words to heart. I am not quite sure whether Mary did not begin to look back upon Tom Scott's refusal with a little remorse.

Another year, and Mary, at three-and-twenty, seemed at last really going to get married, and the connexion she appeared about to form was one which would have satisfied her prejudices even in the days she refused my cousin Tom Scott. Next to the handsome young officers whom she met at her uncle's, Mary admired the lively dashing young barristers she also frequently encountered there; and it was one of them, the second son of an eminent advocate, who now paid her those marked attentions which generally precede an engagement. Most of Mary's acquaintances considered the engagement had already taken place; I thought it was only about to follow. One thing we agreed upon, 'It was a match that we all must approve.' Mrs Johnston began to inquire after Tom Scott without the faintest sigh. How very fortunate the Johnstons have been, was ejaculated in various tones. Mary began actually to enjoy Mr Orr's unfailing 'A' body's like to be married but me.'

I called one evening about this time on the Johnstons, and was so lucky as to get a sight of the barrister. Mrs Johnston was out, and he and Mary were enjoying a tête-à-tête. Mrs Hall, in one of her tales, has said 'that evening calls, when young men are the parties who make them and young ladies the parties called upon, are very suspicious.' Truly this one seemed to be so, if I might judge from the manner of the young barrister (very handsome he was I must say, but I thought of cousin Tom, and was proof against all his fascinations), who was bending over and whispering to Mary, who, looking provokingly crimson and conscious, sat knitting a purse; not the same one she was occupied with when Tom Scott's case was decided, but Mary must have been fond of knitting purses. I told Mr Orr, when I went home, that he might drop his favourite song, with regard to Mary Johnston at least; narrating what I had seen, and drawing my own conclusions from it. Mr Orr had always scouted the idea of Mary's marriage with the barrister, and I triumphed in the impression that my present narration would convince him of the fallacy of his disbelief as to the whole affair. No such thing, he was more confirmed in his heresy than ever. 'You are so apt to be taken in, Charlotte,' was his flattering commentary; 'you are quite in error in your present views; I know Kerr very well, and, believe me, he is not the person to marry a girl like Mary Johnston; he is too much of a coxcomb, and too mercenary, besides, to think of any such thing.' I argued stoutly, but in vain, in defiance of my judgment and clear-sightedness.

The next time I saw Mary Johnston the whole matter was completely blown over; it was merely one of those unmeaning *pour passer le temps* flirtations some gay, honourable young gentlemen do not scruple to indulge a little in. And, as it turned out afterwards, Mr Kerr, Mary's lover, was engaged all the time to another young lady, to whom he was shortly after united; probably he had wished to enjoy one more bachelor escapade before he sunk down into a sober married man. Tom Scott was avenged, though happily the flirtation was too fleeting to allow Mary's affections to become engaged: it was only her pride that was wounded; she was quite able to laugh off the whole story with whomsoever chose to mention it. But she was deeply mortified, as any woman in like circumstances is, though braving with smiling lip the laughter or pity of her acquaintances, and the caustic remarks of Mr Orr.

Yes, Mary was bitterly mortified, and most of all things by the unconcealed disappointment of her mother. I always respected Mary afterwards for having borne it so bravely; it certainly was of service to her too; it carried off a great part of her vanity and her affection, but that had been gradually wearing off for a long time: the affection of a girl, if not rooted very deep, often disappears before she has reached one-and-twenty. Be that as it may, certain it is, after Mary's desertion by the handsome young barrister, I never remarked one single trait that was not quite natural in her speech or actions.

Another three years, and Mary Johnston, at twenty-six, was considered by all her acquaintances a confirmed old maid. She might well now—

'Sit on her creepy and sigh heigh he,
A' body's like to be married but me.'

Even Mr Orr, feeling that a joke, when it begins to be a reality, is no joke, was less constant to the subject than of yore. Mary's beauty had not faded; it was only more matured. To my taste, Mary Johnston, with the composure and sedateness of twenty-six summers, was infinitely more attractive than Mary Johnston with the giddiness and vanity of eighteen. But it was neither Mary's age nor appearance that made her so soon be considered an old maid; for her sister Anne was twenty-seven before she was married, yet she had never been reckoned an old maid. The truth is, age is judged by very different criterions as circumstances differ. Mary had come out a belle and a beauty a great deal too soon, and it is a well known fact, that those envied personages pay the penalty for their popularity by growing much sooner old than more private individuals; and that, with the Johnstons' house probably being less attractive than formerly, when there were three agreeable girls in place of a solitary one, might be the reason Mary remained unsought, while her sisters and a whole host of friends and acquaintances, both mentally and personally inferior, became matrons before her.

One day, about this time, Mary Johnston was telling me of some improbable marriage which she heard was about to take place with regard to two of our mutual acquaintances, and finished by observing, 'If Mr Orr were here, you know what he would say, "A' body's like to be married but me; don't you think so, Miss Mary?"' 'Well, I believe he will be right,' she added, laughing. 'Who knows,' I replied, thoughtlessly; 'for I have just heard Tom Scott is on his way home to pay us all a few months' visit, and we may expect him in Edinburgh some of these days.' The moment I said these words I regretted having done so, for although Mary tried to laugh the matter off, I saw by the rapid and painful flush on her cheek, that she considered what I had said to imply that she would be very glad to take Tom Scott now.

The next time I met Mary was at a great dinner at Claremont Crescent, given by an old friend of Tom Scott's in honour of his return, and to which the Johnstons happened to be invited. Tom Scott acted well towards Mary, although he had provocation to do otherwise, but at the same time his conduct was calculated to show the fallacy of any expectation of his old penchant being revived. Poor Mary, if Tom could have triumphed over her, he would have done so, in her quiet sobered down manners; in the attention which she received being bestowed almost solely by the married men of the party; in the sudden and unnoticed paleness of her cheek when he advanced towards her; in the momentary glance at him, as dinner was announced, and he advanced as if to offer her his arm, but in fact to do so to a really beautiful girl, at the age Mary was when he left Edinburgh, and her cousin, being the eldest daughter of one of the solicitors. During the evening, at least one half of the company being young people, dancing was proposed; Mary, I saw, would fain have been the musician all the time, but was not permitted, and she was condemned to dance exactly opposite her well meaning but rather manoeuvring aunt, and be a witness how well pleased she seemed with Tom Scott for a partner to her fair well portioned daughter, Tom now being considered in a fair way of becoming a very extensive and wealthy

merchant. When the dancing was almost concluded, their host tapped Tom Scott on the back, and asked him, laughing, if he had danced with every young lady in the room, an old amiable habit of Tom's. Tom, who, delighted to see all his old friends again, was the very picture of enjoyment, answered merrily that he thought he had, but corrected himself immediately, 'No, I have forgotten Miss Mary Johnston.' Poor Mary, eight years ago how proud Tom was to get her for a partner, and even when dancing with any one else, he had no eyes but for Mary. She heard it all now. Tom, in his perfect innocence of all intention to hurt her feelings, could not, although he had tried it, have fixed on a better plan of humiliation. I also overheard Tom's *mal apropos* speech, and glancing at Mary to see its effect, saw for an instant the convulsive quiver of the lips, which is often the only symptom of mental suffering. My readers may consider the occasion did not call forth such distress, but Mary was thinking how foolishly she had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips; how she was reaping the harvest her own hands had sown; was thinking how different she would have been as Tom Scott's wife, supported by his kind arm, and cherished by his affectionate heart, sharing the respect and esteem he everywhere received. Her vanity was sorely punished.

Next day I called at Claremont Crescent for a shawl I had forgotten the previous evening. 'See, Mary Johnston has as short a memory as you,' said the lady of the house, laughing, holding up Mary's gloves, which she, like me, had left behind her. 'If you like, I will take them to her,' I said; 'I half intended calling for her to-day at any rate.' 'Will you take me with you?' asked Tom Scott, who was present. 'I ought to call on my old friend, Mrs Johnston, some of these days.' I accepted Tom's escort, and in a short time we were at our destination. As we ascended the stairs, and after we entered the sitting-room, Tom looked round about him on all the old familiar objects with an odd sort of expression, as if he recollects for the first time that eight years ago he had really sought to make Mary Johnston his wife. 'Everything quite the same,' he half soliloquised, half observed to me before Mrs Johnston and Mary joined us. Mrs Johnston received Tom in a kind but rather fluttered manner, and seemed to be completely absorbed in the effort to give him the Mr Scott of the merchant, while the more familiar Mr Tom of the clerk was ever coming out. Mary was perfectly composed, but looking pale and ill.

'You have been very fortunate since you went away from us, Mr Tom' (Mr Scott being dropped at his own request), said Mrs Johnston after a pause, and unconsciously sighing. Tom assented. 'You will find a great many changes, I dare say; you would hear of all their marriages; poor things, they have been very fortunate. Agnes has got four children, she would have had five, but her youngest, a nice boy, died of croup three months ago.'

'Indeed,' observed Tom, 'very distressing.'

'And Anne has three, the youngest twins. Well, these are alterations,' continued Mrs Johnston, in a moralising tone; 'what thoughtless young creatures they were when we were with us; if you had seen poor Agnes when she came here for change of scene after the death of her baby!—

'But all of you are not changed,' observed Tom, cheerfully; 'there is yourself, Mrs Johnston, and my cousin Charlotte here, and Miss Mary,' he added in a lower tone, feeling that he was getting on uncertain ground.

'Oh, I have got rheumatism, Mr Tom, very bad every spring; now, you remember, I had it only once all the time you were here; now I am confined to bed with it a week or two every spring. Mrs Orr, to be sure, does not look a bit different; only her eldest son, what a great big lad you must have found him, Mr Tom. As for Mary, poor thing, she has a great deal to do now; no practising whole mornings nor walking whole evenings for her now; there is nobody left to do all the sewing, and look after every thing but her now; she is no more the laughing light-hearted creature she was eight years ago than I am.'

'But, mamma, you could not expect me but to get older in eight years,' said Mary, trying to laugh, as she inter-

rupted her mother's reflections; 'and, as you have said, I have all the dignity and thought of being housekeeper now.'

When we left, Mrs Johnston asked Tom to come back and see her.—'Oh, yes, he would be very glad to do so,' Tom said, rather carelessly.

Next month, I took lodgings for a few weeks at Lasswade for change of air for the children, and being in Edinburgh one day, I called on Mary Johnston, who had been suffering from a bad cold, and invited her to spend a short time with us in the country. Although I ultimately prevailed, Mary was by no means willing to be of my party, bringing forward every possible reason against going except the true one, that she should necessarily be brought much beside Tom Scott, whose younger sister was then also with us, and Tom being in Edinburgh, and having nothing to do, and being, besides, an affectionate brother, might be expected to be often at Lasswade. Tom entertained no malice, however, and Mary and he got rather good friends, although no lovers; and, from at least one of them once being so, never likely, I feared, to get over a certain awkwardness in every thing relating to each other. At the same time, I was much gratified by the frequent visits Tom Scott paid us; there never was such an obliging brother and cousin; he was constantly at our command. One evening, it happened that Mr Orr and Catherine Scott and the children, were all in town, when Tom Scott dropped in to take tea with Mary and I. He was in particularly high spirits, and after tea began insisting, with considerable animation, that Mary should sing. Not singing songs off, I had no vocal music with me, except one or two stray songs which had introduced themselves into the package I had sent out for our use, and for which Tom immediately began hunting. Only one he could find, and that the very touching though now sadly hackneyed one of Haynes Bayley, 'Long, long ago.' Mary, from obvious reasons, decidedly declined singing it; but Tom, I conclude, had never heard it, as he kept pressing and insisting, considerably to my amusement, and much to Mary's confusion. Just then I remembered that I had neglected to write a letter in answer to one sent me from a country friend, full of sundry inquiries and commissions, the receipt of a reply to which would no doubt be impatiently desired. Conscientiously shocked at my want of memory, I hurried out of the room, in order to remedy the fault, as well as possible, by writing, and leaving Tom and Mary to settle the affair of the song as pleased them. When I had done, I went back to the parties I had left. I saw the room still remained unlighted; Tom Scott must have gone, for he and Mary are much too sensible folks to be sitting together in the last remains of twilight. As I entered the lobby, I fancied I heard Tom's voice in the distance; Mary must have got unwell, and retired for the night. I hurried up stairs to ascertain it. Now, before I proceed farther, I must explain two things. I call all my friends and acquaintances to witness, whether I was ever considered guilty of being that contemptible character an eaves-dropper: and I must state, that Tom Scott was by no means a forward individual; at least I never was aware of any circumstances in which he acted in such a manner as to be deemed so. Well then, when I reached the door of the drawing-room, my readers will not consider me guilty of any sinister intention in yielding to an involuntary impulse; and, instead of walking at once into the room, pausing first, and popping in my head, to scrutinise what was going on there, before I made myself personally visible. I do not know what had induced me to do so; I am not aware of once having adopted such a practice before or since; but this I do know, I suspected nothing to occasion such a movement of that nature; and therefore was more taken aback by what occurred. There was Tom and Mary, whom I had left scarcely half an hour before, such matter-of-fact rational people, and who, to my belief, were guiltless at that moment of any one return, by word or action, to the half-forgotten story of years ago. There they were, their figures thrown out in a strong relief, by their being seated on a sofa by the side of a blazing fire, the rest of the room remaining in a shadow; and, in

short, Tom's arm was where it had no earthly business to be, and Mary's head was behaving no better. I was petrified, and drew back, scarcely aware whether I was in the room or out. I retreated to my own room, and I believe I must have stayed there fully a quarter of an hour before I recovered from the shock. Then I returned, taking good care to be seized with a bad cough on my way to the drawing-room, and, not recovering from it till I entered the room, had the satisfaction of finding every thing quite satisfactory. On my re-entrance, Tom was lighting the gas in a very animated manner, and Mary was reading the newspapers, a study that did not appear to be favourable to her eyes, which were very red and swollen. I certainly rejoiced most heartily in the fact; I had begun to suspect, that although Tom Scott had returned home, apparently entirely cured of his unfortunate attachment, the distemper had returned upon him more violently than ever. It was the natural consequence in him of circumstances acting on his position, and what I had always considered likely, without going to a French proverb, or to any other precedent whatever on the subject. He had seen her last, in the full triumph of a girl's gratified pride and vanity—self-willed, unreasonable, unjust; he met her again—subdued, sobered, thrown aside. On other men all this might have had little effect; but it would have melted Tom to one in other respects a total stranger, and completely indifferent to him; how much more so when it applied to Mary Johnston; and however he might overlook her at first, it failed not to recall old wishes, old hopes, to revive old strong manly affection, long struggled with, long repressed, never wholly forgotten. I was perfectly acquainted with all this, only I by no means expected such a rapid termination to the affair; that song which Mary refused to sing to him, that 'Long, long ago,' must, without doubt, have somehow brought it about. I need not say how highly gratified was Mrs Johnston and the whole of Mary's remaining kith and kin; Tom Scott's friends too; every one, in short, who had a real interest in the parties. I pass over to a call which I received immediately before Mary's marriage from Mrs Kerr, the lady of the young barrister before mentioned, and with whom, although on my visiting list, I had no particular intimacy. Mrs Kerr, who by some means was cognisant of the whole story of her husband's flirtation with Mary Johnston, with an entire want of good feeling, good taste, and common sense, had taken the opportunity whenever she chanced to meet her, of triumphing over and slighting her in every possible way. 'So Mary Johnston is to be married at last,' she said to me with affected suavity, then with no little malice proceeded to remark on the uncommon generosity of my relation, Mr Scott, who, refused when poor, returned with the prospect of wealth to marry the very lady, grown old and faded, who formerly rejected him. 'I have heard instances of far surpassing magnanimity,' drily observed Mr Orr, who chanced to be present. 'I have heard of ladies who overlooked in their intended husbands conduct so contemptible to themselves as men, so grossly insulting to these same ladies, to their affection and their influence, that I have marvelled at their forbearance and charity.'

At Mary's wedding, her cousin, the eldest daughter of one of the solicitors (and, by the way, both Mary's uncles had fulfilled their former promises), sung at the bridegroom's previous request, 'A' body's like to be married but me,' much to the mirth of the guests, few of whom, however, comprehended its late connexion with the bride.

Mrs Tom Scott is still with her husband at Lyons, but every thing is arranged for their return in the course of the present summer; a house is already taken for them in Doune Terrace, so that Mrs Johnston, who, I am happy to say, is a hale, hearty, old lady, bids fair to see her daughter Mary re-established beside her.

Mary has been twice home on a visit since her marriage, and a fair, comely, smiling, sensible young matron she is, very much taken up with a host of children, and the comforts and convenience of their worthy papa, grown fat and jocular. Oh yes! who to read Mary's letters, so very domestic and matronly, so very full of little Bessy, little

Mary, little Tom, and that important personage who figures in all families, and is ever changing name and being, *baby*—especially so full of old Tom—would not laugh as they compared the wife with the maiden; the good sense, sober happy real life interests and entire home pre-occupations of Mrs Tom Scott, with the gay, wayward, coquettish Mary Johnston. In Mrs Tom Scott's last letter I actually caught her boasting of Tom's early hours and taste for home—his never being out of doors without her after nine, at which time he put on dressing-gown and slippers; in short, those very qualifications which Mrs Johnston had cited in his praise eight years ago, and Mary had so scoffed at. Mr Orr, as I read it to him, groaned over the domestic subjugation of Tom Scott, as he called it, and the inconsistencies human beings can be guilty of.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.*

WORKS about Italy and the Italians are certainly by no means scarce in English literature. They are thrown off every season by tourists and others, in the various forms of notes, sketches, and letters, 'thick as leaves in Vallambrosa,' and are almost as quickly scattered to the winds. And yet, though so frequently the subject of observation and description, there is no part of the world regarding the social condition of which it is so difficult to form a correct estimate. We know, indeed, that with landscapes of unrivalled loveliness it is also a very paradise of fertility, having the finest climate and the brightest skies in Europe: that it abounds in scenes consecrated by grand historical recollections, that its buildings are the models of architecture, its statues the masterpieces of ancient art, and its paintings the finest productions of modern genius. We know also that Italy, prostrate beneath Austrian despotism, Papal supremacy, and Neapolitan imbecility, offers striking contrast to Italy once the temporal and again the spiritual mistress of the world. But there can be little doubt that this contrast, joined to their own national prepossessions, renders it extremely difficult for British writers to convey an impartial estimate of the Italian character. Hence, according to the feeling uppermost at the time, this people have been alternately charged in the mass with superstition, ignorance, indolence, voluptuousness, revengefulness, or dishonesty, to an extent closely bordering on caricature. There is strong reason for suspecting that the modern Italians, though certainly a very different people from their ancestors, are far more respectable than circumstances and common prejudice would lead us to believe. This is shown, to some extent at least, by the rapid improvements in those portions of the Peninsula where something like good government prevails, as well as by the frequent, though doubtless ill-judged, outbreaks of the spirit of liberty, whereby the tranquillity of the Papal government especially has been disturbed. When a charitable allowance is made for their unfavourable position as regards religion and political institutions, we suspect that the higher and middle classes of Italians will be found not very unlike the same orders among ourselves. As for the peasantry and artisans, those of Lombardy in particular are famed over Europe for steadiness and intelligence; and even in the south, amidst much ignorance and great oppression, the same class preserve many virtues which are honourable to themselves and to humanity.

Mr Headley, the author of 'Letters from Italy,' is an American gentleman of talent, who has embodied in a series of letters his observations on that country and its inhabitants. These letters, though abundantly saturated with all the prejudices and partialities of the author's country, and that national and individual egotism which so frequently attaches to American writers, are written, nevertheless, with great ability, and display a warm interest in the people whose manners and condition he undertakes to portray. Though possessing little of the matter-of-fact minuteness of Mr Stephens, his style is uniformly elevated,

and the work abounds in striking passages and picturesque incidents. Anything which he considers worth telling is sure to be told most effectively. In illustration of this, we should have liked to quote a little from the account of the voyage from America; but our space compels us to confine ourselves to those portions of the work which relate exclusively to Italy. The following incident, illustrative of the pervading despotism of the Sardinian government, we find in the account of Genoa:—

'Clara Novello has been the prima donna for the last half of the Carnival. Rome and Genoa had both, as they thought, engaged her for the season, and hence when each claimed her there was a collision. The two governments took it up, and finally it was referred to the Pope. It was a matter of some consequence to his holiness where the sweet singer should open her mouth for the season. In his magnanimity he decided she should stay at Rome. The managers, however, compromised the matter by each city having her half the time. She had formerly been exceedingly popular here, but contrary to the will of the chief bass singer and the leader of the orchestra, she attempted at her first appearance an air unsuited to her voice, and which she was told she could not perform. Of course she failed, and was slightly hissed. Her English blood mounted at so unequivocal a demonstration of their opinion of her singing, and Dido-like, bowing haughtily to the crowd, she turned her back on the audience and walked off the stage. The tenor and the bass both stopped—the orchestra—indeed *all* stopped except the *hissing*, which waxed louder every moment. She was immediately taken to her rooms by the police of the city, and for three days the gens-d'armes stood night and day at her door, keeping the fair singer a prisoner for her misconduct. This is a fair illustration of this government. Even an opera-singer cannot pout without having the gens-d'armes after her. On the promise of good behaviour, however, she was released from confinement, and again appeared on the stage, where the good-natured music-loving Italians hailed her appearance with deafening cheers, and repaid their want of gallantry with excess of applause. Poor Clara Novello is not the first who has suffered from the tyranny of this military despotism.'

The pitiful tyranny which thus surrounds a poor opera-singer with gens-d'armes, is not likely to prove indulgent to any one whose love of liberty betrays him into any overt act, thought likely to inspire a similar feeling in his countrymen:—

'The other day I went to see the first painter of Genoa. He is a young man, modest, amiable, and courteous, so much so that I became immediately deeply interested in him. His name is Isola. He too, had fallen once under the ban of the government. Like all geniuses he loves liberty, and the first great historical piece he painted, and on which he designed to base his claim to be ranked among the first artists of his country, was a representation of the last great struggle Genoa made for freedom. He showed me the design; in the foreground, with his horse fallen under him, struggled the foreign governor that had been imposed on the people, while the excited multitude were raining stones and missiles on him, and trampling him under foot. Farther back, and elevated on the canvass, stood the Marquis of Spinola, cheering on the people, one hand grasping the sword, the other waving aloft the flag of freedom. Excited men were running hither and thither through the crowded streets, and all the bustle and hurry of a rapid heavy fight were thrown upon the canvass. It was a spirited sketch, and one almost seemed to hear the battle cry of freemen and the shout of victory. Such a picture immediately made a noise in Genoa, where yet slumber the elements of a republic. It was finished, and admired by all, and treasured by the painter. But one day, while Isola was sitting before it contemplating his work, and thinking what corrections might be made, his door was burst open and two gens-d'armes stood before him. Seizing the picture before his eyes they marched him off behind it, to answer for the crime of having painted his country battling for her rights. The painting was

locked up in a room of the government, where it has ever since remained. Isola was carried between two gens-d'armes a hundred and twenty miles, to Turin, and thrown into prison. He was finally released, but his picture remains under lock and key. The government, however, ~~has~~, in its magnanimity, condescended to permit the artist to sell it to any one who will carry it *out of the country*. Where shall it go? I would that some American might purchase it. I spoke with him on the subject, and sympathised with him on the wrongs he had suffered. I spoke to him of my country, and the sympathy such a transaction would awaken in every grade of society, and invited him to go home with me, where he could breathe free and his pencil move free. I promised him a welcome, and a reputation and home in a republic, whose struggle for freedom had never yet been in vain, and whose air would unfetter his spirit and expand his genius. Such language from a foreigner and a republican he felt to be sincere. He turned his immensely large, black, and melancholy eyes on me, and attempted to reply. But his chin began to tremble, his voice quivered and stopped, his eyes filled with tears, and he turned away to hide his feelings. Oh, when I think of the cursed tyranny man practises on man—the brutal chain power puts on genius—the slavery to which a crowned villain can and does subject the noblest souls that God lets visit the earth—I wish for a moment that supreme power were mine, that the wronged might be righted, and the noble yet helpless be placed beyond the reach of oppression and the torture of servility.'

The passion of the Italians for music is proverbial, and is doubtless carried to a much greater extent than it would be were matters of graver interest less sedulously interdicted. Yet we cannot help thinking that Mr Headley's love of effect has betrayed him into considerable exaggeration in the following highly coloured picture:—

'I have seen and heard much of an Italian's love of music, but nothing illustrating it so forcibly as an incident that occurred last evening at the opera. In the midst of one of the scenes, a man in the pit near the orchestra was suddenly seized with convulsions. His limbs stiffened; his eyes became set in his head, and stood wide open, staring at the ceiling like the eyes of a corpse; while low and agonising groans broke from his struggling bosom. The prima donna came forward at that moment, but seeing this livid death-stamped face before her, suddenly stopped, with a tragic look and start that for *once* was perfectly natural. She turned to the bass-singer and pointed out the frightful spectacle. He also started back in horror, and the prospect was that the opera would terminate on the spot; but the scene that was just opening was the one in which the prima donna was to make her great effort, and around which the whole interest of the play was gathered, and the spectators were determined not to be disappointed because one man was dying, and so shouted 'Go on! go on!' Clara Novello gave another look towards the groaning man, whose whole aspect was enough to freeze the blood, and then started off in her part. But the dying man grew worse and worse, and finally sprung bolt upright in his seat. A person sitting behind him, all-absorbed in the music, immediately placed his hands on his shoulders, pressed him down again, and held him firmly in his place. There he sat, pinioned fast, with his pale corpse-like face upturned, in the midst of that gay assemblage, and the foam rolling over his lips, while the braying of the trumpets, and the voice of the singer, drowned the groans that were rending his bosom. At length the foam became streaked with blood as it oozed through his teeth, and the convulsive starts grew quicker and fiercer. But the man behind held him fast, while he gazed in perfect rapture on the singer, who now, like the ascending lark, was trying her loftiest strain. As it ended, the house rang with applause, and the man who had held down the poor writhing creature could contain his ecstasy no longer, and lifting his hands from his shoulders, clapped them rapidly together three or four times, crying out over the ears of the dying man, "Brava, brava!" and then hurriedly placing them back again to prevent his springing

up, in his convulsive throes. It was a perfectly maddening spectacle, and the music jarred on the chords of my heart like the blows of a hammer. But the song was ended, the effect secured, and so the spectators could attend to the sufferer in their midst. The gens-d'armes entered, and carried him speechless and lifeless out of the theatre.

In the following extract, dated from Naples, the honest indignation of the republican tourist is strongly awakened by observing the baneful effects of the system practised by the Sicilian government. We need hardly remind our readers that that government is one of the worst, if not the very worst, in Europe :—

'The streets were filled with loungers, all expressing in their manners and looks the Neapolitan maxim, 'dolce far niente' (it is sweet to do nothing). You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses and music-like language of the Neopolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here, i. e. among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and our Indians is, that our wild bloods are the more beautiful of the two. The colour is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to 'the soft bastard Latin' they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favourable, nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women dirty slip-shod slatterns. Talk about 'bright-eyed Italian maids!' Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. Wholesome food, comfortable apartments, and cleanly clothing, are indispensable to physical beauty; and these the Italians, except the upper classes, do not have. The filthy dens in which they are crammed, the tattered garments in which they are but half hid, and the haggard faces of hundreds of unfed women and children that meet me at every step as I enter the city at night, overthrow all the pleasures of the day, and I retire to my room angry with that political and social system that requires two-thirds to die of starvation, that the other third may die of surfeit. The King of Naples has five palaces, while thousands of his subjects have not one blanket.'

All writers, both native and foreign, have agreed in speaking highly of the beauty of our author's country-women; and probably the comparison may have led him to form a less favourable estimate of Italian females in this respect. In form, however, he gives the palm to the ladies of Italy. The following paragraph we respectfully submit to any of our fair readers who may be addicted to the pernicious practice of tight-lacing :—

'It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion that a small waist is, and, *per necessitate*, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavour to assimilate themselves to *them*; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.'

Though doubtless considerably influenced by his republican predilections, we are inclined to think there is much truth in our author's estimate of the feelings of the Neapolitan peasantry. Stung by oppression of every kind, they have imbibed a bitter hatred of their rulers, and ardent

aspirations after freedom, which may one day lead to important results. Every one of them knows the history of Masaniello, the republican fisherman—he is the people's Washington.' The same elements of discontent are smouldering in the Papal states. 'The age of interrogation has commenced. Men begin to ask questions in Rome as well as in America, and every one tells on the fate of the Papacy more than a thousand cannon-shot. Physical force is powerless against such enemies, while pageantry and pomp only increase the clamour and discontent.' 'There are hundreds who go to witness the illumination of St Peter's, and return to their homes with dark and bitter thoughts in their bosoms.' Of the pageantries alluded to, by which the Papal government tries to distract the attention of its subjects from more serious matters, the following vivid description of one of the shows of Passion week may be taken as an example :—

'The next night after the grand illumination is the 'Girandola,' or fire-works of his holiness, and we must say that he does far better in getting up fire-works than religious ceremonies. This 'Girandola' does credit to his taste and skill. It is the closing act of the magnificent farce, and all Rome turns out to see it. About half-way from the Corso—the Broadway of Rome—to St Peter's, the famous marble bridge of Michael Angelo crosses the Tiber. The castle of St Angelo, formerly the vast and magnificent tomb of Adrian, stands at the farther end. This castle is selected for the display of the fire-works. None of the spectators are permitted to cross the bridge, so that the Tiber flows between them and the exhibition. . . . Towards evening the immense crowd begin to move in the direction of St Angelo, and soon the whole area, and every window and house-top, is filled with human beings. About eight the exhibition commences. The first scene in the drama represents a vast Gothic cathedral. How this is accomplished I cannot tell. Everything is buried in darkness, when suddenly, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, a noble Gothic cathedral of the size of the immense castle, stands in light and beauty before you. The arrangement of the silver-like lights is perfect, and as it shines on silent and still in the surrounding darkness, you can hardly believe it is not a beautiful vision. It disappears as suddenly as it came, and for a moment utter darkness settles over the gloomy castle. Yet it is but for a moment. The next instant a sheet of flame bursts from the summit with a fury perfectly appalling; white clouds of sulphureous smoke roll up the sky, accompanied with molten fragments and detonations that shake the very earth beneath you. It is the representation of a volcano in full eruption, and a most vivid one too. Amid the spouting fire, and murky smoke, and rising fragments, the cannon of the castle are discharged, out of sight, almost every second. Report follows report with stunning rapidity, and it seems for a moment as if the solid structure would shake to pieces. At length the last throb of the volcano is heard, and suddenly from the base, and sides, and summit of the castle, start innumerable rockets, and serpents, and Roman candles, while revolving wheels are blazing on every side. The heavens are one arch of blazing meteors—the very Tiber flows in fire, while the light, falling on ten thousand upturned faces, presents a scene indescribably strange and bewildering. For a whole hour it is a constant blaze. The flashing meteors are crossing and recrossing in every direction—fiery messengers are traversing the sky overhead, and amid the incessant whizzing, and crackling, and bursting, that is perfectly deafening, comes at intervals the booming of cannon. At length the pageant is over, and the gaping crowd surge back into the city. Lent is over—the last honours are done to God by his revealed representative on earth, and the church stands acquitted of all neglect of proper observances. Is it asked again if the people are deceived by this magnificence? By no means. A stranger, an Italian, stood by me as I was gazing on the spectacle, and we soon fell into conversation. He was an intelligent man, and our topic was Italy. He spoke low but earnestly of the state of his country, and declared there was as much genius and mind in Italy now as ever, but

they were not fostered. An imbecile yet oppressive government monopolized all the wealth of the state, and expended it in just such follies as these, while genius starved and the poor died in want. I have never heard the poor Pope so berated in my own country.'

We shall close our extracts with a highly wrought description of the 'Chanting of the Miserere.' Our author, though a thorough Protestant, seems to have been completely carried away by the imposing magnificence of this annual celebration:-

The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing Christ, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock too great, to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great, seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest wo. Stunned and stupefied, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, 'Christ is gone; we are orphans—all orphans!' The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail—so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart—stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away, as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill, that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and the broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection!'

We could gladly have accompanied Mr Headley through the Campagna, to Perugia, Florence, and Milan; but must here take leave of him, with our best thanks for the amusement and instruction he has afforded us.

PHILOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

In the Hebrew tongue all proper names are significant, each individual having received his name from some circumstance connected either with his birth or with his life and character. Thus Abraham signifies 'the father of a great multitude'; Jacob, 'the supplanter'; David, 'the beloved,' &c. This often gives a force to particular passages in the original Scriptures that is quite lost in the translation. We shall give a single instance:—When Abigail meets David coming to avenge himself on her husband, she says, 'Let not my lord, I pray thee, regard this man of Belial, even Nabal; for as his name is, so is he: Nabal is his name, and folly is with him.' This has no point at all in English; it is impossible for the mere English scholar to perceive

its meaning; but to the Hebrew scholar who understands that 'nabal' signifies 'foolish, stupid, wicked, abandoned, impious,' and that the word translated 'folly' is simply the noun substantive formed from the same root, the sentence has a pungency and a zest that can at once be appreciated. A very wonderful example of something of the same kind is the following, which indeed appears to suggest matter for serious reflection. The names of the antediluvian patriarchs, from Adam to Noah inclusive, run thus in the Hebrew—Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methusalah, Lamech, Noah; which names, read in their order and literally translated, give the following English sentence:—Man appointed wretched miserable, the blessed God shall descend teaching, his death sends to the afflicted rest.

PROGRESSION.

He that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he will become worse; for vice, virtue, and time, never stand still.

SONNET.*

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, neath a current of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! creation widen'd in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

* Coleridge pronounced this sonnet 'the finest and most grandly conceived in our language.'

THE DIVINE COMPLACENCY.

Our Father in heaven desires not to scowl on any of the works of his hands. Fair would he smile and look approvingly on them all. He is pleased with his own glorious sun shining in the heavens. He is pleased with the beautiful landscape. He is pleased with the lambs blithely sporting on the lea. He is pleased with his own children when they strive to do his will. When I grieve for having offended him, God is pleased with me. When I waft up to his throne the penitential prayer or the pure wish, God is pleased with me. When I cherish the lowly and contrite heart, God is pleased with me. When I cling around the cross, and feel my bosom bound with love to him who died on it for my sake, God is pleased with me. When I cherish a kindly feeling towards all who wear my name and nature, God is pleased with me. When I struggle to suppress the emotions of envy, and pride, and jealousy, and discontent, God is pleased with me. When candour, truthfulness, and integrity pervade my doings, God is pleased with me. When affliction darkens my path and I glory in tribulation, oh! my Father in heaven is greatly delighted with me.—Rev. G. O. Campbell.

TRUTH.

Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is besides that, however authorised by consent, or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.—Locke.

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INSTITUTIONS FOR RECLAIMING DESERTED CHILDREN.

In walking through the streets of this city, the most careless observer must have been struck with the great number of children met with, apparently in a wholly neglected condition. It is less the extreme poverty of their outward appearance, the rags in which they are clothed, and the dirt by which they are covered, that moves the compassion of the spectator, than the numerous marks, impressed on their features and manners, of the total want of all moral and intellectual culture. Some of these children have no doubt parents or others interested in their welfare, who may be expected to take charge of them, but others, in no small numbers, are, in the truest sense of the word, orphans, with none to care for them, none to restrain them from evil, or to train them in the right path. Such neglected children, as they grow up, furnish a constant supply of criminals of the worst kind, and all attempts to diminish vice and crime whilst this fountain of both is suffered to remain open must prove fruitless. Yet nothing is attempted to rescue these deserted beings from ignorance and vice. Among the many splendid and richly endowed hospitals for which Edinburgh is distinguished, there is not one that properly meets this want. Almost all of them confine their benefits to certain classes of the community, to children who have some special claim upon their notice, or some friend to recommend them. But the great misfortune in the case of the children to whom we allude is, that they have no friend to take the slightest care of them, and no special claim except poverty and desertion. They wander about the streets during the day, begging or picking up a livelihood as they best may, and at night find shelter in some hovel or low lodging-house. In summer, many of them wander out to the country and beg or work as comes in their way. Many of them in the evening go to the night asylum, but this institution can do nothing for them, and after a night's lodging, they are again cast out to the streets, to wander about wherever chance may guide them.

We are well aware that the expediency of hospitals for children has of late years been more than doubted, and some men for whose opinions we entertain a high respect, have wished to see them altogether abolished. Permanent charitable institutions, with large revenues, in which children are as well fed, lodged, and educated as in many, or indeed most, boarding schools, truly seem of doubtful expediency. The children admitted to them are often such as should have been educated at home, and whose parents are more able than willing to provide for them. Such institutions, by the hopes they hold out, have also, it is affirmed, a tendency to produce more misery than they re-

lieve. This question is, however, too important and extensive for us to consider here, and is one with which we are not strictly concerned; for when all has been said of the evils of such institutions, the question still recurs, what is society to do with the poor children mentioned in the commencement of this article? Are they to be left wholly to themselves, to be neglected as they have hitherto been, and to be noticed only when they have become dangerous to society—when their crimes have forced themselves on the attention of the police, and when those bad habits must be repressed by fear, whose formation might have been prevented by care and proper moral and religious instruction? Or is some endeavour to be made to rescue them from destruction, to instil into their minds some knowledge of their duties to themselves, to society, and to their Maker; and to give them instruction in some trade by which they may afterwards gain an honest and honourable maintenance?

To these reflections we have been led by a work, recently published in Stuttgart, entitled, 'History of Institutions for the Rescue of Poor Deserted Children in Wurtemberg, by Ludwig Völter.' Some of the more important facts brought out in this book we shall lay before our readers, and although we are not prepared to recommend the adoption of a precisely similar scheme, still we are of opinion that the experience of our continental neighbours on this highly important question may be of no small service in the guidance of those philanthropic individuals in our own country, who are now devoting their attention to the subject. Before doing so, we may however mention that the population of Wurtemberg is about 1,800,000, of whom rather more than two-thirds are Protestants. About a half of the people are employed in agriculture; schools are found probably in every village, and it is one of the best educated parts of Germany, or rather of Europe. There are considerable orphan-houses supported by the state, and regular legal relief is afforded by the parishes. It might therefore appear that no great field was left for private charity, yet no fewer than thirty-two institutions for poor children have been instituted in that kingdom within the last quarter of a century. It is to them that the following remarks apply.

These institutions must not be confounded with common orphan-houses. Both indeed take charge of poor children, and the latter may occasionally receive children whose bodies, morals, or minds, have been greatly neglected. But this is not always, nor even generally the case, and many well educated and well brought up children come to require such public support. These institutions, on the other hand, are exclusively designed for the reception—'the rescue' of deserted children. This will at once show how much more difficult is their establishment, and how

much greater exertions must be made to attain their end. That they are however much wanted, few will deny who have cast even a passing glance on the lower strata of society, or to speak with more propriety, on those unfortunate beings who are almost out of the ranks of all regular society. Who does not know the spiritual and corporeal destitution of many illegitimate children, the progeny of habitual criminals, vagabonds, and drunkards? Yet institutions for the relief of such cases are comparatively rare. A particular catalogue of all the known institutions in the whole of Europe, given in the work just mentioned, shows that, beside the thirty-two in Wurtemberg, there are only thirty-seven others, of which twenty are found in Switzerland.

The first idea of these institutions does not belong to Wurtemberg, but was originally formed in Basle. Still it found a favourable soil in this land; and has taken root principally, if not exclusively, in the religious feeling of the Protestant population, and among this especially in the Pietistic party. However widely any one may dissent from their views of life and religion, they must at least have full justice done them in this respect. The formation of these institutions, their conduct and direction, even their support, is in a great measure dependent on these persons. Their intimate and wide-spread connexion with each other peculiarly adapts them to find out means and persons; and their fixed mode of thought and views of things produce that method of treatment which is, at least relatively, the most proper. Protestants of other religious tendencies have also done much; and even Catholics, though more rarely, have engaged in similar charities; yet all these are unimportant compared to the labours and exertions of the Pietists. And these are truly great and remarkable. It is just twenty-five years since the first institution for destitute children was founded in Wurtemberg, by a legacy from Queen Katherine; and in this short interval more than thirty such houses have arisen. It must also be observed that very few of them have received any considerable public assistance, but depend simply on the voluntary contributions of private individuals.

The history of these institutions is almost invariably the same. Attention is aroused by some peculiarly crying case of the neglect of children; a small but increasing society unites for its relief, generally with a clergyman at the head of it. At first a small house is hired; but more and more cases of destitution are brought to light, and now some old monastery, country-house, or such like building is purchased, with a few acres of land; things are put in order, a governor and matron appointed, with teachers and servants. All this usually happens without any capital. A collection is made, a lottery of ladies' work got up, perhaps some small legacy drops in, or a sum of money is lent without interest. The neighbours send presents of provisions, clothes, or bedding; benevolent persons or parishes pay board for certain children; larger societies contribute some assistance; whilst the annual reports and anniversary meetings keep every one concerned active. Sometimes there is great want, sometimes abundance; yet they struggle through; in a few years the economy of the house is established, and it not only subsists, but pays off debts, or acquires more fixed property. However often this course of things is renewed, it never fails. Only one single institution has been broken up. The principal cause of this success is local patriotism, and the compassion excited by the immediate view of distress. Hence there can be no doubt that many other institutions could exist along with those at present established. Each of them requires only a small geographical circle from which to draw its supplies.

The internal arrangements present few peculiarities. The children are maintained in a wholesome, but of course very simple manner; are attentively watched; and not only instructed in the usual branches of education, but also employed in various domestic arrangements. The governor and matron manage the whole affairs; and in some of the larger institutions there is also an inspector. The pupils as they grow up are bound apprentices or sent to service

but still retain a kind of claim on the house. Fortunately the government has never interfered; and all the arrangements have been left to the managers.

And now a few statistical details. Völter assumes, though without sufficient grounds, that in Wurtemberg there are 18,000 children needing assistance. Of these, on the 31st December, 1844, about 4400 were actually taken care of; 650 being provided for in the two government orphan-houses; 2500 in private boarding-houses, at the expense of the parishes; 200 in institutions belonging to the towns, and 1061 in private institutions. Of the latter, the author only recognises twenty-two, as he takes no notice of those supported by the parishes or otherwise. Of the 1061 children thus maintained, there are 633 boys and 428 girls. Since their origin, however, they have received in all 2834, of whom 29 have died, and 1594 have been sent to apprenticeship or service. In 1844 the debt on these twenty-two institutions was £7650, which was £1300 less than it had been at one time. Only two were entirely free of debt, whilst the greatest sum owing by any one was £1660. They possess about 130 acres of land, besides about fifty acres on lease. The total income from their formation to 1844 was £77,500, of which about £8000 was borrowed, all the remainder being gifts or payments. About £17,000 were spent on the first establishment of the houses, the remainder on current expenses. Each child in 1844 cost on an average £5 : 2 : 2d.: or three pounds for food, twelve shillings for clothes, nine shillings for firing and light, twopence for washing, and the remainder for other expenses.

What, then, it may be inquired, is the actual result, the moral and social effect of these institutions? On the whole it is undoubtedly favourable. Certain arithmetical data are naturally not to be obtained, or are insufficient. Still the continued and increasing interest of the people in these institutions shows that they work well, and the numerical results of several houses, which also agree tolerably with each other, confirm this opinion. According to these statements, of the pupils sent out, fifty per cent, or a half, turn out well; twenty-five per cent, or a quarter, moderately well; and from six to nine per cent, ill; whilst of the remainder nothing is known, or there is some peculiarity in their circumstances. When we take into account that it is the most corrupted offscourings of society with whom we are concerned—with children whose premature wickedness when taken in is almost beyond expression; when we further consider how many persons under far more favourable circumstances fail in life, there is little reason of complaint, or ground to call in question the utility of these institutions.

Since writing the above, we have seen a notice of a work on charity schools in Switzerland, from which we would extract a few additional observations on this very important subject. The author, J. K. Zellweger, is a teacher in one of these institutions, and has thus the best means of knowing their practical working. Most of the Swiss schools differ essentially from those in Wurtemberg, in that they are intended rather to relieve poverty than to rescue children from moral and physical destruction. The Swiss schools more resemble our common poorhouse schools than those of Wurtemberg, designed to rescue children who would never find their way into a poorhouse, and whose natural protectors are often their worst enemies. There are, properly speaking, only three institutions like the latter in the whole of Switzerland. The great peculiarity of the Swiss charity schools is the connexion of their system of education with agriculture. The pupils during their whole residence in the institutions, are exclusively employed in agricultural labour; except in a few rare instances where circumstances render this impossible. It is thus necessary that each house should have a piece of ground attached to it; and some have a very considerable extent. The usual school instruction is here altogether subsidiary, and much of it is indeed communicated during work hours. Hence it is necessary that the teacher should be constantly with the children, and take part in all their employments. He must consequently be not only a good

schoolmaster, but an experienced farmer and diligent labourer—a combination of qualities rarely to be found, and probably almost unattainable in Britain. Even in Switzerland this forms one the great difficulties in the system, though partly remedied by educating teachers expressly for these schools. This system of education, however, produces good farm-servants and day-labourers, accustomed from their youth to industry and diligence, and who, having acquired no delicate or expensive habits, have no difficulty in gaining an honest livelihood even when sent out without any further support. In the work alluded to thirty-two such institutions are mentioned, and more or less fully described. Most of them have been founded by voluntary societies, some even by charitable individuals, and others by parishes. The greater part have only existed for a very few years, and hence their results and success are still doubtful.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LETITIA E. LANDON.

Men have long arrogated to themselves the possession of physical, intellectual, and political power; and to woman they have awarded the social circle as her legitimate sphere. The dominion of man in the field has seldom been disputed, yet history has its Zenobia and Boadicea, and fiction has created its Amazons. The gentler sex have never disputed with the other the possession of the forum, but they have sat with him on thrones, and baffled him in courtly intrigue and finesse. In metaphysical profundity and scientific research they have never rivalled the male sex, but in the pathos, gentleness, and vivacity of poetry, they have earned a reputation as bright as has ever been awarded to a masculine bard. We could name some living poetesses who have drunk of the strongest waters of Helicon, and climbed the hill of song with bold and unfaltering steps. The music of a woman's lyre comes stealing on our spirit with all the force it exercised when youthful feeling sprung heavenward at its touch, and the recollections of Felicia Hemans have outlived our veneration for the sublime yet misanthropic Byron. The song of sorrow and the softer aspirations of love, have a double charm when woman breathes upon the lute; and while love and sorrow form themes for the songs of the poet, the name of Letitia Elizabeth Landon will be remembered with sympathy and sorrow.

Our gentle poetess was the daughter of John Landon, whose bold and enterprising disposition led him in early life to the sea. His first voyage was to the coast of Africa, his next to Jamaica; but the death of his patron obscured his prospects of promotion in the service, and through the influence of his brother, he exchanged the stormy life of a sailor for a situation in the house of Mr Adair, army-agent in Pall Mall. The situation was lucrative, and Mr Landon becoming a partner, soon became possessor of considerable property. He married a lady of Welsh extraction, named Catherine Jane Bishop, and resided in Hans Place, Chelsea, where Letitia Elizabeth was born on the 14th of August, 1802. She was the eldest of three children, one, a girl, died in her youth, and her brother, the Rev. Whittington Henry Landon, M.A., survived her. She always retained a strong partiality for her birthplace, poetess as she was, and dear to her as the green fields, and flowers, and azure skies, waving trees, murmuring brooks, and songs of birds must have been, she returned to her early home with quickened love after various intervals: and although its inmates had often been changed, she still found an asylum within its old familiar walls. In very early life she gave indications of that intellectual activity and kindness of heart which characterised her riper years. An invalid friend taught her to read by scattering the letters of the alphabet before her; every reward which she obtained for her diligence was brought to her brother; and such was her aptitude to learn, that she seldom came home without one. At six years of age, she was sent to Miss Bowden's school, No. 22 Hans Place, a house which seems

to have been long devoted to educational purposes, for Miss Mitford and Lady Caroline Lamb are said to have been educated there.

When scarcely seven years of age, her family removed to Trevor Park, East Barnet, where her cousin, Miss Landon, superintended her education. Her memory was very retentive, and even at this early period she began to luxuriate in the realms of fancy. When rambling in the garden with a long stick in her hand, she would talk to herself, and if spoken to, would exclaim, 'Oh, don't speak to me, I have such a delightful thought in my head.' Her books were such as are easily procured—Rollin's Ancient History, Hume, Smollett, Plutarch's Lives, Gay's Fables, and those of Aesop. She was restricted from reading novels and works of imagination, but she drank largely from that forbidden source, notwithstanding the restriction. The affections of the child were as carefully educated as her intellect, and a hatred of selfishness seems to have been early implanted in her bosom. Her will could only be easily subdued through her love. If she evinced any perverseness of disposition, her brother had to suffer the penalty of her fault; and so powerfully did this system of reciprocity act upon her, that she was careful to subdue her little pettulance, and practice courage and self-denial. Her brother, who loved her with a fraternal tenderness which was fostered by her virtues as well as by natural affection, gives an anecdote which shows her quickness in transferring to the tablets of her memory the 'thoughts that burn.' He had solicited three shillings from his father for some purpose, but the old gentleman sought to compromise the matter, by offering a new eighteenpenny piece, upon condition that the juvenile applicant would learn the ballad of

'Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo! thy streams are stained with gore,' &c.

The ballad is some thirty verses long, and as the payment was inadequate, the youth refused to capitulate upon such terms. This refusal caused a rupture between the father and son; and the latter was accordingly in disgrace. His sister, without saying one word, took up the book, retired to some quiet nook, and returning in a short time, repeated the ballad—won the three shillings, which she immediately transferred to her brother. This power was manifested in various ways, and strengthened by the course of reading she pursued. The greatest reproach that could be cast upon Letitia, or her brother, was to call them 'Sybarites,' and their greatest ambition was to be reckoned Spartans. The maxims of fortitude and self-denial of the Lacedemonians she attempted to carry out, but she rejected their lying and thieving habits. She has been known to part with her dainties to poor children, who might cross her path, observing as she left them, 'I would rather be a Spartan than a Sybarite.' The indulgence of Spartan propensities sometimes led the youthful amateur Laconians into awkward predicaments. For some trespass, they had been turned out of the garden, and Letitia, finding that a vague idea she had formed of making the gardener a *public character* was not sufficient revenge upon that functionary, took to the classic alternative of transfixing with arrows the object of her own and brother's antipathy. The darts from their little bows were shot at the horticulturist by the expert archers, and in a short time the luckless Joseph was stuck all over like a porcupine; but Joseph was a Titan, which these Belfeusian missiles could not discomfit; so, charging with his spade before his face, he captured his enemies, and threw them on a quickset hedge, and there left them roaring most furiously. Amidst their troubles Henry inquired if his sister had read of any Spartans who had been served as they were; this allusion immediately converted Letitia's tears to laughter, as she exclaimed, 'Very like Spartans indeed!' After an hour's elevation, the gardener accepted their promises of peace, and restored them once more to their feet. This gardener, who could neither read nor write, was taught by Letitia to do both; and his own assiduity, aided by her instructions, finally fitted him for a station of respectability.

Miss Landon's chief pleasures consisted in her fanciful allusions. She would walk about for hours, talking to herself, or absorbed in deep thought; and then in the evening she would repeat to her brother the tales of her wayward imagination. Lovely islands in the ocean, peopled with the children of her dreams—far-off lands, with luxurious fruits, and sunny bower, fairies floating upon sunbeams and sparkling in the orient light, rose upon her vision in the confused beauty of an immature yet teeming fancy. She was removed from Trevor Park when she was thirteen years of age, and after a year's residence at Lewis Place, Fulham, the family resided in Old Brompton, where a considerable portion of her youth was passed. Her mother still continued to cultivate the amiable qualities of her disposition, and here her intellect began to acquire such strength and maturity, as gave promise of that power which it attained in after-years. Emancipated from the dominion of the teacher, and no longer chained to the tasks of the school, she began to transcribe her thoughts, and to receive the laudations of the family circle, and of the friends who listened to her youthful compositions. At last, her manuscripts were submitted to Mr Jerdan of the 'Literary Gazette.' Scraps of romance and verses of poetry were presented to the kindly critic, with mingled hope and fear, and his opinion was speedily given in a strong and encouraging manner. He had the taste to perceive that her compositions possessed the buoyant vigorous spirit, if not the most finished accessories of poetry; and in a short time she had the pleasure of reading some of her own lucubrations in the original poetry columns of the 'Literary Gazette.' In the summer of 1821 she published a little volume of poetry, the principal piece in which was a Swiss metrical tale, entitled the 'Fate of Adelaide:' love, war, and misery, are the subjects of the story, and its close is full of sorrow. After the publication of this volume, she began a series of poetical sketches in the 'Literary Gazette,' to which she appended her initials; and such was the profusion and tenderness of her pieces, that L. E. L., the initials she attached to her effusions, became letters of singular interest and speculative curiosity. These sketches were continued uninterruptedly till 1824, and chiefly consisted of songs, and tales of passion-tossed heroes, or gentle pining maidens; but there was a richness of imagery pervading the creations of her muse, that endeared them to the readers of song, and rendered their authoress famous. Verses were dedicated to her, and inquiries and praises showered into the editorial letter-box concerning her. At last it was announced that the letters L. E. L. represented a young lady in her teens; and then her admirers, associating her poetry with herself, and extracting from the spirit of her songs ideas of her own young spirit's blighted hopes, added to their admiration of her genius pity for her early sorrows.

Exaggeration is the very essence of poetry; nothing that is common or mediocre can live in its atmosphere; fancy dresses the most simple and commonplace flower with gorgeous and glowing embellishments, and deepens a very superficial grief into a dark and troubled well of sorrow. While the admirers who did not know her mourned over the sad and wayward fate which had dimmed the eyes of one so young with bitter tears; which had mingled with the bright aspirations of her generous nature, chilling sorrow, forebodings of the future, regrets for the past, and morbid suspicion and predictions, the L. E. L. of reality was enjoying herself most delightfully in the society of her friends and admirers, and fascinating all who knew her with the wit and fancy which sprung from a spirit as light as the unsubstantial dreamings that it had fed upon.

In July, 1824, 'The Improvisatrice, and other Poems, by L. E. L.,' were published by Hurst & Robinson; and the sale was so rapid as to indicate the avidity with which her writings were looked for. The theme was still of blighted hopes and affections, and the darkness of despair. Her own hopes were of a very different character from those she painted; the success of her literary labours incited her to fresh exertions; and although her weekly contributions to the journals were continued with unabated vigour, she

commenced another poem before the close of the year; but the death of her father interrupted the progress of this work, and now her heart experienced its first real grief. It was her first desire and endeavour to please her father; and it was a solace to him upon his deathbed to know that her literary labours were likely to enable her to support those whom his unprosperous enterprises had rendered poor, and whom his death would leave without a protector. After a time this poem was recommenced, and the grief that softly clouds its pages was for the first time a transcript of her own feelings. To the 'Troubadour' was added 'Poetical Sketches of Modern Pictures' and 'Historical Sketches,' the whole forming a volume, published by her former publishers, in July, 1825. L. E. L. was now courted by those whose notice was of itself a proof of her worth and genius; and, as a successful poetess, was hunted by persons who reckon that the soul can be seen, or that the body bears upon it the semblance of the soul's beauty and power. But her very success was the source of bitter and unmerited sorrow. There seems to be a class of beings in this world whose minds are like common sewers, from which the miasma of defamation and the poison of scandal exhale; destroying with their inherent impurities the most spotless characters, and blighting the most unimpeachable fame with their demoniac but unsubstantial whisperings. The rising star of L. E. L. had outshone some speck upon the literary horizon, whose pale-green, jealous eye had changed to yellow with envy, and who, looking upon her sex and orphanage as facilities for vile detraction, had first reviled her writings and then her conduct. Strong in her own purity, and indignantly smiling at her detractors, she refused to throw the mantle of conventionality over her feelings and words, and spoke and wrote in her usual innocent and lively style, apparently unmoved; so lofty was her pride, and strong her consciousness of rectitude. Her works still continued to multiply. In 1826, she composed the poems of the 'Golden Violet,' and 'Erinna,' which were published by Messrs Longman & Co., in December of that year. Her next published volume was issued in 1829; it consisted of the 'Venetian Bracelet, the Lost Pleiad, the History of the Lyre, and other Poems.' Her strains were still of love, her old familiar theme; but even amidst the turmoil and political contentions of the times, her little volume found eager audiences, despite the disadvantage of monotony. In addition to these works, she contributed to the 'Annuals,' for scarcely one appeared which did not secure the attraction of her initials. Considerable as the sums were which she obtained for her labours, she never became rich; she had a mother to support, and a brother to whom, with affection and pride, she rendered assistance while prosecuting his studies at Oxford. In 1830, she made her first attempt at novel-writing; and in the following year published 'Romance and Reality.' This work did not perhaps realise the anticipations which those who estimated her power of delineating the depths and combinations of character had formed, from the excellence of her poetry, but it gave assurance of her capability to penetrate into the philosophy of actual life, in a greater degree than others had reckoned likely, from her sympathies with the fanciful. The next year the first volume of 'Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-book' was issued, and it contained upwards of thirty poems by L. E. L., illustrative of the same number of engravings. Three years afterwards, Miss Landon composed her brilliant and impassioned tale of 'Francesca Carrara.' Its brilliancy of style, powerful appreciation of character, and sparkling fluency of dialogue, obtained for it more softened criticism than generally falls to the lot of a work containing, as it did, some very grave faults. In the summer of this year she visited Paris, and ever after retained a pleasing recollection of French manners. In 1835, rumour connected the names of L. E. L. and a gentleman, whose literary intimacy was thought to have ripened into love. This announcement revived the scandalous fabrications of a former period, and her friends, who spurned such allegations, determined to trace the report to its source, if possible, and drag the foul fabricator to justice. These reports, although they had no effect upon her

friendships, nor upon him who sought her hand, yet determined her to break off her contract. It was a severe trial to her heart, and shook her health and spirits, but a high-minded sense of what she ought to do, made her persist in a resolution as painful to the honourable object of her solicitude as to herself. Yet while adhering to this determination upon principle, she did not perceive that this event gave a colour of truth to the aspersions which had been cast upon her. None but her immediate acquaintances could obtain explanations of her motives and conduct, while her name might be spoken in scorn and affected pity in every coterie of scandal-dealers. Her spirit suffered severely, and her health also failed, while her lonely position became more lonely and unbearable from a sense of the injuries she had received. After her health had been partially restored by the most skilful treatment, and she was able to resume her visits to her friends, yet before the dread of misapprehension of her conduct had passed away, she met Mr George M'Lean at the house of a friend in Hampstead. This was in the autumn of 1836. Mr M'Lean was the eldest son of the Rev. James M'Lean of Urquhart, Elgin, and had held, for a considerable time, the appointment of governor of Cape Coast Castle. He was a person of superior attainments, is reputed to have had a kind disposition, and he had been long a resident upon that coast, which still retained a charm for her who, in her childhood, had loved it for her father's sake. They often met afterwards, and at last their marriage was determined upon, but not till every incident in L. E. L.'s life had been laid open to her future husband, who, from the first moment of their acquaintance to the close of her life, treated every report derogatory to her character with contempt.

On the 7th of June, 1838, Miss Landon was married to Mr M'Lean, at St Mary's, Bryanstone Square, her brother performing the ceremony; and, on the 6th July, the ship 'Maclean,' which was to bear the governor of Cape Coast Castle and his lady to a foreign shore, set sail. Mr M'Lean had generously allowed L. E. L. the full disposal of her literary emoluments, and she, with all her former generosity, devoted these proceeds to securing a provision for her mother. She made arrangements to prosecute her labours, even though far removed from the land of her love; and as her voluntary exile was limited to three years, she departed in high spirits and with bright anticipations for the future. She landed at Cape Coast on the 16th August. In the letters which she sent to her friends she talked highly of the impressions she had formed of the country, and expressed herself most favourably of her health, her home, and her prospects. She gave detailed accounts of her house, its management, her duties, and her recreations; and though all was in striking contrast to her former life, yet there was a cheerful and hopeful spirit pervading her letters that took from the bosoms of those who loved her all regrets for the loneliness of her position. The ship 'Maclean' was to sail for England on the 15th October, and L. E. L. busied herself on the 14th in writing letters to her friends, and the tone of these communications was as cheerful and hopeful as any of her previous ones. But they were the last which her fair hand should ever pen or her fancy dictate, for with these transcripts from her glowing spirit came the announcement that that spirit had suddenly been called to Him who gave it. On the morning of the 15th she was discovered by Mrs Bailey, her European servant, lying in her room, with a phial labelled 'Hydrocyanic acid,' grasped in her hand. Medical attendance was immediately procured, but she died in about ten minutes after she had been discovered, without uttering a word. An inquest was held upon her body, and a verdict returned that she had died from the effects of prussic acid, incautiously administered by herself as a remedy for a spasmodic attack.

The intelligence of her death produced a startling effect upon her friends, who, by the same ship which had borne the melancholy news to England, had at the same time received assurances of her health and happiness; and its suddenness, and the superficial investigation of the coroner's jury, set rumour again to work upon the fate of L. E. L.

Every investigation was entered into by her friends, and every inquiry that could throw any light upon her fate was made; and none was more anxious to elucidate what seemed dark than her sorrowful husband, although suspicion had not scrupled to point its finger at him. All that could be done left the cause of her death still a mystery. She had been sometimes attacked with spasmodic affections, and her husband had seen her use a few drops of the liquid contained in the fatal phial as an antidote; but whether that phial contained prussic acid, or whether the medicine had been taken from her chest and poured into the phial in which the sediments of that powerful and subtle poison were, could not be ascertained. She lies on the lonely Cape Coast, far from all who loved and admired her for her virtues and genius.

It was the fate of L. E. L. to personify sorrow in her youth, and yet to bear a light and happy heart. It was her fortune to win the wreath of fame and honour, and yet to find herself the object of malignant whisperings which had no foundation. And it was hers to find a grave by the wild waves, which she had been taught to love by her seafaring father, and on that shore which she had often peopled with the heroes and heroines of her imagination. The scandals which so embittered her innocent life have died away, and now the only feeling with which the gifted and unfortunate L. E. L. is mentioned is that of grief, while her numerous and attached friends mingle with their sorrow for her premature death feelings of unalloyed love. Her husband caused the highest honours to be paid to her remains, and even generously offered to continue the allowance she had allotted to her mother. Her family refused this offer, but the kindness was fully appreciated. A marble tablet, at her husband's expense, is now erected at her lonely grave, bearing the following inscription in Latin:—'Here lies interred all that was mortal of Letitia Elizabeth M'Lean. Adorned with a pure mind, singularly favoured of the Muses, and dearly beloved by all, she was prematurely snatched away by death, in the flower of her age, on the 15th October, 1838, aged 36 years. The marble which you behold, O traveller, a sorrowing husband has erected—vain emblem of his grief.'

JEANIE RONALDSON; OR, THE BAFFLED FACTOR.

In a particular district in one of the counties of Scotland, which it nowise concerns our story to name, stood, about half a century ago, the Manse of M——. The period at which our tale begins was one of unmitigated distress to Robert Anson, who was mourning over the death of his father, late minister of the parish. He was now sole inhabitant of the house, in which he had experienced the nursing care and protection of a father for more than twenty years. A mother's love he never had known; and need it be wondered at that one, who was the picture of a young and lovely wife, whose existence he had unconsciously been the occasion of cutting short, should have afterwards become the apple of his father's eye.

Robert's grief was violent as it was sincere; but, notwithstanding that solitude and uncertainty stared him in the face; notwithstanding that a wide, unexplored, and it might be a cold and heartless world lay before him; notwithstanding that he could with difficulty brook the idea that he would be expelled from the home of his childhood, and leave the green sod that covered his parents' remains to be trod by other feet than his; time did work wonders, and the young man sensibly felt his sorrow subsiding into a soothing melancholy. He shortly afterwards received intelligence that, through the exertions of a friend, he had got a lucrative situation in a mercantile house in India. A golden path stretched into futurity before the sanguine gaze of young Anson's imagination; a rich field of undefined exertion was spread out before his energies, and already had he wetted his palate with the waters of the Ganges, already had he peered into the shrine of the omnipotent Vishnu. But above all the purposes with which his fancy was busy, there was one which rose bright and

attractive. Amid so many incentives to activity this held the 'chiefest' place. And who has not already surmised that in it the blind god, that giver and breaker of peace and joy, must have been concerned.

Jeanie Ronaldson was the daughter of old Adam Ronaldson, an honest straightforward farmer in the parish of M——. Like Robert Anson, she was an only child, but, unlike Robert, her mother was alive to administer those many tendernesses a father's hand knows not how to bestow. Jeanie was fair; oh, how fair in Robert's eyes! and he was what the admiring matrons of the parish pronounced 'a weel-faur'd lad.' Their tempers and dispositions corresponded, that is, they were both generous and good-humoured even to overflowing. Old Adam was an elder of the congregation, and, in this capacity, he had held a close intercourse with Mr Anson, by whom he was loved on account of his sincere and unpretending piety, and valued as a true and loyal-hearted friend; and, in consequence, Jeanie and Robert were thrown a great deal into each other's society. In short, everything conspired, and what more natural than that they should unconsciously fall plump over head and ears in love with each other. It was what every one, on an examination of the circumstances in which they stood related to each other, would have expected, and it was what, in consequence, actually took place. Old Adam could not but approve of their mutual affection, though he never said much on the subject; and the 'gudewife,' Tibbie, smirked and smiled and blessed the 'comely bairns.' The gossips of the parish, contrary to their use and wont, refrained from malicious criticism on the occasion. Jeanie was an especial favourite with every one, even the primmest and most genteel maiden lady in the parish, and Robert being equally so, the utmost said was, that 'Nae doot it wad prove a windfu' to Jeanie i' the upshot.' But what said Robert's father? Mr Anson possessed one of those calm and unsuspicuous temperaments which seeing no immediate cause for apprehension and no prospect of coming evil, seldom provides against probabilities, and, therefore, he said or thought little or nothing at all about the matter.

But notwithstanding that everything seemed to go on just as if the two lovers had had the directing of affairs in their own hands, the truth was illustrated in their case, as in many others, that 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' Robert had, in short, a rival, and a powerful one he was. He was a Mr Liston, agent or factor to Sir Charles Cumming, of whose property old Adam's farm composed a part. Liston's character may be summed up in three words—selfishness, vindictiveness, and duplicity. He was a middle-aged man, had filled the situation of factor to Sir Charles for a number of years, and was cordially hated and feared by the tenantry on account of his harshness and insatiable avarice. Sir Charles was weak and unhealthy, and, from his increasing infirmities, was incapacitated for inquiring into the condition of his tenants, and as Liston invariably represented it as highly favourable and promising, his anxiety on that head, if he had any, was set at rest. Thus was the factor at liberty to act as seemed to him most fitting. Notwithstanding his selfishness, in Jeanie Ronaldson's presence his iron heart vibrated more rapidly than usual in its rusty cell. He had seen her and he had loved her, that is, as much as one of his nature could; he could not appreciate her mental or moral qualities, but her external beauty hit his fancy, and that was enough. He sued for her hand and was unequivocally rejected. He was made shortly thereafter aware that Robert Anson was received with favour by the blooming maid, and he instantly set his vindictive mind to work; he had, he conceived (his self-love whispered it) received a twofold insult; he had, in the first place, been rejected by a maiden of lower degree than his own, and whom he considered as honoured by his addresses; and, secondly, a mere stripling, a boy who had never buffeted with the world, had by her been preferred. All things examined, he concluded he had the whiphand of Jeanie, inasmuch as her father being something in arrears in the payment of an exorbitant rent, and not in a condition to

diminish his debt, Liston could menace him with ejection. But he saw that, although he prosecuted old Adam with the utmost rigour, a union might still take place between Jeanie and Robert Anson, and thus his meditated severity would fail in its effect. He waited for a better opportunity, then, and he did not wait long. Robert's father died, and Robert was compelled to seek his fortune in India. The field was thus clear, and everything in his favour. The situation Robert had obtained was under a firm of which the only brother of Sir Charles Cumming was senior partner, and this circumstance, though at first sight unfavourable, the wily factor determined to turn to account.

Jeanie was almost inconsolable at Robert's departure, and the old people sorrowed with a heartfelt sorrow. But Robert promised to write long letters at regular intervals, and Jeanie promised to do the same; and when for the last time he embraced her, and vowed to return in a few years and make her his own, a gush of tears relieved her heaving bosom, but they were sweet tears, they were tears of hope. Robert departed for the distant clime of Indi, and sad, sad was his heart as he bade adieu to his native spot; he felt a suffocating emotion of bitter grief as he turned to take a farewell view of the scenes of his youth; he saw the tall manse, seeming dead and dull amongst the trees, and near it the simple spire of the parish church, beside which he had so lately interred his parent; far in the distance, on the brow of a hill, he spied a white and shining cottage, and at its door he thought he could perceive a weeping figure. The cottage was Adam Ronaldson's, and who was the sorrowing one we need not say. The young man waved his handkerchief, dashed a tear from his eye, and, turning from the spot, he sped down the hill.

But new scenes awaited him in other lands, and by the time he reached India the elasticity of youth had returned, and he entered upon the duties of his situation with ardent zeal and determination; faithful to his promise, he dedicated a long epistle to Jeanie, shortly after his arrival, in which he gave a flattering account of his prospects, and already anticipated the happiness they would both experience on the expiry of a few years. This letter Jeanie received in due time, and answered it without delay, but month after month passed away, and she received no more accounts from Robert. Regularly did she write him for the space of two years, without once receiving a reply, and she drooped in disappointment and sorrow; she thought at first that some accident might have befallen him, she thought he might be dead, but in this belief she was not long allowed to remain.

Shortly after young Anson's departure the factor made his appearance at old Adam Ronaldson's cottage, and kindly inquired into his circumstances and condition; his visits became more and more frequent, and he incessantly preferred his suit to the unhappy Jeanie. Her father groaned and her mother wept, for they were obliged to endure the unwelcome visiter. Frequently did Jeanie determine to give Liston a direct repulse, and as often did her heart check her when she reflected on her father's difficulties; she thought on Robert and wept, and then she listened with disgust to the addresses of the factor; she silently heard her Robert traduced, was told that he occupied a prosperous situation in India, and, instead of having met with any accident, was rapidly winning his way to a splendid fortune, and was engaging in gay and reckless amusements. Jeanie's cheek grew pale at this intelligence; she felt a whispering doubt of her lover's good faith, and she did not dare to check it, but still she hoped; she clung to she knew not what, and though her heart bled within her and she felt herself sinking under an accumulation of sorrows, still she held on; she went through her household duties mechanically, and often faltered, but though there was a hot burning spot on her heart, it was not one that could dry up the gentle dew of hope. For four long tedious years did the sorrowing maiden drag on this miserable life; she was still persecuted by Liston, who had of late pressed her, with great

urgency, to give him a favourable reply. She hesitated and feared. She thought there was death in her cup, and can it be imputed unto her for sin if she cherished a wish that it might be so; her parents were bending under a load of cares, however, and it behoved her to roase her energies; nobly did she respond to the call of duty, and though a consuming fire was busy with her breast, she for a time made the most extraordinary exertions.

At length Liston's patience was exhausted. He could get no satisfactory reply from Jeanie herself, and, therefore, he bluntly applied himself to extract a reply from Adam, and in short and few terms he threatened the old man with ejection at next term unless his daughter gave a speedy consent. Adam was roused and enraged; he would not sacrifice his daughter to a tyrant, he said, though it were to save his body from the flames. Liston sarcastically smiled and bade him await the result. Jeanie heard her father's reply, and she shuddered as she thought on the misery to which her parents would be reduced; in despair she offered to become Liston's wife, but Adam frowned and peremptorily commanded her to be silent.

It has been beautifully asked, 'What is hope but the solace and stay of those whom it most cheats and deludes; whisperings of health to the sick and of better days to the dejected?' And long did Jeanie bear up under affliction, and it was on hope she leaned; but now she cast her eyes abroad and saw nothing but cold desolation; she quailed before the prospect; she thought she felt her heart withering and growing insensible to feeling; she was no longer the merry maid of the parish; heartstricken and depressed by multiplying distresses, she yielded to more than her nature could bear, and hope died. Hope died, we say, and Jeanie was laid upon a bed of sickness. A burning fever shook her enfeebled frame, but, contrary to every expectation, she survived. The dreaded day approached when her parents and herself were to be driven from their home, and all their effects to be sold to satisfy the demands of the stern and cruel Liston. Jeanie tried to nerve herself to bear up under the trial for the sake of her parents. Her understanding was clear, and her voice composed, but she could not force a smile to her pallid cheeks, and a cold dead weight lay on her heart.

On the evening preceding the sale of Adam's effects, a noisy party of gentlemen were sitting in one of the rooms of a hotel in Edinburgh. All were cheerful and gay with the exception of a handsome youth, with sun-burnt features, who appeared to be under the influence of a deep melancholy. He who presided over the joyous assemblage was Sir Charles Cumming's brother, who had returned to Scotland in consequence of the infirm state of the baronet's health, and had that very day arrived in Edinburgh. We need scarcely say that the melancholy youth was Robert Anson. The other members of the party were friends and acquaintances who welcomed Mr Cumming and Robert to their native land. Suddenly a waiter summoned Anson by name from the apartment, and in the lobby told him that a person wished to see him in an adjoining room. Anson was surprised, and still more so when, on entering a small apartment, one apparently young in years saluted him by name.

'I am a stranger to you, Mr Anson,' he said, 'but I have something to communicate which to you is all important.'

'I am ignorant, sir—'

'Let me come to the point at once, if you please. I am going to speak of Miss Ronaldson.' The name was enough, and Robert remained riveted to the spot. 'I am secretary to Sir Charles Cumming, and I have come to tell you that you have been the victim of a villainous plot in which I have had my share. You cannot conjecture why Miss Ronaldson latterly gave over writing to you. The truth is, she wrote regularly for two years, but having only received one letter from you, she ceased the correspondence. I will explain the mystery. The mover of the plot was Mr Liston.' Robert started. 'You are aware that he sued for Miss Ronaldson's hand before you left for India. Well, he rejoiced at your departure, and thought every-

thing secure. You were directed to transmit your letters for home per the bag which Sir Charles's brother sent home every quarter. Well, sir, you know yourself that you did so for a long time with the utmost regularity. In every bag there was a package for Miss Ronaldson. But, sir, the bags passed through my hands, in my capacity of secretary to Sir Charles. Your first letter was delivered, but after that Mr Liston bribed me, and I allowed him to extract all your letters for Miss Ronaldson, which he destroyed. Several letters came from Mr Cumming to Sir Charles inquiring if your letters had been delivered. Liston had foreseen that this would be the case, and we sifted all Sir Charles's letters in search of such inquiries. To one or two the factor returned evasive answers, but the rest he burned.'

Robert at this intelligence was considerably relieved, but his anxiety and sorrow returned when the young man recounted the danger and distress in which Adam Ronaldson, his wife, and daughter, were placed.

'How did you ascertain I was here?' asked Robert, looking the secretary steadily in the face.

'On reflection,' replied the other, 'I began to repent of having been an accomplice of Liston in his detestable conduct, and I formed the determination of revealing his treachery, but knew not how to do so. While Liston was absent, I accidentally opened the letter to Sir Charles, announcing his brother's speedy arrival in Scotland, and, without informing the factor or Sir Charles of the circumstance, guided by the intelligence contained in the letter, I came to this city, and luckily discovered, by making inquiries, where Mr Cumming and yourself were lodged.'

Notwithstanding the young man's entreaties, Robert then summoned Mr Cumming from the party, and communicated to him the strange intelligence he had just received. The latter shook with indignation on hearing of the shameful manner in which he and his brother had been duped. Robert's own heart swelled with anger, but he pointed out to Mr Cumming the foolishness of giving way to ungovernable rage. There was a scheme to be counteracted, and a heartless villain to be seized in the exercise of his ill-gotten power.

The young man then pleaded for forgiveness, and said he had been so much wrought upon by the importunities of the factor that he could not resist him, and that he had now done his best to make reparation for the faults he had committed. Mr Cumming gladly forgave him, and it was agreed that the whole three should post on to the scene of action on the morrow, and confront the cruel factor in the midst of his triumphs. Mr Cumming and Robert then returned to their friends.

Let us now peep into the closet of Mr Liston. There he sat in an easy chair, before a crackling fire, and he was thinking on what he was to perform next day. His countenance was stern, hard, and dark. Though he had practised cold cruelty for many years, he did feel a twinge of conscience as he revolved within his mind the transactions of the last few years; he feared, too, he knew not what; he thought, perhaps, that Robert Anson would soon return and snatch his victims from unmerited distress and misery; he might have returned already for aught he knew. The thought acted like magic; Liston leaped to his feet, but his cold calculating habits overpowered the sudden qualm, and having taken down a long pipe from the chimney-piece, he resumed his seat, and in a few moments was enveloped in a cloud of smoke. 'I'm an utter fool,' he thought, 'to entertain for a moment such a reflection. But what if after all I may be discovered? Will I not be disgraced and cast off? I wouldn't care for the disgrace, because I'm certain that what stupid fools call reputation and honour is mere humbug, but I wouldn't like to be cast off though. And yet I may be discovered. Pshaw, I'm a fool again! But that secretary; I shouldn't wonder if he's a traitor. A traitor, did I say! He hasn't got sense enough for one. No, no, I'm all right in that quarter. But then, if it should happen, I wonder if they'd send me to prison. That's what I wouldn't like;' and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. 'Perhaps they'd lock me up in

the darkest dampest dungeon; well, I am a man of the world, that's certain, to be frightened at a shadow. I would like to see now how the Ronaldsons get on. I don't think Jeanie will hold out. I've heard of disinterested and invincible filial affection, but, of course, I hold it all as humbug. I don't believe there's such a thing, but I'll go and see.' So thinking, Liston left the house and directed his steps towards old Adam's dwelling, which stood at no great distance.

Liston's thoughts and feelings were at complete variance, indeed there was a process going on within him which it would be difficult if not impossible to analyse. We have therefore chosen, instead of trying to describe that complication, to throw the curtain partially aside and let the picture speak for itself.

The factor quickly arrived at Adam Ronaldson's cottage. It was clear moonlight, and as the man of the world, in passing through the farm-square, saw everything around him wearing the aspect of gloominess and solitude, a cold chill, for which he could not account, crept through his veins. He approached a window of the cottage and peeped into the interior. There a scene met his eyes, which, of all scenes calculated to produce, in a benevolent mind, a sweet and holy mood of contemplation, is the most powerful.

In the centre of the room was placed a large oaken table, on which lay open a large book. The old farmer, with his venerable countenance reposing in tranquillity, read from its pages in a steady and deep voice. His wife listened with folded hands and intense gaze, and ever and anon a tear trickled from between her eyelids and rolled down her sunken cheeks. Jeanie sat close by her father's side, and turned her full black eyes on the inspired volume; her face was pale, very pale, but still exquisitely lovely; her raven tresses were braided neatly over her smooth brow, and underneath her eyes were dark and unhealthy streaks. One or two domestics were also in the room, and listened with devout attention. What a scene! But let us go on.

The factor gazed as if chained to the spot; his features gave two or three sudden twitches, and he turned away. 'It's all humbug,' he said, and he resumed his position at the window. The old man had shut the large volume, and all in the room, together with himself, were kneeling in the attitude of prayer. Again his calm deep voice struck with a solemn awful sound on the factor's ear. Again the sight of the pale and beautiful Jeanie, and of her afflicted and good old mother, made him shudder and upbraid himself. He again turned away and said, 'It's all humbug; I'll see however.' 'I'll see however!' What did he mean? But, once more, let us go on.

Liston looked again into the apartment. The domestics had retired, and Adam, his wife, and daughter, sat together. The countenances of the two former were serene and tranquil, but Jeanie's was troubled. They sat for some time in silence. At length Jeanie said (the factor could hear it), 'Father, I will yet save you and mother frae being driven out to poverty and distress.'

'What wad ye do?' asked her father, kindly.

'I'll marry the factor,' she murmured, with a shudder.

'The factor!' cried Adam, springing from his chair; then resuming it, he added more calmly, 'don't mention the fiend's name, Jeanie, if ye wadna hae me commit a sin. We has been at the throne o' mercy, my daughter, and it is not well to speak o'—o'—that; therefore say nae mair o'.'

It seemed as if an adder had stung Liston, for he instantly sprung several yards from the window and rushed violently homewards. The accustomed spirit had resumed its iron sway within his breast, and, as he sped onwards, he said, 'I was sure it was all humbug. A fiend, said he; I was a fool, but not a fiend. I'm a man now though, and we'll see if their prayers will prevent the roup to-morrow, or keep from poverty the old fox, his dam, and—and—pshaw! it's all humbug.'

The morning of the day on which Adam Ronaldson was to be expelled from his home rose bright and clear.

Crowds of sympathising neighbours flocked towards the cottage, some with intent to purchase, and others to gaze with mute sorrow and compassion on the scene. We need not refer to the grief which preyed on Adam, his wife, and daughter, as they listened to the kind consolations of their neighbours, consolations which, however well meant, were rather aggravative of their sorrow than otherwise.

The hour, however, did come, and Liston, cold, stern, and sarcastic, came too, with a number of the myrmidons of law at his heels. They did not immediately enter the house, but proceeded through the fields and to the offices attached to the farm, when all the grain, cattle, horses, and implements of husbandry were disposed of. The crowd followed the factor sullenly and silently, and the man of power, although he hustled about with great spirit, met no approving look and no friendly recognition. Only his servile satellites appeared anxious to reflect the look of triumph exhibited in the wrinkled visage of their master.

At last the sale of Adam's whole effects was completed, and he was ordered to quit the house. Forth the old man came, stout and bold, and he drew his bonnet, with a free and independent air, over his brows, and calmly belted his plaid around his shoulders. He then offered his support to his wife and daughter, who trembled and shuddered as they walked forth amidst the sympathising crowd. Liston stood by, and a cold smile was visible in the corner of his cunning grey eye; he looked on the victims of his cruelty and injustice, and he felt a fiendish triumph. Adam met his gaze, and made him shrink before the steady penetrating glance with which he returned it.

At this moment the quick and rapid trampling of horses was heard, the ground shook, and three horsemen, 'fiery red with haste,' galloped up to the crowd. The villagers gazed in surprise as they made way for the impetuous steeds. The riders were, we need scarcely say, Sir Charles's brother, Robert Anson, and the secretary. Robert leaped from his horse, and rushing towards Jeanie, was immediately recognised by her; a scream, then a flood of tears, the first she had shed for many a day, and she sank upon his bosom.

Much as this scene affected the bystanders, there was another enacted between the baronet's brother and Liston which produced universal gratification. Mr Cumming had advanced to the factor, and seized him unceremoniously by the collar. Fire flashed from his eyes as he spoke.

'By whose authority are you acting thus, you scoundrel!'

Liston recognised him and he trembled, but he saw no means of escape but by braving the matter out. 'I'm responsible to none but to Sir Charles Cumming for my doings,' he said.

'Send for my brother,' shouted Mr Cumming, and a dozen villagers instantly rushed off with great alacrity to obey the orders. 'My friends,' continued Mr Cumming, addressing the crowd of people, 'you are witnesses of how this fellow has abused my brother's confidence. You must impute, therefore, whatever evil has come upon this district, under warrant of my brother's name, not to him but to his unworthy agent. I pledge myself that, for the future, all your complaints will be listened to with an attentive and kind ear, and that all your present grievances will be speedily redressed. It is only to be regretted that so many landlords throughout the country are so indifferent to the interests of their tenantry as to leave them at the mercy of rapacious, unfeeling, and relentless agents. In the mean time, my friends, those of you who have become purchasers of Adam Ronaldson's effects, will please charge the value of them to my account, and let them remain as they are.'

Cries of 'No, no, we'll give them back freely,' interrupted him.

'And noo, lads,' cried a sturdy farmer, 'three cheers for our guude landlord Sir Charles and his kind brother, an' three cheers for the happy return o' the son o' our late minister, an' three mair for bonnie Jeanie Ronaldson!'

Shouts of applause for some minutes rent the air, and each one of the now gladsome crowd strove to express himself most gratified by the unexpected turn of affairs.

Although all rejoiced for the general good result, we must not conceal the fact, that the downfall of the obnoxious factor was the prime prompting cause of their applauding shouts and joyous uproar.

'But,' said Liston, with great trepidation, as soon as he could get a hearing, 'I'm acting justly, and according to the letter of the law.'

'Have you acted *justly*, sir?' said Mr Cumming, sternly, pointing at the same time to his brother's secretary.

'Let me go,' whispered the terrified Liston, as light flashed on his mind. Mr Cumming pointed to one of the horses with a contemptuous smile: Liston sprang into the saddle, and in a few minutes was out of sight. We are told that he was never more heard of.

At the same instant Sir Charles's carriage rounded the hill at full speed. The crowd set off in a body, and when they had met the carriage they immediately unyoked the horses and dragged it up to Adam Ronaldson's cottage amid deafening cheers. Then were explanations, congratulations, and rejoicings. The church bell was rung, and, when evening came, bonfires blazed on every eminence, and every sign was exhibited of a common and universal joy.

Meanwhile Adam Ronaldson and his good dame were filled with gladness. Jeanie's bloom began to reappear, and her dark eye to gleam; Robert Anson was by her side, and those sighings and sorrows which had pressed the life from out her young heart were for ever banished. Sir Charles and his brother participated in the universally diffused joy, and affectionately congratulated each other. But we must now hurry on.

Robert Anson, by his industry and good fortune in the east, had gained a handsome sum, which made him quite independent; and, moreover, he still held a share in the mercantile firm under which he had so zealously served. He therefore bought a small property, on which he settled in comfort. Need we say that Jeanie Ronaldson was quickly transformed into Mrs Anson? And well and long did she fill her happy station.

Old Adam, with characteristic uprightness, insisted on paying down, to the uttermost farthing, the debt for which Liston had so unfeelingly persecuted him. He did so in process of time, and he and his dame ended their days in prosperity and peace—the peace of which none but the upright in heart and conduct has any conception.

Sir Charles did not long survive the arrival of his brother from India, and was succeeded by him in his title and property. The secretary, who had played false, was made factor, and as it was his duty, so it became his entire occupation to better, by every means in his power, the condition of Mr (now Sir George) Cumming's tenantry. But this correct and attentive course of conduct did not by any means prevent Sir George himself from personally inquiring into the condition of his tenants, and incessantly caring for their comfort and happiness.

In a few years afterwards there appeared, in one of the provincial papers, a long account of a splendid memorial presented to Sir George Cumming by his tenantry, for the kindness and indulgence with which he had uniformly treated them—for the great and numerous improvements he had, at his own expense, introduced amongst them—and, above all, for the many sacrifices of his own pleasure and amusement he had made for them, by remaining always on his estate and exercising over it a continual, strict, but kind scrutiny. Sir George, in replying to this mark of attachment and gratitude on the part of his tenantry, referred to his arrival in the district, and declared that whatever benefits he had conferred on the occupants of his estate, they owed, not entirely to his natural perception of his duties as a landlord, but to the impression produced on his mind by the scene that was enacting on his arrival. He referred in warm terms to the noble conduct of old Adam Ronaldson, but with that venerable person's permission, and that of Mr Anson, he would impute it to the sympathy and affectionate tending of his good wife and 'bonnie Jeanie.' The baronet concluded amid rapturous and prolonged applause, and instantly afterwards three cheers more were raised in honour of 'bonnie Jeanie.'

Robert Anson's heart swelled with pride, for the compliment was richly deserved. What a happy scene was there! Would it were a more frequent one!

LIVE NOT TO YOURSELF.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD.

On a frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Go ask why it hangs there? 'I hang here,' says the beautiful flower, 'to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my beauties, to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of his God, who pencilled each leaf, and laid them thus on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lone mountain-side, with the bare possibility that he will throw me one passing glance, my end is the same. I live not to myself.'

Beside you highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say surely that must stand for itself alone. 'No,' says the tree, 'God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds, as they lay and rocked in their nests; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller; the acorns which I have matured from year to year, have been carried far and near, and groves of forest oaks can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top; for the hummingbird, that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air; for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark—and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man, and I will go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling, to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to myself.'

On yonder mountain-side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling a ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyously and fearlessly down. Go ask the leaper what it is doing. 'I was born,' says the brook, 'high up the mountain; but there I could do no good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must, but hastening down to water the sweet valley, where the thirsty cattle may drink, where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steam-boats and shipping, and finally plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapour, and perhaps come back again, in the clouds, to my own native mountain, and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel in whose bright face you may not read, "None of us liveth to himself."

Speak now to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler what it is doing there? Its voice comes down the path of light, and cries—'I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at the creation. I was among the morning stars that sang together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy, at the creation of the earth. Ay, I was there—

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And the orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung.'

Here, among the morning stars, I hold my place, and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I have oceans and mountains, and I support myriads of immortal beings on my bosom; and when I have done this I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm, and fixes his eye on me, and finds his home across the ocean. Of all the countless hosts of my sister

stars, who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one, not one lives or shines for herself!"

And thus God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun, which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon *all* hath He written, "None of us liveth to himself."

And if you will read this lesson in characters still more distinct and striking, you will go to the garden of Gethsemane, and hear the Redeemer in prayer, while the angel of God strengthens him. You will read it on the hill of Calvary, where a voice, that might be the concentrated voice of the whole universe of God, proclaims that the highest noblest deed which the Infinite can do, is to do good to others—to live not to himself!

A VISIT TO OLD CALABAR.

AMONG the many praiseworthy exertions made by the British government for the suppression of the slave-trade, and consequently for the improvement of the long-neglected people of Africa, not the least interesting are the relations entered into with the kings and chiefs for the promotion of commerce and civilisation. Several of these sable potentates, in consideration of a trifling annual gift, have agreed to use their influence, which in many cases is considerable, to put an end to the demolarising traffic in slaves, which has for so long a period been carried on, and to direct the attention of their subjects to a more legitimate kind of commerce. The frith or estuary of Old Calabar, falling into the Bight of Biafra, forms the entrance to some of the most populous regions of Central Africa; and public attention has of late been directed to this quarter as a point whence missionary enterprise could be advantageously prosecuted. With this view, and chiefly through the instrumentality of the United Secession Church, three thousand pounds have been raised in the course of a few months; a vessel has been generously furnished by Mr Jamieson of Liverpool for carrying out the missionaries, who lately sailed from that port; and from the king and chiefs of Calabar having sent to the missionary station at Jamaica inviting a few of their number to visit Africa, there is every reason to entertain high hopes of their success. The following account of a visit paid by her Majesty's ship Sealark, in May 1844, to the region of Old Calabar, for the purpose of confirming the negotiations entered into with the chiefs of the district regarding the abolition of the slave-trade, has been furnished us by an officer connected with the vessel, and we have no doubt that it will prove interesting to our readers, as giving a faithful view of the habits and customs of the people.

Captain Beecroft, governor of the Island of Fernando Po, came on board on the 15th May, having kindly offered to act as pilot. Next evening we anchored off the bar of the Old Calabar river, as we could not cross it till we had the tide in our favour, being only three fathoms deep at low water, with a heavy surf breaking over it at all times. Next morning, at half-past ten A.M., the tide being with us, we weighed, and passed the bar about one o'clock. We had a very pleasant run up the river, which was ten miles broad at its mouth, but soon widened to about forty, with two large islands cutting its channel, besides a huge mangrove swamp and a sandbank, dry at half ebb—James' island, 18 miles by 8; Parrot, 18 by 6; both nearly marshes; the swamp 24 by 13 miles. Both it and the islands are collec-

tions of black slime, from low water mark covered with mangrove aquatic shrubs and reeds, the marks on them showing the height to which the river rises in the rainy season; they are intersected in every direction by deep creeks, and teem with animal life; alligators are numerous, some of these un-gainly looking reptiles we saw summing themselves on the mud, and were much amused at the clumsy manner in which they scuttled through the slime, and then popped into the water. I had some difficulty at first in making them out; I could scarce believe they were living creatures till I saw them move; they seemed fallen trees, weather-beaten, rotten, and covered with ooze. Almost the only tree on these islands and the river banks is the foul marsh-loving mangrove (*Rizophora gymnorhiza*); numbers of monkeys and parrots lodge among their branches. The sameness of the scenery during the run of ninety miles was great; nothing but a dense green hedge of mangrove and reeds on each hand, only diversified by the contracting or widening of the river. At Duke Town, off which we anchored, the river is about three miles broad; the bank on which the town stands seems twenty or thirty feet above the water. We came to anchor at half-past seven P.M., being the only vessel that has ever got from the breakers outside the bar to the anchorage in one tide; we were generally going eleven knots (miles) an hour. Found at anchor a Dutch galliot and eight large English vessels, some of them six or seven hundred tons burden; they were housed in, that is, had a reed-thatched bamboo roof built over them, to protect the crew as well as the deck and sides of the vessel. This is a very necessary precaution, as they are obliged to lie in the river five or six months to dispose of their goods and obtain a cargo of palm oil in exchange. These penthouses give the ships a huge and clumsy appearance.

Our commander sent to all the English ships, requesting the masters and supercargoes would meet him next morning, to be present at the ratification of the treaty for the abolition of the slave trade in the dominions of King Eyamba. This treaty was entered into on 6th December, 1841, by Lieut. Blount, of her Majesty's steam-vessel 'Pluto,' and the two Calabar kings, Eyamba and Eyo (separately), and was to the following effect:—From the date of the treaty, there shall be an entire cessation and extinction for ever, throughout the territory of King Eyamba (or Eyo), and wherever his influence can extend, of the sale or export of slaves or other persons whatever, to be removed from off his territory into any foreign island, country, or dominion; and that King Eyamba will make proclamation and a law prohibiting all his subjects, or persons within his jurisdiction, to sell any slave or slaves, &c., or aid, abet, or assist such sale, under penalty of severe punishment and stopping the trade of the river. King Eyamba further agrees, that should any slave vessel be in the river, he will inform any of her British Majesty's vessels that may be in the neighbourhood. And in consideration of this concession, &c., and the loss of revenue incurred, King Eyamba shall receive annually, for five years, goods to the amount of 2000 dollars 'Spanish' (£416 : 13 : 4d.) upon a certificate being received that the said laws have been enforced, which shall be signed by King Eyamba and the masters, &c., of any British vessel in the river at the time. Signed, King Eyamba; W. S. Blount.'

The part we had to play was to get the certificate signed, then deliver the presents. The certificate ran thus:—I, King Eyamba, of the River Old Calabar, do hereby certify, that no slave trade has, to the best of my knowledge and belief, existed there, or been carried on in my territory, since the formal ratification of the treaty for the abolition thereof, and the delivery of the first annual gift on the 18th day of May, 1844.' This was signed by the king and attested by the masters and supercargoes in the river. The ratification was a long affair; when condensed it ran thus:—'Ratification of treaty between her Majesty the Queen of England and King Eyamba of Old Calabar, for abolition of the slave trade, agreed on 6th December, 1844.—The treaty entered into between her Majesty the Queen of England and King Eyamba, is hereby ratified and confirmed by

the two contracting parties, &c. In proof of her Majesty the Queen of England's sincerity herein, the first annual gift of presents has been this day duly delivered to King Eyamba by Commander T. L. Gooch, of her Majesty's ship 'Sealark,' on the part of her Majesty. King Eyamba does pledge and engage, at each future time of receiving the annual gift, there shall be delivered to the officer acting on the part of the Queen of England a certificate (as above) signed by all the masters, &c., in the river, in default of which the penalties, &c., &c., will be duly and strictly carried into effect; and it is mutually agreed on that this formal ratification shall be attached to the treaty of 6th December, 1844, and shall form an integral part thereof. In witness whereof the two contracting parties have affixed their signatures and seals in three originals this 18th day of May, 1844. Signed, King Eyamba, Thos. L. Gooch, in presence of the masters, &c., in the river.'

In the morning, ten Sealarks in full dress (four wearing the Syrian medal), being joined by about fifteen from the merchant vessels, marched up the main street, a lane about five feet wide, with a bank on each side about the same height, crowned with mud huts: this passage, in the rainy season, evidently serves as a common sewer, as it was not in the most cleanly state possible, the 'cleaning and paving regulations not being strictly enforced.' After about eight minutes' walk we came to an open space, a kind of irregular square, where the ground rose a little; at one end of this space, and close to the entrance of the palace, was the grand palayar house, a large open shed containing only a huge log of wood hollowed out so as to form a kind of drum; this, when struck even with the hand, can be heard over all the town, and as its solemn tones vibrate on the troubled air, all the freemen hurry to take a share in the deliberations; the slaves rush trembling to their houses. We were going to march straight to the said house, when we were informed if we did so we would be fined severely, it not being allowable for any but the initiated to enter; but we would not have minded that had there been anything worth seeing. Turning to the right, we were ushered through the outer entrance to the palace. This entrance was very magnificent: a few rough planks nailed together, sadly shattered by time and bad usage, and hanging by one hinge, formed the door, which was placed in a dilapidated mud wall surrounding the palace, harem, and other buildings connected with the royal establishment. This elegant doorway admitted into a court, round which were huts wherein the household slaves herded; under a shed stood a hideous grinning wooden idol, about four feet in height, without legs or arms, bedaubed with paint and streaked with clay, with a few rags round it, I suppose as dress. This monster seemed, however, to attract neither attention nor respect. In the centre of the court stood a handsome shrub, round which was a small circular raised mound, on which lay a human skull. A passage through a narrow archway under the old palace led us to a second court; in it stood the 'wonder of Africa,' the iron house. It is an elegant cast-iron structure; the present king, Eyamba V., had it sent from Liverpool, and it cost him £1500. It consists of two storeys, raised about eight feet from the ground by handsome iron pillars; a very neat grated metal outside stair leads to the first floor, which contains one large room with, I think, two smaller ones; a second stair, inner, conducts to the upper floor, comprising one room, I should suppose sixty feet by thirty feet, occupying the whole length and breadth of the building. We mounted the first stair amid the Calabar grandees: they generally wore an English hat of some glaring colour, such as scarlet, light blue, or green, some with gold others with silver lace bands; the handkerchiefs which formed their scanty dress being of bright-coloured silks; such a clod as shoes seemed out of the question. With these nigger beaux we entered the reception room. Its walls had been covered with beautiful paper, but as the Liverpool folks had neglected to send a roof with the house, the natives had fitted a temporary one, which unfortunately was by no means sufficient; a tornado tumbled it off, and the deluge of rain which followed made awful havoc with the paper,

detaching it in large flakes. One of these was hanging in tattered folds, to keep it out of the way; it was supported by rough poles, in spite of which it almost touched one's head; thus it hung, no attempt having been made to replace it, and showing forcibly how useless it is to place in the hands of savages anything but the most substantial and enduring. Such refinements as papered walls should be left till greater advances in civilisation have been made. How blind those persons must be who expect to force the exotic at once to expand its blossoms in full vigour. Down the middle of the room ran a long table, or rather tables, as one piece did not correspond with the other either in size or material; at its head stood an arm chair of brass, with crimson-velvet cushion, on its back engraved EYAMBA IV. (father of the present king); the rest of the chairs were of divers sorts and much meaner material. We were kept waiting some time before etiquette would allow his majesty to enter; at last in he stalked. I could scarce keep my gravity at the caricature of royalty he presented, yet his power is only too real; the lives of his subjects are in his hand. Fancy an obese old negro, his neck hung with gold and lapis-lazuli chains intertwined, a green gauze scarf over his shoulders, round his waist a handsome though gaudy handkerchief; the only other piece of dress he had was a copper-gilt crown, ornamented with bits of glass, in fact a stage crown. This queer-looking personage, with a would-be air of great dignity, bowed round, shook hands first with the commander then with each of the officers, and nodding familiarly to the merchants, sunk into his throne. The commander seated himself on his right hand, with Governor Beecroft next him; I sat on his left; the naval folks being the strangers were at the head of the table, the civilians below; all round crowded the Calabarese, and as Africans are not the most odoriferous animals in the world, nor a metal house the coolest of habitations, particularly with the thermometer at 90 in the shade, it may easily be conceived we were rather above the freezing point, though pretty near the melting, besides being almost suffocated. Business commenced by our commander reading the treaty, the king and his friends looking wondrous wise, though scarce knowing a word of what was read; the signatures were then affixed. Business finished, the king produced several bottles of liqueur, of which the blacks are very fond, extracted the corks, in butler style, with his own royal fingers, and filling the glasses, handed them round to the officers and merchants. When we rose to leave, he put his hand on the commander's arm and said, 'What for go now? stop lilly bit, I like you too much, more betta by oder mans;' the commander had joked with him and amused him very much. He invited all to dine with him next day, 'his Sunday,' the principal (black) traders having every eighth or ninth day what they call their 'Sunday,' when they entertain their friends at dinner, and a man is not thought of till he has sufficient trade to afford a Sunday.

Next day, about two P.M., we found our way to the scene of action, viz., the large upper room of the iron palace. It had some grand requisites, to wit, its great size, having no furniture except the table and chairs, which had been transferred from the room below for the occasion, and having, I think, twenty windows reaching from floor to roof, and opening upon a handsome grated balcony surrounding the whole house, so that, all things considered, we had a prospect of being comparatively cool. After sauntering about nearly an hour, some preparation for dinner commenced; the cloth was laid (what think you of that on the banks of an African river?) by women slaves belonging to Eyamba's queens, who furnish his table and cook for him; handsome china-pattern plates, crystal glasses, Britannia metal spoons, knives, and steel forks, formed the table furniture. When the king entered a great crowd came with him, almost filling the room, but few were of rank to sit at table; I should say forty sat down. The king took his brazen chair at the head of the table, our commander on his right, Beecroft on his left, the king's brother, Mr Young, as he calls himself, at the

foot, the rest as they chose. My choice was as near the head of the table as possible, as most of the natives were at the other end, and I liked not their vicinity; next me sat the surgeon of one of the palm oilers, an old stager in the river, and who was able to give me the *carte de paye*. I pointed out to Beecroft what wretched pieces of old iron had been placed before us for knives; he handed mine to Eyamba, and said, 'Do you place such things before guests?' The old king was in a great rage, he bent the knife double against the table, then hurried out of the room, but soon returned with several packages of knives, evidently fresh from 'Brummagem,' tore off their coverings, and dispersed them round the table. Soon a train of lady-slaves entered, bearing on their heads huge calabashes, carved and stained with sundry devices, containing the different messes which constitute Calabar-chop (*chop*, to eat food; *chop-nut*, to eat poison as punishment). I could not find out the composition of half the dishes, but one thing I did ascertain, all were dressed with palm oil. I tried the one the king was baling out, a kind of soup of goat's flesh and palm oil, but could not manage it; tried a second, goat stewed in oil, with large slices of yam in it; a third, a fry of goat in palm oil; a fourth, fish and fowl dressed with palm oil, &c., &c. I could only endure one dish, yam beat to a paste, called *fî-fou*, which is generally used over western Africa. They rolled a portion of it into a ball, about the size of a walnut, stuck it on the forefinger of the right hand, then thrust it into the palm oil sauce of the dish they were devouring, using it as bread. Another almost palatable article was the young yam, boiled to a kind of consistent jelly, and wrapped in fresh plantain leaves, in pieces about the size of common sticks of sealing-wax; it tasted like saltless pancake. The ghoulish manner in which the Calabarese gorged was beyond belief; I could scarce suppose human beings could force such quantities of food over their throats; they washed the solids down with gallons of mimbo (palm wine). The wines were various, all bad; ale and porter ditto; the spirits were good, but who could drink such trash at dinner? I tasted all the liqueurs as they passed, till at last I hit on a bottle of tolerable Madeira, and stayed its farther progress; what I found undrinkable I put into a huge tumbler, and when it was full, signed to one of the 'gentlemen' to have it thrown out, but instead of doing so he knelt, and applying it to his lips did not take it thence till he had drained it not only to the dregs, but dregs and all; on rising he made a lowly obeisance, then marched off; I looked for him afterwards, but in vain, it must have prostrated him; the dose would have stupefied an ox.

The king and his court indulged only in palm wine (the fermented juice of the palm), called mimbo or ménâfoot, which resembled flat ginger-beer. Eyamba had a large jug filled, and called out 'Ur-r-r Egbo,' which call brought from the foot of the table little, rotund, jolly, black Bacchus of a fellow, with a merry twinkling eye; he toddled up and squatted at the king's feet, then grasping the great toe of his right foot, held it while his majesty imbibed, at a draught, at least a quart and a half of mimbo. The reason given for this ceremony was, the intoxicating effect of the liquor thus passes from the person drinking to the person holding the toe. About this time the crowd and noise became very disagreeable; Beecroft mentioned this to the king, who immediately arose, and, seizing a stick, began chasing the intruding negroes round the table, banging them with right good will till they made their escape; it was a most ludicrous scene, and we greeted it with bursts of laughter; the poor old king came back breathless. As the liquor circulated, the king and his folks were very animated; a celebrated singer stood forth and commenced an ear-uplifting melody, a sort of chant in praise of Eyamba, between a screech and a howl, clattering a kind of castanets formed of small leather bags filled with little round stones and covered with rustling reeds; another beauty accompanied him on a hollow brazen fiddle-without-string looking instrument. Soon this mellifluous music became so exciting that even the king 'fidg'd fu' fain,' and not being able to resist longer, he rose from his throne,

and, clapping his hands, joined his own sweet voice to his own praises, at the same time hobbling, shuffling, and bobbing about in the curious dance in which his courtiers were indulging, led by the king's brother, several others assisting. At last the noise, heat, and effluvia became unbearable, so we decamped, but nearly all met at Egbo Jack's, the toe-holding hero, the Calabar *bon-vivant*; all the 'good fellows' assemble at his house in the evening to while away an hour or two. Egbo Jack's house is of Calabar workmanship (in imitation of Eyo's, which was sent from England), and seemed well built; it consisted of two storeys, the lower a warehouse, the upper nearly occupied by one large room; this room was furnished with a long table amidships, neat chairs surrounded it, at each end stood two well-cushioned sofas, occupying the sides were two sideboards crammed with large jugs embellished with the owner's name in gold letters, glasses of all sorts, sizes, and shapes, decanters, &c., &c. On the walls were six large handsomely framed mirrors; from the roof hung three rows of lamps, twelve in a row, with a chandelier in the centre.

From this we started up to Creek Town, King Eyo's residence, to ratify a similar treaty to the one ratified by Eyamba. What with the 'Lark's' boats and those of the merchantmen, a small squadron swept up the broad river; we had a very interesting pull, more especially when we turned into the branch leading to Creek Town, where we startled sundry monkeys and parrots from their property. On reaching the head of the creek we were carried over the mud by some strongbacked slaves; Eyo was waiting to receive us; he had several attendants, one of whom carried a large umbrella, variegated and fringed, which he jerked about over the king's head. Eyo shook hands with us as we landed, and led the way to his palace; and one could not help admiring the great dignity maintained by the king and his courtiers as they marched to the royal residence. On arriving there I surveyed minutely Eyo Honesty, as he styles himself: the addition to his name has been given by the traders frequenting the river, and he prides himself on deserving it. He was a very different-looking person from Eyamba, below the middle height, square built and stout, though not unpleasingly so, well turned limbs, particularly handsome hands and feet, good forehead, and eyes sparkling with intelligence; his head was shaved; he wore several splendid gold and lapis-lazuli chains; the handkerchief round his waist was of gold tissue, and round his ankles were strings of beads; everything he did was done with a quiet dignity. After signing the treaty I had time to look around.

Eyo's palace, of English manufacture, was of wood, well built, in good repair and order. It consisted of the ground floor, which was used as a storeroom, and the upper storey, round which ran a balcony. It contained the large reception room and two small rooms off it; the principal one was lavishly furnished, everything was clean, and in good order; the floor was covered with oil-cloth, the walls beautifully papered, and ornamented with large mirrors and good French lithographs neatly coloured; round the room stood several fine ormolu timepieces, a cabinet, &c.; a well-cushioned sofa at each end; several easy chairs, gilt, and fitted with crimson-velvet cushions, were temptingly placed; two fine clock-work organs, of the size of an upright piano-forte; a large sideboard, every inch of it covered with crystal of all descriptions, and, above all, a monster jug, at least four feet high, with capacity corresponding. This Goliath had displayed on its front, in golden letters, KING EYO HONESTY; at its foot stood a punch-bowl, also a son of Anak; I suppose it would hold about ten gallons of liquid.

The houses in Creek Town seem of a better description than those of Eyamba's capital; the streets wider and cleaner. I went into the house of one of the principal men, and rested a while, solacing myself with a glass of mimbo; the wife of this man was sister to Eyo; she was exceedingly handsome though very stout—but that is considered a great attraction. On leaving, I saw in the outer court two of his slaves chained and dreadfully scarred by

the lash—they had been trying to make their escape; I begged him to pardon them, which he did, unchaining them at once; the poor wretches crawled towards me, and would have kissed my feet. At the threshold I saw again, what I had before observed at the doors of the 'great men,' namely, a human skull embedded in the clay, so as only to leave the crown exposed. I asked why it was so placed—'Enemy head for tramps trampée'; I wished to get it, but it was not to be had for love or money. Eyo's dinner-table was nicely laid out, everything clean and neat. Among the improvements on our former dinner apparatus we had silver forks, and napkins were laid beside the plates; we had, however, no ladies to wait on us, but neatly dressed men, and I must give them their due, they managed much better than the females. The *chop* was of the same description as Eyamba's, but better cooked; the wines, &c. good, and everything was conducted with decorum—no crowding into the room. The only persons who sat down with the 'whited' were Eyo and his son, the latter a good-looking youth fourteen years of age, dressed in the English fashion, who spoke English pretty well. The Creek Town gentlemen had a separate table; they seemed, like their brethren of Duke Town, to bolt their food like boas. Our commander left soon, but one of the lieutenants and myself stayed, as did most of the civilians. We soon found out that one of the organs played two or three sets of quadrilles and some waltz tunes; so we commenced dancing, much to the amusement and delight of the lily-whites. It was a strange scene, Europeans in the wilds of Africa, dancing to the sound of operatic music, in the palace of the Negro king; ay! and surrounded with the products of European industry and enterprise. Thus commerce ever bears with it the germs of civilisation, and, as in the present case, commencing at the fountain-head, soon tinctured the whole stream. At Eyo's request I visited his daughter, who had 'eye no good.' The female part of the establishment consisted of a number of reed-built mud-plastered huts; at the door of one of these pig-sty looking habitations sat the object of my visit. On examination, I found she was afflicted with cataract in both eyes. Mamma came while I was present, and seemed most anxious to know my opinion, peering into my face as if she could there read my thoughts—any other method of getting at them she had not, as 'she no sabbee Engles.' I went through the other huts to have a peep at the royal dames—I can't say I admired them. I was told that I was *much* honoured in being allowed to see the royal seraglio.

The merchants and traders having represented that, on account of a quarrel between Eyamba and Eyo, war might ensue, to the great detriment of trade, the commander had a long conversation with each of them. He told them that the queen of England considered them as equals, and treated them as such, but she would not allow war between them, as it would destroy trade; he pointed out how much better it would be for relations, as they were, to settle their differences amicably, rather than engage in warfare where both would be losers. They ridiculed the idea of war; Eyamba, however, would not admit Eyo's equality; he said, 'Victoria queen for England, Eyamba king for Calabar—no two queen for England, no two king for Calabar; but no make-e war palaver. Eyo my nephew; I hab him sister for wife—plenty people Duke Town hab Creek Town wife, plenty Creek Town man hab Duke Town woman—we all one. No! no make-e war palaver—you think we fool?' Eyamba being from the senior branch of the royal family, has the most extensive territorial possessions, but is by no means so rich as Eyo, of whom he is very jealous. The latter, by his intelligence, enterprise, and good faith, has become very rich, and is respected by both European and African. The frequenters of the river say that, in the event of a war, Eyamba's most powerful adherents would go over to Eyo, who would become sole king of Calabar. The kings would not dine together, so we were obliged to give two dinner parties. The little craft presented a very gay appearance. Along the larboard (left) side of the quarterdeck stretched a table of sufficient length to dine forty persons; it was very ele-

gantly laid out. The commander's gig was sent for Eyamba, and the pinnace for his nobles. At two P.M. most of the *foreigners* from the merchantmen had arrived; the royal party were somewhat later. The cause was explained by one of the young gentlemen: he had gone on shore, taking my servant, a marine, with him, to assist Eyamba to rig in the new dress sent among the presents. We were much amused with the relation of the poor man's efforts to don the different articles of apparel; the unmentionables 'troubled him full sore,' and as they were rather long, he could not keep them from dangling about his feet; the stockings nearly beat him; he tugged at them till the perspiration dropped from his forehead; the shoes were still worse; my servant said he could as easily have shod a horse as force shoes on such uncouth representatives of feet, and when he did *thrust* them on, they almost crippled the poor man. When Eyamba stepped on board there was a general smile—he looked so odd in his unaccustomed toggery; on his head rested the theatrical crown; his coat, garnished with two immense epaulettes, was morone coloured, and richly braided with silver lace; his waistcoat, of the old-fashioned cut, with flaps hanging nearly to his knees, was of white satin, flowered with silver; his trousers white, with a broad band of silver lace down the outer seams; large silver buckles in his shoes, &c.; his black face, nearly obscured by the crown and shirt-collars, and his dingy paws dingle-dangling as if they did not belong to him. Such was the figure presented to our view; you may be sure 'Jack' had a good laugh about it. At dinner the poor king looked as hopelessly uncomfortable as mortal could be. He however managed to do ample justice to the good things before him; as for his folks, I expected they would hurt themselves, so voraciously did they feed. They were all very moderate in their liquor. On our commander proposing Eyamba's health, he rose and said—'Me plenty too mosh please; me drinkee alla you goot heit.' He soon after gave—'Victoria Queen England, goot-a-health—me too mosh like she, she goot for Calaber—she make plenty trade,' &c. The senior master in the river proposed Commander G.'s health, passing a high eulogium on his courtesy, and thanking him in the name of all the traders for the ready manner he had entered into their views regarding the differences between the kings.

Early on the following morning we went on shore, to witness the ceremony of 'Grand Egbo.' It was got up by order of Eyamba for our special entertainment. There is among the Calabarese an institution resembling somewhat the German secret tribunal; it is called Egbo; of course it is only possible to arrive at a general sort of idea of it. None but freemen can be members; they can become so by purchase, and, like freemasonry, different grades are attained by extra payments, conjoined, it seems, with some requisitions as to the knowledge of the duties inculcated. However, there must be some persons Egbo by birth, as Eyamba is hereditarily at its head. The initiated are bound, on pain of death, to keep its secrets and obey its behests. This mysterious order is said to be instituted to keep down the slaves, who are more numerous than the free, but it also seems to take cognisance of crimes among the latter, even recovering debts from unwilling debtors. On that account, some of the traders frequenting the river became members of the society. One of our friends was a member of the highest rank; he told me it cost him eighty pounds sterling to become so, but did not think he had thrown away his money, as the more prompt payment of debts was secured, besides all confiscations and fines were divided among the members according to their grade—he could or would not give me further information. Egbo may be said to be the supreme tribunal, as capital punishment cannot be inflicted without its concurrence. I suppose Egbo, like most institutions of the kind, from a small beginning, gradually wrested the power from the rulers, till at last it became paramount; it is mixed up with their superstitions, as its punishments are said to be inflicted by 'devils from the bush.' To be present at the ceremony, the people came from all parts of the town, to the square in front of the palaver house.

In the balcony of the 'iron-palace' sat the royal dames; the favourite queen wore a crown, and was streaked with clay and whitewash, as were most of the other ladies, this constituting their full dress; they were looking with great interest on the ridiculous scene transacting below. There Eyamba—wearing his crown, his neck hung with chains, his shoulders covered with handkerchiefs and ribands, and his legs clad with small silver bells, similar to those worn by morris-dancers, in his right hand holding a long gold-headed staff, in his left a living fowl—was hobbling up and down, wriggling himself about like an eel, his ribands fluttering, bells jingle-jangling, and his overloaded head bob-bobbing as if it intended to part company from his pursy body—it reminded me of the painful attempt at frisking made by a pampered, over-fed, asthmatic, wheezing pug-dog. His brother was even more absurdly attired: his white hat (a common English one) covered with ribands, which hung down so as almost to hide his face; his whole person bedecked with handkerchiefs and ribands, and from the after part of his dress proceeded a prolongation several yards long, somewhat like a cock's tail, also covered with bits of riband; this appendage, as he capered about, vibrated at a tremendous rate; his legs were hung with bells, and his fingers covered with rings. Several others—Egbo Jack, Archibung Duke, Cobbing Offiung, &c., were also in masquerade, and took a prominent share in the gambols. In front of the king two men with posterior prolongations, like that of the king's brother, having bows fitted with arrows, went bounding about, bending their bows as if about to launch an arrow, now on this side, now on that; between them and the king a man bore on his shoulders what seemed a young tree torn up by the roots, (Druidical?) which he was very careful to keep steady, as, were he to let it fall, his life would be the forfeit. What the tree was typical of, I could not discover. The fall of the gold-headed staff carried by the king would cost his majesty his life. Several persons arrayed in a kind of rough stuff, almost like bear-skin, with hideous black masks, and affairs like the thrums of a mop hanging about their heads, and tufts of them concealing their hands and feet, were springing about driving the crowd before them—these were 'bush devils,' but it being only sham Egbo, 'no Egbo for true,' they had not their scourges, &c. A fellow answering to our *fool*, was everywhere twisting and turning himself into all sorts of shapes; he had the fool's cap and bauble quite correct (I suppose English). Imagine a background of seminude black savages in wondering mass, in the midst of them the elegant and picturesque figures I have described, jigging about the square to the sound of horns and tum-tums (a kind of drums)—it was too ridiculous! we gave way to repeated bursts of laughter. After this elegant pantomime had continued some time, all at once Eyamba gave a halloo, and instantly the crowd dispersed—so ended grand Egbo, the meaning thereof I could not fathom. When Egbo is sounded in earnest, all are obliged to betake themselves to their houses, and there await in fear and trembling what may befall; then the 'bush devils' are to be seen rushing about like madmen, and if any one, but more especially a slave, be found in the street, they are sometimes put to death, more generally severely flogged. Thus, through fear, all are kept to their houses, and the emissaries of Egbo proceed to the abode of the delinquent, and deal out its awards without a chance of interruption.

Egbo is very active when a number of slaves are observed confabbing together; soon the drum sounds, and out rush the 'devils,' and their scourges are plied mercilessly. I have given you all I could make of the scanty information gleaned from the traders; of course, it must be somewhat inaccurate; but, as it seemed to me curious, I hoped you would view it in the same light. Of their religion little is known; like most Africans, they are given to *fétishism* (Mr Bowick thus defines *fétish*, a charm, amulet, deity, any supernatural power or influence; any thing sacred); a tree, a stone, an insect, a piece of metal, a bunch of grass, a scrap of paper written on; in fact, whatever they choose, though ever so insignificant, after some slight ceremony,

they consider deity. In all villages they have houses set apart to guard and consecrate them; these houses are called *gree-gree*, that is sacred; the place where a body is buried becomes '*gree-gree*'; and, in general, all the effects of the deceased are placed on his grave, so one sees basins, pots and pans, utensils of various kinds, tobacco-pipes, &c. &c., decaying near the public ways; however, I have generally observed, that the article had some flaw or rent, so I supposed they palmed off their useless ware. But the horrid part remains to be told; on the death of any person of consequence, human victims are immolated in numbers corresponding to the rank and riches of the deceased. On the decease of a king (chief), immense numbers are sacrificed. These dreadful rites still linger, though they are now of rare occurrence, and they are always, if possible, concealed from Englishmen. I asked Eyo why he allowed such evil customs to continue. He replied, 'not possible make ol' man forget bad, makee young good.' He is doing all he can to put down the grosser superstitions.

After Egbo, one of the medicos started with me on an exploratory ramble; we found the town was a mere concatenation of mud huts with narrow lanes between. It is very difficult to ascertain the population of an African town, so many are huddled together in one hut, and the huts so close together; Duketown is supposed to contain about 8000, and Creektown 4000 inhabitants. Some of the Calabar ladies were even pleasing; their figures were in general unexceptionable, no stays to disfigure nature's handiwork. The Calabar taste is similar to that of the Moors, the stouter the lady the more she is admired, so that mammas confine their daughters in darkness, and fatten them up with *fufū* (yam paste), whitewashing them, it is said, to close the pores, that they may the sooner get into good condition. They looked very strange when bedaubed in this manner; their blackness will show, and, besides, the whitewash soon gets rubbed; they were mighty indignant when I told them they had a hole in their dress, pointing to one of these abrasions. The court ladies, and those of the great folks, have brass wire wound round the leg fitting close at the ankle but increasing in size as it ascends till it reaches near the knee; it is very heavy, and when first put on (done when they are young) it is only kept from wounding the ankle by great attention and care; it is well wrapped round with cloth.

We proceeded to Quatown, and visited its king. The town, 'save the mark,' is a small collection of miserable mud huts, the palace not a whit better than its neighbours, though larger; yet great ceremony was necessary before we were admitted. After waiting some time we were ushered through a court surrounded with huts, into the regal *palace*, which was a room about eight feet square, and six in height; the door served three purposes, admitting the occupants as well as light; and allowing the exit of the smoke; representing door, window, and chimney; opposite it was a recess with a dirty striped cotton curtain hanging before it. Behind said curtain sat King Qua; he is never visible to strangers. It is said he is a leper, and so conceals himself. With him in this slime-constructed dog-hole were seven or eight men gorging on *fufū* and palm oil; we could scarce force our way through them, to shake the hand thrust from the recess to greet us. After undergoing this ordeal, we were offered a share of their viands, but declined the kind offer; and as etiquette required us to taste, we made them send for some fresh mimbo, of which we drank with great gusto, though almost choked, the heat and stench were so dreadful. When we had quenched our thirst, we rushed out of the vile oven, and took to the country. It is very beautiful round Quatown; we wandered about among lofty and magnificent trees, and countless flowering shrubs and flowers, but still scarce a bird or beast seemed to haunt them, either for food or shade; there was an over luxuriance, which gave me the idea of churchyard rankness, and detracted greatly from my pleasure. We hurried back to meet Eyo, who was to honour the Sealark with his presence at dinner. In spite of our exertions we were late; dinner had been commenced some time before we got on board; however, we soon joined, and tried hard to make

up leeway.' King Eyo sat at the commander's right hand; he was dressed, or rather undressed, in his 'country fashion,' the only gaud he had was his crown (which an attendant supported on a cushion); it was rather a better article than Eyamba's, though not much to boast of. Eyo's son sat next papa; he sported a very light blue surtout, with a pair of large epaulettes, plain trousers, a Stuart tartan waistcoat, light silk stockings, and patent-leather pumps; his black baboon-looking face showing a strange contrast to his linen and surtout. The gentlemen (black) were dressed 'country faas;' it was a more pleasant party than when Eyamba dined on board. Next me sat a fine young man, nephew to Eyo; as he spoke a little English, I told him to propose our commander's health. He said he would do so if I would prompt; and when a proper time arrived he stood up, and to the great delight of his countrymen, and the amusement of others, proposed 'Capain Gos very goot healt, all Calabar peoples lofe him too mosh; he be goot for them; he bring proper palaver from Queen England for no makee slave, and makee palm oil for more better trade; he be goot man, I plenty like him.' He sat down amidst great cheering. Eyo soon left; he set off surrounded by four war canoes, with about thirty or forty men in each, all well armed with muskets and cutlasses.

Thus ended the royal visits! In the evening I paid a visit to Eyamba, and found him in one of the smaller rooms on the first floor of his palace; he was seated in his brazen chair administering justice, and settling differences—most of the complainants were women. The old man remarked, 'You see king no lib easy, he plenty too mosh for do; suppose one man say bad, come me—suppose woman make bad, come me—all come me forebryting; oh! king have mosh! mosh plenty for do.' The room was a perfect chaos, strewed with all sorts of things; most of them had been removed from the principal rooms after the roof had suffered from the storm, and had been thrown down without care or order. In one corner lay heaps of dust-covered cut crystal, intermixed with empty bottles, broken jugs, &c.; in another handsome mirrors, a broken filter, several hand-basins and jugs, &c.; on the tables lay all and everything, musical snuff-boxes, ormolu time-pieces, wine glasses, tumblers, bottles of liqueurs, cups and saucers, pots of preserves, dishes of all shapes and patterns, bad lithographs, with smashed glass and broken frames; crystal prisms from damaged chandelier; huge jugs and punch bowls; innumerable miniature mirrors, and a thousand other things in admirable confusion. On the walls hung several large elegant mirrors, with gilt frames, having Eyamba's name painted on them; from the roof depended at least 100 crystal lamps, in four rows; the two central ones were very handsome, the others less so, but still good; most of them were somewhat like lobby-lamps.

It is impossible farther to describe the contents of this room, they were so numerous and various, and they must have been collected together there at great expense. Not being able to comprehend any of the pleadings between the king and his subjects, I did not stay long. Strange to say the kings do not sleep in their palaces, but retire to their mud-built huts; such is the force of habit! The king and all the traders speak (and often write) a little English; they pick it up in their youth, on board the English merchantmen. Whenever a ship arrives in the river, they try to get their boys on board, to do any menial office, fully aware of the ultimate advantages they will reap from their being among the 'Engles,' if they prove smart lads, the captain generally looks after them. The Calabrese are greatly attached to the English, and not anxious to trade with any other people. On Thursday, 23d May, at half-past ten A.M., we sailed from Duke Town, and commenced working down the river. Several of our trader friends accompanied us a long way; they seemed sorry to part from us; we, though glad to get out of the river, were very sorry to leave them, they had been so attentive. But the life of a sailor is comprised in the few days he is in port; the first day he is busy making friends, the second enjoying them, and the third parting from them; then comes the detestable thrice-sodden dulness of 'the sea, the sea.'

A COLUMN FOR THE CURIOUS.

M. PIKESSON, in a paper on muscular motion, after several observations on the relative heat and pulsation of animals in different latitudes, says, that men in our climate pulsate seventy-two times in a minute, cows forty-eight, and horses thirty-six. But in Russia and Lapland, men pulsate only from forty-five to fifty in a minute. All excess either of heat or cold produces a diminution of the powers of pulsation. The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,160 times in an hour. This is 411,840 a-day, and 150,424,560 a-year; allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will run, with care, 100 years. In that case it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times! The watch is made of hard metal. But I can tell you of a curious machine, which is made of something not near so hard as steel or brass; it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm, yet it will beat more than 5000 times an hour, 120,000 times a-day, and 43,830,000 times a-year. It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,383,000,000 times. One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other. But it does not. I will tell you one thing more. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body—you can feel it beat, it is your heart.

At Lucern, in Switzerland, is to be seen a topographical representation of the most mountainous part of that country, the workmanship of a native of the above town. It is a model, twelve feet in length, and nine and a half in breadth. The materials of which it is made are principally a composition of charcoal, lime, clay, and pitch, with a thin coat of wax. It is so hard that it may be trodden upon without sustaining any injury. The whole is painted with different colours, representing the objects as they appear in nature; and it is particularly worthy of observation, that not only the woods of the oak, beech, pine, and other trees, are accurately distinguished, but the figures of the rocks are likewise preserved, each being shaped upon the spot, and formed of granite gravel, calcareous stone, or such other substance as compose the original mountains. The elevations are taken from the level of the lake of Lucern, and the plan is so minutely exact that it comprehends not only all the mountains, lakes, towns, villages, and forests; but likewise every cottage, stream, road, and even footpath, is distinctly represented. In the year 1791, when this monument of patient ingenuity was examined by Count Hollberg, it contained a miniature of an extent of country equal to two hundred and twenty square leagues.

We read of an artisan who formed an ivory chariot, with four wheels and as many horses, in so small a compass that a fly could cover them with its wing; and he also made a ship, with all her tackling, of similar dimensions. Pope Paul V. had exhibited to him sixteen hundred dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small and thin, that all of them were included at once in a cup, formed of a common pepper-corn. The Pope, with the assistance of glasses, for they were almost invisible to the naked eye, saw and counted them all. Another artificer exhibited cannons of wood, with their carriages, wheels, and other military furniture so small, that twenty-five of them, together with thirty cups, turned out of wood, and neatly made, were contained in the interior of a cherry-stone. The whole of the Iliad by Homer, written on yellum, is recorded to have been enclosed in a nutshell. These are remarkable, but nature seems to beat them all in some of her smaller animals, for so exquisitely minute are they as to possess several stomachs, distinct vision, and acute taste—so wonderfully are they formed, that 80,000 extremities have been counted in a peculiar species of the sea-star; 27,000 lenses have been reckoned in the eye of a dragonfly; and 500,000 infusories have been counted (by means of a micrometer) in a drop of water—myriads could stand on the point of a needle; and so universal are they, that there is not a spray of the sea, a globule of rain, a drop of vegetable or even of animal fluid, that is not crowded with them.

'GLORY OF THE CLERGY.'

God is the fountain of honour, and the conduit by which he conveys it to the sons of men are virtuous and generous practices. Some, indeed, may please and promise themselves high matters from full revenues, stately palaces, court interests, and great dependencies; but that which makes the clergy glorious is to be shining in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look vice in the face, though never so potent and illustrious; and, lastly, to be gentle, courteous, and compassionate to all. These are our robes and our maces, our cuttchunes, and highest titles of honour.—*Dr South.*

'EXPENSE OF WAR.'

We should do well to translate this word *war* into language more intelligible to us. When we pay our army and navy estimates, let us set down—so much for killing—so much for maiming—so much for making widows and orphans—so much for bringing famine upon a district—so much for corrupting citizens and subjects into spies and traitors—so much for letting loose the demons of fury, rapine, and lust within the fold of civilised society. We shall know by this means what we have paid our money for; whether we have made a good bargain; and whether the account is likely to pass—elsewhere. We must take in, too, all those concomitant circumstances which make war, considered as battle, the least part of itself—*par minima sui*. We must fix our eyes, not on the hero returning with conquest, nor yet on the gallant officer dying in the bed of honour—the subject of picture and of song—but on the private soldier, forced into the service, exhausted by camp sickness and fatigue; pale, emaciated, crawling to an hospital, with the prospect of life—perhaps a long life—blasted, useless, and suffering. We must think of the uncounted tears of her who weeps alone, because the only being who shared her sentiments is taken from her;—no martial music sounds in unison with her feelings;—the long day passes, and he returns not. She does not shed her sorrows over his grave, for she has never learned whether he even had one. If he had returned, his exertions would not have been remembered individually, for he only made a small imperceptible part of a human machine called a regiment. These are not fancy pictures; if you please to heighten them, you can every one of you do it for yourselves.

'RELIGIOUS PENANCE.'

The Portuguese peasantry are still very much addicted to performing penances. As they are seldom very heavy, they find it an easy way of soothing their consciences. The most severe I have seen some poor women perform, such as crawling round a church many times on their bare knees: frequently they hang a bag of sand to their necks, to increase their toil, and let it run out as they proceed. This is done frequently under a pelting rain, the poor wretches literally tracing their progress with their blood. Sometimes these penances are inflicted by their confessors for sins committed; at other times they are in fulfilment of vows made in consequence of recovery from sickness, or on account of finding any lost treasure. They are not in general, however, such sorrowful affairs. I have seen men with thick cloths tied round their knees; for though they had vowed to go round the church on their knees, they did not consider themselves obliged to spoil new pair of trousers on the occasion; and as the handkerchief alone could not have preserved them, they were compelled to add pads also. They deserved as much credit as the pilgrims who boiled the peas which they put in their shoes. Young maidens frequently perform the same progress round the church, habited in thick cloth petticoats, and too often irreverently laughing and joking all the time with attendant swains, who will on occasion most gallantly lift them over any very rough places. An old lady I formerly knew vowed to make a pilgrimage barefooted to a shrine, at a considerable distance, but her friends persuading her it was more than she could perform in the way she first intended, she yet determined to keep her vow, so she ordered her sedan-chair, doffed her shoes and stockings, and was carried thither.—*Lusitanian Sketches.*

'THE BEREAVED MOTHER AND HER FRIEND.'

By H. BROWN, Author of the 'Covenants', and other Poems.

'FRIEND.'

Why does sorrow cloud thy face?
Has mercy not a smile for thee?
Had earth and heaven no happiness,
But the sweet cherub on thy knee—
Now in the silent churcyard laid?
Is all around one starless shade?

'MOTHER.'

You speak like one who never felt;
Death never clas'd the child you love:
I see my boy—as we have knelt
In grateful prayer to God above—
The pride, the idol of my heart;—
Ah! how I felt when forced to part!

'FRIEND.'

But think you that you weep alone?
Are there no breaking hearts but thine?
Sorrow is human nature's own,
And your dark hour may soon be mine.
The grief you feel, the tears you shed,
Are streaming hourly for the dead.

'MOTHER.'

And deem you there is comfort here?
Can I draw solace from their wo?
I cannot, from a mother's tear,
Even if that mourner were my foe;
Our griefs will mingle—both will weep,
Where the young wither'd blossoms sleep.

'FRIEND.'

TIME has a balm for weeping hearts:
'Twill, silent, wear thy griefs away;
And, slowly, as the night departs,
Smiles yet will come, like dawning day;
New hopes shall beam, and you forget,
When sorrow, like the night, has set.

'MOTHER.'

There is deep anguish in the thought—
Forget my once bright blooming boy!
No! earth nor time can e'er bring aught
His name, his memory, to destroy;
You say a few short years, and then,
Forget!—oh, name it not again!

'FRIEND.'

RELIGION has a soothing tone—
A smile to cheer the deepest gloom;
While what we loved on earth is gone,
It, rain-bow like, spans o'er the tomb;
And, widow'd as thy heart may be,
Religion teems with peace for thee.

'MOTHER.'

Oh, does religion blame the tear—
A mother's tribute to the dead?
I felt its influence o'er his bier,
When dust to dust my child was laid:
My love was strong, my grief is deep,
But say not it is wrong to weep.

'FRIEND.'

PRAYER can soothe the troubled hour
That broods upon the sufferer's breast;
For prayer is peace, and prayer is power;
To calm the tempest into rest:
Prayer is the faith of mourners here,
And triumphs o'er their saddest tear.

'MOTHER.'

Yes—I have knelt in tears and prayer,
And deem'd I felt a peace divine;
But still a mother's love was there,
And dared at Mercy's throne repine,
In the strong grubings of my love,
When kneeling at the throne above.

'FRIEND.'

HOPES points thee to a better land—
A home—a cloudless Paradise:
Thy child is with the angel band,
Who hymn their harps in yonder skies.
Then dry thy tears, and weep no more—
'He is not lost, but gone before.'

'MOTHER.'

Oh! you have touch'd a chord of joy;
I now will wipe my tears away,
Till I shall meet my much loved boy
In realms of everlasting day.
When life's poor chequer'd day is o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more.



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HINTS ON HAND-SHAKING.

WHAT a wonderful instrument is the human hand! How complete and admirable its machinery—how well adapted for every purpose of ordinary life! In man, strong yet flexible—in woman, soft and graceful. And what an effective auxiliary is it to speech! When upraised to pronounce a blessing, how benign! and how portentous when stretched forth to deliver a curse! How terrible to strike! how delightful to soothe and comfort!

But we do not intend to write either a moral or an anatomical treatise on the hand. We are only going to offer a few desultory remarks upon one of the most commonplace actions in which the hand is used, namely, the ordinary mode of friendly greeting throughout Europe—the act of hand-shaking.

The worthy Sancho Panza remarks, that he who first invented sleep must have been a most ingenious man, and was worthy of all honour; and we think that equally deserving of fame was he who conceived the excellent device of hand-shaking. Of all the modes of salutation we have ever heard of, it possesses by far the greatest number of recommendations. In the first place, it is of such a nature as to be convenient under almost any circumstances in which it is desirable. There cannot be a motion more easily performed than the outstretching of the hand to grasp that of a friend. The elaborate salaam of the east is stiff and ceremonious, while the close embrace of the warm south may often be disagreeable or even offensive. Or, if we were to take extreme cases, look at the practice of *nose-rubbing* which prevails among the frozen regions of the north, and which, to say the least of it, is awkward and ridiculous. To us remains the happy medium, the admirable mode of salutation which admits of every degree and modification, from a mark of cold civility to a ratification of firm friendship; from a mere formal acknowledgement of another's presence to a sign of the warmest welcome and gratulation. Truly it is worthy of the genius of Europe, from which it sprung, and of the universal acceptance which it is rapidly attaining!

Indeed, one of the greatest advantages of the fashion of hand-shaking consists in the very fact that it admits of infinite variety as an expression of feeling. If you are desirous of expressing extreme gratification at having met a friend, how well can it be done by a cordial shake of his hand! And to go to the opposite extreme, you may even signify your disapprobation of any person with whom, from constraining circumstances of politeness or other causes, you are under the necessity of shaking hands, by the manner in which you do so. How far it may be proper thus to act is quite another question. But if, in the

presence of mutual friends, you happen to be introduced to some one whose conduct in any particular instance you may consider very reprehensible, it would be a great breach of the minor laws of society to decline the acquaintance of the individual in question, because such a course would probably embarrass the whole party, and cause an unpleasant scene. At the same time, you may rightly consider that it would be an act of hypocrisy to welcome such a person with the kindness you would show to one towards whom you were favourably disposed or even indifferent. You may therefore perform the necessary act in such a manner as may show him that you are not desirous of cultivating his acquaintance, without either unnecessarily insulting him or inconveniencing the parties present.

Hand-shaking, it is true, like all other good things, may be abused. The proud and insolent may convert it into a piece of bitter practical irony by the manner in which they condescend to shake hands with those whom they may wish to humiliate or insult. It has even been made subservient to purposes of a far more wicked nature. We are told that the infamous Caesar Borgia (who carried the art of murdering by poison to a degree of certainty as to the end, and ingenuity as to the means, which argued the basest prostitution of inventive power to the service of the most malignant passions) is said to have had a ring which was constructed in the form of a serpent, whose body encircled the finger, its tail returning towards its mouth and almost entering it. In the little space between, however, there was lodged a slight portion of the most subtle and destructive poison, and when the wearer wished to dispatch any one who had become obnoxious to him, he turned the open space in the ring inwards towards the palm of his own hand, and grasping the hand of the doomed individual, with an appearance of more than ordinary cordiality, contrived that the fatal fangs of the tiny serpent should slightly pierce his skin, and the deadly venom slowly dispersed throughout the veins of the unsuspecting victim, caused his death in a few days afterwards, in a way at once mysterious and appalling.

But it would be very absurd if we were to allow the knowledge that it has sometimes been used for purposes of evil to militate against our general good opinion of hand-shaking. Generally speaking, it is a fine manly and uncompromising action. In spite of the instance to the contrary that we have just cited (and which indeed is a rare and monstrous one), you can have no fear of treachery or of being taken undue advantage of in the frank, open, and generous act of hand-shaking. While a Turk is making his solemn obeisance to his friend, he may be incapacitated for ever again raising his head, from its being

dexterously struck off by the sabre of an attendant, as has been done before now; or in the pretended warmth of a close embrace, one might have a dagger stuck into one's side, somewhat after the fashion in which Joab, under pretence of a friendly greeting, smote poor Abner under the fifth rib; but in shaking hands both parties are on perfectly open and equal ground, and hence the clasped hands have ever been adopted as the suggestive symbol of honourable friendship.

Mere friendship, however, is not the highest feeling which the mutual grasping of hands can convey from one heart to another. Indeed, almost every sympathetic feeling of our nature may be so communicated. Thus a modern poet, in giving hints to a coquette in the gentle arts of winning the hearts of her admirers, truly and prettily says:

'Though thy parting words be bland,
Two small squeezes of the hand
He may better understand.'

The fancifully philosophic Jean Paul Richter declares that there is in reality no such thing as an embrace in this world, and this assertion he ingeniously supports by reasoning that an embrace properly belongs to the soul, and that as our souls are now imprisoned within walls of flesh, they cannot as it were amalgamate as we would wish them to do when we are prompted to embrace each other, and that, therefore, when we do so, it is merely knocking together the gratings of the cages in which we are imprisoned. This is a very pretty fancy, but practice ever has been, and ever will be, its refutation, for every one knows that soul does communicate with soul through the body; that thoughts and feelings fly with swift and invisible wings forth from the gratings of one prison-cage and in through those of the other, even though the said bars should not be touching. Not even proximity of time or place is required. A look or a word may make thousands who see or hear to tremble or rejoice, and writing or printing have equally potent effects upon others distant in place or distant even in futurity. And, if so, how potent likewise is actual touch. The history of years may sometimes be told in one touch of the hand. By it may a lover declare a passion which may decide the character of all his after-life. How many gentle things may, like Bob Ac're's courage, ooze through the finger-ends.

But enough has been said upon the general theory of the matter, and now a few practical hints as to how this important operation ought to be performed may not be unacceptable. Then, good reader, if you place yourself in our hands, we shall endeavour to instruct you how to manage your own. Learn then that in hand-shaking, as in almost everything else, the golden medium is the true method. But, above all things, avoid over-violent shaking. It is only another phase of a most disagreeable propensity which has received various names, and among others that of *back-slapping*, which is thus alluded to by the acute and sensitive Cowper:—

'The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed.
To pardon or to bear it.'

We are quite alive to the probability that this violent shaking may arise from excess of cordiality or good will, but it is neither a proper nor a pleasant mode of manifesting it. Yet the opposite error is to be shunned with perhaps even greater care. We refer to the mere holding out of the hand without any attempt at oscillation. This is a pretty common trick with ladies, especially elderly ladies. Your hand is held out and another is put into it with a tacit request to shake it both for yourself and the owner. And the said non-shakers have usually another bad habit of not withdrawing the hand after the proper shake has been given, so there you stand, as a friend of ours rather strongly phrase it, 'with a piece of fat beef in your hand.'

Again, it is dangerous to attempt to make fun in hand-shaking. Humorous hand-shaking is detestable, unless it be in the *hand* of a master. Thus, among other efforts after wit in this way, one will give you a cold, hard, iron-

like squeeze, which makes the blood spring from your fingers; another, after a short sharp shake, sends your arm spinning through empty air as if it were attempting to catch a passing fly; a third makes your fist revolve like the handle of a barrel organ, and so on.

Formality in hand-shaking is also to be shunned. Do not give either a perpendicular or horizontal shake. Some stiff old gentlemen, of the horizontal class, use your arm, from the wrist to the elbow, as if it were a hammer with which they wished to knock a little pin into your side. Others again, in their extreme suavity of manner, cause your hand to oscillate with slow swings like the pendulum of an eight-day clock. A third class of formalists, who are still more obnoxious, are the cold, dignified, consequential gentlemen, who present to you only one or two fingers. Even these they give as if they grudged them; or as if they were conferring on you an invaluable favour; or as if they considered that such an act was beneath the moral dignity of man, and 'scorned their spirits' for giving themselves up to it. These might perhaps be called the Pecksniffs of hand-shaking.

What then is the best mode of hand-shaking? This problem must in a great measure be solved by each individual for himself. After receiving a few general hints, every one must trust to his own temperament and character for the rest. [By the way, we might write a whole chapter on hand-shaking, as an indication of character, did not our space and our readers' patience peremptorily forbid it.]

We remember a very nice little woodcut of Hood's, in the fine quaint style which gave so much character to all that he did, representing an open hand, with the punning motto, 'When taken, to be well shaken,' which might afford a primary hint to a pupil in the art. The great points are, to give your hand freely, and, as a matter of course, give a shake which will last as long as the spoken greeting of 'How do you do? I'm very glad to see you!' or some such short conventionalism, and then immediately open your hand and release that of your friend. There are of course exceptions to this general rule. In some cases, for instance, it may be proper to retain the hand, as when you wish perhaps to lead a person into a room or otherwise, but in ordinary circumstances we are convinced our rule is good. But we must beware of being ourselves the first to infringe its principles, and, therefore, gentle reader, we shall not longer at present detain thee, but, with one cordial shake of thine hand, bid thee good-by until we meet again.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND AMERICAN DISCOVERY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE discovery of a new planet, so small and distant that to the greater part of mankind it must ever remain invisible, has lately been exciting the curiosity of the public, and will in all probability secure immortality to the fortunate astronomer who first observed it. Such are among the greatest triumphs reserved for science in the present day, when every corner of the globe has been searched out, and the very stars of heaven numbered as they shine. Far different was the state of the world in the middle of the fifteenth century, when, awaking from the slumber of ages, men set themselves to explore the laws regulating the system of the heavens and the earth, and when new or unknown worlds remained in both to reward their labours.

Among the successful discoverers of that period, the name of Christopher Columbus, or, as he designated himself when he fixed his residence in Spain, Cristoval Colon, is the most justly distinguished. Some obscurity attaches to the place of his birth, but the honour seems due to Genoa, where his father, a poor but worthy woollen-comber, was long resident. When his name had become illustrious, many noble families claimed kindred with Columbus, but on such uncertain grounds that his son and historian was content to assume him as the founder of the family; 'for I am of opinion,' says he, 'that I should derive less dignity from any nobility of ancestry, than from being

the son of such a father.' In the ancient city of Genoa, then, in the year 1435 or 1436, was Columbus born. His education seems to have been considerable for the period, having been taught reading and writing, arithmetic, drawing and painting, with such success that, as one of his historians observes, by these acquirements he might have earned his bread. At Pavia, then a celebrated school, he subsequently studied Latin; and with more diligence, geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation; to which branches his inclination so powerfully led him, that he afterwards ascribed it to a secret impulse from the Deity, leading him to those studies which should fit him to accomplish his high destiny. His birth in a maritime city like Genoa, at a time when reviving literature was anew unfolding the geographical knowledge and theories of the ancients, was no less fortunate, and must have tended greatly to strengthen his inclination for naval pursuits.

His life after leaving the university is for some time involved in obscurity, perhaps from the unwillingness of his son to disclose the mean condition from which he rose. If he ever followed his father's trade, as has been asserted, it could only be for a short time, as he says that he began to navigate when only fourteen years of age. The Mediterranean, surrounded by numerous independent states, engaged not only in mutual commerce, but in frequent wars and piratical excursions, formed a good though rough school for the young sailor, in which he would soon acquire those habits of decision, boldness, and command over fierce associates, so essential to his future success. In 1459 he was employed in the Genoese fleet, which assisted the Duke of Calabria in his attempt to recover the throne of Naples for his father, Count René of Provence. Under this king he had command of a vessel sent to Tunis to capture a galley lying there. His sailors, frightened by reports of the enemy's strength, insisted on returning; but Columbus, while seeming to yield, by altering the card of the compass led them to the place he wished, and as he boasts of his deceit, probably succeeded in this enterprise. The attempt on Naples, after a four years' contest, failed, and Columbus seems for some time to have been occupied in commercial voyages in the Mediterranean, in one of which he is known to have visited the isle of Scio. Two admirals of his own name, or Colombo, as it is in the Italian, then commanded the fleets of Genoa, which were usually under the influence of France, notwithstanding the nominal independence of the republic. The younger of these was so famous for his exploits against the infidels, that it is said the Moorish women used his name to quiet their unruly children. Genoa being then at war with Venice, this bold corsair on one occasion undertook to intercept four rich Venetian galleys on their return from Flanders. The vessels met on the coast of Portugal, and a desperate battle ensued. The vessel commanded by Columbus having grappled with her opponent, according to the custom of that time, both were involved in flames, and it being impossible to separate them, the crews had to escape into the sea. Columbus being an expert swimmer, seized an oar, and by means of it reached the shore, though fully two leagues distant. In this strange fashion his son relates that Columbus first arrived in Portugal, and repairing to Lisbon, where he found many of his countrymen, took up his abode for some time in that city. As this incident happened in the summer of 1485, if Columbus was actually engaged in it, this must have been at a later period of his history, after he had been some time in Portugal.

No country in Europe was at that time better adapted for the future discoverer. Portugal, under the influence of Prince Henry, was engaged in the full career of maritime adventure. Deepising the fabled dangers of the ocean and the torrid zone, the Portuguese were gradually extending their voyages along the African coast, and the prince just mentioned already foresaw the time when, following the course of Hanno round the southern extremity of Africa, a direct road should be opened to the treasures of the east. Columbus arrived in Portugal in 1470. He was then in the full vigour of manhood, and is

described by his contemporaries as tall, well-formed, muscular, and of an elevated, dignified demeanour. His visage was long, his complexion fair and ruddy, his nose aquiline, his eyes light grey, but apt to enkindle, and his hair, once of a light colour, now white with care and trouble. He had subdued his naturally irritable temper, and was amiable and affable in social intercourse. He was at the same time strict in his religious observances, and his whole character was strongly tinctured with a lofty solemn enthusiasm, which led him to regard himself as the appointed agent to work out some great designs of heaven. In this country, and with these feelings, it required but a slight impulse to direct the whole mind and energy of Columbus into the path of maritime discovery. And this he received from an apparent accident which might have rather seemed destined to fix him at home. When attending religious service in the convent of All Saints, he saw and became enamoured with a lady of Italian descent, the daughter of a distinguished navigator in the service of Prince Henry. Having married the lady, he had access to the charts and papers of her father, now dead, and thus became acquainted with the plans and routes of the Portuguese. When on shore he occupied himself in constructing maps and charts for the support of his family, but occasionally joined in the expeditions of his adopted countrymen to the coast of Guinea. He also resided for some time on the island Porto Santo, the governor of which was married to his wife's sister. Here his son, Diego, was born; and Columbus had frequent opportunities of meeting with persons engaged in the discoveries on the coast of Africa. Here also rumours of islands seen in the western ocean were frequently heard, and revived the belief in the fabled Atlantis of Plato. These tales, however little credit he might attach to them, and his trade of map-making, soon however gave a decided bias to his mind, and ripened into a grand scheme.

There were various grounds on which Columbus built his faith of new lands to be discovered by sailing west in the Atlantic Ocean. The travels of Marco Polo had made known to Europeans the vast empire of China, with the Japanese islands in the adjoining sea, and excited men's cupidity by accounts of their luxury and wealth. Columbus assumed that the earth was a sphere, and not a plane as was at that time the orthodox belief, and hence inferred that by sailing west he could reach those countries to which a long and wearisome overland journey had conducted the Venetian traveller. The width of the intervening ocean Columbus greatly underrated, having adopted very erroneous notions of the true dimensions of the globe from the Arabic geographers, then the highest authorities on scientific subjects. He was confirmed in this opinion of land to be discovered in the west, by various passages in ancient authors—in Aristotle, Pliny, Strabo, and Seneca; of whom the last in a remarkable passage prophesies that the time should come when the chains of ocean should be loosened, and new worlds expand to the astonished gaze of men. Columbus also collected various indications of unknown land in the west, some of them very curious—as a piece of carved wood, evidently not laboured with an iron instrument, found far west of Cape St Vincent; the unknown trees, seeds, and immense reeds driven by currents on the Azores and coasts of Europe; and especially the dead bodies of two men, with features unlike any known tribe, cast on the island of Flores. His religious spirit also led him to read his discovery as foretold in Holy Writ, and dimly announced in the mystic revelations of the Prophets. These are the grounds he himself assigned for his opinion; but his enemies have ascribed his belief to a shipwrecked pilot, who died in his house, and left him written accounts of unknown lands seen in the west, or to a map of Martin Behem, a celebrated contemporary cosmographer. A far more probable source of information is to be found in Columbus's intercourse with Iceland, to which he made a voyage in 1474, as its inhabitants are well known to have discovered and even founded a colony named Vinland, on the coast of North America, some centuries before. That Columbus never alluded to these discoveries may be ascribed

to his fear of thus lessening his own reputation, and to the fact that the description given by the Northmen of the regions they visited did not correspond with the brilliant picture of Cathay and Cipango, by which he hoped to induce some sovereign to aid him in his splendid enterprise.

Columbus is reported to have first proposed his scheme of discovery to his native city, and on its rejection there, to have applied to the court of Portugal. His son relates that the king at first was favourable to the proposition, but refused it in consequence of his high demands of honours and rewards. Another authority states that the king looked on Columbus as a vain-glorious boaster, and only referred his proposition to a junta of learned men, in consequence of his importunities. This junta, as was to be expected, treated the project as extravagant and visionary, and when it was brought before the royal council, their decision was confirmed. John II. was thus led to reject the proposal, but at the same time, with a meanness unworthy of a great and wise prince, endeavoured to deprive Columbus of the honour due to his genius. Having obtained all his maps, plans, and other documents, a vessel was secretly fitted out and directed to pursue the route indicated by Columbus. However, a storm arose, as if designed to defeat this treachery, and the sailors, easily frightened and devoid of zeal, returned home, ridiculing a scheme which they wanted courage to prosecute. Disgusted at this unworthy attempt, Columbus refused all further negotiation with king John, and his wife being now dead, he resolved to leave Portugal. In the end of 1484 he left Lisbon secretly, either fearing that the king might try to detain him, or more probably wishing to elude his creditors. Next year he was in Genoa, and probably then made that proposition to his native city which has been erroneously placed at an earlier period. The republic, exhausted by war and with declining commerce, was in no condition to accept this offer. Some affirm that he then carried his proposal to Venice, where it was also declined in consequence of the critical state of affairs; but the national hostility of the rival republics, and the want of all express evidence, render this fact more than doubtful.

Columbus's wanderings are for a time hidden in obscurity, and the next trace of him is in Spain, on his way to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Whilst offering the gift of a new world to monarchs, he himself was in want of the merest necessaries. Near the little sea-port of Palos, in Andalusia, stood a Franciscan convent. One day a stranger, accompanied by a young boy, stopped at the gate, and asked from the porter a little bread and water for his child. In the meantime the prior, Juan Perez, passing by, struck with his appearance, entered into conversation with the stranger, and was so interested in his story, as to detain him as his guest. The stranger, it need hardly be said, was Columbus, on his way to a neighbouring town to seek his brother-in-law, married to a sister of his late wife. The prior, though deeply interested in the magnificent views of Columbus, had too little confidence in his own judgment to give them immediate approval, and sent for a scientific friend, Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos. After many conferences and consultations with the most experienced mariners of the neighbouring town, the friar and his friend decided in favour of Columbus's plan, and advised him to lay it before the Spanish sovereigns. To aid him in this, Friar Juan Perez not only gave him a letter of recommendation to Fernando de Talavera, the queen's confessor, with whom he was on intimate terms, but in the meantime took charge of his son Diego. Inspired by this kindness with new hopes, Columbus set out in the spring of 1486 for the court of Castile.

This was truly the heroic age of Spanish history, when the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, uniting the once rival kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, exalted the power of the cross and broke the terrible sway of the crescent. The fierce Moors, shut up in the mountain fastnesses of Granada, with difficulty defended this last remnant of their once powerful empire. The king and queen, though preserving their separate rights as independent sovereigns, yet made mutual cause against the unbelievers. Ferdi-

nand was a wise and prudent, though cold, selfish, and artful sovereign, fighting rather for dominion than glory, and inspired more by bigotry than religion. His three great objects—the conquest of the Moors, the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the inquisition, were pursued from the commencement of his reign with unrelenting energy, and perhaps as much from motives of politics as religion. In all of them his queen, with more of a woman's heart and innate benignity of disposition, tried to modify his cruel zeal, even against the influence of her spiritual advisers. In many instances she exhibited much firmness and intrepidity, but was more distinguished by her zeal for the welfare of her people, her labours to heal the wounds which internal wars had inflicted, and her fostering care of literature and science. To these princes Columbus now proceeded with his proposals; but did not find that ready access he had expected. Talavera regarded his scheme as absurd; and the courtiers contrasted the splendour of his speculations with the poverty of his garb. 'Because he was a stranger and went but in simple apparel, nor otherwise credited than by the letter of a grey friar, they believed him not, neither gave ear to his words, whereby he was greatly tormented in his imagination.' The princes, too, were now personally engaged in the Moorish war; sometimes attacking their cities, at others hurried away to preserve their own country from the merciless ravages of the Saracen cavalry. Amidst such pressing affairs it is little wonder that the wild theories of a poor unfriended stranger met with a slow hearing. For some time he appears to have again supported himself by the sale of maps, whilst following the movements of the court. His earnest enthusiasm, however, gradually gained him friends and supporters; among them the celebrated Cardinal Mendoza, archbishop of Toledo, who to the scholarship of the period, added the qualities of a quick prudent man of business. He was in great favour with his sovereigns, who consulted him on all matters of consequence, so that he was named 'the third king of Spain.' The cardinal, when once convinced that the theory of Columbus involved nothing heretical, procured him an audience at court, where his modest self-possession, and the practical scientific reasons with which he supported his opinion, so far convinced Ferdinand, that he appointed a council of learned men to consider the question and make a report to him.

This council met in the Dominican convent at Salamanca, where Columbus was in the meanwhile lodged and entertained with great hospitality. The assembly consisted not only of learned professors, but of various dignitaries of the church and friars; none of them, we may well believe, likely to regard the bold innovator with much favour. It is said that when Columbus began his statement, the friars of St Stephens, the most learned convent, alone paid attention, whilst the other members seemed as if already resolved not to be convinced. Their most formidable objections were drawn from misapplied passages of Scripture, backed by long quotations from some of the fathers, who, in their simplicity, had ridiculed the notion that the earth was round, and that there could possibly be men walking with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down, or a place where trees grew topsy-turvy, and rain, hail, and snow fell upward. Columbus skilfully avoided the danger of heresy whilst maintaining the truth of science; he showed that the language of Scripture was figurative and adapted to popular comprehension; that the fathers were not writing philosophical treatises but pious homilies; and that the strongest argument drawn from the notion that the torrid zone was uninhabitable, could not be true, as he himself had already sailed on the coast of Guinea almost to the equinoctial line. The eloquence, truth, and devout enthusiasm of Columbus, convinced many of his judges, but the majority remained incredulous, confidences were multiplied without result, and a final decision was procrastinated till the return of summer (1487) again called the court to begin the campaign against the Moors. During its continuance there was no time to listen to his suit, though Columbus followed the court and took an active part in the war, receiving occasional supplies of money.

These delays do not appear to have exhausted his hopes or patience, as in the spring of 1488 he declined an invitation from King John to return to the court of Portugal, in which he was assured of protection from all civil or criminal suits pending against him. Perhaps disgust at the conduct of the king had some influence on this refusal, as his brother Bartholomew was now in England, endeavouring to prevail on Henry VII. to engage in this project of discovery. From this monarch he says that he received a favourable letter, though at what time does not appear. In 1489 Columbus was commanded to attend the court in order to have a conference with the king, but the Moorish war and other matters prevented him from obtaining an audience till the winter of 1491. The court was then preparing for the campaign in which Granada, the last refuge of the Moors, fell, and the council had given in its report that his scheme was vain and impossible. The most learned portion of its members were however in his favour, and hence probably the undecided nature of the royal answer, that the care and expense of the war prevented them engaging in any new enterprise, but that, on its conclusion, they would treat with him about his proposal. Bitterly disappointed with this cold and evasive answer, Columbus turned his back on the court where he had wasted so many precious years. But bound to Spain by attachment to a lady of Cordova, he was unwilling to leave the country without another attempt. He applied to the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, and Medina Celi, both possessing vast estates in the maritime provinces of Spain, which gave them the power and revenues rather of princes than of subjects. The former, however, rejected his proposal as the dream of an Italian visionary; and the latter, though so much disposed to engage in it, that he had actually three vessels ready to sail, at length, dreading the displeasure of the king, dismissed Columbus, advising him again to apply at the court, as the undertaking was too great for a subject, and fit only for a sovereign power. Thus baffled anew in his hopes, Columbus resolved to proceed to France, but first returned to the convent where he had, seven years before, left his son. Here he meant to leave his second son, whom the lady mentioned above had borne him, and whom, though illegitimate, he always treated with the same favour as his elder brother.

The worthy friar, Juan Perez, was greatly moved by the disappointment of his friend; still more so when he heard his determination to quit Spain, and carry his important project to another land. He again consulted his friend the physician, calling in also Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the head of a distinguished and wealthy family of merchants in the neighbouring town. Pinzon not only approved the plan of Columbus, but offered to bear the expense of a renewed application to the court. The friar, who had formerly been confessor to the queen, undertook to write her on the subject, and having persuaded Columbus to wait an answer, dispatched a letter by a trusty messenger. In fourteen days he brought back an answer, thanking the friar for his timely services, and requesting Columbus to return to court. On receiving this epistle, Perez mounted his mule and set out secretly for the court, passing through the newly conquered territory of the Moors. He found the queen busy with the siege of Granada, but being admitted to an audience, pled the cause of Columbus with so much earnestness, that Isabella again requested him to be sent to her, and ordered him a sum of money to pay his expenses. This favourable result was undoubtedly aided by the recommendation of the Duke of Medina Celi. On being informed of this returning favour, Columbus again set out for the court and arrived there in time to witness the surrender of Granada, the mournful departure of the Moors, and the triumphal entry of the Spaniards into the magnificent halls of the Alhambra. Amidst the rejoicing multitudes he walked melancholy and dejected, perhaps contrasting with secret contempt the conquest which swelled every bosom with rapture, with that nobler and bloodless victory which he felt destined to achieve over the unbounded ocean, and musing on the vast realms he was to subjugate to the cross.

The monarchs were faithful to their promise. Persons of confidence were appointed to negotiate with him, but an unexpected difficulty arose. Columbus demanded princely stipulations for himself, worthy of the vast empire he had to bestow. He was to be invested with the title and privileges of admiral and viceroy over the countries he should discover, and receive a tenth of the gains either by trade or conquest. These terms were at once rejected as degrading to the dignity of the crown, but Columbus would accept of nothing less, and again mounting his mule, took his departure for Cordova (February, 1492), resolved to proceed immediately to France. In this emergency Luis de St Angel, receiver of the revenues in Aragon, determined to make one bold effort to prevent this irreparable loss and dishonour to the nation. He obtained an audience of the queen, pointed out to her how small the risk compared to the probable gain, how much this enterprise might advance the glory of God, exalt the church, and extend her own empire; and what cause of regret it would furnish to her friends, of triumph to her enemies, should it be accomplished by some other power. He urged these and other arguments, till Isabella declared her resolution to undertake the enterprise, but Ferdinand looked coldly on the affair, and represented the exhausted condition of the treasury. But the queen's enthusiasm was now roused, and she exclaimed, 'I undertake this enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds.' St Angel offered to advance the money, but this was not required, and the funds really came from the revenue of Aragon, Ferdinand's own kingdom. A messenger on horseback was sent after Columbus, who overtook him two leagues from the city, and with some difficulty persuaded him to return.

Columbus was now received with great kindness, and in an audience with the queen, interested her deeply in his success, by expatiating on the opportunities it offered for extending the Christian faith. Ferdinand continued cold as usual, and smiled at the pious suggestion of Columbus, that the treasures won from his discoveries should be consecrated to recover the holy sepulchre from the power of the Infidels. The terms finally agreed to were—that Columbus and his heirs should enjoy the office of admiral and governor in all the countries he discovered, and be entitled to a tenth of all the gold, silver, precious stones, and other merchandise gained within his admiralty; or, on contributing an eighth of the cost, to an eighth part of the profits. This agreement was signed on the 17th of April, 1492, at Santa Fé, near Granada, and on the 30th of that month an order was issued to the town of Palos to have two caravels ready for sea in ten days, to be placed under the command of Columbus. His son was in the meantime appointed page to the young prince. Thus, at last successful, after many weary years of poverty, neglect, and bitter ridicule, Columbus returned to Palos in his fifty-sixth year, to prepare for his great enterprise.

But his difficulties were not yet at an end. When the royal order was read at Palos, universal terror prevailed, and the boldest mariners refused to take part in an expedition devoted, as they believed, to certain destruction. The royal mandate, the persuasions of Columbus, the influence of the prior, were alike disregarded. On the 20th June a new order was issued, empowering the magistrates to press into this service any vessels or crews they might think proper; but this expedient was no less fruitless. At last Pinzon, already mentioned as a supporter of Columbus, came forward, and, with his brother, not only furnished one vessel, but offered to accompany the expedition. Their example and influence encouraged others, so that three small vessels were ready for sea within a month. Only one of them was fully decked, the two others were open in the centre, but built high at the prow and stern, with cabins for the accommodation of the crew. Columbus commanded the largest vessel, Martin Pinzon the second, with one of his brothers as pilot, and a third brother had command of the third vessel. The whole company consisted of one hundred and twenty persons, of whom ninety were sailors. Before setting sail, Columbus confessed himself

to the Friar Juan Perez, and partook of the communion, in which he was joined by most of his associates.

On Friday the 3d August, 1492, half an hour before sunrise, Columbus sailed from the bar of Saltes, a small island opposite the town of Huelva, on this memorable expedition. He directed his course first for the Canaries, where he arrived on the 9th, and was detained for three weeks repairing one of his vessels, which was already injured, probably by its owners. When sailing past Teneriffe, an eruption of its volcanic peaks terrified his crew, ready to interpret every event into a portent of disaster. Columbus reassured them by pointing out its natural cause, being more concerned by a report he heard at Gomera, where he had stopped to take in provisions, that three Portuguese caravels were cruising about with an intent to capture him. On the 6th September he left this island, but was delayed by calms, so that it was the 9th of that month before they lost sight of Ferro, the farthest west of these islands. Then it is said the hearts of many of the crew failed them; they burst into tears and loud lamentations at thus taking leave, as for ever, of home, family, and friends, and plunging headlong into the unknown dangers of the trackless ocean. Columbus encouraged them by pictures of the wealth and splendour of the regions they were about to visit, and promises of rich rewards. He also issued orders to the commanders of the other vessels in case of separation, to sail on due westward for seven hundred leagues, when, as land might then be expected, they were to sail only during the day. He also, to deceive his crew, kept two reckonings of the ship's course, one correct for his own use, the other in which a number of leagues were daily subtracted from the sailing of the ship, open to the inspection of all. On the 11th September the sight of a broken mast anew excited the terror of his sailors. Two days after, he, for the first time, observed the variation of the compass, which no longer pointed to the pole star, but gradually varied more and more to the west. He could not conceal this phenomenon from the pilots, who, not without reason, feared that the compass was about to lose its virtue, and to leave them without a guide in the pathless ocean. Columbus, for whose skill as an astronomer they had great respect, quieted their minds by telling them that the compass remained unchanged, its apparent motion being caused by the revolution of the north star round the true pole—an explanation not satisfactory to his own mind.

The ships were now in the region of the trade winds, which, blowing steadily from the east, so that for many days they did not require to shift a sail, wafted them rapidly on their way. Land-birds occasionally appeared, cheering the sailors with the hope that their voyage was near its end. The soft balmy air is compared to the pure mornings of April in Andalusia, wanting only the song of the nightingale to complete the illusion. Soon after they reached the large patches of floating sea-weed, now known to cover many thousand square miles in this part of the Atlantic. The sailors regarded this as another sign of land, and the crews were in high spirits, striving who should catch the first sight of it. Some clouds in the north, and the flight of a great number of birds, were also thought to indicate that it might be found in that quarter. But Columbus, firm to his purpose, steered boldly to the west, where alone he was convinced India was to be found. New fears were however rising in the minds of his people; the vast tract of ocean they had passed, seemed to separate them for ever from Spain, whilst the constant unvarying wind which favoured their progress, precluded all possibility of return. Columbus might have tried in vain to dispel their fears, had not new signs of land and a contrary wind added weight to his arguments. Some small birds also came singing to the ships in the morning and flew away in the evening, which wonderfully cheered the sailors, who thought them too weak of wing to have wandered far from land. Their fears from the calm were at the same time dispelled by a heavy swell of the sea without wind, which came so opportunely that Columbus regarded it as sent by Providence to allay the murmurs of his crew. Every new disappointment added to their discontent, and they were already

talking of compelling him to return, or if he was positive in refusing, casting him into the sea. Though conscious of his danger, Columbus remained serene and confident, soothing and encouraging some, menacing others with signal punishment. One incident will show the excitement prevailing among the crews. The lightness of the winds permitted the vessels to sail so close that the commanders could frequently converse together. On the 25th September, Martin Pinzon affirmed that they must be near the island of Cipango, which the admiral had entered in his chart. This document, tied to a cord, was flung from the one vessel to the other, and Columbus was busy examining it when Pinzon cried out, 'Land, land, Senor; I claim my reward!' and pointed to the south-west, where indeed there was an appearance of an island. Columbus fell on his knees, thanking God; and Pinzon, joined by the crews, repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*. The joy of the people could not be restrained, and the admiral was forced to sail to the south-west, till the morning sun showed the land to have been only an evening cloud.

Similar deceptions repeatedly took place, and the crew, fearing that they had sailed between islands without observing them, began to utter murmurs and menaces, when renewed signs of land revived their hopes. Even Pinzon, however, on the 6th October, proposed that they should sail south; but the admiral maintained his course to the west. On the morning of the 7th, land was again announced in the west, but melted away before the evening; and Columbus having now reached the distance where he expected land, or 750 leagues (2600 miles), consented to sail to the south-west, to which he saw all the small land birds directing their flight in the evening. They continued three days in this direction, the indications of their approach to land always increasing in number. On the evening of the third day the crew broke out in open defiance, but Columbus told them it was in vain to murmur, as he was determined to persevere; and next day the signs of land were so decisive, that every one was eagerly on the watch. In the evening, after singing the vesper hymn and addressing the crew on the prospect of finding land that night, he took his place on the high poop of the vessel. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he saw a light glimmering in the distance; and calling a friend, pointed it out to him. They called a third person, but it had disappeared, though returning afterwards at intervals. At two in the morning a gun from the Pinta, which, as the quickest sailer, usually kept the lead, announced that land was in sight. A sailor, Rodrigo de Triana, claimed the reward, but it was subsequently adjudged to Columbus, as having previously seen the light. Land was now clearly seen, when they shortened sail and lay to till the dawn. What must have been the feelings of Columbus in these few hours, when the vision that had haunted him for so many years, for which he had toiled and laboured, enduring poverty, reproach, and ridicule, was about to be realised—when the barrier of the ocean was to be broken down, and a new world laid open to civilised man!

On the morning of Friday, 12th October, 1492, Columbus first saw the New World. A low island, densely covered with trees, among which numerous naked savages were running to and fro, as if lost in astonishment, lay before him. He cast anchor, and with the two Pinzons put off for the shore in their boats. On landing, Columbus threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. He then took possession of the island for his sovereigns, and named it San Salvador. The crew had now passed to the opposite extreme of exultation, and were loud in professions of fidelity, and entreaties of pardon for the past. The natives, meanwhile, watched them with trembling anxiety, but at last ventured to approach their guests, whom they fancied had come down from heaven, whilst their ships seemed to them monsters inspired with life. Their copper-coloured and painted skins were equally new to the Spaniards; whilst their simplicity, gentleness, and confidence, were not less pleasing. Columbus examined the island, but found no articles of commerce, and only a few ornaments of gold, which the

natives seemed to intimate were procured in the south. On the evening of the 15th he sailed south, among the Bahamas, landing on several, and everywhere treating the natives with great kindness. The Spaniards were delighted with the rich vegetation, the beautiful climate, and the novelty of every thing they beheld, but disappointed at the scarcity of gold or other valuable metals. At last the admiral reached Cuba, whose lofty mountains and fertile plains reminded him of Sicily, though far surpassing that island in the tropical luxuriance of the vegetation and the brilliant plumage of the birds that thronged its woods. Columbus believed this island to be the Cipango of Marco Polo, or perhaps the continent of Asia, and was in constant expectation of finding gold, or reaching the court of the Grand Khan. He sent messengers into the interior, but they returned without discovering gold or spices, or any trace of the great monarch. They however noticed the potato, and soon after were astonished by observing the natives rolling up the tobacco in a leaf, setting it on fire, and inhaling the smoke. Thus early were these two most important gifts of the new to the old world noticed by its discoverers.

From Cuba Columbus ran eastward in search of a large island, which the Indians seemed to indicate as existing in that quarter. Adverse winds delayed the voyage, during which Pinzon deserted him, his vessel being the best sailer, and set out in search of some region of vast wealth, to which one of the natives offered to guide him. On the 5th December, Columbus descried land in the south-east, with high mountains rising from rich plains, and covered with lofty forests. This was the beautiful island of Hispaniola, as the Spaniards named it, from the similarity to the finest parts of their native land, or Hayti, as it is now called. Many natives were seen at a distance, but all fled to the mountains on the Spaniards landing. At length communication with them was established, when they were found a fairer and handsomer race than in the previous islands; but no less mild and hospitable, and ready to propitiate their heavenly guests with their simple gifts. Columbus sailed along the coast, in constant admiration of the beauty of the country and the mildness of the sky. On the 24th December, Columbus set sail to visit a cacique who had sent him some presents. The light winds prolonged the voyage; and, in the evening, the admiral retired to rest, supposing there was no danger. But no sooner had he left the deck than the steersman gave the helm in charge to a boy, and with his comrades of the watch lay down to sleep. The ship was borne aside by the currents, and struck on a bank over which the waves were breaking with much fury. Columbus was first on deck, and ordered the master and sailors to carry out an anchor to warp the vessel off; but instead of obeying, they rowed away to the other caravel, leaving their commander in imminent peril. Here they were reproached for their desertion of their vessel, and forced to return with another boat, but too late to save the ship, which was carried more and more amongst the breakers. The crew took refuge in the other vessel; and next day, with the assistance of the Indians, landed all their goods. The conduct of the natives was admirable in the extreme, for nothing was amiss among treasures, in their opinion, of inestimable value. The cacique visited the admiral and endeavoured to console him for his misfortune; and a trade was established with the natives, who freely bartered gold dust for hawk's bells and other trifles. Many of the sailors, charmed with the idle life of the natives, entreated to be allowed to remain on the island; and Columbus, willing to lay the foundations of a new colony, complied. He erected a fort from the wreck of the caravel, receiving eager assistance from the natives—little dreaming of the yoke they were preparing for themselves. The cacique continued to load Columbus with gifts, especially gold, having soon discovered the high estimation which was entertained for this metal. In ten days, the fortress named La Navidad, or the Nativity, in memorial of their shipwreck on Christmas-day, was completed, and thirty-nine men chosen to remain. Columbus charged them to maintain friendly relations

with the natives—to keep united in large parties—and to endeavour to obtain a knowledge of the mines which he had heard existed in the island. On the 2d February, 1493, he paid a farewell visit to the cacique, and exhibited a mock fight among his crew, to impress the natives with a due sense of their prowess. The thunder of the artillery, and the destruction which the stone balls produced in the forests, struck them mute with awe and admiration.

On the 4th January, Columbus sailed on his return to Spain, and in a few days met the Pinta, whose commander endeavoured to excuse his desertion as involuntary. The admiral listened with silent incredulity, not wishing to give rise to any altercation. Pinzon had been for some time in Hispaniola, where he had collected much gold, and shared it with his crew to insure their silence. They now sailed along the coast, where fresh proofs of Pinzon's duplicity appeared, which the admiral wisely left unnoticed. Some days after they reached the Gulf of Semana, whose shores were inhabited by a bolder and more warlike race. In a quarrel several of them were slain, the first blood shed by Europeans in the Western World; but Columbus regained the friendship of the chief. Some of the Indians offered to guide him to a large island inhabited by the Caribs, and he set sail for it; but a favourable wind from the west having sprung up, he bore away direct for Spain, dreading the mutinous temper of his crew, and anxious to secure the discoveries he had already made.

The favourable wind soon died away, and they experienced much opposition from the trades, till they got so far north as to be beyond the region where they prevail. The pilots had lost all knowledge of the ship's course, and thought themselves much nearer Spain than they truly were. Columbus did not undeceive them, though aware of their real position. On the 18th February they were involved in a hurricane, which continued with great fury for several days. They now separated in the night from the Pinta, and lots were cast to decide which of the crew should go on certain pilgrimages if their lives were saved, two of these falling on the admiral. To secure, at least, a chance of preservation to his discoveries, he wrote an account on parchment, which he enclosed in a wax-cloth, addressed to the king, with a promise of a reward of a thousand ducats should it be delivered unopened. He then placed it in the centre of a cake of wax, and inclosing the whole in a large barrel, committed it to the sea. On the 15th land was descried; but two days elapsed before they could reach it, when it proved, as Columbus had affirmed, one of the Azores, named St Mary's, belonging to the Portuguese.

Columbus sent some of his men on shore, who brought back a friendly message from the governor. Next day, however, when half the crew went on shore to perform a vow made during the storm, the Portuguese detained them, and another storm arising, the admiral had to put out to sea in great danger with his crazy, half-manned bark. He returned in two days, when his men were restored, and informed him that the governor had acted by orders from the king of Portugal, who had charged all the governors of distant islands and ports to seize and detain him. Columbus having taken in wood and water, set sail for Spain, but new storms arose, which shattered his vessels so much, that notwithstanding his well-founded dread of the Portuguese, Columbus was glad to run into the Tagus, where he anchored on the 4th of March. He sent off a messenger to the king of Spain with the news of his arrival, and another to the court of Portugal, requesting liberty to take his vessel up to Lisbon. In this city the account of his discoveries excited an extraordinary sensation, and Columbus was soon after invited to the court. This he would willingly have declined, but the tempestuous weather would not allow him to put out to sea, and he was obliged to comply. He was received with much magnificence, but the king was evidently greatly mortified by the thought that this splendid enterprise had been formerly refused when offered to himself. He consulted his councillors on the subject, some of whom even suggested that Columbus should be assassinated, as trying to embroil the two nations

by pretended discoveries, but the king had sufficient honour to reject this expedient, while he resolved to fit out a private armament, and take possession of the new country. Columbus was allowed to depart, and reached Palos on the 15th March, which place he had left on the 3d of August, the previous year. It has often been remarked, that had he encountered half the difficulties and storms on his outward voyage which assailed him on his return, he would inevitably have been compelled to desist, and this great discovery have been deferred to an indefinite period.

At Palos, Columbus was received with shouts of joy, and his passage along the streets resembled a triumphal procession. The same evening, Pinzon, who had also escaped the tempest and touched at the port of Bayonne, whence he had sent a letter to the court with the news of his discovery, also entered the harbour. When he heard of the enthusiastic reception of Columbus, his heart sunk within him, all his treachery and evil conduct rose before him, and, dreading to meet his injured commander, he repaired privately to his dwelling, downcast and broken in health. A severe and reproachful reply to his letter to the king increased his dejection, and in a few days after he died of envy and remorse. As Washington Irving beautifully observes, 'his story shows how one lapse from duty may counterbalance the merits of a thousand services; how one moment of weakness many mar the beauty of a whole life of virtue; and how important a matter it is for a man, under all circumstances, to be true, not merely to others, but to himself.'

The Spanish court was now at Barcelona, and Columbus, whilst waiting orders, repaired to Seville. Here he received a letter requesting his immediate presence at court, and desiring him to make arrangements for a second voyage, as the summer was now at hand. Having complied as far as possible with the latter request, he set out for the court, taking with him six Indians and several curiosities he had brought home. His road was crowded with joyful and wondering multitudes, and he entered Barcelona in a procession that has been compared to a Roman triumph. He was received by the king and queen in great state, and when he knelt down they raised him up, and ordered him to sit in their presence—a mark of rare honour in that ceremonious court. He was then requested to give an account of his voyage, at the conclusion of which the whole assembly sank on their knees, giving thanks to God for the discovery of a new world, and the anthem of *Tu Deum* was sung. Columbus was for the moment the object of universal curiosity, applause, and admiration. Nor was this feeling confined to Spain, but responded to with general exultation over the whole civilized world of Europe. As yet the sudden splendour of his discovery overpowered all feelings save those of joy and exultation.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FOUR-FOOTED FAVOURITE.

BY WILLIAM LANDLESS, ESQ.

'I knew at least one hare that had a friend.'—*Cowper*.

One evening I was turning over the leaves of a new edition of Cowper, when my eyes happened to alight on the prose narrative respecting his hares, which is usually appended to the end of his poems. The perusal of this pleasing piece of animal biography brought to my recollection some passages in the life of an animal of the same species, whose remarkable tameness and familiarity almost equal, if they do not surpass, that manifested by the bard's celebrated hare, Puss.

Many years ago, my father, who was in the army, was sent on detachment to a place called Carndonough, situated a few miles from Londonderry. While there, one of the soldiers happened, by some means or other, to get possession of a young leveret, which he brought to us. I was then a mere boy, in a very delicate state of health; and my worthy old nurse gladly accepted the hare, as she thought it would interest and amuse me. Like almost all

children, I was very fond of animals, and in a short time the leveret and I became great friends. There being no children in the neighbourhood, the little animal was my only companion and playmate.

Harry, as we called him, was very young when he came into my possession—so much so, indeed, that he required for several weeks to be fed with milk. Afterwards bread was given him along with his milk, and gradually we accustomed him to a vegetable diet, consisting of lettuce, dandelion, cabbage, &c., with which he seemed to agree well. In a few months he became a plump sportive creature, going about the room as tame and familiar as a cat, eating the crumbs that fell on the floor, and sleeping for hours very compositely in a window-corner near the fire.

It being necessary for my father to return to headquarters, nurse, and I, and the hare, were sent off in a chaise to Derry. Harry was placed in an open basket, where was plenty of green food, but he never tasted a morsel during the whole journey; he squatted down in a corner of the basket, and buried his head amongst the clover and lettuce-leaves. The strange movement and frequent jolting of the chaise seemed to have quite terrified him; and it was several weeks after being domiciled in society before he fairly recovered from his fright, and exhibited his wonted tameness and familiarity. It was during our residence in Derry that Harry became thoroughly domesticated, and evinced so many beautiful traits of confidence and affection as rendered him quite a friend and favourite with every one who knew him. Whenever we rapped on the floor, Harry immediately came running out from below the bed, or from behind a large military chest, or wherever he was concealed, and would eat bread or a lettuce-leaf out of my hand; or if I held it above him, which I sometimes did to tease him, he would get upon his hind-legs, and stretch himself as far as he could, in order to get hold of the food. I very frequently lay down on the carpet, and employed myself in reading a story-book, or in turning over the quaint woodcuts of an old edition of *Aesop's Fables*. On these occasions, Harry was sure to come forth from his hiding-place, and stretch himself down at full length beside me, with his mouth almost close to mine. In this position he would frequently fall asleep. During meals, Harry generally made his appearance; and if I called to him, and held up a crust of bread, he would jump on my knee; and if I put the crust in my mouth, holding it betwixt my teeth, he would put up his fore-feet, resting them on my breast, and in that position commence eating the crust with the greatest composure.

Though he had abundance of food, Harry delighted in gnawing at everything that came in his way. The feet of the tables and chairs bore ample testimony to the sharpness of his teeth. One night he got on the top of a table, and gnawed away nearly one-half of a small pocket-book containing some bank-notes; and on another occasion he devoured a considerable portion of my worthy nurse's wig.

One day a man came to the house on business, who brought a dog along with him. The dog, from some cause or other, began to bark most violently. No sooner did Harry hear the strange sound than he fled below the bed. After the man and the dog had gone away, nurse rapped on the floor for Harry, as she had some food to give him, but, to her great surprise, he did not appear. She immediately began to apprehend that something was wrong, and we immediately commenced an anxious search through the house to discover him. But our search was in vain; Harry was nowhere to be found, and we were forced to conclude either that the barking of the dog had so frightened him that he had fled down stairs into the street, or that the dog had worried him and carried him away. Both nurse and I were inconsolable about the loss of our favourite. I had a tame pigeon, which had flown away a few days before. My health, never good, was at that period getting much worse. My nurse, who was as worthy and warm-hearted a woman as ever lived, was a Scotchwoman, and to a considerable extent tinged with the old superstitions of her country, regarded the flying away of the pigeon as an evil omen. The loss of the hare corroborated and increased

her dark forebodings. 'His doo's [pigeon's] flown away, and his hare's gaen away, and he'll soon gang away himself!' was her sorrowing exclamation to a friend who came to see us soon after the hare had disappeared. In a few days after, however, the hare, to our great joy, was discovered. The way in which we found out his hiding-place was rather curious. One of the rooms of the house which we inhabited was without furniture, and was merely used as a place to dry clothes. Nurse, in passing by the fireplace one day, observed some lumps of soot seemingly new fallen, lying on the hearth. The thought immediately struck her that the hare might have taken refuge in the chimney; she was quite correct in her conjecture. After groping about for some time, she at last felt Harry's warm furry skin, and gently brought down the little fugitive from his lurking-place, as black as a chimney-sweep. Great was our joy and rejoicing upon again beholding the face of our little favourite. He was soon cleaned, and brought back to his former abode, where he was fondled and caressed more than ever. He had been three or four days in the chimney without tasting food.

Towards the spring of the year after we came to Derry, Harry, though during the day as tame and docile as usual, became excessively noisy at night. Whenever we went to bed, and all was quiet, he would commence leaping from stool to chair, and from box to table; and when tired of this pastime, he would race through the house with the greatest velocity, frequently overturning various small articles of furniture in his career. To use a well-known phrase, he seemed at night to be 'as mad as a March hare.' These nocturnal gambols both annoyed us and the adjutant's family, who lodged in the floor below. In order, therefore, to ensure quietness, it was found necessary to confine Harry at night in a small cellar in the back court. On going down one morning to bring him up to the room from his place of confinement, it was found that he had escaped. Diligent search was made for him in the cellar and in the back court, but he was not to be found. Whether he had found some aperture in the cellar through which to escape, or whether (as my nurse strongly supposed) the adjutant's servants had secretly killed him, for the double purpose of getting quit of the trouble which he occasioned them, and of treating themselves to a savoury dish of hare-soup, I cannot tell, but certain it is that poor Harry was never more seen.

GERMAN CRIMINAL TRIALS.

A few months ago we inserted an account of the remarkable trial of Kriembauer, the priest of Priel, which was prolonged during a period of five years, the evidence elicited in the course of which filled upwards of forty-two folio volumes. While, in the case of the really innocent, we may be inclined to deprecate the delay which often takes place before the accused is brought to trial, still, when it is recollectec how many have suffered innocently in our own country, on evidence which, at the time, was deemed conclusive, there is much to recommend the extreme caution exercised in Germany ere a conviction takes place, so long as there is the slightest doubt as to the guilt of the individual charged with crime. According to the German criminal code, the injured party, his friends, informers, persons of doubtful character, or those under eighteen years of age, are held as suspicious witnesses, and the evidence of two such witnesses is held as only equal to one of unexceptionable character. A conviction for a capital offence, upon circumstantial evidence of the most complete description, is not followed by sentence of death. The following narrative, abridged from a volume recently published by Mr Murray of London, and translated from the German of Anselm Ritter Von Feuerbach, by Lady Duff Gordon, we give as an instance of the evil which might have resulted from a too hasty condemnation, upon what at first appeared to be evidence of a very decided character, but which upon careful and protracted investigation, was entirely dissipated. Lady Duff Gordon, in her preface to the volume, says that in England, 'in the year

1827, no fewer than six persons, who had been convicted of capital crimes at the Old Bailey, and left for execution, were proved to be innocent, and saved by the zeal and activity of the sheriff. Torture was not abolished in Germany until 1806; a reform chiefly owing to the humane exertions of Feuerbach, and extremely distasteful to the judges of the old school, who could not forgive him for having put an end to so simple, expeditious, and easy a mode of obtaining evidence. The doctrine that the sooner criminal cases were disposed of the better, was acted upon until the 16th May, 1813, when the criminal code, composed by Feuerbach for the kingdom of Bavaria, received the royal assent' :—

In the year 1817 there lived in the town of M—— a goldsmith of the name of Christopher Rupprecht. He was between the ages of sixty and sixty-five, and in easy circumstances. He had been twelve years a widower, and had but one child living, a daughter, married to a furrier named Bieringer, a brother, and two sisters. Rupprecht could neither read nor write, and therefore kept no accounts either of his trade or the money he lent out at interest, but trusted entirely to his memory and to the assistance he occasionally received from others in arranging and drawing up his bills. He was a man of vulgar mind and coarse habits, fond of associating with people of the very lowest class, and of frequenting alehouses, where his chief delight was in slang and abuse, and where he suffered himself to be made the butt of the roughest jokes and the most vulgar witticisms. His ruling passion was avarice, and his favourite business the lending money at usurious interest. Though rich, he deprived himself of necessaries, and was glad when his sister or his daughter sent him a dinner; and for a long time after his wife's death he kept no servant, in order to save food and wages. Two days before the occurrence which caused the present inquiry, he had taken one into his service. Hard, morose, and repulsive, as a miser is apt to be, and at the same time crotchety, violent, and ready on the most trifling occasion to use abusive language, he kept most of his family at a distance. His daughter and his sister Clara visited him regularly; but his brother, with whom he had a lawsuit, and his other sister, avoided his company; he had also quarrelled with his son-in-law several months before, and had ceased to see him from that time. He was cross-grained and quarrelsome, continually at law with his neighbours, and on bad terms with a number of people, though no one could be pointed out as his declared enemy.

For about a year he had been in the daily habit of frequenting a small beer-shop. Thither he went on the 7th February, at half-past eight in the evening, in his dressing-gown, and with a leather cap on his head. The party assembled there consisted of eleven respectable burghers, who sat talking and drinking together till about half-past ten, when Rupprecht called for another glass of beer, and the host left the upper parlour, where his guests were assembled, and went down into the tap to fetch it. As he was going up stairs with the beer, and had almost reached the top, he heard the bell over the street-door, and on asking what was wanted, he was answered in a strange voice by the inquiry whether Mr Rupprecht was there. Without looking round, the host answered that he was, and the stranger requested him to desire Rupprecht to step down to him for a moment. The host delivered the message to his guest, who instantly rose and left the room. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when the other guests were alarmed by hearing loud groans like those of a person in a fit of apoplexy. They all hastened down stairs, and found Rupprecht lying just within the door, covered with blood which was pouring out of a large wound on his head. About a foot and a half from the body lay his cap, cut evidently by a sharp instrument. He was only able to mutter the words 'Wicked rogue! wicked rogue!' with the axe!' When asked whether he knew who had done it, he made an effort to speak, but no one could understand what he said. The guests carried him into the parlour, where he began to moan and mutter unintelligibly. Excited by the questions of one of the guests as to whether he knew the man,

he distinctly said, 'My daughter! my daughter!' which was understood to mean that he wished to see Madame Bieringer. She was accordingly informed of what had happened, and brought to the house by one of those present; but Rupprecht apparently did not recognise her; he was insensible, and lay moaning like one in a fit, with his head drooping upon his breast and his limbs paralysed.

The physician and surgeon attached to the criminal court were sent for, and found a wound four inches long, which had penetrated the skull. This they attributed to a blow from some sharp heavy instrument—according to all appearances a large sabre, wielded by a practised hand.

The tavern stands in the end of a narrow dark alley, from which there is no outlet. The side on which is the door forms an angle with the opposite house, so deep that no light falls into it by night. Two stone steps lead up to the house-door, of which one wing only opens, and is provided with bell. Outside the door, on the left of these steps, is a stone bench. The hall within is small, narrow, and little more than six feet high; the wound could not therefore have been inflicted upon Rupprecht in the hall, as space and height were required to give force to the blow. It would moreover have been madness to attempt the deed in a passage which was lighted by an oil-lamp, which, though dim, would have enabled the victim or a passer-by to recognise the murderer. In the hall, too, Rupprecht coming down stairs would have met his enemy face to face, and must have seen him prepare for the attack, from which he might easily have escaped by running to the rooms above.

Supposing the wound—which slanted downward, and had evidently been inflicted from behind—to have been given during Rupprecht's flight up the stairs, those who ran down on hearing his screams would have found the wounded man on the staircase, or at any rate close to the foot of it. But he was found just within the house-door, and it is far more likely that, after receiving the wound outside, he tottered back into the hall and fell there, than that he should have attempted to reach the house-door after being wounded in endeavouring to escape up the stairs.

Again, the wound was on the left side of the head, and the dark corner we have before mentioned is on the left hand of any one leaving the tavern. The probability therefore is that Rupprecht received the wound on the very door-step. In this case he had but to totter one step back to fall on the spot where he was found. It would have been scarcely possible for one in Rupprecht's condition to retain sufficient strength to crawl up the steps from the street into the hall.

On the other hand, it would have been impossible for the murderer, standing in the street, to have struck Rupprecht from behind, while he stood on the door-steps. This difficulty is, however, completely removed by the stone bench on the left of the door, which we have already mentioned.

Thus all circumstances combine to make us conclude that the occurrence took place as follows:—As soon as the murderer had requested the landlord to send Rupprecht down to him, he went into the dark corner on the left, mounted the stone bench near the door-steps, and stood there in readiness to strike. Rupprecht went down stairs, expecting to find some one who wanted to speak to him on business, and seeing no one in the passage, went outside the door and turned to look down the street after the man who had sent for him, when he was struck a well-aimed heavy blow from the stone bench behind him.

Nothing was found on or near the spot that could throw the slightest suspicion on any one, nor could any person present form a conjecture as to the author or motive of the deed.

Something, it was hoped, would be learned from the wounded man himself when he should have recovered consciousness. On the evening of the following day, the 8th of February, the judge and two other officers of the court accordingly visited him, and found him sensible. He frequently said 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' and when he wished for something to drink, he pronounced the word beer

plainly enough. Considering him to be in a fit state to give information, the judge asked him the following questions, which were thus answered by the wounded man:—'Who struck you the blow?'—'Schmidt.' 'What Schmidt?'—'Woodcutter.' 'Where does he live?'—'In the Most.' 'With what did he strike you?'—'Hatchet.' 'How did you recognise him?'—'By his voice.' 'Does Schmidt owe you money?'—He shook his head. 'What then could induce Schmidt to do such a thing?'—'Quarrel.' As Rupprecht was unable to speak connectedly, no questions were asked about the nature of this quarrel. But when the first and second questions were again put to him, he distinctly repeated the words 'Schmidt—woodcutter.' The judge ordered that an officer of the court should be in constant attendance on the wounded man, in order to gather every word that might fall from his lips. In this man's presence Rupprecht continually repeated 'Schmidt—woodcutter,' whenever any one, his maid-servant, his daughter, his sister, or his son-in-law, asked him who the murderer was. Only when his sister Clara asked him if he knew who had struck the blow, he muttered something apparently in the negative.

The first, though not the sole object of the judge now, was to discover the Schmidt of whom Rupprecht was thinking. But in this town, as everywhere else, there were a vast number of people called Schmidt, several of whom were woodcutters. Three of these especially engaged the attention of the court: the first was a certain Abraham Schmidt, who lived in the Hohen Pfaster, and who, it was rumoured, had once been taken up with a band of robbers and been sent to the house of correction. The second was one John Gabriel Schmidt, commonly known as 'big Schmidt,' who lived in a street called the Walch, and had formerly been on friendly terms with Rupprecht, whose favour he had lately lost by some evidence which he gave against him in an action for defamation. The third was big Schmidt's half-brother, distinguished from him by the name of 'little Schmidt'; he also lived in the Walch, and was one of Rupprecht's acquaintance.

This seemed to point out the direction in which investigation should be made. On the 10th February the physician announced that Rupprecht had been trepanned the day before and was now sensible, and a commission of inquiry with two witnesses accordingly went to his house. The judge seated himself beside the bed and greeted Rupprecht, who opened his eyes, looked about him, and distinctly answered 'Yes,' to the judge's question whether he knew him. The judge, convinced by this and other appearances that the wounded man was in possession of his faculties, desired him to remember that when asked about his wound he had always mentioned a name in connexion with it, told him that the commission was now come to take down his deposition in the presence of witnesses, and adjured him to reflect upon the danger in which he lay, the infinite knowledge and justice of God, and the awful consequences of every false word. Then came the following questions and answers. 'Do you know who struck the blow?' Rupprecht repeatedly moved his right hand, imitating the motion of striking, and answered 'Schmidt.' 'Have I understood you aright? Did you say Schmidt?' 'Yes.' 'Who is this Schmidt?' 'Woodcutter.' 'How do you know that it was Schmidt, since it was dark?' Rupprecht endeavoured to speak, but could not utter a sound: he then moved his right arm with increased vehemence. 'But there are several of that name; can you tell me whether you mean the big or the little Schmidt?' Rupprecht made vain attempts to answer this and the question where the Schmidt lived to whom he referred. When asked whether he lived in the Walch, the Schlütt, or the Most, Rupprecht was silent. At last, when asked whether Schmidt lived on the Hohen Pfaster, he distinctly answered 'Yes.' Hereupon he sunk into a state of stupor, and the inquiry had to be postponed.

As equal suspicion attached to the three Schmidts above named, Abraham, as well as the big and the little Schmidt, were arrested that evening; and notwithstanding the alarming condition of the wounded man, they were severally

taken to his bedside, on the chance that the murderer might be recognised by Rupprecht, or that fresh cause for suspicion might appear against him on the occasion. Rupprecht appeared sensible, but could not open his eyes, so that the main object entirely failed. Both the big and the little Schmidt appeared perfectly unembarrassed : the former exclaimed several times, 'Poor Christopher ! how ill you have been served—poor fellow, many's the good feast we have had together. He must have owed you a powerful grudge who could serve you so.' He likewise called to him repeatedly, 'Christopher ! Christopher ! your Hans is here,' &c. Abraham Schmidt behaved far differently : when asked whether he knew the man in bed, he at first answered 'I do not know him,' but immediately added, 'That is Mr Rupprecht, I know him well; what is the matter with him ?' When asked why he at first said he did not know him, he answered, 'Because that is Mr Rupprecht.' He was then desired to give a proper answer, but only exclaimed, 'I can give no answer; I did not do it; ah ! good Lord ! I did not do it; I am not the man; as I hope for mercy, I am innocent. I am a poor woodcutter. You may see my neighbours, my wife, and my mother. On Friday night I was cutting pegs at the house of my mother-in-law till eleven o'clock, and on Saturday and Sunday I was at home.' On being asked at what hour he had gone home on Friday night, he said, 'I staid until past nine with my mother-in-law.' When the manifest contradiction in his statement was pointed out to him, he only repeated 'From nine to eleven.' These strange contradictory answers, and the agitation and confusion exhibited by the prisoner, together with the circumstance that Rupprecht had that morning mentioned Schmidt on the Hohes Pfaster, seemed to point suspicion towards Abraham Schmidt, who was accordingly placed in arrest.

The following morning, at about five o'clock (the 11th February), Rupprecht died, without having recovered his speech or consciousness.

Meanwhile suspicion strengthened against Abraham Schmidt. The police handed the hatchets belonging to the three suspected men into the court, and that of Abraham Schmidt was spotted apparently with blood. On his examination he stated he was about six-and-thirty, a Lutheran, and the son of a nailmaker, and that he had at first learned the trade of pinmaking, but that finding it insufficient for his support, he had become a woodcutter. He had been married five years, and had had two children, of which one, a boy a year and a half old, was living. He had once been in prison, about twelve or fifteen years before, for carting some stolen vegetables into the town for other people. He asserted that he was perfectly innocent of the murder of Rupprecht, whom he had neither known nor seen. Whenever he was questioned as to where he was on Friday evening at the time of the murder, he invariably involved himself in contradictions. At first the accused did not seem embarrassed, and answered readily, but appeared anxious to avoid entering into details; and on being told that he contradicted himself, he grew impatient, hesitated, coughed, and stamped. He did not encounter the searching gaze of the judge, but looked down or on one side.

The same evening Rupprecht's dead body was shown to him, and he was asked whether he recognised it. 'This,' he answered, 'is Mr Rupprecht. I can swear to you by my conscience and my honour, and to Almighty God by my hope of salvation, that I never injured this man, for I never saw him before in my life.' The person of the prisoner had been carefully examined when he was first taken to prison, but no stain of blood was found upon his body or his clothes. His house, and that of his stepmother, were rigidly searched, and in them were found tokens of great poverty, but not of crime. He accounted for the blood on his hatchet by saying that his hand was chapped with the cold, and had bled the day before, and that this might have caused the stains. But these stains were close to the blade, and it was his right hand which was chapped, whereas in chopping wood the left hand would naturally

be nearest to the blade of the axe, while the right hand grasped the handle. On further inquiry, however, the accused was found to be left-handed, which solved the difficulty. A comparison of the axe with the wound and the cut in the leathern cap rendered it, to say the least, very doubtful whether such a weapon could have been the one employed : the edge of the axe was only three inches and one-third in length, while the wound measured four inches, and the cut in the cap nearly four inches and a half; and an axe cannot be drawn in striking.

As the murderer had called to the landlord of the tavern to send Rupprecht down to him, the trial was made whether Abraham Schmidt could be recognised by his voice as the assassin. The landlord at first doubted the possibility of such a recognition, as he had paid no particular attention to the voice at the time, and the subsequent fright had driven all recollection of it out of his head—the experiment could, however, do no harm. The judge sent for Schmidt into the audience-chamber, while the landlord was placed in an adjoining room, where he could hear, but not see, the prisoner. He declared without hesitation that Schmidt's voice was much rougher than that of the person who came to his house on the night of the 7th February, which was like the voice of a woman.

The witnesses who were examined as to where the prisoner was when the murder took place, in great part removed the suspicion which he had raised against himself by his confused and contradictory statements. His mother-in-law, Barbara Lang, said that 'Schmidt, with his wife and child, had come to her at half-past seven in the morning, as they usually did when he had no chopping to do, in order to save fuel and candles. They stayed all the day, and at half-past nine or a quarter to ten he went away with his little child and his wife, who lighted him home. The latter returned and stayed with her another hour or hour and a half, making pegs.' The wife's account did not exactly tally with this in point of time, as she said that they left Barbara Lang's house at a quarter to nine; but in other respects her statement agreed with her mother's, with the further addition that 'when they got home she waited while her husband undressed and went to bed with the child, as she wanted the lantern to light her to her mother's house and back again home. When she returned, at about ten, she found her husband asleep, and woke him, as he took up too much room in the bed. He asked what o'clock it was, and she told him it was ten.' He certainly did not leave her side after that. She added, 'This is as true as that my poor child is now at my breast—she had brought the child into the court with her. The woman in whose house the Schmidt had lived confirmed this statement in every particular. The evidence of one Anna Keinitz, an old woman of seventy-eight, proved that on the 8th of February Abraham Schmidt was in all probability ignorant of the murder committed on the previous evening. Returning from market she passed Rupprecht's house, where she heard the news. On her way home she stepped in at neighbour Barbara Lang's to warm herself, and found Schmidt and his wife were cutting pegs, as he had no chopping to do. Anna Keinitz related what she had heard. Schmidt asked her who this Rupprecht was ? She answered that he lived near the butchers' stalls; and the mother-in-law added, 'It is Rupprecht who so often comes to the tavern—do you know him ?' Schmidt replied carelessly, 'I do not.'

On the 9th February, Schmidt was at a tavern called the Sow, where several guests were discussing the murder. Schmidt said nothing, and showed no embarrassment; his manner was, as usual, quiet and reserved. The evidence of the two men who by turns watched the dying man, completely overthrew one of the chief causes of suspicion against Schmidt. They stated that when the maid or Rupprecht's daughter asked the wounded man where Schmidt lived, he answered indifferently, 'On the Hohes Pfaster,' or 'In the Walch.'

Schmidt's bad repute, owing to a vague recollection of some former transgression which vulgar exaggeration had magnified into a great crime, disappeared on further in-

quiry. All who were questioned about Abraham Schmidt's conduct—his landlord, his neighbours, and the superintendent of police of the district—described him as a very poor, hard-working, peaceable, good-natured man, and a good husband and father. His strange conduct in the presence of the dying man, and his contradictory statements, were thus accounted for. According to his mother's testimony, he was hard of hearing, timid, and awkward. The smallest trifles made him lose all presence of mind, and he was often so confused as to say the very opposite of what he meant about things the most familiar to him. The contradictory statements which he made concerning many important details were manifestly the result of the prisoner's habitual confusion of ideas and defective memory. His recognition of Rupprecht, joined to his declaration that he did not know him, would have appeared perfectly consistent had he possessed the power of expressing himself intelligibly. Without having ever seen Rupprecht he must have guessed that the wounded man lying before him could have been none other than the Rupprecht whose accident was in every one's mouth.

Nothing now remained which could throw any suspicion on Abraham Schmidt, and the court endeavoured to follow out the slight traces of suspicion against John Gabriel Schmidt and his half-brother Erhard Düringer. The former, commonly called big Schmidt, was a married man of forty, with one child; the latter, generally known as little Schmidt, was twenty-seven, also married, and had two children. Both were woodcutters, and lived together on excellent terms in the same house. Both were boon companions of Rupprecht's, who was much in their company, particularly in that of John Gabriel, whom he familiarly called his Hans, and with whom he amused himself with all sorts of pranks and coarse jokes. This intercourse had, however, been interrupted a few months before Rupprecht's death by a dispute between the quarrelsome jeweller and the overseers of the district, Friedmann and Götz. The last-named men were accordingly arrested on the suspicion that if they did not actually murder him themselves, they might have induced one of these woodcutters to become the instrument of their vengeance. The quarrel had arisen one evening when Friedmann, the two Schmidts, and several other persons were sitting together in a tavern, on which occasion Rupprecht used some very offensive expressions with regard to the other overseer Götz, accusing him of gross partiality and injustice in the administration of his office. Friedmann and Götz complained to the police, and the two Schmidts were summoned as witnesses. Rupprecht was condemned to an imprisonment of eight-and-forty hours on bread and water, and to make an apology to Götz. He endeavoured to revenge himself by bringing an action for defamation against Friedmann and Götz, which was still pending when Rupprecht was murdered.

But on examination these suspicions melted away, and Rupprecht appeared to have acted the part of a revengeful, angry, insulting foe, and the others that of quiet peaceable citizens. No one had perceived any bitter feeling in either Friedmann or Götz; on the contrary, they both expressed regret and indignation when they heard the manner of his death. Götz had been from eight till eleven on the evening of the murder at a tavern, where his manner was grave and quiet as usual; and both he and Friedmann were well known as just and upright men, incapable of committing any bad action, much less a crime of this magnitude. Finally, Rupprecht himself, when asked on the morning after his accident whether he did not suspect one of the overseers of the deed, had distinctly answered 'No.'

John Gabriel Schmidt and his half-brother Erhard Düringer had the reputation of well-conducted, hard-working men, of spotless integrity, who only visited the tavern on certain days in the week, and then only for a few hours. Kunigunda Pfann gave evidence on oath that Erhard Düringer could not have been at the tavern on the evening of the 7th February, as she had stayed with him and his wife from half-past eight till ten, and had only left their room as they were preparing to go to bed. This evidence was

confirmed by the mistress of the house in which they lived, who inhabited the rooms above them. She stated that although she had not been in Düringer's room she was satisfied that he had remained at home, as Friday was not the day on which he and his half-brother went to the tavern. With regard to John Gabriel Schmidt she said, 'As I live up one pair of stairs, and he just above me, and I heard no one come down stairs after eight o'clock, and all was quiet in their room, I feel convinced that after that hour they were in bed. Besides, she was stirring till eleven, and even later, and she heard no suspicious knocking or ringing at the door.' Kunigunda Pfann, whose room was near the Schmidts', said that as she was returning home about half-past eight, she looked up at their window and saw no light; moreover, the key had been taken out of the door, as was their custom when they went to bed; neither had she heard any noise during the night. Martin Haas, the landlord, confirmed these statements, adding, 'I take it for granted that the Schmidts were at home on Friday, as they never go out on that day.'

In order to leave nothing untried, two other woodcutters, whose names were Schmidt, were examined: they did not live in either of the streets mentioned by Rupprecht, nor even in the town, but in the suburbs. These two men, John and Godfrey, were nearly connected, and generally came to Nürnberg for work: and one of them was usually employed by Rupprecht's son-in-law. But in this case also the inquiry led to the same result.

Thus, when every woodcutter of the name of Schmidt in the town and neighbourhood had been examined, it became evident that the court, by trusting to the unconnected words of the dying man, had suffered itself to be led in a totally false direction. His disjointed exclamations were but the expression of his vague, confused suspicions, or perhaps even mere *agri somnia*, engendered in his shattered brain by delirium. A man so severely wounded in the head as almost entirely to lose the power of speech, cannot be supposed to be in the true possession of his faculties, even when consciousness appears for a moment to return. It is not difficult to explain how his fancied suspicions were directed against the Schmidts, when we consider that so deep a gash, even if inflicted with a sabre, would feel as if it were made with an axe. The mere association of ideas would naturally connect a woodcutter with the axe, and every throb of the wound would recall to Rupprecht's disordered imagination the image of the Schmidts, with whom he had lately quarrelled.

The judge, while carrying on the inquiry with the utmost zeal in a direction which eventually proved to be a wrong one, had not in the mean time neglected to follow up all other indications. He had from the first kept his eye upon John Bieringer and his wife, who was Rupprecht's own daughter.

Rupprecht, soon after he was wounded, had exclaimed, 'My daughter! my daughter!' which those who were present had interpreted as the expression of a natural desire on his part to see her; but which might have referred to the same event as the words he used shortly before—'The wicked rogue! with the axe!' This supposition received weight from the circumstance that Rupprecht usually called his son-in-law 'the wicked rogue.'

One of those who were present went, after fetching a surgeon, to Bieringer's house and informed him of what had happened, and of Rupprecht's wish to see his daughter. Hereupon Bieringer, with extraordinary coolness, said to his wife, 'You must go to the tavern directly; something has happened to your father; one really has nothing but trouble with him.' When Rupprecht's daughter saw him lying wounded, she wept and lamented; but several witnesses thought that she did not show so much interest and sympathy for him as might have been expected from a daughter on such an occasion. One witness asserted that soon after she had seen her father, disfigured as he was with blood and wounds, she asked for his keys, and said 'she would look whether they were in his pocket, or whether the murderer had taken them to open her father's lodgings and rob it.' As soon as she recovered his keys,

she went on before to his lodging. The same witness further said, 'When her wounded father lay in his own house, the daughter appeared not only composed, but even careless. When I went to see him on the following day, I observed that she showed great indifference to her father's fate; she ate up, in my presence, a whole basin of soup, which would have more than satisfied most people.'

Meanwhile she manifested the greatest anxiety to fix suspicion on John Gabriel Schmidt, and on the overseer Götz. On the 8th February she suddenly exclaimed, that her father had named Schmidt as the murderer; adding, that it was likely enough, as this man was an intimate friend of Götz's, who had been involved in a lawsuit with her father. This she repeated so often and so loudly, that the officer appointed to note down every expression that fell from the dying man, was forced to order her to be silent. She further stated, at her examination on the 9th February, that her father, on coming to himself, had accused the woodcutter Schmidt of the deed; and added that, on her repeatedly asking who had struck him, her father had answered, 'He was a big fellow.' As no one else had heard Rupprecht say this, it looked as if she had invented it in order to avert suspicion from her husband, who was of small stature. On the following day, the 10th February, when the three woodcutters of the name of Schmidt were brought into the presence of the wounded man, she pressed the judge, when it came to John Gabriel's turn, to allow her to be present, and speak to him, saying, 'This John Gabriel Schmidt was the man she had alluded to in her yesterday's examination; and that she wished to speak to him, and to remind him of the omniscience of God, as he might then, perhaps, confess. The others, she was sure, were innocent.'

Bieringer, a well-bred and well-educated man, of about five-and-thirty, was perfectly composed and unconstrained during his examination; only once he started from his seat, complained of illness, and walked up and down; he then sat down again, and quietly continued to answer the questions put to him.

The principal ground for suspicion against him was, the terms on which he lived with his wife and father-in-law. Rupprecht thought him a careless fellow, who worked less and spent more than he ought; and who, moreover, did not show him sufficient respect. He had long intended to make a will leaving his whole property to his daughter, and placing it entirely out of the reach of her husband. He had mentioned this plan to his daughter some months before. He had also told his fellow-lodger Högnér, who was more in his confidence than any one else, that 'he would make a will, in which he would not forget his good friends, and would settle his money in such a manner upon his daughter, that his rascally son-in-law should not be able to touch it, so that his daughter might have something to live upon in case of a separation.' On Friday the 7th February, at 8 P.M., only a few hours before he was murdered, he sent to his familiar friend Högnér, and requested him to 'look out from among his papers some acknowledgments of debts, amounting to 1200 florins, as he must take them directly to the magistrate's office. The search took up some time, as his papers were in disorder, and he requested me to come on the following Sunday and sort them for him, as he wished to alter and arrange several matters, and to make a will. His maid was in the room at the time.' Had Bieringer been aware of this, he would undoubtedly have had the greatest interest in preventing Rupprecht from executing his intentions; and the circumstance that Rupprecht was murdered at ten o'clock at night of the same day on which he had talked about making his will, would no longer appear merely as a strange coincidence.

But here again everything which at first appeared suspicious was explained away. The hostess of the tavern proved that Rupprecht's words, 'My daughter! my daughter!' undoubtedly expressed his desire to see her. She stated that on seeing his dangerous condition, she cried out 'Fetch his daughter,' whereupon Rupprecht repeated the words 'My daughter.' Furthermore, his sister Clara

and his familiar friend Högnér testified that it was Rupprecht's custom to send for his daughter every time he had even pain in his finger. This habit again accounted for Bieringer's cool impatience when he told his wife to go to her father: he very naturally thought that matters were not so bad as they afterwards turned out.

The small sympathy which the daughter apparently felt with the fate of her father proves but little; not to mention that several other witnesses who had ample opportunity of observing her conduct stated the very reverse, and asserted that she showed great feeling. The taking possession of her father's keys was no more than what any other daughter would have done under the circumstances. They were essential to prepare for his reception in his own house. Moreover it afterwards appeared that she only took the keys at the suggestion of the physician, who suspected that some one might attempt to rob the house, in consequence of which suspicion, and at her request, two police officers accompanied her to her father's house. Her loud and eager announcement that her father had named the woodcutter Schmidt as his murderer, and her endeavours to fix the guilt on the so-called big Schmidt, would certainly have been suspicious, had not old Rupprecht really named him. But her anxiety to force the man whom her imagination represented to her as the only possible murderer to confess his guilt, cannot surely be construed as evidence of her participation in the act. Nor need we conclude that she put expressions into her father's mouth about the murderer being a tall fellow, in order to shield her husband; it is very possible that her father may have used them during the absence of other witnesses.

It is quite obvious that it was not her interest, while living on bad terms with her husband, to get rid of her father, who hated his son-in-law, and was her constant refuge and support against him, at the very moment, too, when she knew that her father was about to make a will which would secure her independence of her husband. Rupprecht's dying intestate was as great a loss to his daughter as it was a gain to his son-in-law.

On further examination, everything was cleared up in Bieringer's favour also.

At the commencement of the inquiry, the judge had endeavoured to discover with whom Rupprecht had dealings, and more especially who had been with him on the 7th February. The evidence given by Rupprecht's maid seemed important. She stated that among others three trumpeters belonging to the regiment quartered in the town had been with Rupprecht on business on the very day of the murder, and had been told by him to call again on the following day: they did not return, having probably heard what had occurred. These three men were immediately arrested and examined. Although their depositions agreed on every point, and each one separately stated where they had been at the time of the murder, it nevertheless appeared as if one of the three trumpeters must be the murderer. One of them owed Rupprecht money, which he had no means of paying, and his two comrades had accompanied him to Rupprecht's house, nobody exactly knew why. On the same evening Rupprecht received a deadly blow, and the wound presented the appearance of a sabre-cut inflicted by a practised hand.

But this was 'like the lightning, which doth cease to be ere you can say it lightens.' Alibis were most clearly proved: two of them had been at their barracks, and the third had been sitting from eight till eleven in some tavern, whence he went straight to the hospital.

One means of detection, however, seems to have been forgotten. The physicians stated that the wound was to all appearance inflicted by a sabre, and it is probable that some discovery might have been made, had the arms of the garrison, and of the burgher guard, been examined on the morning after the murder. But when the court began the inquiry, it was already too late to hope for any result, even had this suggestion, made by the judge, been attended to. His colleagues were so completely possessed by the idea that the murderous blow had been inflicted by an axe wielded by a woodcutter, that they negatived a

proposal founded on the supposition that Rupprecht had been killed by a sabre-cut.

Meanwhile two men, whose names were unknown, became the subject of inquiry. On the day after the murder, Rupprecht's confidant and fellow-lodger, Högner, laid information before the court as follows:—‘At about half-past five in the afternoon of the fatal Friday, Rupprecht came to me and requested me to allow his maid to spend the evening in my rooms, as two gentlemen were coming to him, with whom he wished to be alone. The maid came and stayed about an hour and a half, when Rupprecht returned and gave her the key of his rooms, saying that he was going to the tavern.’ The maid confirmed this statement, adding that as she went down stairs to fetch her supper she had seen through the window which looks from the kitchen into Rupprecht's room two young men, who were busied with something on the table. But this mysterious affair soon cleared up: the two gentlemen were the regimental tailor and a shoemaker, the former of whom borrowed of Rupprecht the sum of 600 florins for three months, giving a bill for 650 florins, and leaving a large quantity of cloth as a pledge in Rupprecht's hands. His friend the shoemaker merely acted as a witness in the transaction.

Several other men were arrested on divers suspicions, but all brought forward witnesses who completely discredited them. The court was therefore forced to rest content after releasing Abraham Schmidt from his provisory arrest, and to close the proceedings until fresh suspicions should arise.

Ten years, writes Feuerbach in 1828, have since passed, and the manner of Rupprecht's death is still involved in mystery.

Most likely the old usurer was murdered out of revenge or hatred by some disappointed suitor for a loan, or by a debtor who thought this the easiest way of paying his debt, and whose name was never known owing to Rupprecht's habit of keeping no regular accounts and trusting chiefly to his memory. Not one even of his nearest relations knew the exact state of the old man's affairs; even Högner was only admitted to his confidence in cases of absolute necessity, when he wanted to have a note of hand looked out from among his papers, or to get them put in order. Thus probably the only clue to the discovery of Rupprecht's murderer was buried with him.

THE SACRED CITY OF KERBELA.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of Mahometanism, as indeed of most forms of superstition, is the veneration paid to the shrines of saints and others distinguished for their real or supposed devotion. The city of Kerbela is one of the most distinguished and curious of these holy places, being only second in this respect, in the eyes of the Persians and other followers of the sect of Ali, to Medina itself. Kerbela, or Mushed Husseïn, as it is otherwise called, is situated in the province of Irak Ajemi (the ancient *Chaldea*), in Asiatic Turkey, fifty miles to the south-west of Bagdad. It stands on a plain about six miles from the Euphrates, with which it is connected by a canal, said by some to be more ancient than even the reign of Alexander. Its chief celebrity, in addition to its advantageous position, has been derived from Hussein, son of Ali, by Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, who was slain in its neighbourhood, and to whose tomb innumerable pilgrims of the Schyite sect resort from all parts of Asia. Though subject to the Turks, the majority of the inhabitants are Persians; and it has always been a favourite object of the shah to obtain possession of this town, as well as of some neighbouring places which are also the resort of pilgrims. The entrance to its sacred enclosures is zealously guarded by the fanatical inhabitants, not only against Christians, as in the case of Mecca and Medina, but also of those Mahometans who belong to the Sunnee or Turkish sect. The following account of a successful attempt by a European to explore its secrets is so interesting in itself, and reminds us so forcibly of the enterprise of Burckhardt at Mecca, that we are induced to

extract a translation of it which has recently appeared in the *Athenaeum*. The hero of this spirited adventure is M. Lottin de Laval, an archeologist of distinction, chosen by the French government with a scientific mission in the East, and who has given an account of his excursion in letter to M. Champollion, printed in the *Courier d'Orléans*.

Kerbela, like Mecca (he says) is a holy city *par excellence*—possessed by the Schyites, who have erected their superb tombs to their Imaums, Hussein and Abbas. Entrance has been, from time immemorial, interdicted to Christians of the East, but even to the Osmanis, who are masters of the country. Scarcely two years before it was taken by Nedjîd Pacha—had a Mussulm attempted to introduce himself, he would inevitably have been murdered. Everything about the city was a mystery—the nature of its government and its very site. Each year 50,000 or 60,000 sectaries—sometimes 100,000—flock thither from the most remote parts of Russia, from Kurrassan, the Great Bokhara, Cashmere, Lahore, and the further parts of India. *Sefir* is commonly the month of the most celebrated pilgrimage. Numbers of caravans of horses arrive at Bagdad; and a curious sight it is to see the long files of horsemen clad in picturesque costume, women hidden beneath their thick veils, and dervishes of every shade mingled with the Moukaris, who conduct the famous *carravans of the dead*.

Furnished with the recommendations of the French Ambassador at Constantinople, and of the Consul-General of the same country at Bagdad, M. Lottin de Laval determined upon making an effort to penetrate into a city of which the orientals relate so many marvels. Crossing the Euphrates at Musseib, by a bridge of boats, he turned west-by-south across the Arabian desert; and arrived, after two hours' march, on the banks of the Husseinié—a great canal, leading from the Euphrates direct to Kerbela.

On the left bank of the Husseinié appeared plantations of date-trees; and shortly after these, the gardens commence. During a march of several hours, the path traverses a forest of huge palms; and the canal is bordered on either side by apricot, plum, pomegranate, and lemon trees in flower, with the vine twining everywhere among their branches; presenting a rich scene of vegetation—still more enchanting after a journey of ten days across the deserts of Babylon and Arabia. We arrived in the afternoon at the gate, protected by a formidable bastion; and over which towers, to the south, the Mosque of Imaum Abbas, whose cupolas and minarets, covered with painted and varnished porcelain, glittered beneath the rays of a burning sun. There, the order of our march was arranged, so as to have an imposing appearance in the eyes of the terrible and fanatic population of Kerbela. Sadeg Bey, mutsellim of the country, and one of the most active and distinguished men of the empire, had given us, at Hilla, a considerable escort of Arnauts and Aguels—a very necessary precaution. A black Chawich marched at our head, beating rapidly on two small tabors, fastened to each side of his saddle—a mark, in this country, of great honour. I followed next to this man; then came my young companion and a Frenchman born at Bagdad, succeeded by our Persian servants and our trusty horseman, lance or musket in hand. . . . The spectacle presented by this dreaded population was curious. At every step we stumbled on pilgrims, mollahs, and green-turbaned Seids (descendants of the Prophet). Women looked down upon us from the terraces. Every one rose at my approach, crossed his hands upon his breast, and then carried them to his mouth and to his head, giving me the salâm-aleikoun. I suppose I must have played my part pretty well; for my aleikoun-salâm was wonderfully well received, with no suspicion of the fraud. Clad like a Kurdish chief, with long beard, and arms at my girdle, and followed by my companion in the uniform of a superior officer of the Nizam, and M. Nourad wearing his ordinary costume of an Arab of Bagdad, the Husseinié, no doubt, fancied their new mutsellim had arrived—Sadeg Bey having quitted Kerbela seven days before.

I had been told that the two mosques of Kerbela were of unrivalled beauty—and I found it true: they exceed their

That of the Imaum Husseïn is the most sumptuous. A pile of masonry supports the cupola; and this cupola entirely built in bricks of copper, about eighteen centres square, covered over with plates of gold of extreme rity. Three minarets spring up by the side of this sumptuous cupola, adorned with painted porcelain enriched with vers and inscriptions as far up as the Muezzin's gallery. Over this gallery are open colonnades on the two minarets which flank the southern gate; and these colonnades and shafts are gilt likewise. The interior is in harmony with this unheard-of splendour. The side walls are enamelled porcelain, having a dazzling effect. Wreaths flowers and friezes covered with inscriptions in Talik characters intermingle with remarkable elegance; and the pola is adorned with mirrors, cut facet-wise, and with rings and pendants of pearls. The tomb of Hussein is set in the centre of this cupola. It is a square mass, considerable height, covered over with veils wrought pearls mixed with diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds. Shineré shawls are of no account. Around the tomb are many marvellous sabres and kamas (poniards of Khorassan), profusely ornamented with precious stones—bucklers of old, covered with diamonds—jewels, vases, and all that static luxury can conceive as most costly. Three balustrades protect this mausoleum. The first is of massive old, wrought with great art. The two others are of massive silver, carved with the patience and skill of the Persian. The treasury of this mosque, before the taking of Kerbela, included riches incalculable; but Sadala Pacha, after the massacre which took place near the tomb—paid his devotions there for a space of five hours, with some Sunnite devotees like himself; and it may be that Imaum Hussein, irritated by such an outrage, removed to the seven heavens he treasure which had been collected during a period of three centuries—for certainly the *sardabs* were afterwards but empty!

The mosque of Imaum Abbas, situate to the east, has no wealth of gold, silver, or precious stones; yet, in my opinion, it is, in an architectonic point of view, far finer. Two minarets only flank its southern gate, and tower above its bold and magnificent cupola—built in porcelain, covered with wide arabesques of a very grand character, and with flowers of gold on a ground of tender green. When the hot sun of Araby darts its burning rays on this richly coloured mass, the splendour and magnificence of the effect are such as thought can scarcely picture and no painting can convey. The body of the edifice is octagonal—adorned in enamel of a lapis-lazuli tint, and enriched by interminable inscriptions in white. All around are pierced, moulded windows, retiring within indented frames; and the great door, of the same style—flanked by two galleries, sustained by light and graceful columns—projects boldly out, in a manner closely resembling the porch of our ancient basilicas. The court of this mosque is vast, square, and pierced at each angle with gates of great richness. A fifth gate, less sumptuous, opening on a street which leads to the Date Bazaar, fronts this porch. The interior is simple, for Abbas detested luxury; and I have been told by Arab Schyites, that all the presents offered at his tomb are carried off in the night by genii, who deposit them in the koubé of his brother Hussein.

From the terraces of the serai, or fortress, of Kerbela—where I remained three days—the view of this city is extraordinary. It detaches itself vigorously and burningly from a forest of gigantic palm-trees, against which it is reared. On all sides float garments of dazzling colours over the terraces of the white Persian houses—the minarets and cupolas of enamel and gold glisten in the sun—pilgrims are praying, mollahs declaiming with tears the tragical end of their reverend Imams—caravans are coming and going—and, far in the distance, for background to this animated picture, is seen, on the reddened horizon, the long reach of the Arabian desert.

I have already spoken of the ‘caravan of the dead,’ and I have myself travelled in its silent company. The corpses, embalmed with camphor, which is the sacred scent of the Persians, and with certain spices, are wrapped in shrouds

covered with inscriptions, very handsome and very dearly paid for to the molahs of the Mosque of the Kasémé, near Bagdad. They are then laid in rude coffins, and placed on mules—one of which often carries two of them. A Turcoman whom I questioned said he had been on his journey *a hundred and ten days!* He came from Kokhand, on the frontiers of Eastern China. Each sectary, well-to-do, in Persia or India, leaves a portion of his wealth to the Mosques of Kerbela, that his body may be received there. There is a tariff, regulated by the place sought to be occupied by the body. It varies from five krans to five hundred (10,000 Bagdad piastres)—the maximum being applicable to those who desire to lie near the tomb of Hussein. The fixed population of Kerbela numbers from nine to ten thousand; but there is a considerable floating population, which pays enormous imposts to the pacha of Bagdad. The air is very unwholesome, owing to the stagnant waters and the great quantity of corpses brought thither: fever makes cruel ravages there every year.

BOUNLESS SPACE.

In wasting ourselves in imagination to our own satellite, the moon—the nearest of our celestial bodies—we have passed over a distance equal to thirty times the diameter of our globe. In advancing to the sun we travel over a distance equal to 400 times that of the moon; and before we reach Uranus, the remotest of the planets, we have traversed a space equal to twenty times the earth's distance from the sun. Thus placed at the limits of a system, enclosed in a circle 1800 millions of miles in radius, our appreciation of distance would appear to be exhausted, and we seem to be on the margin of an unfathomable abyss. The telescope, however, and the mural circle, have enabled us to span the void; and the genius of man, proud of the achievement—and justly, if humbly, proud—has crossed the gulf 12,000 times the radius of his own system, that he may study the nearest world in the firmament of heaven. Beyond this frontier lies the whole universe of stars—their binary systems—their clusters, and their nebulous combinations. The observed parallax of one-fourth of a second, Lyra, carries us four times as far into the bosom of space; but though beyond this we have no positive measures of distance, it would be as unphilosophical to assign limits to creation, as to give it an infinite range. In this rapid flight into space we have traversed it but in one dimension, and the line which we have traced is but a unit in the scale of celestial distance. Creation, in its wide panorama, is still beyond us, above us, and around us. The overarching heavens still enclose us, and distant worlds yet sparkle in their canopy. If from this bourne, from which the astronomical traveller alone returns, we look back upon our course, our own planetary system ceases to be perceived. Its sun is dim—itself but an invisible point in the nebulous light which intervenes. Where, then, is our terrestrial ball—its oceans, its continents, its hills, its empires, its dynasties, its thrones? Where is our father-land—its fictions, its Christian disunions, its slave crimes, and its unholy wars? Where is our home—its peace, its endearments, its hopes, and its fears? Where is man, the intellectual monad—the only atom of organic life that can pierce the depths and interpret the enigma of the universe?—and yet the only spark of a spiritual nature which disclaims the authority and resists the will of the universal King! They have all disappeared in the far off perspective—the long vista of space, whose apex, were it a sun, the hugest telescope would fail to descry. No living thing here meets the eye, and no sentiment associated with life presses on the affections. The tiny organisms of earth and ocean—every thing that moves and breathes, that grows and dies—all are engulfed in the great conception of the universe. The straining mind cannot unite the incommeasurable extremes. The infinite in space, the eternal in duration, the omnipotent in power, the perfect in wisdom, alone fill the expanded soul, and portray, in their awful combination, the Creator of the universe.

THE STUDY OF SCIENCE.

The pleasure derived from ascertaining that the pressure of the air and the creation of a vacuum alike cause the rise of the mercury in the barometer, and give the power to flies of walking on the ceiling of a room, is wholly independent of any practical use obtained from the discovery; inasmuch as it is a pleasure superadded to that of contemplating the doctrine proved by the Torricellian experiment which had conferred all its practical benefits long before the cause of the fly's power was found out. Thus, again, it is one of the most sublime truths in science, and the contemplation of which, as mere contemplation, affords the greatest pleasure, that the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground keeps the planets in their course, moulds the huge masses of those heavenly bodies into their appointed forms, and reduces to perfect order all the apparent irregularities of the system: so that the handful of sand which for an instant ruffles the surface of the lake, acts by the same law which governs, through myriads of ages, the mighty system composed of myriads of worlds. There is a positive pleasure in generalising facts and arguments—in perceiving the wonderful production of most unlike results from a few very simple principles—in finding the same powers or agents reappearing in different situations, and producing the most diverse and unexpected effects—in tracing unexpected resemblances and differences—in ascertaining that truths or facts apparently unlike are of the same nature, and observing wherein those apparently similar are various: and this pleasure is quite independent of all considerations relating to practical application; nay, the additional knowledge that those truths are susceptible of a beneficial application, gives a further gratification of the like kind to those who are certain never to have the opportunity of sharing the benefits obtained, and who, indeed, may earnestly desire never to be in the condition of being able to share them. Thus, in addition to the pleasure received from contemplating a truth in animal physiology, we have another gratification from finding that one of its corollaries is the construction of an instrument useful in some painful surgical operation. Yet, assuredly, we have no desire ever to receive advantage from this corollary; and our scientific gratification was wholly without regard to any such view.—*Lord Brougham.*

A CURIOUS COSMETIC.

The Rev. J. Williams, the well-known missionary so long resident in the South Sea Islands, taught the natives to manufacture lime from the coral of their shores. The effects it produced upon them, and the uses to which they applied it, he thus facetiously describes:—‘After having laughed at the process of burning, which they believed to be to cook the coral for food, what was their astonishment when, in the morning, they found his cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. They danced, they sang, they shouted, and screamed with joy. The whole island was soon in a commotion, given up to wonder and curiosity; and the laughable scenes which ensued, after they got possession of the brush and whitewash tub, baffle description. The *bon ton* immediately voted it a cosmetic and a kalydor, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself could she but enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Now party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilised countries, as to who was, or who was not, best entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank and riches; a second had got the brush, and were determined at all events to keep it; and a third tried to overturn the whole, that they might obtain some of the sweepings. They did not even scruple to rob each other of the little share that some had been so happy as to procure. But soon new lime was prepared, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment, but was white as snow—not an inhabitant but had his skin painted with the most grotesque figures—not a pig but was similarly whitened—and even mothers might be seen in every direction, capering with extravagant gestures, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed infants.’

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower—not only open to God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.

THE THIRACIAN'S BIRTH AND FUNERAL.

'The customs of the Thracians are in every respect similar to those of the other Thracians, except that they have an observance peculiar to themselves at their births and funerals. When a child is born, the neighbours flock round it with the cithara, and singing and reciting of the evils flesh is heir to, they beset the new-born infant that cannot endear itself to them with a smile, cheering him with demonstrations of the greatest mirth and pleasure, as before now in perfect happiness, and beyond all the ills of life, which they enumerate.'—*Hannæus, Terpsichore, c. 5.*

The Thracian wept as he gazed on his child,
In his arms the sweet innocent holding,
And he smiled through his tears, as it gently smiled,
Like a rose-bud its beauty unfolding.

The Thracian wept when his child was born.
Though his heart with affection was glowing;
Full well did he know that the prickly thorn
Along with the flower was growing.

Yes, he wept when he thought how soon it should fade,
Not a breath of its fragrance retaining—
With its leaves all sere, and its colour decay'd,
And nought but the thorns remaining.

He thought of life, and its path of woes,
Which his child was doomed to tread in;
And he thought how oft it would sigh for the close—
So weary and heavy laden.

The Thracian did well—he wisely shed tears,
And from him we a lesson may borrow,
And weep when a helpless stranger appears
In this valley of sin and sorrow.

But, hark! he has changed the notes of woe
For the song of festive gladness;
And the smile of mirth, with her roses glow,
Has cheer'd up the face of sadness.

'Tis not the voice of the nuptial song
That the Thracian's heart now gladdens;
Nor the shout 'To the fight,' when the martial throng
To the clang of the cymbal maddens;

Nor the shout that attends the victor's car
When the battle around him is burning;

Nor the shout of the heroes mighty in war,
From victory home returning.

He shouts that a curse in its elements is drest—
That sorrow no more shall enslave it—
That a pilgrim has reach'd the home of his rest,

And a spirit the Being that gave it.

W. H.

A SCOTTISH SABBATH.

I have seen Sabbath sights, and joined in Sabbath worships, which took the heart with their simplicity, and ravished it with sublime emotions. I have crossed the hills in the sober and contemplative autumn to reach the retired lonely church betimes, and as we descended towards the simple edifice, whither every heart and every foot directed itself from the country around, we beheld, issuing from every vale and mountain glen, its little train of worshippers, coming up to the church, around which the bones of their fathers reposed; in so holy a place the people assembled under roof where ye of the plentiful south would not have lodged the porter of your gate. But under that roof the people sat, and sung their Maker's praise, 'tuning their hearts, by far the noblest aim,' and the pastor poured forth to God the simple wants of the people, and poured into their attentive ears the scope of Christian doctrine and duty; and having filled the hearts of his flock with his consolations, parted with them after much blessing and mutual congratulation, and the people went on their way rejoicing. Oh! what meaning there was in the whole—what piety—what intelligence—what simplicity! The men were shepherds, and came up in their shepherds' guise; and the very brute, the shepherd's servant and companion, rejoiced to come at his feet. Oh! it was a Sabbath, a Sabbath of rest! the body and the soul were equally refreshed.—*Rev. Edward Irving.*

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INDEPENDENCE AND ACCUMULATION.

There is a remarkable harmony between the moral and physical laws of the universe. The laws of the unwritten revelation of nature may be said to give their sanction to the laws of the written revelation of the Bible. They never clash, they always run parallel; indicating a common source, and pointing to a common issue. We might find a familiar illustration of this great truth in the moral precept of temperance. We shall find the laws of health and organisation co-operating with the laws of our spiritual being to bless the man who obeys this moral law—to punish him who disobeys it. We shall find the temperate man, other things being equal, in the enjoyment of vigorous health; we shall find the intemperate man old in middle life, the victim of low spirits, headache, gout, dyspepsia, and delirium tremens. We might find an illustration equally striking in the moral precept of chastity. Terrible are the sanctions with which the physical laws of health and organisation have hedged round this divine statute. The violation of it is indeed followed by rottenness in the bones.

Our purpose in this paper is to endeavour to show that this harmony between moral and physical law prevails most strikingly as regards the vice against which the tenth commandment is directed. Many and solemn are the denunciations of the spirit of covetousness. We are told that the love of money is the root of all evil; that we cannot serve God and mammon; that a rich man cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. We are taught, that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth; and commanded to take no thought for the morrow. How does external nature respond to these doctrines and precepts? Most emphatically and unequivocally. It sanctions the precept, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' by declaring, that by taking ever so much thought we cannot be rich. While we sigh for independence, and pursue it with our whole heart, nature declares that we cannot be independent. While we accumulate, adding house to house and field to field, nature declares that there shall be no accumulation of real riches in all her wide domains.

Palpable facts seem to contradict these assertions. Men do become rich, accumulate property, and attain to that sort of independence which enables them to dispense with the necessity of earning bread by the sweat of their brow. These are but exceptions to the great general rule. The millions of the human family are poor; they have always been poor; they shall always be poor. All the riches in the world were no more to their poverty than a drop of rain to the sand of the desert. All the accumulated pro-

perty in the world would not sustain all the men in the world in independent idleness for one month; and it is written in the law of the seasons that it shall never be otherwise.

The principal riches in the world, that without which all other riches were worthless, is corn, which is emphatically termed the staff of life. But the primeval curse is upon the earth, and it does not bring forth double harvests. We are told that seedtime and harvest shall never cease; and in this it would appear to be intimated, that the annual harvest of the world shall suffice only for the world's annual rations. At all events, thus it is: nature declares that there shall be no accumulation of corn; but that yearly as the seasons revolve we must sow our fields and reap our harvests. It is not at all probable that there was ever a year and a-half's supply of the first necessary of life at one time in the world. Two thousand years ago, a Roman poet thus wrote:—

‘The sire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease,
And wills that mortal men, inured to toil,
Shall exercise with pains the grudging soil.’

It is still the same in these days. The science of agriculture is probably better understood, and more successfully reduced to practice than at any former time; but the partial failure of last year's crop in most of the countries of Europe has excited a fear that there will be a scarcity before next harvest. If there is any ground for this fear, that is a proof that notwithstanding the late abundant harvests there was no excess, and consequently no accumulation of corn, in these countries.

Clothes, which come second in our list of necessities, are subject to the law which regulates and limits the supply of food. An erroneous opinion prevails, that by means of our mechanical power and machinery, we can produce clothing stuffs in unlimited quantity, and with as much facility as bank-notes. It were as correct to suppose that millers can produce an unlimited quantity of flour, or that bakers can produce loaves in unlimited numbers; whereas it is clear that the loaves must be limited by the quantity of flour, and the flour by the quantity of wheat in the world. It is the same with the raw material of our clothing. The sheep's wool, the cotton wool, the flax, the raw silk, which are the materials of our principal textile manufactures, are as difficult to produce as corn. They are equally subject to the law of the seasons; and there is as great a difficulty in the way of their rapid increase. Indeed, there are peculiar difficulties in the way of an increase of our clothing materials. Corn can be grown in many countries where cotton and silk cannot; and it will be seen at a glance that there are peculiar difficulties in

the way of a rapid increase of the quantity of sheep's wool.

So as regards food and clothing, the indispensable necessities of life, a nation can never be said to be rich or independent. It can never say with the fool in the parable, 'Thou hast much goods laid up for many years.' But yet there are truth and meaning in such expressions as 'the wealth of nations,' 'the increase of national wealth.' In a most important sense, nations may be rich, either as compared with each other, or with themselves at different periods of their history.

The elementary idea of the wealth of a nation is exceedingly simple. It consists in the facilities it possesses for performing that work, which must be performed every year. More particularly, it consists in the number and completeness of its tools, and in its skill to use them. Moral law commands, 'Lay not up treasures on earth';—and the physical law of the seasons effectually prohibits nations from breaking it, as regards their indispensable riches; but neither moral nor physical law interposes to prevent nations or individuals from performing their work with as much facility and quickness as they please. Accordingly, men have sought out many inventions, in which we find the secret of their riches. The fertile lands of a country, its agricultural implements, its roads and canals, its quays and harbours, its ships, its factories and machinery—these, and the skill to use them, are the elements of a nation's wealth. They are tools and instruments for the production and distribution of its annual supply of food and raiment; and according to their number and perfection, and the skill to handle them, is a nation rich or poor. But all these things are rather the potential means of wealth, than wealth itself. A nation may be possessed of all these means and appliances of wealth, and yet be poor as regards that indispensable wealth of nations—food and clothing. If it were possible to multiply all these things a hundred fold, still the nation that possessed them might be only a little way nearer to independence than the most untutored tribe of savages.

But still there is a noble liberality in the hand of nature. Although the terms on which nations hold their lease of life are unremitting toil and labour from year to year, yet provision is made for the support of two large classes who, from different causes, are incapable of toil. We allude to the young and the old—the wards and the pensioners of society. Nature makes ample provision for these two classes. While she sternly demands that her strong young men shall follow her as she walks majestically through the seasons, and live by submitting to the primeval destiny, she pours from her lap an abundant supply, not only for her immediate followers, but for their old men and their little ones. Here we have the first glimpse of a retiring pension fund in the economy of nature. We shall now briefly trace the process by which men write their names upon the list of pensioners, and become independent, long before nature gives them their discharge from the ranks of labour.

The social compact is a fable; but it is founded upon enough of reality to warrant us to reason upon its prescriptive laws. One of the most universally acknowledged of them has reference to the institution of property. Men generally submit to labour as to a necessary evil, and long to escape from it to the imaginary elysium of independence. Such an escape is possible only by mutual accommodation. In a simple state of society men could not be rich. They would soon reach the limits of that accumulation which the physical laws of the world permit. They might produce in one year as much corn, and weave as much cloth, as would feed and clothe them, say for seven years; but their independence of labour would still extend over only six years; and before the end of that time, the rats and the moths, and the wearing elements, would have made inroads upon their stores. But the independence which man cannot win single-handed from nature, he secures by a compact with his brethren. The general process is as follows:—He labours hard, and produces more than is required by his immediate wants. He gives the

surplus to society, and receives in return a bond for the amount upon its productive powers. All that he produces, whether of corn, cloth, or other less necessary commodities of daily use, as well as the aggregate produce of the entire community, is consumed during the year; but, at the end of it, the hard working man holds a mortgage upon part of the next year's produce, even before it exists. He repeats the process. He goes on working hard, or working skilfully, or persuading others to work for him, disposing of his surplus produce, and increasing the number or amount of his bonds upon society, by which we simply mean, *money*. At length he is satisfied that his acknowledged claims upon society are sufficient to keep him independent of labour all his life, and then he 'retires upon a competence.'

An independence thus won does no violence to that natural law which forbids the independence of an entire community. It is won by an honest and honourable process; and the subject of it can comfort himself with the reflection, that he is only receiving back from society that with which he had intrusted it, or for which he had given it value. While he was bearing the heat and burden of the day, others who had borne it before him, as well as the little ones who were to bear it after him, were living upon the fruit of his immediate labour. All parties were accommodated. They

' Held their being on the terms,

Each help the others.'

One would fain hope, that the time will come when this much coveted prize of independence will be held out by society as within the reach of all its members; when the honest industrious man, instead of being haunted all his life by the fear of poverty in his old age, shall have the consolation of knowing, that after a certain period of labour he shall receive his discharge, and be admitted, in virtue of his services, into the great Chelsea Hospital of society.

This were a consummation devoutly to be wished; but after all, how precarious is the independence of the most independent! As we approach the weeks of harvest, we are within a month or two of absolute starvation. Were the winds commissioned to thrash our fields, or the mildew to blight them, or the caterpillar to devour them, the rich and the poor, the nobleman and the beggar, the queen and her subjects, should alike be swept into a common ruin. All the other riches in the world, failing the riches of our golden harvest fields, were as worthless as the flash notes of the forger. But, as regards this indispensable treasure, we have seen that neither individuals nor nations have been, or ever can be, rich. Our 'daily bread' is measured out to us, and our daily bread only. By taking thought, we could as easily add a cubit to our stature, or wash the Ethiopian white, as we could make the nations independent of labour for a single year. And yet, this independence is one of our heroic words. We sing songs in its praise. An important section of our social institutions, insurance societies, in all their varieties, is founded upon our desire of it, and may be regarded as so many breakwaters thrown up against the dreaded waves of uncertainty, in the midst of which we are destined to lead our lives. After long years of incessant toil; after the limbs have been stiffened with labour, or the brain wasted with thought, or the heart shrivelled with feverish longing, one in a thousand attains to an independence which is built upon the world's riches. Society is pledged to find him in food and raiment, though thousands should be in want of both. But society can discharge its obligations to him only if the seasons are favourable; or, if it does so in unfavourable seasons, it is at the expense of hunger and nakedness to many of its members. For, we repeat it, the world, as a whole, is poor; there is no accumulation of real wealth in the richest nation. Poverty is the constant companion of the millions of the human family. Starvation is often within a day's march of countless multitudes of them; and once a year is within a month of them all. But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and the providence which gives to this large family its daily bread, while it presents a sublime fact upon which

faith, which is better than independence, can rest in peace, administers a severe reproof to that faithless faint-heartedness which is too often the principal motive to the pursuit of the phantom independence.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND AMERICAN DISCOVERY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE Spanish sovereigns took every measure fitted to secure possession of their new discoveries. An envoy was sent to the pope, who granted a bull ceding to them all the rights, privileges, and indulgences, which had formerly been accorded to the Portuguese in their African discoveries, on the same condition of planting and propagating the Catholic faith. Another bull was issued on the following day, containing the famous line of demarcation between the territories of the rival monarchs, by a line from pole to pole, passing a hundred leagues west of the Azores. This has been frequently quoted as a proof of his holiness' ignorance of the true form of the earth, but perhaps only shows that he did not anticipate the possibility of the circumnavigation of the globe. The negotiations with the court of Portugal were more difficult and tedious, each of the princes endeavouring to deceive and outwit his rival. After repeated embassies, the matter was, however, arranged on the 7th June, 1494, the papal line of partition being moved 370 leagues west of the Cape Verd islands, and the territory on the west assigned to Spain, that on the east to Portugal. Meantime Columbus was hurrying on his second expedition, afraid that the Portuguese should anticipate him by a secret attempt. To aid him, a board was appointed under Juan de Fonseca, archdeacon of Seville, and afterwards patriarch of the Indies. Fonseca is represented as a worldly man, of a vindictive disposition, to gratify which he did not hesitate to sacrifice the interests of his master. He soon conceived a most rancorous hostility to Columbus, which occasioned him many vexations and delays, and proved highly injurious to the interests of their common master.

A fleet of seventeen vessels was soon ready at Seville, containing numerous skilful mechanics and miners, and loaded with horses, domestic cattle, grain, sugarcanes, and other plants. The number of persons had been limited to a thousand, but such was the eagerness of volunteers, that fifteen hundred eventually sailed, eager to engage in the new field of adventure, and reap a portion of its golden fruits. All the titles and privileges promised to Columbus were confirmed, and his powers in the New World even extended. Under such altered circumstances did the Admiral leave Cadiz on the 25th September, on his second voyage to the Indies; his companions, no longer forced on board like condemned criminals devoted to sure destruction, but glad and rejoicing in their good fortune in being permitted to join the glorious enterprise. On the 5th October, the fleet anchored at Gomera, one of the Canaries, and increased their live-stock by various purchases, amongst which Las Casas mentions eight hogs, the fertile parents of the innumerable multitudes of swine dispersed through the Spanish colonies. After being becalmed for some days among the Canaries, Columbus kept further south, and so out of the region of sea-weeds, which had so much encouraged his sailors on their former voyage. The trade-winds again bore them gently along, till the end of October, when they were awestruck by one of those tremendous thunder-storms common in the tropics. The electrical wind, adhering with lambent flames to the top of the masts, vivified their spirits, as the sailors, according to an old superstition, thought it was St Elmo with seven lighted spurs—a sure proof that no danger would befall them. On the 2d November, Columbus thought he saw signs of land, and early next morning a lofty island appeared, to which he gave the name of Dominica, as it was discovered on Sunday. This event was celebrated by loud anthems of praise and thanks to God for guiding them in safety over the mighty ocean.

Columbus had reached the Antilles, a beautiful group of

small islands shutting in the Caribbean Sea. After tarrying on one island which was uninhabited, they landed another, named Guadalupe, with a lofty mountain, from which streams of water broken into white foam descend. The natives had all fled, but their tents contained articles of earthenware, bows and arrows, plenty of provisions, domesticated geese, and beautiful parrots. Numerous human bones and skulls, apparently used as vases, filled the Spaniards with horror, and some women whom they took captive on the following day informed them that the natives, whom they named Caribs, were in the habit of killing and eating their prisoners. The captain of one of the ships with eight men had lost themselves in the woods, and Columbus entertained great apprehensions that they had fallen victims to the savages. Fortunately, however, the Carib warriors were all absent on some predatory expedition, and the stragglers returned just when the fleet was about to sail without them. Columbus proceeded to the north-west, being anxious to learn the fate of the colonists left on Hispaniola, passing many islands on his way. A Santa Cruz a boat was sent on shore for water, and on its return intercepted a canoe with a few Indians, who came suddenly round a point of land between it and the ship. After a desperate resistance, in which one of the Indians was killed, and their canoe destroyed, the others were captured and brought on board the ship, where their fierce untamed demeanour, so unlike the gentle manners of the natives of Hispaniola, struck the Spaniards with astonishment. They passed many other islands, among them Port Rico, where they landed, but saw none of the natives, who were always at war with the Caribs. The latter people said to have spread from the Appalachian mountains over the whole chain of the West India islands, and from thence even to the mainland of Brazil, were the scourge of the more peaceable and unwarlike tribes, though the reports of their cannibalism were probably false or at least exaggerated.

On the 22d November the fleet reached the eastern point of Hispaniola, and the admiral hoped soon to arrive at the fort where he had left his followers on the former voyage. On passing the Gulf of Samana, the scene of his former combat with the natives, a young Indian, who had accompanied him to Spain, was set on shore as a messenger of peace to his countrymen. No account was ever received of him afterwards, and he was not improbably sacrificed to their avarice or jealousy. On the evening of the 25th the fleet reached La Navidad, but it was already too dark to approach the coast or discern the fort. Two guns were fired as a signal to their comrades, but no answer was returned, no sign of life was to be seen on the coast. A canoe soon after appeared, and the Indians on seeing Columbus came on board. They told him that some of the Spaniards left in the fort had died of sickness, that others had been killed in quarrels amongst themselves, and the remainder had removed to another part of the island. Next day none of the natives appeared, and on landing, a burned and blackened ruin alone marked where the fort had stood. Continuing their researches, they next discovered a grave containing eleven bodies, which proved to be those of Europeans. At last some Indians were met with, from whom the fate of the garrison was ascertained. The Spaniards were hardly relieved from the authority of the admiral, than they began to abuse the poor natives, robbing them of their property, and seducing their wives and daughters. Then they quarrelled among themselves, disobeyed the orders of the commander, and dispersed themselves over the country. Eleven of them set out for the dominions of Caonabo, a warlike chief of Carib origin, who ruled over the gold mountains in the interior, where they expected to find immense wealth. They were seized immediately on entering his dominions and put to death, and Caonabo resolved to rid the island of the strangers. He made a descent on the fort, and attacking it during the night, had full possession before the few men remaining if it were aware of their danger. The whole of the Spaniards were slain, and the village of the neighbouring Indians who attempted to defend them, burned to the ground. The

tory of this first European settlement is an epitome of what have followed—of the base vices and lawless use of their superior power, by men boasting of their civilisation—of the fierce revenge of the savage, his mortuary success, his final destruction.

The cacique or chief of the Indians soon after sent a message excusing his absence, and stating that he was confined to his tent by a wound received in defence of the Spaniards. Columbus visited him, when he related the fortune of the garrison with tears in his eyes, and conciled the admiral of his good faith, though some of his owners were of a different opinion. The cacique afterwards visited the ships, where he was lost in astonishment at the new and unknown objects that he beheld. These especially, their great size, their apparent fierceness and perfect docility, filled with amazement men who knew y the most diminutive quadrupeds. The females rescued in the Caribs were also a special object of attention, in particular one distinguished by her lofty air and manner, h whom the cacique conversed repeatedly. After a long stay the chief begged permission to return on shore, persons feeling uneasy at the dark suspicious looks of the Indians, some of whom advised Columbus to retain him longer. Next day the brother of the chief came on board and conversed for some time with the women. He was probablyconcerting their escape, as in the night they all slipped overboard, and though heard and pursued, swam the land, three miles distant, and escaped. Next day, when Columbus sent on shore to reclaim them, he found the village deserted and the natives fled into the interior. Columbus left this place, where there was now no inducement to remain, as the locality seemed unhealthy and unfit a permanent settlement. When looking for a situation suited for this purpose, he was driven by adverse weather to a harbour, and being pleased with its appearance, and finding that the mountains of Cibao, containing gold mines, were at no great distance, he resolved to found a city, named Isabella from his royal patroness. A plan was made, and preparations begun, when disease broke out among the Spaniards, already suffering from their long confinement on ship-board, and unaccustomed to the climate of the tropics. Disappointment, too, increased their maladies, when their golden dreams melted away, and the necessity of hard labour appeared. Even Columbus suffered from exposure to the climate and the numerous diseases in which he was involved. Still, though confined to his bed, he continued to direct the affairs of the expedition and the building of the town. The ships had now charged their cargoes, and were soon to return to Spain, no merchandise was provided, and no treasures even retained to exist. The golden mountains were, however, no great distance, and Don Alonzo de Ojeda, one of the most adventurous of his followers, set out with a party to explore them. They found the natives friendly, the sands of the mountain streams glistened with particles of gold, and fragments weighing several ounces were collected. In these glad tidings he returned to the admiral, who sent home twelve ships, retaining five for further discoveries. As yet Columbus had only promises of wealth given in return for the supplies he requested to be transported from Spain. Till articles of more value could be cured, Columbus proposed sending home Carib slaves to return for live-stock, but Isabella refused her consent to his inhuman project. Though no wealth was brought back by the fleet, still the reports of the gold mines prepared that disappointment whose effects the admiral so greatly dreaded.

In recovering from his illness, Columbus was about to set out to explore the interior, when he discovered a plot among a portion of his followers to seize the ships and return to Spain, where they hoped to find forgiveness by using their chief of deception. The ringleaders were arrested, the chief, Bernal Diaz, confined, in order to be tried to Spain for trial, and some others punished less severely than they deserved. This act of authority formed new ground of offence, and excited the national feelings of the Spaniards against the foreigner, as they regarded

Columbus. On the 12th March, however, he set out for the interior with four hundred men, leaving the command of the town and fleet to his brother Diego, a man of an easy and facile disposition. On reaching the summit of the first range of mountains, the Spaniards were lost in admiration of the beautiful plain, which extended like an earthly paradise before them. Through this region, which he named the Vega Real or Royal Plain, Columbus continued his march, being everywhere hospitably received by the Indians, when their first terror at the strange spectacle was overcome. On the second day he reached another chain of mountains, higher and more rugged, but as they were now in the golden region, Columbus, before penetrating farther, resolved to erect a fort and commence to work the mines which he believed to exist. The fort, named St Thomas, was built on an eminence, protected by a small river. Here he left fifty-six men, and set out on his return to the coast, halting some time, however, in the Indian villages on the way. He thus acquired more knowledge of the manners of the natives, some of whose customs and opinions are very curious. He at first regarded them as atheists, but soon found that, besides a belief in one supreme deity, they had also many inferior gods, some the peculiar guardians of each tribe, others allotted to watch over every special department of nature. They had also priests or magicians; and some imperfect notions of the creation of the world and universal deluge. They believed that mankind had originally come out of a certain cave; large men from a large hole, and the small men from a small one; and that they had no women among them at first, but at last found them among the branches of a forest near a small lake. The ladies were, however, as slippery as eels, so that the men could not for a long time catch any of them; till some whose hands were rough with a kind of leprosy, succeeded in securing four of these slippery females. The natives appeared an idle careless race, living chiefly on the spontaneous produce of their woods and rivers.

On reaching Isabella, Columbus found the sickness continuing, the stores of provisions almost consumed, and discontent and disappointment very prevalent. The last were greatly increased when he required the cavaliers to aid in erecting certain public works of immediate necessity, the proud hidalgos considering all labour as a degradation. These circumstances greatly embarrassed Columbus, who was desirous of proceeding on another voyage of discovery. He therefore sent all the persons who could be spared into the interior, under the command of Pedro Margarite, with orders to explore the country. He gave strict charges to treat the Indians with kindness, justice, and caution; to respect their property and persons, except Caonabo the Carib chief, whom they were to seize by stratagem. An incident that now occurred convinced him that there was little to fear from the natives. A horseman, returning from the interior, found five of his countrymen captive among a crowd of Indians. Though more than four hundred in number, the sight of his horse put them all to flight, and he brought off his friends in triumph. Leaving his brother Diego governor in his absence, Columbus sailed in the three smallest vessels in search of new lands.

He first proceeded west, and in five days came in sight of the east end of Cuba. He coasted along it for a short way, but learning from the natives that a country rich in gold was to be found in the south, he turned in that direction. The blue summits of Jamaica soon rose above the horizon, and on drawing near land they were met by a fleet of seventy canoes full of gaily painted savages, decorated with feathers, and brandishing their wooden lances with loud yells. A few presents pacified this angry armada; but next day, when he entered a harbour to careen his ship, he found the whole beach covered with hostile Indians. Wishing to inspire them with terror, in order to prevent all future molestation, the admiral caused some boats to row close to the shore; the Spaniards let fly a volley of arrows from their cross-bows, and then springing to the land pursued the multitude. A fierce dog was then let loose on the Indians, the first instance of the employ-

ment of these animals against the natives. Subsequently, intercourse was established with the Indians, who were more warlike and ingenious than those of Hayti, and possessed larger canoes. These were hollowed from a single tree, and one of them measured ninety-six feet long by eight broad. After a few days, Columbus finding no signs of gold, returned to Cuba. Here he was involved among a vast multitude of small islands, which rendered navigation very dangerous and difficult. He, however, named them the Queen's Gardens, from the verdure with which they as it were covered the surface of the sea. Some of these islands were inhabited, and Columbus was much amused by a method the natives employed in fishing. They attached a long line to the tail of a small fish with a flat head furnished with numerous suckers. They allowed it to swim about, when it generally kept near the surface, but on perceiving a large fish would dart on it, and fixing itself firmly by its suckers, would retain its hold till both were drawn out of the water. Besides fish, the Spaniards saw large tortoises caught in this way, which it appears is also practised on the east coast of Africa. Columbus continued his voyage along the southern shore of the island, which he believed to form part of the Asiatic continent. In this navigation he encountered many difficulties from the numerous sandbanks and keys or small islands. At last being fully convinced that he had reached a continent, and fearing the exhaustion of his provisions, and the shattered condition of his vessels, he determined to return. After getting free of the small islands, he cast anchor at the mouth of a river in order to refresh his men, harassed by their long voyage and anxieties. From this place he intended to return direct to Hispaniola, but was forced by contrary winds to the coast of Jamaica, along which he sailed a considerable distance, having frequent intercourse with the natives. Thence he reached the shores of Hispaniola, where he was soon recognised by some of the natives, among whom his fame was widely spread. After sailing along its southern side, he came to a region already explored, but intended to continue his researches farther east among the Caribbean islands. The hardships, exertions, and anxieties of his five months' voyage had, however, exhausted his mental and bodily powers; he was struck with a sudden malady which deprived him of memory, sight, and all his faculties, and the crew, alarmed at the deep lethargy of the admiral, abandoned all thought of prosecuting the voyage, and bore away direct for the harbour of Isabella. Here Columbus rejoiced to meet his brother Bartholomew, who had arrived from Spain with supplies, but found the affairs of the island fallen into the utmost confusion during his absence.

Columbus, before departing on his voyage, had, as we mentioned, given the command of his troops to Margarite, with orders to explore the island. Instead of obeying these orders, Margarite quartered himself and followers among the natives of the Vega, whom he oppressed and abused in all possible ways. To the remonstrances of the council and Diego Columbus he paid no attention, but at last fearing the investigation of his conduct on the return of the admiral, he resolved, with his associates, to seize some of the ships and return to Spain. He was joined in this scheme by Friar Boyle, to whom the religious superintendance of the colony had been committed. Deserting their posts, they had sailed for Spain, leaving the army without a head and without discipline. The men became bolder in their abuse of the natives, till the latter, roused by resentment, began to take secret vengeance on their oppressors. Scattered parties and individuals were put to death, and success in these attempts led to bolder undertakings. Caonabo resolved to attack the fortress, built without permission on his territories, and now garrisoned by only fifty men. They were commanded by Alonso de Ojeda, who to great natural bravery added much military skill, acquired in the Moorish wars. Caonabo assembled ten thousand warriors, but found his adversary on his guard, and being unable to force so strong a fortress, endeavoured to reduce it by famine. After a thirty days' siege, in which many of the Indians perished, he was

obliged to withdraw, but meditated an attack on the town, weakened by the dispersion of the troops and the sickness of those who remained. He made a league, for this purpose, with three other chiefs, but Guacanagari, the first friend of the Spaniards, whose dominions were nearest the town, remained faithful to them, and delayed the attempt. He thus brought on himself the hostility of the confederates, who plundered his country and killed many of his subjects.

Columbus took various measures to quiet the island, punishing some of the chiefs, and gaining others by conciliatory treatment. From his most dangerous enemy Caonabo, he was freed by a daring stratagem of Ojeda, who with ten horsemen ventured into the camp of the chief on a pretended friendly mission, and having by false representations induced the simple Indian to mount behind him, and suffer himself to be adorned with polished shackles, bore him off in triumph from among his astonished warriors. This deceit, however contrary to our feelings, seems to have been viewed in a different light by its victim, who, when a captive, always showed the highest respect for Ojeda, whilst he proudly refused all marks of deference for Columbus, though well aware of his superior rank. Another important event for the colony was the arrival of Antonio Torres, with four ships loaded with provisions, and accompanied with many workmen and mechanics. The dispatches from the court were still favourable; insidious enemies having not as yet poisoned the ear of the princes against Columbus. The admiral hastened the return of Torres, sending with him his brother Diego to support his interests at court, and to give his advice in settling the boundaries of their respective discoveries with Portugal. In the fleet was sent not only all the gold and other precious metals which he could procure, but also above five hundred Indian prisoners, whom he recommended to be sold as slaves at Seville. Thus early was begun that accursed trade in human flesh, which has produced more misfortune to mankind than all the wars from that time to the present; and which is no less disgraceful to humanity than the cannibalism of the savages for which the Spaniards express such horror.

One of Caonabo's brothers, attempting to revenge his captivity, had been defeated by Ojeda, but this did not prevent the other chiefs from collecting their forces for his rescue. Columbus learning from the friendly Indians that they had assembled in the Vega, marched out to meet them, though his whole army only amounted to two hundred infantry, twenty horse, and the same number of bloodhounds, not the least dangerous opponents to the naked Indians. A battle, or rather massacre, took place in the Vega; the natives, who had trusted to their numbers, being at once dispersed by the fire of the infantry, and then cut down by the cavalry, or hunted like wild beasts by the savage dogs. Columbus followed up his victory by subduing almost the whole island, and imposing a tax of a certain quantity of gold dust, or, where this was not produced, of cotton, on each of the natives. The chiefs remonstrated against this grievous burden; but in vain. Their people, seeing no hope of relief, deserted their fields, and retired to the mountains, hoping that famine might drive away their persecutors. But this only increased their severities, and after a large part of the Indians had perished by want and violence, the remainder returned to linger under the yoke of slavery. Even the friendly Guacanagari and his people were subjected to the same impositions and cruelties, till the chief, unable to endure the reproaches of his miserable subjects, retired to the mountains, and died in poverty—a once preserved from destruction.

The malcontents who had returned to Spain were not wholly unsuccessful in prejudicing the sovereigns against Columbus, who, as a foreigner, had no influence to support him at court. Even the arrival of Torres, with news of the discoveries made in the recent voyage, and the specimens of gold which he brought, did not restore Columbus to his former favour. Juan Agudo was sent as a commissioner to investigate the affairs of the island, and though formerly

highly indebted to Columbus, soon became his bitterest foe. On arriving at Isabella, he found the admiral absent in the interior, and immediately assumed high authority to himself, and interfered in all public affairs. When the admiral returned from the interior, he received Aguado with all the courtesy due to the royal messenger; and when his inquiries were finished, intimated his intention of returning with him to Spain. Their departure was delayed by a tremendous hurricane, which swept over the island with such awful fury, that even the Indians thought it a divine judgment on the crimes and cruelties of the white men. It destroyed all the vessels in the harbour except one, left in a very shattered condition. Whilst the vessels were repairing, Columbus received news of great importance. A Spaniard, Miguel Diaz, in the service of his brother Bartholomew, had wounded one of his comrades dangerously in a quarrel, and fearing the consequences, had fled to the south side of the island. Here he had won the heart of a female cacique, and lived with her for some time very happily. But at length he became desirous of returning to his friends, and fell into deep melancholy. His Indian bride learning the cause, and desirous of drawing the Spaniards to her part of the island, that he might not thus be induced to abandon her, informed him that there were rich mines in the neighbourhood. Diaz having ascertained the truth of the report, returned to his master, who was easily reconciled to him, and set out personally to investigate the mines. He found them as rich as was reported, and deep pits near them, as if dug in former times, which gave rise to a curious conjecture of Columbus, that he had now discovered the ancient Ophir of Solomon. The tidings were indeed highly grateful to the admiral, both as decisive proofs of the wealth of the island, thus silencing the cavils of his enemies, and as an excuse for removing the colony from its unhealthy situation. Diaz was pardoned, and employed in various duties, all of which he discharged with fidelity. He also kept faith with his Indian spouse, who seems to have become a Christian, and to have been baptised.

On the 10th March, 1496, Columbus sailed for Spain, along with Aguado. Keeping too far south, within the trade-winds, his passage was long and tedious, so that he had to touch at Guadalupe for provisions. The shores were only defended by the women, some of whom they took prisoners, but again set free before their departure. One heroine, however, refused liberty, and chose rather to accompany Caonabo, whom Columbus was taking with him to Spain. But the Carib chief was destined never to arrive there; his proud heart was broken by his misfortunes, and he died on the voyage. During this voyage, the Spaniards were reduced to great extremity, some even proposing to kill and eat their Indian prisoners. On the 11th June, Columbus at last reached Cadiz, after a weary passage of three months. His hopes and reception were very different from what they had been on his former return three years before; and the miserable emaciated figures of his sickly companions, and their yellow countenances—a mockery, says an old writer, of that gold they had gone to seek—was no unfit emblem of the public disappointment. He, however, received a friendly letter from the court, and on his arrival there met with a kind reception; his great merits not being yet wholly forgotten. He proposed to undertake a new voyage of discovery, which was readily agreed to; but numerous delays were destined to intervene before its accomplishment. Affairs of more immediate necessity demanded all the care and resources of the king, whilst envious counsellors insinuated to him the great cost and small profit of the boasted discoveries. At length the influence of the queen procured certain measures favourable to Columbus, and adapted to promote the prosperity of the colony; but the management of Indian affairs was committed to his cold-blooded enemy, Fonseca, who persecuted him, and embarrassed his proceedings by the meanest and most despicable artifices. ‘Absent, envied, and a stranger,’ as he said in a letter to the king, every one was against him, and it was only his gratitude to the queen that induced him to persevere.

At length, on the 80th May, 1498, Columbus sailed with six vessels on his third voyage to the New World. He proceeded south to the Cape Verd Islands. Thence he continued south-west, till his ship was involved in the region of the ‘calms,’ near the equator. Here the wind fell, and a dead, sultry air, as from a furnace, hung over the ships, wasting their stores, and destroying the health and spirits of the men. He then altered his course more to the west, and reached land with his provisions nearly exhausted, and only one cask of water remaining in each ship. It was the island of Trinidad, which Columbus named from a vow he made to consecrate the first land he should reach to the Trinity. He coasted along the southern shore of the island, and was surprised at its fertility, at the coolness of air, and the fair complexion of the natives—all so unlike the tropical character of Africa. He was now sailing in the strait between Trinidad and the mainland, on some parts of which he touched in the gulf of Paria, but without knowing that it was in reality the continent he had long sought. The strings of pearls worn by the natives highly interested him as a new source of wealth, and a confirmation of his theories. His time, however, would not permit of further researches, so, retracing his way, he sailed through the narrow passage between Trinidad and Cape Boto in Paria, where the sea was raging and foaming, the currents being swollen by the large mass of fresh water then poured into the gulf. He passed through it, however, in safety, and examined part of the north coast of Paria, when he was compelled to sail for Hispaniola. He reached it considerably north of the point he wished, having been carried out of his reckoning by the strong currents. Sending a message on shore to his brother, he sailed for the river Ozema, and was soon met by his brother Bartholomew, who came off in a caravel to meet him. In a letter to the sovereigns, relating his voyage, Columbus enters into various speculations—some of them wild and fanciful in the extreme—concerning his new discoveries. He however rightly conjectured from the quantity of fresh water flowing into the gulf, that it must come from some continent of vast extent, which he still maintained to be a part of Asia.

From his brother, who had governed the island under the title of Adelantado, Columbus received an account of the events which had occurred during his long absence. Bartholomew had proceeded to found a fort near the mines of Hayna, discovered by his servant, but, from want of provisions, the work had made slow progress. He then laid the foundation of San Domingo, on the harbour at the mouth of the Ozema river, and leaving a small garrison there, set out to explore the western region of the island. He was well received by the cacique of that district, who readily agreed to pay an annual tribute of cotton, alleging that no gold was produced in his part of the island. On returning to Isabella, he found nothing but misery and repining. The provisions received from Europe were consumed, the Spaniards, intent only on procuring gold, would not condescend to cultivate the ground, and yet, by their cruelties, had driven the natives to the mountains. The Adelantado sent all the men who could be spared into the interior, where the climate was more salubrious, and provisions in greater abundance. He then established military posts to overawe the natives, whose indignation was roused anew by fresh indignities. Two friars had laboured with small success to convert the Indians, who could not be persuaded that a religion was true, whose followers perpetrated such atrocities. In one place, the friars had built a small chapel, with crucifix, images, and altar, for the use of a family of converts. Some other Indians had, however, entered the chapel, and broken the images. For this crime the ignorant savages were tried by the ecclesiastical law, condemned, and burned. This cruel treatment excited the indignation of the whole natives, and a rebellion, to commence by a general massacre of their oppressors, was concerted. It was betrayed, as usual, to the Spaniards; and, by a successful stratagem, the Adelantado seized fourteen of the assembled caciques, and carried them prisoners to a fortress. Two of the principal instigators of the insurrection were put to death, but the others released—an act of clem-

mency which for a time restored tranquillity to the Vega. Bartholomew then set out to the western extremity of the island, where he received for tribute sufficient cotton and provisions to load a caravel.

A new trouble arose from the machinations of one Francisco Roldan, who, raised from low rank to be chief judge of the island, now turned his influence against his benefactor. During the absence of the Adelantado, he excited mutiny against him among the Spaniards at Isabella, and, on his return, set out into the interior, where he had formed friendship with the native chiefs, and hoped to seize one of the forts. Disappointed by the vigilance of the commander, he now endeavoured to obtain possession of it by force. The Adelantado marched to its relief, but distrusting the loyalty of his followers, durst not attack Roldan. He had an interview with him which led to no result, and Roldan, taking advantage of his absence, returned to Isabella, entered it by surprise, and breaking open the royal warehouse, supplied himself and his followers with arms and clothing. He then returned to the Vega, endeavouring to seduce the followers of the Adelantado from their allegiance. Not succeeding in this, he again endeavoured to stir up the natives to revolt, and continued to sow discontent among the Spaniards. The whole island was reduced to a state of complete anarchy, when two vessels arrived at San Domingo in February, 1498, with supplies of provisions, troops, and, what was of more importance, a royal confirmation of the authority of the Adelantado. Roldan had, however, gone too far to hope for pardon, and feeling too weak for resistance, retired towards the west end of the island. The Indians in the Vega, seduced by his machinations, had taken up arms, but being defeated by the Spaniards, their chief fled to the mountains of Ciguay, where he found shelter with a brother cacique. Thither he was followed by the Adelantado, who, notwithstanding the difficulties of a mountain warfare with savage foes, soon dispersed the Indians, and captured both the chiefs, who had sought shelter in the recesses of the mountains. Such was the state of the island when Columbus returned thither from Spain, and such the immediate results of that unwise policy which the Spanish monarchs, instigated by his private enemies, pursued towards him. The productiveness of the colony was ruined; discontent, disloyalty, and crime fomented among the white settlers, and the poor Indians led into rebellions, in which they either perished miserably by the sword and famine, or were reduced to a state of cruel slavery, to which death in almost any form was preferable.

THE TWO DOGS.

By the Author of ' Traits and Traditions of Portugal.'

'Well, well, dry your eyes, and say no more about it. It is of no use to contend with chance and ill-luck,' said Paul Giroux, sullenly, as he leaned on the back of his wife's chair, and surveyed the humble preparation for the morning's meal; 'for my part, I shall strive no more against fate.'

'Oh! do not talk of fate, dear Paul,' said a meek-looking young woman with a child on her knee. 'Was it *chance* that made me your wife? or was it fate that bestowed upon us this little fellow? or that gave to our little Jessie the health, and strength, and beauty, which gladden our hearts as we look upon her? No, Paul, the hand of Providence is visible *there* at least, and it is sinful to talk of *fate*, and *chance*, and *luck*, while these dear children are within your sight.'

'You are right, wife,' said the peasant; 'Jessie is, indeed, a strong child, and a pretty one; and he passed his large and horny hand fondly over her long auburn ringlets as she glanced smilingly in his face; 'but, poor thing, her strength will not pay the rent, and her beauty will not supply the *potage*; and you, too, Annette, you are wrong to ask me what made you my wife; for if I had nothing else to give you, God knows I gave you at least as warm a heart, and as true a love as ever man could bestow. You might have done better, Annette—I know it—you might

have had a warmer hearth, and a daintier meal; but never a warmer love than mine, though you had been the wife of the Count himself.'

'Now, fie upon you, my friend,' said the young woman, as she rose in her innocent beauty, and moved towards him; 'look at your children, and then ask yourself if you should talk thus to their mother.'

'No, no, Annette; I know that I have no reason, no right to say these things to you; but it is almost more than I can bear, when I remember that had you married—'

'Hush, Paul, my own husband,' murmured the sweet voice of Annette; 'had I married that bold, bad man, I should have been a wretched woman—now I am only a poor one: had I plighted my faith to *him*, I should have drooped under a sense of my own falsehood—now, I can lift my head among my neighbours, for my heart cannot reproach me with any wrong.'

'But I am a beggar, Annette.'

'You are an honest man, Paul; and never have you seen 'the seed of the righteous begging their bread': if you can no longer labour on your own land, you can at least work on that of others, and while you have a stout arm and a willing heart you will never need employment—the trial will be bitter enough at first—I know it; but He who died for us suffered far more, when he was reviled and spit upon; and we shall at least have the evening to ourselves, to tell each other all that we have thought, and done, and purposed, during the day; and to fondle our little ones, and teach them those homely things which it is befitting for a poor man's child to know; and while you are away in the fields, and I am busied in our cottage with my own cares, I will teach Jessie those songs you used to love when you came to see me at the farm, and she shall sing them too; for her young voice will sound cheerfully when you come home weary with your day's labour—then, cheer up, dear Paul; poverty is no crime.'

'But it is a curse,' said Giroux, impatiently; 'a biting, bitter curse!'

'But who told you that Abel Lamotte was to take the farm?' said the meek wife.

'Who told me?' echoed the husband, with flashing eyes and elevated voice; 'why, he told me—told me with a taunt. 'You won the wife, Paul,' said he, as we met on the mill-bridge, 'and I have got the farm! we shall see which of us has drawn the prize.'

'That was an idle jest, if he meant it for one,' said the meek-eyed Annette.

'*Jest!*' shouted her husband again, 'what makes you talk of jests and Abel Lamotte in the same breath to *me*? I tell you, Annette, that it was well for both of us when we met to-night, that I had thought somewhat more of another world since he knew me first, or—Well, well, we jostled on the narrow and quivering plank just above where the water runs deepest and darkest; but we passed on, each one to his home—'

'Paul!' gasped out the young wife, starting up and gazing fearfully at her husband. 'Paul, what mean you?'

'Nothing, Annette, nothing—why, you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost.'

'Paul,' she said, solemnly, 'I have done worse; I have seen an evil spirit—I fear to look steadfastly at it, lest it wither me. Search into your secret heart, Paul, I pray; it will, perhaps, be a hard task, but it is a needful one, that you may pluck thence the unholy and sinful thoughts which you have suffered to grow up in its hidden recesses, and to destroy its uprightness. Come hither, Jessie, my child: kneel down beside me, and pray to God to protect your dear father, and to deliver him from temptation.' And the fair girl did as she was bidden, and knelt down on the greensward with her little hands clasped and resting on the knee of her father, while she lisped out one of those pure and artless petitions which the lips of childhood alone can utter worthily: and the right chord was touched in the bosom of the unhappy man, for the suppressed sobs of stifled anguish mingled at intervals with the bird-like tones of the child; and then, indeed, in grateful humility,

Annette hid her face in her apron, and prayed also; for she knew that in his heart 'the strong man wept,' and she was comforted by the conviction.

How sad it is to reflect that the blessed feeling of penitence, and the consciousness of right, are so often stifled by the weeds which spring up so rankly by the wayside of life. That night Paul Giroux went to his rest a self-condemned and repentant man; on the morrow he rose with the sense of poverty and degradation rankling at his heart; his only remaining cow had a few days previously died of some fatal disease; his sheep had perished one by one on the hill-side; his crops had failed—he was a ruined man. Giroux had been high-spirited and speculative in prosperity, and he was comparatively despairing and inert in adversity: he had lost all reliance on Providence, and talked of 'chance,' and 'luck,' and 'fate,' as though the bright and beautiful world had sprung from chaos by some fortunate chance—had been peopled by some good luck—and had been given to man by some happy fate. It is unnecessary to expatiate to a Christian on the sinfulness of such a creed, tending, as it does, to diminish, and even to undermine the power and majesty of the Divine Creator of all things; and it is equally certain that so loose and ungoverned a system of reasoning must infallibly mark the misery of every mind by which it is indulged. Annette had, indeed, taught Giroux since his marriage to acknowledge the beauty and holiness of religion; but he had done it light-heartedly, while the world went well with him, because he saw that it gladdened his gentle wife: he had never looked deeply and earnestly into the subject: he had gone gratefully into the house of prayer, and had given thanks for the blessings of his daily lot; but when misfortune fell upon him, he was not sufficiently plious to acknowledge the divine right to withhold those blessings. 'Why should I join the congregation?' he asked sullenly when, a few weeks after the scene we have described, Annette earnestly urged him to accompany her to church, from which he had absented himself for some weeks; 'my neighbours go there to return thanks for all that they possess—what do I now possess which is worth thanks?' Annette did not speak; but as the large tears rushed into her eyes, she pointed to her children. 'Pshaw!' muttered Giroux; and for the first time he turned away, regardless of the appeal. The heart of his wife was wrung, but her trial was not yet ended;—at his feet lay a fine black spaniel, the pet and plaything of Jessie, and the legacy of his wife's mother. Fancy was the favourite of the whole family; she was so gentle and so caressing, and withal so playful and so pretty, that she was loved almost to the disparagement of Hero, Paul's own eagle-eyed, bristly-haired terrier; and yet Hero was no common dog, for he had been the gift of a gentleman whose life had been saved by the young farmer when they were both lads; and the gift had been accompanied by an assurance on the part of the young Count, that when he came to his estate he would reward the service which had been rendered to him in a more efficient manner. That event had now, however, taken place some years, and all expectation of ever again seeing or hearing of Hero's former master had faded from the mind of Giroux: he had, moreover, on his marriage removed to a distant part of the country, and Hero enjoyed no distinction in the family, save that which he had earned by his own good qualities, and they were many; not a rat nor a weasel could venture near the poultry-yard; not a wandering gipsy dared lay a finger on the little Jessie, when she lay sleeping, wearied with play, under the chestnut-trees; and yet Hero was the best-bred of terriers; he never scared away the beggar from the door, for he appeared to be conscious that they were always greeted kindly by his master's wife, and he even bore patiently and unresentingly the somewhat boisterous frolics of his little mistress, as if he knew that all allowance must be made for the uncalculating and uncompromising vivacity of childhood. Still Fancy was the favourite; her long ears were so silky and so shining, and her bright eyes were so gentle—they had nothing of the cunning of the round eyes of Hero; and the children could make a pillow as well as

a plaything of the docile spaniel. But Annette loved the animal for her dead mother's sake, and not one harsh word had she uttered to poor Fancy since it had been bequeathed to her: great, therefore, in her gentle eyes, appeared the unkindness of her husband, when, as he turned away from the bright smiles of his children, he spurned with his foot the poor animal which was sleeping beside him; a faint whine escaped the startled favourite, and she looked inquiringly towards her master, as though in her mute sagacity she would have asked in what she had offended; but that master was in no mood to answer the appeal—nothing makes us less tolerant of the feelings of others than the consciousness of error in ourselves; and in a dogged and determined silence Paul strode from the cottage.

'Come hither, my Jessie,' said the young mother, anxious to hide, even from her child, the excess of her emotion; 'you have not fed your pets to-day—here is food for them: go, my love, carry it into the garden, in the bright sunshine, among the flowers.'

The little girl needed no second bidding; she even outran her instructions: for, carrying the treasure which her mother had confided to her, and followed by the two hungry candidates, whom the unwonted temper of their master had this day condemned to a somewhat protracted fast, she passed the wicket of the cottage-garden, and even ventured a little way down the green lane which led to the high road. Jessie was somewhat of a disciplinarian, and always punished the impatient short barks of Hero, who appeared to fancy at times that the beauty of his companion induced a slight degree of partiality in the distribution of their food. Jessie gathered on this occasion a tall blue-bell, and armed with this badge of authority, and having duly lectured her canine playmates on the enormity of greediness, began to feed the anxious and half-starved animals.

The food had nearly all disappeared, when a stranger sprang over the gate near which the child was standing, and advanced towards her. Fancy pressed closer to his little mistress, and barked long and loudly; Hero, on the contrary, bounded a few paces forward until he stood between Jessie and the intruder, and there he resolutely remained, growling and showing his teeth in determined hostility.

The stranger stopped suddenly, and eyed the little group with a smile of good-humoured interest; while Jessie, seizing her blue-bell, inflicted a blow on the rough coat of Hero, exclaiming, 'For shame, you ill-bred dog! would you bark at a gentleman?'

'You are a very nice little girl,' said the stranger smiling, as he stooped and smoothed down the silken hair of the child; 'and you have got two very pretty dogs, although one of them seems as though he longed to declare war against me.'

'Oh! sir, Hero will not bite, now I have bidden him be quiet,' said the child, anxious to impress her companion with a proper sense of the docility of her favourite; 'and Fancy never hurt any one in her life.'

'I should think not' was the reply. 'I have seldom seen two handsomer dogs. Did you not call this bright-eyed, clever-looking fellow, Hero? I wonder if your father would sell him!'

'What! sell Hero?' cried Jessie, in a voice of alarm, as she threw herself on the grass, and twined her arms round the neck of the bristly terrier; 'why, what a cruel man you must be!'

The stranger looked amused: 'Well, well, my little maiden, I am not going to steal Hero; perhaps you will let me have Fancy instead.'

'Oh no!' said Jessie, shaking her head with a pretty gesture of deprecating solemnity: 'Fancy is my mother's own dog—no, we could not sell Fancy; besides, Fancy is my favourite.'

'That argument is conclusive,' said the stranger; 'and pray, my little fairy, what is your name?'

'Jessie Giroux, sir.'

'Giroux!' repeated the gentleman, thoughtfully, and then he looked steadfastly at the terrier, 'what a singular

occurrence! Will you take me home with you, my little girl?

'Not now,' lisped the child, in the same subdued tone in which she had previously spoken; 'not now, because we are going to church, and we shall be too late.'

'Oh no, Jessie,' said her new friend, drawing out his watch, to her great admiration; 'there is yet a long hour before church-time, and I shall probably not spend half that time in your cottage.'

Jessie refused no longer, and in five minutes she stood at her mother's door hand-in-hand with the stranger, and followed by her two mute playfellows.

When they entered the cottage, the father was again there, and his wife was bending over him as he sat, with her arm round his neck, and her sweet voice urging him in its gentlest tones to accompany her to the house of prayer; but the unhappy man had not yet successfully struggled with the darkness of his spirit.

When Jessie had introduced her new acquaintance, he renewed the expression of his desire to purchase the dog; but Giroux would not listen to the proposal.

'You must have some peculiar reason for declining to part with the animal,' said the stranger; 'for—you will forgive me the remark—your circumstances do not appear to warrant such pertinacity: money, I should have thought—'

'Would be acceptable enough, you would say, sir,' interposed Giroux, bitterly; 'and you are right—but that dog reminds me of one of the few meritorious actions of my life—and there has been but too much necessity of late,' he added, in a more softened tone, 'for me to remember what I once was.'

The peculiarity of the avowal drew forth an inquiry from the stranger; and, after some reluctance, Giroux told the tale of his blighted fortunes and withered hopes; how he had taken his wife from a comfortable home, with every prospect of offering to her another little, if at all, inferior to that which she had resigned for the purpose of sharing his fortunes: how troubles had thickened around him, and poverty had come upon him, 'like a thief in the night,' in spite of his best efforts to ward it off. 'But that is not the worst, sir,' he added, as he looked tenderly to his timid partner: 'the most bitter change of all has come over myself—you see my wife—not a prettier or a better girl ever became the bride of an honest man; not fairer nor fonder children than Paul and Jessie ever called an honest man father; and I was an honest man till very lately—but now—'

'Paul!' screamed Annette, as she rushed forward, and stood before him, 'what is this you say?'

'Nay, nay, my friend, it is not so bad as you fancy,' said the husband with a forced smile; 'this hand has never yet sinned—but my heart, my heart, wife, it is not the honest heart it used to be.'

'Well, well, my good fellow,' interposed the stranger, benignly, 'your troubles and temptations have been many, and we are all but too prone to sink under them; but you should have emulated the gentle and patient virtues of your wife—you should have remembered that He who gave is also free to take: enough of this, however; I owe you more than a homily, and I will pay the debt. Do you not remember me? I am Count Rosni, the original master of Hero. Surely you have not forgotten the youth whose life you saved some years ago! I have long been seeking for you, and at length you are found. You shall want no reasonable aid in surmounting your present difficulties: it will be to me a gratification as well as a duty to watch over your future fortunes; and I am sure you will rejoice to be enabled to place your wife in a sphere where her quiet and Christian virtues may have a fairer field. But, hark! the first peal of the church-bell is now ringing cheerily over the gay green fields. I will not stay longer to detain you from your duty. To-morrow morning I will again visit you; and we will see what can be done. Fare you well, Jessie, and you too, Annette—let me see none but happy faces when we next meet.'

'Paul! dear Paul!' murmured the grateful wife, as the

young Count closed the door behind him; and she flung herself on the neck of her husband—'will you now refuse to accompany me to church?'

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE word geography, in its literal and most extensive sense, signifies a description of the earth. The science which it is employed to designate is one which comprehends a great variety of subjects and a vast range of study and investigation. It is closely connected with many other branches of knowledge, as astronomy, geology, meteorology, and history, which, properly speaking, are only subdivisions of this grand department of human study. This science brings under our consideration everything connected with the planet which has been destined as our abode. Although the word geography, in its more common application, is regarded merely as descriptive of that knowledge which renders us conversant with the lines by which it has been found necessary to distinguish the artificial representations of the globe, the various features of land and water, mountains and rivers, and the respective situations of countries and cities; it no less strictly embraces the shape, motions, and extent of the globe; the phenomena of the atmosphere and ocean; the nature of soils; the animals and vegetables which they maintain; and the number, character, condition, and history of the inhabitants of the earth.

Our present object is rather to give a general outline of the leading parts of the subject than minutely to investigate any of its particular divisions; to present such a view of the whole as may render an ordinary mind familiar with the sublime facts which have been unfolded by the researches of science, and to note the indications of wisdom and benevolence which abound in the wonderful works of God. It seems proper, therefore, to begin with the atmosphere, that gaseous ocean which envelopes our globe, and performs so many important purposes in the economy of nature. It was supposed by the ancients to constitute one of the four elements, of which, according to them, all things were composed. This opinion was rendered doubtful by the experiments of Boyle and other chemists. The discovery of oxygen gas, by Priestley, in 1774, confirmed the doubts which had formerly arisen, and paved the way for its entire overthrow. It has now been proved by a series of experiments, conducted with scientific care, that common air is composed of oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion, *by measure*, of twenty parts of oxygen and eighty of nitrogen. It is also ascertained that its composition is the same at all times and in all places, on the summit of the highest mountain and in the lowest valley; in the most salubrious climate and in the most pestilential alley. It is therefore a curious question whether the atmosphere reaches to an unlimited extent, and pervades all space, or is confined within definite limits to the planet which we inhabit. It has been inferred from astronomical observations, that there is no such atmosphere round the sun or Jupiter, and hence it is concluded that it is peculiar to the earth, and confined within a certain range. There is no means of determining its exact height. The only way of reaching an approximate result is by observations connected with twilight. This is caused by the refraction and reflection of the rays of light which proceed from the sun, and generally continue about half an hour. If the atmosphere extended indefinitely, we would not experience the alternations of night and day, as night would be distinguished from day only by a fainter light. The sun's rays would in all situations fall upon some part of the atmosphere, and be reflected in all directions, consequently some light would always reach the earth. Since this is not the case, it is inferred that the atmosphere is of limited extent; and by careful investigation, founded on the laws of refraction and reflection, scientific men have concluded that it extends only about forty-six miles.

One of the most important properties of atmospheric air is its elasticity, from which it derives several other qual-

ties. It is now ascertained that the air is extremely compressible, and that, like all other gaseous bodies, its volume is inversely as the pressure. If, for instance, a quantity of air occupy 100 measures under a pressure of 1 lb., according to this law it would occupy 50 under 2 lb., and 200 under $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. By the experiments of Oersted, performed in 1825, it was demonstrated that this law applies even in the case of very great pressure, as he exposed common air to a pressure of 110 atmospheres. It therefore appears that atmospheric air is extremely elastic. From this peculiarity in its constitution results the difference in its density. It is evident, from its compressibility, that the air near the surface of the earth must be denser than in the higher regions, as it is compressed by the superincumbent mass, and that its density must be diminished in proportion to its distance from the earth. The pressure of the atmosphere was first noticed early in the seventeenth century by Galileo, and afterwards demonstrated by his pupil Torricelli. Before his time, it had been observed that when air was sucked out of a small glass tube, the water immediately ascended and filled the tube. Of this no philosophical account could be given, and it was therefore concluded that nature abhorred a vacuum. On this presumption pumps were constructed for raising water by means of a vacuum. An attempt was made at Florence, in 1644, to raise water in a pump to a height of more than thirty-four feet, and as it proved ineffectual, the prevalent opinion then was that nature had no abhorrence of a vacuum above that height. This, however, did not satisfy Torricelli, and by a variety of experiments he made it manifest that the air has a pressure, and discarded the notion of nature's abhorring a vacuum. The pressure at the level of the sea is 15 lb. on every square inch of surface, and is capable of supporting a column of water 34 feet, and of mercury 30 inches in height. As the pressure on every inch of the earth's surface is 15 lb., by multiplying the number of square inches on the surface of the earth by 15, the whole weight of the atmosphere is found to be 15,000,000,000,000,000 tons. It has been found by those who have ascended to a great elevation, that owing to the tenuity of the air, great exhaustion is experienced on the slightest muscular exertion. Wood, when on the 'Roof of the World,' in Pamir, found that half-a-dozen strokes with a hatchet so exhausted the workmen that they fell to the ground, that a run of 50 yards made the runner gasp for breath, that the voice was sensibly affected, and that conversation in a loud tone exhausted the speaker. Saussan experienced the same effects when on Mont Blanc, and his party were effected with dizziness, headache, loss of appetite, and burning thirst. When Humboldt attempted to ascend Chimborazo, and had nearly reached its summit, he desisted on finding that drops of blood issued from under his nails and eyelids.

The density of the air in some degree affects the temperature. The atmosphere, like all gaseous bodies, permits radiant matter, as heat, to pass through it, without being absorbed, and, consequently, is not heated by it. Hence it follows, that the air is not heated by the transmission of the sun's rays. The heat which passes through it is absorbed by the earth, and heats the air chiefly by contact. From this it is evident, that though the air at all altitudes were of equal density, the higher strata being farther removed from the surface of the earth must be colder than those nearer its surface. In addition to this, the degree of heat is also diminished by the tenuity of the air, as the more air is rarefied, the greater is its specific heat. The meaning of this is, that a quantity of rarefied air would not be raised by any degree of heat to the same temperature as the same quantity of denser air by the same degree of heat. By the combined influence of these two causes, it follows, that the higher we ascend in any particular place, the colder it becomes; and it has been determined, that the temperature diminishes at the rate of one degree for every 352 feet. Accordingly, in all latitudes, there is a certain height when water no longer retains its liquid state, but is converted into ice, and snow into vapour. This is called the *snow-line*, or line of perpetual congelation. It is not, however, of a uniform height, but varies according

to the inclination of the sun's rays, being highest within the tropics, and gradually diminishing towards the poles. At the equator the snow-line is found at an elevation of about 16,000 feet; at forty-five degrees of latitude it descends to 9000 feet, and at eighty degrees it reaches the surface of the earth.

It thus appears that within eighty degrees on each side of the equator, is the space designed as the abode of animal and vegetable life; as beyond that, animals do not live nor plants grow—all is a dreary waste. Mountains of snow and rocks of ice, piled in terrific grandeur, awe the mind, and impress it with a sense of utter desolation. These snow-capped monuments of Omnipotence, whose foundations are in the earth, and whose summits seem lost in the expanse of the firmament, though apparently useless, perform important purposes in the operations of nature. They are the exhaustless reservoirs which supply the rolling rivers that irrigate the scorched plains of the tropics. Without these, the refreshing and fertilizing waters of the Amazon and Ganges would cease to flow, and to diffuse luxuriance by the sweep of their ample bays. A constant current of cold air rushes from these bleak regions, bearing health and energy to the faint and sickly inhabitants of sultry climes, and producing those winds which waft our ships from shore to shore. Thus, what at first seems a region of cheerless horrpr, another lumber-house of nature, appears to be rendered subservient to the benevolent purposes of the Architect of the universe, in facilitating the commerce of nations, and transporting from clime to clime their respective productions.

CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON.*

FIRST NOTICE.

WHATEVER opinion we may happen to entertain of the character and career of Napoleon, it is quite impossible to contemplate either with indifference. His genius, his ambition, his astonishing success, the influence he was permitted to exercise not merely over Europe, but over the world; his downfall and captivity—these are themes which will continue to excite the interest of distant ages. Perhaps no man who ever lived has been more extravagantly praised, or more bitterly censured than Napoleon; he has been decried as a demon, and revered as a demigod. The treatment which he received from the British government after his memorable defeat at Waterloo, has now been keenly canvassed, and it has formed the subject of much angry disputation. Count Montholon on the one hand, and the executors of Sir Hudson Lowe on the other, have resolved that the world shall not remain ignorant of the circumstances connected with the captivity of Napoleon in St Helena. It is, of course, only reasonable and fair that both sides of the question be heard; and though we can hardly see how the Count's narrative can be otherwise than partial, we doubt not that it will be candidly judged by the public. Of the advantages which he enjoyed for the execution of his task, we may have some idea from the following extract from a letter dated from the citadel of Ham, and written on the 5th of June, 1844. He writes as follows:—

'A soldier of the republic, a brigadier-general at twenty years of age, and minister plenipotentiary in Germany in the midst of the political intrigues of 1812 and the first months of 1813, I could, like others, have left *memoires* concerning the things which I saw accomplished, the events of which I was cognisant, and the men whom I knew; but the whole is effaced from my mind in presence of a single thing—a single event—and a single man. That thing is

* History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St Helena. By General Count MONTHOLON, the Emperor's Companion in Exile, and Testamentary Executor. London: Henry Colburn. 1846.

Waterloo—that event the fall of the empire—and that man Napoleon. In reality, what could I say to the past or the future which would convey more than these simple words? During six years, I shared the captivity of the greatest man of modern times, and relieved the agony of his martyrdom by attentions which he denominated filial. The recollections of these six years, passed in close intimacy with Napoleon, in conversing with him upon the events of his reign, or in writing, from his dictation, the commentaries of this second Caesar—the memory of forty-two nights passed in watching by his deathbed upon that political Golgotha of St Helena—and, finally, the reward granted me by his formally expressed desire that I should be the person who should close his eyes and receive his last sigh, are not only the ruling thought, but continue to be the richest consolation of my declining years. During the last years passed at Longwood, the Emperor sent for me every night at eleven o'clock, from which time I never quitted him till six in the morning, when he entered the bath. In his paternal goodness, he was accustomed to say to me every day, 'Come, my son, go and repose, and come to me again at nine o'clock. We shall have breakfast, and resume the labours of the night.' At nine I returned, and remained with him till one, when he went to bed, and received the grand marshal. Between four and five he sent for me again. I had the honour of dining with him every day, and about nine o'clock I left him to return at eleven. Count Las Cases only remained thirteen months at St Helena and nevertheless, in the recitals of these thirteen months, he has found materials enough to fill eight volumes of his *memorial*. Had I followed his example, I could have written a whole library; but such is not my intention. I wish to consign to these pages such details only as may be useful to history. I therefore relinquish the idea of following the regular order of my journal. Days passed in captivity too nearly resemble one another; I shall consult the records of my diary merely as *memoranda*, and giving free course to my recollections, I shall detail the facts as their importance has classed them in my memory. Everything which I state shall be verified by proof. In my case especially the fatalist axiom has become a truth—*Destiny is written*. In fact, without having sought it, my destiny brought me into contact with the Emperor in the Elysée Bourbon—conducted me, without my knowing it, to the shores of Boulogne, where honour imposed upon me the necessity of not abandoning the nephew of the Emperor in presence of the dangers by which he was surrounded. Irrevocably bound to the misfortunes of a family, I am now finishing in Ham the captivity commenced in St Helena. Erased, as one dishonoured, from the army list in 1816, and having had my good name tarnished by the Chamber of Peers in 1820, the half of my life has been spent under the weight of these two sentences of condemnation. My cotemporaries have already avenged me for the former; and I trust posterity will absolve me from the latter.'

The return of Napoleon to Paris when '*all was lost*' at Waterloo—his abdication of the throne of France in favour of his son, and the refusal of the French Chambers to comply with his conditions, are the principal incidents recorded in the first chapter of Count Montholon's work. The scene which may be said to have determined his own subsequent destiny is thus graphically given :

'I arrived at the Elysée a few hours after the Emperor. The first person whom I met was the Duke of Vicenza, coming out of the cabinet; the agitation of his features gave evidence of the state of his mind, and I had need of the assurance of our former intimacy to enable me to dare to stop him.

'A word, I entreat! what is going on?'

'All is lost,' answered he; 'you arrive to-day, as you did at Fontainebleau, only to see the Emperor resign his crown. An impenetrable mystery protects the Emperor's enemies. The leaders of the chambers desire his abdication; they will have it, and in a week Louis XVIII. will be in Paris. On the 19th, at night, a short note in pencil

was left with my porter, announcing the destruction of the army; the same notice was given to Carnot. The last telegraphic dispatch had brought news of victory. Both of us at the same moment hastened to the Duke of Otranto; he assured us, with all his cadaverous coldness, that he knew nothing—he knew all, however, I am well assured. Events succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning; there is no longer any possible illusion—all is lost, and the Bourbons will be here in a week.'

For forty-eight hours I had not quitted the Elysée palace, night or day. The Emperor had remarked it; so much so, that he said to me, as I announced Prince Jerome, 'How is it that I see no one but you here?' And it is perhaps to this circumstance that I am indebted for his determination to take me with him to St Helena. After Prince Jerome had taken his leave, the Emperor was walking under the great trees in front of his apartment, seemingly deeply absorbed in meditation, when, stopping suddenly before the glass-door of the antechamber, he tapped gently on the window, and made a sign to me to 'oin him.'

'Where is Sémonville? What does he say of all this?'

'I know not, sire. 'Tis now three months since he quitted Paris. He is at his estate near Coutances.'

'But your mother is at Paris; he writes to her; what does she say?'

'I have not seen her since your majesty's arrival.'

Without saying anything more, he walked several times up and down the path; I was doubtful whether I ought not to retire, and slackened my pace in order to allow him to pass on. He turned back—

'Bertrand hesitates to accompany me; Drouet refuses; you will accompany me, will you not?'

'Yes, sire,' answered I, without reflecting.

An instantaneous emotion, produced by his voice and his looks, ruled my whole being.'

The style in which the Emperor after a brief interval was compelled to quit Paris, suggests many reflections on the instability of human greatness :

'On the 25th, towards nightfall, the Emperor, after having officially asked of the provisional government two frigates to take him to America, quitted the Elysée in the carriage of Count Las Cases, and went to sleep at Malmaison. For the purpose of accomplishing this excursion, he had taken care to have the uniform of the chasseurs of his guard exchanged for a brown coat and round hat—the people would not, indeed, have allowed him to pass, had he set out in one of his own carriages, or had they recognised him in that of another. It was during this short drive that Count Las Cases asked and obtained permission to accompany the Emperor to America. Thus, on the 28th of June, 1815, did the Emperor Napoleon, disguised and almost a fugitive, quit that capital which he was doomed never again to see, and to which his remains alone returned, on the 15th December, 1840. Twenty-six years sufficed to prepare the apotheosis, and to make a god of the hero. Who among us, who at that time devoted ourselves to his proscribed exiled fortunes, could have thought that we should live to see the same men who pushed his carriage out of the Elysée, accompany his triumphal bier to the Invalides?'

It has been justly remarked that we feel more powerfully affected with the distresses of fallen greatness than with equal or greater distresses sustained by persons of inferior rank; because, having been accustomed to associate with an elevated station the idea of superior happiness, the loss appears the greater and the wreck more extensive. This feeling would doubtless tend to increase the enthusiasm with which the Emperor was received at different stages of his journey from Paris to Rochefort.

'Wherever Napoleon was recognised on his journey, he was saluted by the acclamations of the people. These acclamations caused the last radiance of joy and pride to brighten his countenance. On passing out of the towns and villages, he pointed out to General Baker and the

other companions of his journey the infectious marshes, which at that time were covered with ricks of hay, and said—‘ You see, general, that the population cheerfully recognise the prosperity which I have created in their country, and that wherever I pass I receive the blessings of a grateful people.’ On the 3d of July, at eight o’clock in the morning, we arrived at Rochefort. The Emperor alighted at the Hotel of the Maritime Prefecture, and was received as a sovereign by Baron Banafour. It was on the same 3d of July that Paris for the second time opened its gates to the enemy. During almost the whole of the journey the Emperor had continued melancholy, although his demeanour had never ceased to be calm and majestic. A few words which occasionally escaped him, betrayed the manner in which his thoughts were occupied with the future, and showed that, at the bottom of his heart, he still cherished a hope of being again recalled by those who, on the contrary, manifested such an extraordinary haste to be relieved from his presence. During the whole of the journey not a word either of his wife or son. From time to time he took a pinch of snuff from General Beker’s box, and as the box happened to be adorned with portrait of Marie Louise, the Emperor once took it into his hand, looked at it for a moment, and returned it without uttering a syllable. The arrival of Napoleon produced a profound sensation in the town; the whole population was immediately in movement, and filled the gardens of the Prefecture with cries of ‘ *Vive l’Empereur!* ’ These cries were repeated with so much frequency and earnestness during the whole day, that in the evening the Emperor thought it his duty to yield to these prolonged marks of affection, and appeared on the terrace, accompanied by the Maritime Prefect and his suite. The reasons of our sojourn at Rochefort till the evening of the 8th July, when we embarked to go on board the Saale, are a mystery which I have never been able to fathom, for I can never bring myself to believe that we remained five days at Rochefort to wait for some boxes, directed by mistake to La Rochelle, containing matters which constituted a part of the grand marshal’s appointments in the island of Elba; but what is still more inexplicable is, that these same boxes never reached Longwood. On the 10th of May, 1821, they had lain five years and a half at the customhouse in St Helena, addressed to a person in the suite of the grand marshal, as is proved by a letter of that date written to me by Sir Hudson Lowe, asking whether he should cause them to be delivered according to their address, in consequence of the application which had been just made concerning them, or whether he should consider them as a part of the Emperor’s *personals*, and send them to me. My answers could not be matter of doubt; the contents of these boxes were not comprised in the inventory which I had received, and I had, therefore, no legal right to receive them; I am ignorant what became of them. It will be remembered that two frigates had been placed by the provisional government at the disposal of the Emperor; they were the Saale and the Medusa. The frigates were anchored under the protection of the batteries of the Isle of Aix, and under the command of Captain Philibert, whose pennant was hoisted in the Saale. The Medusa, Captain Poné, was placed under the command of the captain of the Saale. On arriving at the Hotel of the Prefecture, a council was called by the orders of the general, but conformably to the desire of the Emperor; it was composed of superior officers, military and naval—among whom was Admiral Martin. The question to be discussed was, the safest course to be adopted to ensure the Emperor’s voyage to the United States. It was, unfortunately, too late: since the 29th of June, the English cruisers off the coast had been doubled, and it was unanimously decided that it was impossible to leave the harbour without falling into the hands of the enemy.

To facilitate his escape from Rochefort, various plans were proposed; that of Captain Poné, of the Medusa, now for the first time made public, was probably the most daring:

‘ The proposition of this second Curtius was as follows: He proposed, under favour of the night, to take the lead of the Saale, to surprise the Bellerophon at anchor, to engage her in close combat, and to lash his vessel to her sides, so as to neutralise her efforts and impede her sailing. The engagement might last two hours, at the end of which the Medusa, carrying only sixty guns, and the Bellerophon seventy-four, she would necessarily be destroyed, but during this time, the Saale, taking advantage of the breeze which every evening blew from the land, might gain the sea, and a sloop of twenty-two guns, and a ship’s pinnace, which comprised the remainder of the English flotilla, could not detain the Saale, which was a frigate of the first class, carrying twenty-four pounders between decks, and thirty-six pound carronades in her upper deck. Two circumstances were opposed to this heroic project; the refusal of Captain Philibert, of the Saale, and the repugnance of the Emperor to sacrifice a ship and her crew to his personal safety.’

All hope of escaping the vigilance of the English cruisers being gone, Napoleon had to decide between raising a civil war, to which course he had been urgently advised during his stay at Rochefort, and surrendering himself to one or other of the allied powers. He called a privy council, and proposed to them the question whether he should at all hazards endeavour to pass through the English ships and gain the sea, or throw himself on the protection of the British government. Count Montholon and General Gouraud strenuously opposed the adoption of the latter alternative: their opinion and advice, however, were overruled.

‘ On the 15th of July, at daybreak, the Emperor, dressed after his traditional fashion—that is, with his small hat green coat of a colonel of the chasseurs of the guard, and his sword at his side—left the Isle of Aix, and entered one of the Epervier’s boats, which was to convey him on board the Bellerophon. The white flag was already flying upon the posts and in the roadstead, the Epervier brig being the only vessel which still retained the national colours. General Beker accompanied the Emperor, less with a view of discharging the commission, with which he had been intrusted by the provisional government, than with that of paying the last mark of respect and honour to his majesty. Like all who have ever been admitted to the familiar acquaintance of the Emperor, he had felt all the force of that irresistible attraction which his powerful nature exercised over those who came within its sphere. Having gone on board the Epervier, he respectfully approached the Emperor and made a deep obeisance.

‘ Sire,’ said he, ‘ does your Majesty wish that I should follow you to the Bellerophon, conformably to the instructions of the government?’

‘ No, no,’ quickly replied the Emperor, with that sagacity of mind which was peculiar to him; ‘ no, not at all. No one will desire you to say that you have delivered me up to the English; and, as it is in accordance with my own determination that I proceed to their squadron, I do not wish such an accusation to be left resting upon France.’

General Beker wished to reply, but his voice failed, and he burst into tears.

‘ Embrace me, general,’ said the Emperor, with that melancholy serenity of countenance which had never forsaken him for a single instant. ‘ I thank you for all the care you have taken of me; I regret that I did not earlier enjoy your intimate acquaintance; I would have attached you to my person. Adieu, general—adieu.’

Sobs deprived the general of the power of speech; a few words, however, struggled forth, and their import was understood. ‘ Adieu, Sire, may you be happier than we!’ He then left the brig and returned towards the frigate.

In the mean time the brig had raised her anchor and advanced towards the Bellerophon, preceded by her boats. Napoleon descended into Captain Maitland’s boat, steered by his first lieutenant, and was followed by the grand-marshals and the Duke of Rovizo. At the moment in which

the boat reached the Bellerophon, the crew manned the yards, and the marines were drawn up on the deck, but the Emperor was not received by a salvo of guns. The captain, attended by his officers, awaited the Emperor at the gangway, and immediately offered to conduct him to the cabin, which had been prepared for his reception with as much luxury and comfort as was possible at sea, in so short a time, and on board ship. The Emperor, who during the whole time of his sojourn at Rochefort and the Isle of Aix, had worn an ordinary coat, resumed, as we have said, the uniform of the chasseurs of the guard on the morning of the 15th, and we also put on our uniforms. Las Cases preferred a military costume to that of a civilian, a councillor of state, or chamberlain, and assumed the dress of a captain in the navy. He had served in the navy before the revolution, and the restoration having reckoned every four years to the emigrants as a step in promotion, he became a captain in 1815, and received his brevet, as well as the cross of St Louis, which belongs of right to all who have passed twenty-five years in the service. The Emperor had no sooner set foot on board the Bellerophon than he said—'Captain Maitland, I come on board your ship to place myself under the protection of the laws of England.' The captain only answered by a low bow, and a few moments afterwards presented his officers to the Emperor.

The following paper, dictated by Napoleon, is interesting as a record of his own views of his position at the Isle of Aix, and his plans, prospects, and wishes for the future :

'The English squadron was not strong; two corvettes were stationed off the mouth of the Gironde; they blockaded the French corvette Bayadère, and gave chase to the Americans which daily sailed from the river in great numbers. At the Isle of Aix we had two frigates of the first class, the Saale and the Medusa, the corvette Vulcan, and the brig Epervier. The whole of these were blockaded only by one seventy-four of small size and two smaller vessels. Captain Poné of the Medusa offered to force a passage, by engaging single-handed, and at close quarters, with the English ships. There can be no doubt, that by running the risk of sacrificing one or two ships, we might have effected a passage, but Captain Philibert of the Saale, who commanded in the roads, refused to concur, and even threatened to use force if any vessel under his orders should attempt to force a passage. It is probable that this officer had received direct instructions from Fouché, who was already openly acting as a traitor, and wished to use all means to deliver me up to the Bourbons. There was no longer any hope of being able to reach the sea by means of the frigates, said to have been put at my disposal by the provisional government, and I landed on the Isle of Aix. The garrison of the Isle of Aix was composed of an admirable regiment of marines, on which I could reckon; the officers had given me assurance of their devotion to my cause. The commandant of the island had been one of my former soldiers in Egypt, and the young officers of the navy promised to man the Danish brig, which belonged to the father-in-law of one of them—or two *chasse-maries*—in which they declared themselves ready to make their way through the English blockading ships during the night, and thus to gain the coast of America. It would have been necessary, however, to have touched at some part of the coast of Portugal for supplies, either with the brig or the *chasse-maries*. Under these circumstances I called a privy council, composed of the officers of my suite—informed them of the impossibility of any longer calculating on reaching America by means of the frigates; and after having unreservedly explained to them my position, I requested them to give their opinions on the course which it seemed best to adopt. Two courses of action presented favourable chances, to try the fate of arms in France, or to appeal to the hospitality of England. In order to commence the former, I could have placed myself at the head of 1500 marines, full of zeal, and completely devoted to the cause of their leader. They would have conducted me to Rochefort, where

I should have been reinforced by the garrison of that city, whose spirit was excellent. The garrison of La Rochelle was also confidently to be reckoned on; it was composed of four battalions of confederates, who had offered their services, and were in a condition to form a junction with General Clauseau, who commanded at Bourdeaux, and had protested his inviolable attachment to the cause of the empire; and further, this would have made it easy to unite the armies of La Vendée and the Loire, and to maintain a civil war, if we could not have succeeded in re-entering Paris. But the chambers were dissolved, from 50,000 to 60,000 foreign bayonets were in France, and were arriving from all sides. Civil war could have had no other result than that of placing me as Emperor in a better position to obtain arrangements more favourable to my personal interests; but I had renounced sovereignty, and only wished for a peaceful asylum; I could not, therefore, consent to expose all my friends to destruction for such a result—to be the cause of the desolation of the provinces; and finally, in a word, to deprive the national party of its true supports, by which, sooner or later, the honour and independence of France would be established. I only wished to live as a private individual. America was the most suitable place—the country of my choice; but, finally, England itself, with her positive laws, might be also a proper asylum. It appeared from the language of Captain Maitland, that the Bellerophon would convey me to England, where I should be under the protection of the English laws; and it was reasonable to believe that the English people were too fond of glory to fail in taking advantage of a circumstance which would form one of the brightest pages in the history of their country. I determined to go on board an English ship; but assuredly I would not have taken this course had I entertained any suspicion of the unworthy treatment which was reserved for me. My letter to the Prince Regent was a public declaration of my confidence in the generosity of my enemies, and Captain Maitland, to whom it was communicated before my going on board the Bellerophon, having made no observation on its contents, by this fact alone recognised and consecrated the sentiments which it contained.'

Opposing winds made the passage of the Bellerophon to England both tedious and disagreeable. When she approached the English shore the manifestation of popular sympathy in favour of the Emperor was so strong as to inspire in his own mind and those of his adherents the hope that the national feeling would open the gates of England for their reception, or at least compel the government to allow them to proceed to America.

'At Plymouth, still more than at Torbay, the harbour was covered by boats of all descriptions. The population from ten leagues round came in crowds to hail the illustrious prisoner; and there was nothing but one continual hurrah of acclamation and indications of enthusiasm. Amongst the rest there was a light yawl, decorated with flowers, which contained a young woman of exquisite beauty and grace, who paid her respects to the Emperor by lifting up her child in her arms, and presenting to his view her most precious possession. The brutality of one of the guard-boats capsized the yawl, and a general shout of indignation was raised. One of the midshipmen of the Bellerophon and several sailors plunged into the sea—the mother was almost immediately rescued from danger—her first cry was for her child; I was attracted by the sound, and well remember the pleasure which I felt on hearing, 'The child is saved.' In fact, a midshipman dived into the sea, whilst assistance was directed towards him from all sides. After the lapse of a few moments, the brave youth was taken up by a boat and brought on board the Bellerophon, with the child, which he had saved. This dramatic scene produced such an effect upon our minds that it served to withdraw us from the contemplation of our own melancholy position.'

The determination of our government was communicated to Napoleon by Admiral Keith and Sir Henry Bunbury,

then under-secretary of state. He listened to the document which contained it with the utmost composure; and when the commissioners had ceased speaking, he strongly protested against the decision which they had been sent to announce. That protest he subsequently repeated in a more enlarged and regular shape. Its terms were the following:—

PROTEST.

'At sea, on board the Bellerophon, August 4th, 1815.

'In the face of God and man, I solemnly protest against the injury which has been committed upon me, by the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of my person and liberty. I came freely on board the Bellerophon, and am not a prisoner. I am the guest of England, and am come hither even at the recommendation of the captain, who has stated that he had orders from the government to receive me, and convey me to England with my suite, if that was agreeable to me. I presented myself in good faith, and came to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. As soon as I set my foot on board the Bellerophon, I felt myself on the soil of the British people. If the orders issued by the government to the captain of the Bellerophon, to receive myself and my suite, were merely intended as a snare, then they have forfeited their honour, and tarnished the glory of their flag.

'If such an act was really done, it would be in vain for England in future to speak of her faith, her laws, and her liberty. British faith will have perished in the hospitality of the Bellerophon. I appeal to history: it will say, that an enemy, who for twenty years carried on war against the English people, came, in the day of his misfortune, to seek an asylum under her laws, and what more splendid proof could he give of his confidence and esteem? But how did England respond to such magnanimity? She pretended to offer the hand of hospitality to her enemy, and when he trusted to her fidelity, she immolated him.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

From the middle of the night (continues Count Montholon) we were under sail, plunging through a raging sea in order to reach Start Bay, the place of rendezvous indicated by signals, there to wait the arrival of the Northumberland, which was being prepared for sea at Portsmouth. The government was anxious at any cost to prevent the Emperor from remaining longer in contact with the population. Their attitude caused the government uneasiness, as it was not easy to see how far their usual influence might extend over the crew of our ship; officers and sailors unanimously and loudly testified their indignation at the ungenerous breach of hospitality. The anchorage in Start Bay is bad, and we were horribly tossed about by the waves, and for many days dreadful sea-sickness diverted our minds from our sufferings. Towards the close of the day, the Northumberland and two frigates filled with troops cast anchor by our side. Immediately afterwards, Lord Keith came on board the Bellerophon, accompanied by Admiral Sir George Cockburn, whom he presented to the Emperor, and who was the bearer of a communication, by virtue of which he was about to convey him to St Helena. The instructions of Lord Bathurst, minister of the colonies, gave directions to subject the baggage to the most minute examination, and required the surrender to the admiral of all money or articles of value in gold or diamonds; our arms were to be demanded as from prisoners of war. This last point gave rise to one of those silent but sublime scenes, to which my pen is wholly unable to do justice, but the impressiveness of which every one will understand by reading the simple but faithful narration of what took place. The admirals had been received by the Emperor in the state-cabin. Bertrand and myself stood behind, with our backs to the stern windows. General Gourgaud remained by the starboard guns, prepared for any event. The Emperor, a few feet in front of us, appeared to expect that he had only to receive heir adieux, when Lord Keith, at length resigning himself to the execution of an order which was at variance with the whole of his long and brilliant military career, ap-

proached the Emperor, and said in a voice subdued by lively emotion—'England demands your sword.' The Emperor by a convulsive movement placed his hand upon that sword, which an Englishman dared to demand—the terrible expression of his eye was the only reply: never had it been more powerful or more penetrating. The old admiral was astounded, his tall figure shrunk, his head, white with years, fell upon his breast like that of a criminal shrinking before the sentence of his judge. The Emperor retained his sword. The two admirals saluted the Emperor with a respect accompanied by deep emotion, and withdrew, without uttering a word to disturb the solemn impression which the scene had made upon all beholders, English as well as French. The baggage was not examined till we were on board the Northumberland. This duty was then performed by the secretary of Sir George Cockburn; and for form's sake, each of us surrendered what he pleased of the money which he carried. The grand marshal gave up 4000 napoleons, as constituting the Emperor's chest; we kept secret about 400,000 francs in gold, from 8 to 400,000 francs in valuables and diamonds; and letters of credit for more than 4,000,000 francs. It was now become the duty of the Emperor to select those who were to accompany him—we expected his decision with anxiety—all of us, with the exception of one poor lady, who was for a moment agitated by painful regrets, were eager to give proofs of our devotedness, and to show that our attachment was to his person, and not to his sceptre; and the more ingratitude and defection we had seen, the greater honour we attached to the privilege of being allowed to follow his fortunes. Savary having been excluded by the ministry, was in despair. He loved the Emperor with all his heart, and with such affection, that I can compare it to nothing else than that of a dog for his master. Lallemand was reminded of his condemnation; he thought he was about to be delivered up to the vengeance of the royalists; but he contemned death, and said, smiling, 'May the devil carry off those who, at the Isle of Aix, preached up to us the hospitality of the English!' 'Come, Savary, what will you do? We have during twenty years so often escaped this inevitable death, that it must at last overtakus; my only embarrassment is this—I should rather have been killed by a Mameluke at the Pyramids, or by an Englishman at Waterloo, than by a Frenchman on the plain of Grenelle.' I felt thoroughly happy when the Emperor, having sent for me, said to me, affectionately: 'Montholon, I have selected you without speaking to you, because I reckoned on you; Bertrand does not hesitate this time. Count Las Cases has begged me to accept of him—do you know him? His conversation pleases me; he appears to be very well informed, and I believe him to be devoted to my cause. What a singular destiny has his been!—twenty-four years ago, he emigrated, disguised as a jockey, in the suite of Louis XVII's family; and now he is my chamberlain, going into voluntary exile with me! Bring him in.' General Gourgaud would not on any account quit the Emperor; as an officer of artillery, he had attracted the Emperor's notice on several battle-fields, and especially at Wagram. I had, since that battle, been attached to his person as first officer of ordnance. The Emperor obtained permission from Admiral Keith to consider M. de Las Cases as private secretary, and he consequently became one of the officers. When once the destiny of each of us was fixed, a few hours of calm succeeded our cruel anxieties; everything appeared to be in its original state—so true is it, that we French accommodate ourselves instantaneously to our good as to our evil fortune.'

With Napoleon's embarkation on board the Northumberland, and his affecting farewell to the shores of France, we close our first notice of this most interesting work:—

'Towards two o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor, accompanied by the persons designed to form his suite in St Helena, quitted the Bellerophon, and went on board the Northumberland. This time no royal honours awaited him, nothing but respect, and an extreme affectation of formal politeness. The orders of government were positive.

It was General Bonaparte, chief of the French government, and not the Emperor Napoleon, whom Admiral Sir George Cockburn was charged to conduct to, and retain as a prisoner in St Helena, paying him the greatest military honours after those due to sovereigns. With regard to us, orders were given to accord the honours due to our various ranks in the army. Everything was in confusion on board the Northumberland, which was quite dismasted when the minister resolved on sending the Emperor to St Helena, and when it was found to be impracticable to send the Belleroophon on so long a voyage, as she was a very old ship. The Northumberland had, consequently, just been repaired; ten days had served to rig, arm, and equip her, and to bring her from the docks at Portsmouth into the roads at Start Bay; but the painting, the interior arrangements, and all the luxuries in the victualling department, yet remained to be attended to. The evening call showed that there were 1080 persons on board, including two companies of picked men, and the staff officers of the 53d foot. Captain Ross was the commander of this splendid vessel (of 80 guns); he was an officer of merit, and an amiable and obliging man; he paid all of us those little attentions which are so gratifying, and, to do him justice, never reminded us, by any of his actions, that we were prisoners on board his ship. The space between decks had been divided into several chambers, for the accommodation of the Emperor and the admiral; in the centre were the saloon and dining-room; on the right and on the left a bed-room, communicating both with the saloon and dining-room. A mechanical bed, made in order to avoid feeling the rolling motion of the vessel, had been erected in the chamber destined for the Emperor, but he did not use it, preferring his ordinary camp-bed. This camp-bed was made of iron, and could be folded, after the manner of an umbrella, with two mattresses, a pillow, the coverlets, sheets, and curtains, in a leather case, one metre high, and 0.45 centimetres in diameter, which could be instantly attached to a carriage, like a portmanteau; during a campaign, a sumpter-mule carried it, along with his tent and its furniture. The curtains were of green taffeta, the mattresses and the coverlet made of wadded silk; nothing could be lighter or more convenient. During the whole time of his sojourn in St Helena, the Emperor never slept on any other bed. His chamber on board the Northumberland was furnished in the same manner as his tent on the banks of the Moscowa had been. Since his departure from Aix he had re-assumed the green uniform of the chasseurs of his guard; he continued to wear it during the whole voyage. . . . Two frigates and seven brigs, or sloops-of-war, successively joined the Northumberland, most of them having troops on board. On the 9th of August, the admiral gave orders for getting under sail, and a few moments afterwards the whole squadron was under weigh, tacking in order to get out of the British Channel. Several times did the shores of France appear before our eyes, as a vague and formless shadow appears in a dream, when the mind and thoughts are touched by a feverish impression; but, just as our hope of recognising or of seeing distinctly some points of the coast was about to be realised, the cursed signal to tack was to us as the awaking which destroys the illusion of a pleasant dream. Once, however, while the Emperor was taking his accustomed walk on the deck, the coast of Brittany threw off the clouds which concealed it, and presented itself to our eyes, as if to receive our last adieux. France! France! was the spontaneous cry which resounded from one end of the deck to the other. The Emperor stood still, looked at the coast, and, taking off his hat, said, with emotion—' Farewell! Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France—farewell!' The emotion was electric; even the English involuntarily uncovered themselves with religious respect.'

LOVER'S LEAP, MIDDLETON DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

It may be remarked that, in almost every country where mountains and rocks abound, some legend exists of a lover's leap—some sad tale to perpetuate the deplorable

catastrophe of some victim to blighted affections or unrequited love. These, however, generally rest on traditions, and are so far thrown backward into the depth of ages as scarcely to bear on the face of them any resemblance to truth or probability. The following incident occurred upwards of eighty years ago, and the facts were related by an old man who saw the young woman the morning of the occurrence, and who knew her the greater part of her after-life:—

Stoney Middleton is a Peak Town on the road to Manchester from Chesterfield and Sheffield, and at about a distance of twelve miles from each of the latter places. It was originally inhabited by miners and persons dependent on the manufacture of lead, but at present that class of inhabitants forms but a very inconsiderable portion of its population. From the advantage of a good road, it has become a town of carriers and quarrymen, and the limestone rocks are in a daily state of transportation to the foundries at Chesterfield as a flux for ironstone; the carriers bringing back from the Chesterfield Canal, or from other carriers that meet them from Mansfield, loads of malt to be forwarded to Manchester. Such is the extent of this branch of industry that there may be seen on this line of road daily perhaps a score or two of single-horse carts, all engaged in the same employment.

Few towns, even in Derbyshire, present more rusticity in their appearance than Stoney Middleton; no one can be more irregularly or inconveniently built. Its natural site is a collection of abrupt prominences, rising from a very circumscribed point, scarcely admitting the denomination of a plain or a vale. On these prominences, ranged one above another, in a succession of natural terraces, are built the houses—rude, mean erections of unshaped limestone blocks, with walls of enormous thickness, and apartments consequently small and low and gloomy in the extreme—which just serve the purposes of dwellings, but which are devoid of even the most common of accommodations.

At the northern end of the town, the Manchester road runs up the bottom of a narrow dale, originally nothing more than a long frightful chasm betwixt the rifted rocks, forming merely a channel for one of those mountain streams with which the Peak landscape is so commonly diversified; its bottom has been widened, and a beautiful road completed, and an impetus given to the industry of the neighbourhood. The little stream skirts the road on one side, putting in motion the machinery of a colour-mill and other works built at the foot of the sloping mountain; while the other side is almost overhung by a long irregular ridge of perpendicular limestone rocks of uncommon altitude, and of various beautiful but fantastic forms. Sometimes the rock assumes the appearance of a castle, and in the grey twilight or when the morning mist softens the hard outline, turrets and ruined battlements, with mouldering parapets and embrasures, are presented to the eye. Spires and minarets distinguish another portion of the rocks, and the whole length, nearly two miles, displays such a succession of singular and interesting scenery as perhaps no other country can produce. To describe the various beauties of this dale, and of those branching from it, would require a volume of no ordinary dimensions.

At the lower end of the dale, just after leaving the town, the traveller sees on his left hand, built under and perhaps partly within the rock, a public-house bearing the name upon its sign of 'The Lover's Leap Inn.' Close beyond it, projecting towards the road, is the bold profile of a rock of tremendous height, apparently divided into stages and fringed by stunted trees springing from the clefts, where no one could imagine he could find support, breaking its outline and softening the harshness of its aspect. This rock is the Lover's Leap; a name which it has acquired from the following singular occurrence:—

About the time, I think, of making the road up the dale, when labourers came from a distance to seek employment, a young man of the name of Johnson, a stranger in those parts, took lodgings at the house of a farmer in Middleton. A Don Juan in humble life, he courted all the ruddy-faced

girls in the neighbourhood, but paid particular attention to Hannah Baddeley, a comely, handsome maiden, who lived as servant in his lodgings. To her, as to others, he promised marriage; and she, more confiding than her companions, believed that he meant not to deceive. The wedding-day was appointed, and every preparation made for the nuptials, when Johnson slipped away and was never heard of more. The girl, dispirited and heart-broken at his perfidy, could not endure to live, and leaving her bed early in the morning, she wandered to the pastures which are on a level with the summit of the rocks, and, making her way to the precipice, cast herself headlong down in the hope of terminating her sorrows and her life together. But such was not her fate; her garments caught on some of the projecting bushes, and bounding from stage to stage, her fall still broken by the obstacles she encountered, she at length reached the bottom and was received in a saw-pit among the soft saw-dust, which lay at a great thickness on the floor. Stunned with the fall, but otherwise unhurt, she lay some time unable to move; she had, however, the power of thinking, and she felt convinced she had done wrong; she was sorry she had attempted suicide, but she found herself cured of her passion for her lover, and she resolved, if she could get out of the pit, to go home and let no one know of her adventure. While she was thus ruminating, the sawers came to work, and were much surprised to find a woman in the pit. She said she was following her cow, and had fallen in, but could not get out again; and this would have been believed had they not looked up and seen several parts of a woman's dress torn and dangling from the bushes, which, coupled with the scratches on her arms, face, and neck, gave them an idea of what had been done. In the course of the day this idea was confirmed by her bonnet and handkerchief being found on the point of the rock directly over the saw-pit. The men lifted her out, and so little was she hurt that she walked to her master's house without assistance. She had learned wisdom by her fall; she no longer thought of her lover, but lived for many years in the neighbourhood, and died unmarried.

HORRORS OF WAR.

When a statesman declares war in consequence of any of the ordinary motives thereto—for the sake of a rich colony which he is desirous to obtain; to prevent an ambitious neighbour from acquiring what might render him a formidable rival; to restore a monarch dethroned by a people wearied of his manifold oppressions; to resent a private wrong, or avenge a diplomatic insult—his thoughts on the matter seldom travel beyond the issuing of a manifesto, the appointment of a general, the levying of troops, and the imposition of taxes for the maintenance of the contest. He is therefore wholly unconscious *what in reality he is doing*;—and if a sage were to go to him, as Nathan went to David, and say—‘Sir, you have given orders for the commission of murder on a monstrous scale; you have directed that 50,000 of your subjects shall send as many of their fellow-men, wholly unprepared for so awful a change, into a presence where they must answer for their manifold misdeeds; you have commanded that 30,000 more shall pass the best years of their life in hopeless imprisonment—shall in fact be punished as the worst of criminals, when they have committed no crime but by your orders;—you have arranged so that 20,000 more shall lie for days on the bare ground, horribly mutilated, and slowly bleeding to death, and at length only be succoured in order to undergo the most painful operations, and then perish miserably in an hospital; you have given orders that numbers of innocent and lovely women—as beautiful and delicate as your own daughters—shall undergo the last indignities from the license of a brutal soldiery; you have issued a fiat which, if not recalled, will carry mourning into many families, will cut off at a stroke the delight of many eyes, will inflict upon thousands, now virtuous and contented, misery which can know no cure, and desolation which in this world can find no alleviation;—if such a message as this were conveyed to him—every

word of which would be strictly true—would he not disown the ghastly image thus held up to him, and exclaim, ‘Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?’ And if statesmen could realise all this before they put their hand to the declaration of hostilities, would they not rather thrust it into the flames?—*Westminster Review.*

DREAMS OF THE DEPARTED.

Sweet thoughts oft come unto the lonely hearted,
Like the soft cadence of an angel's strain—
Thoughts of the lovely and the dear departed,
Whose smile will ne'er be seen on earth again.

As the last light of summer evening, beaming
O'er the calm bosom of the silent sea,
So seem those loved ones, in these hours of dreaming,
From their high homes to cast their looks on me.

The deep sweet pleasure of that strange communion,
Gives to the soul a season of delight,
Displaying brightly that eternal union
With those whose forms have faded from our sight.

I would not give those whispers of deep feeling,
Which tell the spirit it is not alone—
That calmness o'er the heart so gently stealing—
For all the pleasures on life's pathway strewn.

For I have felt, that to my soul was given,
In those still hours of dreamy reverie,
A foretaste of the hallow'd joys of heaven—
Love and re-union through eternity.

THE LEARNED CHILD OF LUBECK.

Christian Henry Heinsken was born at Lubeck, February 6, 1721. He had completed his first year when he already knew and recited the principal facts contained in the five books of Moses, with a number of verses on the creation. In his fourteenth month he knew all the history of the Bible; in his thirtieth month, the history of the nations of antiquity, geography, anatomy, the use of maps, and nearly eight thousand Latin words. Before the end of his third year, the history of Denmark, and the genealogy of the crowned heads of Europe. In his fourth year he acquired the doctrines of divinity, with the proofs from the Bible; ecclesiastical history; the institutions; two hundred hymns, with their tunes; eighty psalms; entire chapters of the Old and New Testaments; fifteen hundred verses and sentences from the ancient Latin classics; almost the whole Orbis Pictus of Comenius, from which he had derived all his knowledge of the Latin tongue; arithmetic; and history of the European empires and kingdoms. He could point out in the maps whatever place he was asked for, or had passed through in his journeys, and relate all the ancient and modern historical anecdotes relating to it. His stupendous memory caught and retained every word he was told; his ever active imagination used, at whatever he saw or heard, instantly to apply, according to the laws of association of ideas, some examples or sentences from the Bible, geography, profane or ecclesiastical history, the Orbis Pictus, or from the ancient classics. At the court of Denmark he delivered twelve speeches, and underwent public examinations on a variety of subjects, especially the history of Denmark. He spoke German, Latin, French, and Low Dutch, and he was exceedingly good-natured and well-behaved, but of a most tender and delicate constitution; never ate any solid food, but chiefly subsisted on nurses' milk. He was celebrated all over Europe, under the name of the learned child of Lubeck, and died June 27, 1725, aged four years, four months, twenty days, and twenty-one hours.

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CHAPTERS ON THE VIRTUES. ECONOMY.

The title of our paper suggests the idea of either a sermon or a satire, perhaps a compound of both, at once prosy and spleenetic—a string of commonplaces on the homeliest of themes. That economy is one of the homeliest of virtues, we do not deny; it is indeed one for every-day use, and one that ought to be found in every home. So far, therefore, it is of infinitely greater importance than those splendid qualities and heroic actions, fitted only for ‘grand occasions,’ and which not one individual in a million has an opportunity of practising or imitating. Of economy it may truly be averred that it is, ‘although no science, fairly worth the seven;’ and, although it does not enter into the list of fashionable accomplishments, of more value than the whole of them put together.

Nevertheless it is one of those things which every one is left to instruct himself in as well as he can. No wonder therefore that so many never learn it at all, nor understand its value until it is too late for them to profit by it. How many shipwrecks of station, comfort, respectability, have been occasioned solely through disregard or ignorance of this poor, homespun qualification, among those which go to make up the many-compound art of life, which art, be it remarked, is a very different matter from the *savoir-vivre* of the fashionable world, since it applies equally to the rugged and the hearth-rugged paths of life. Such being the case, it might be imagined that in every system of education, great pains would be taken to enforce the value of, and the necessity for economy. Yet though we have heard that young ladies have sometimes been actually instructed by masters in the art of getting into or out of a carriage gracefully, we never yet heard of a teacher of economy. Perhaps it will be said that there is no need for such an instructor; indeed, most parents seem to think that economy comes by instinct, and that there is no more occasion for teaching it to their children, than there is for teaching young ducks how to swim.

Our sermon is getting satirical already, but we cannot help it; and, in fact, plain common sense is often the keenest kind of satire. But certain it is, that in education, as hitherto generally managed, we, for the most part, proceed after the Frenchman’s fashion, notwithstanding that it is ridiculed—and not undeservedly so—by ourselves; namely, the first care is to provide the ‘ruffles,’ as for the ‘shirt,’ that must be got afterwards if it can, or if not, the wearer of the ‘ruffles’ must make shift without it. Far more attention is bestowed, not only on the ornamental, but on the useless and even lumbering parts of education, than on acquiring the knowledge likely to be profitable in after-life,

so as in some measure to supply the place of experience. While so much stress is laid upon acquiring what is called a knowledge of the world, and which generally means nothing more than an acquaintance with the follies, the extravagances, and the vices of the worst part of it—of either the most trifling or the most unprincipled classes of society—than familiarity with the ‘composite order’ of knavery and dupery—of that class of persons who are just clever enough to deceive every one, and in the end, find they have duped themselves most of all; while such knowledge, we say, is regarded by many as almost the sole aim of existence, that is totally overlooked which applies to the regulation of conduct and circumstances in the usual course of human affairs. It is true, people do not exactly avow such views of a knowledge of the world, even to their most intimate friends. From that they are restrained by the secret consciousness of the glaring absurdity attending them, and of the awkwardness which would result from calling things by their true names. No one says that discussing port and Greek *longs* and *shorts* at college, is indispensable to a liberal education for his son; or that a proficiency in the newest quadrille steps, or in painting work-boxes and fire-screens, will qualify his daughter to become an exemplary wife and mother, and the prudent mistress of a well-regulated household: that would be too severely ironical. Nevertheless, people, ay, and very clever people too, both in their own conceit and in that of their friends or their immediate set, do act pretty much both upon and up to such views; nor is society backward in countenancing them.

Provided a man do but possess the showy parts of education or character, it is sufficient: so long as he can but display ‘the ruffles,’ society is good-natured enough to give him credit for possessing ‘the shirt’ also; or should it be suspected that he is deficient in the latter article, why then, only so much the worse for him, nor is it any business of his neighbours to reproach him for his not having what they do not miss. When we say ‘a man,’ we also mean a woman, for we apprehend it will be found that our observation applies to the one sex just as much as the other; of the two, perhaps rather more strongly to the female. In truth, rather more importance is attached to the externals of education in the latter than the contrary, and that, too, even in those ranks of society where the ornamental is dearly purchased by the neglect of the useful. Ornament supposes something else—something more valuable and indispensable to be set off by it, or else it is no more than frippery, and chiefly serves to call attention to the worthlessness, or worse than worthlessness, of the thing itself. Accomplishments without more solid qualities or acquirements are no better than a splendid picture frame filled up

with a miserable daub. Garnish and flowers serve all very well to set off a dinner-table and the dishes upon it, but would be found a very poor substitute for the dinner itself. In the matter of education, however, most people seem to think quite otherwise; their maxim is to provide the garnishing at all events, whether anything more can be furnished or not. What passes under the name of a good education might often, with greater propriety than not, be described as an exceedingly bad and injurious one; at the best as mere *venering*, apt to crack and fall off if the articles coated with it are roughly handled or brought into constant use. Showy accomplishments may serve the purpose of catching husbands, but not that of making valuable or happy wives. Perhaps, therefore, it is a wiser fashion than most fashions are, to lose no time in congratulating a married couple, for in many cases the felicitations of friends would be most awkwardly out of season if deferred till some moons after the 'honey' one. By-the-by, in nothing is the want of economy more signally shown than in management of that same matrimonial honey, the whole stock of which is frequently all devoured up in the first little month of married life.

Irrelevant as it may be deemed in itself, this last remark at least reminds us of the title of our theme, and recalls us from those zig-zag digressions in which we may be thought to have been playing the truant from it, a reproach to which we would rather plead guilty than to that of treating a humdrum subject after a prosing humdrum fashion. Nevertheless, however far we have apparently wandered from it, we have not forgotten our leading subject; for our purpose has been partly to show that it forms no part of any system of education, as the term is usually understood, to inculcate lessons of economy and the other homelier virtues, which are seldom attempted to be taught by direct precept, and perhaps still seldomer by example. Rather is there reason to apprehend that, under the notion of thereby bringing up their children 'genteely,' too many parents allow them to contract habits and ideas quite at variance with what economy or prudence would dictate, such as both unfit them for their own station and prevent them from attaining a higher one by either diligence or energy. Want of economy, in other words miscalculation on the part of parents, frequently fixes families in a false position, and subjects them to the worst dependence of all, dependence on the chapter of accidents.

The common idea entertained of economy restricts it to merely domestic and pecuniary matters—to overlooking butchers' and bakers' bills and other tradesmen's accounts. It is imagined to belong to that petty branch which consists in housewifery and thriftiness, both of which are apt to degenerate into narrow sordidness. True economy, however, comprehends very much more, for it may be defined to be a provident calculation of one's means, together with such application of them as shall ensure the greatest advantage and enjoyment. Consequently it is very much more than mere thrift or selfish saving, for the mere sake of saving, which may be said to be economy in a mistake. Rarely is generosity or any nobleness of feeling coupled with the latter quality; whereas economy is generous because it can afford to be so, while extravagance is frequently as avaricious and sordid as it is profuse, merely because it cannot afford to be otherwise.

No matter what a man's fortune may be, economy, or proper management, is equally essential, whether it be calculated by hundreds or by tens of thousands. The standard of economy, therefore, must vary according to means and other circumstances, just as the coat must be fitted to the size of its wearer; for the measure that would suit one person would be ridiculously too large or too small for another. What would be praiseworthy economy under some circumstances would be most beggarly meanness and stinginess under opposite ones, and *vice versa*. Hence the science of economy cannot be reduced to formal rules and prescriptions; or rather the science itself consists in knowing how to frame the prescription according to the individual case. This much, indeed, may be laid down as a safe general rule for guidance, to estimate one's means and

resources much lower than they really are, and the demands likely to be made upon them at the very highest amount; by this means the difference will be found on the safe and agreeable side. Farther, it is advisable not to take favourable contingencies into account, as if they were certainties; on the contrary, always make allowance for contingencies of a different kind, for mishaps, disappointments, and unforeseen demands. Above all, pitch your general scale of expenditure rather considerably beneath than at all over your mark. Never live up to the very *edge* of your means, except they be so narrow that you cannot possibly do otherwise; or so wide, that should you chance to trip or stumble you can fall back instead of falling overboard. A two-foot plank may carry a man safely across a stream, but a bridge affords a more secure passage.

Simple and obvious as these rules are—and they are so much so, that it seems almost impertinent to bring them forward—daily experience convinces us that they are either not understood or else wilfully disregarded by numbers. With the most disastrous examples before their eyes as warnings, it is the too frequent practice for persons to launch out, at the very first, into a style of living, which, if not at the time actually beyond their means, is such that the slightest untoward circumstance—no allowance having been made for the possibility of its occurrence—throws them into difficulties; and as false shame and 'What will Mrs Grundy say?' prevents them from adopting the plain straightforward mode of extricating themselves, by pulling up instantly, their difficulties go on increasing in such formidable ratio that they can never extricate themselves at all, but continue floundering about all the rest of their lives.

Although economy is not the most brilliant virtue in itself, certainly not one that captivates and dazzles the imagination, it is the prop of many other virtues. The want of it is often followed by want of principle, by meanness, servility, dependence, and by the disregard of both honour and justice. There have been not a few who might have passed through life in competence and ease, and with unblemished reputations, some of them even men of superior abilities, but who, despising the homely virtue of economy and the dictates of ordinary prudence, have gone on recklessly, first ruining themselves and then preying upon others, regardless of everything except securing their own selfish indulgences, no matter at whose cost. It is not very much to the credit of the literary profession that examples of improvidence and want of economy occur so frequently in it. Whether such imprudence be plainly termed a vice, or be glossed over by the softer name of a mere failing, it seems at the present day to be almost as much a characteristic of authorship as poverty was formerly. Yet that it should be so is perhaps the less to be wondered at, when we find such *indiscretion* accounted almost one of the marks and privileges of genius. Much, too, is it to be regretted, that the world generally shows greatest indulgence of all towards, and greatest sympathy for, those whose stigma it ought to be that they afford the slightest occasion for either. We will not be sure that Sir Walter Scott himself did not merit censure to the full as much as pity. Had that distinguished writer possessed a greater share of independent principle; had he not stooped as he did to the little ambition which impels worldly minds, we should never have heard of his misfortunes; and perhaps, so far, the public would have been losers, since they would have been deprived of what the newspapers term a prodigious sensation, of a good deal of astonishment and excitement. His biography would have been some degrees less romantic, less stirring, but, on the other hand, he himself might have been by many degrees a happier man, most probably, too, a much longer-lived one.

However harsh what we have just been saying may be termed by others, we do not consider it at all to exceed the bounds of wholesome truth. The world is somewhat apt to 'love, not wisely but too well,' and in the case of its petted favourites to be the apologist of conduct which it would denounce as unpardonable in any 'crockery-ware' members of society. □ A Sheridan in humble life would be

simply a low bilking rogue, great only as being a very great rascal; whereas the Sheridan was the 'admired of all admirers,' for a while at least, and then he was left to die an object of pity—almost of contempt—to others.

The 'mantle' of Sheridan seems to have fallen to the share of several since his time—if not the mantle of his genius that of his *habits*—in which they have arrayed, although not cloaked themselves. For obvious reasons, we do not mention names, and if the reader so pleases, he is at liberty to consider our examples as imaginary ones, coined for the purpose of illustration, after the fashion of the 'imaginary portraits'—an odd expression, by-the-by, sounding very much like a bull—which one meets with in annals; or else as founded on fact and embellished by fiction, though, as for that, the facts require no addition or heightening, but rather to be moderated. Dr — is no fabulous animal, no creature of our fancy, but one of flesh and blood, a man of great attainments and talents, capable of delighting by his learning, his information, and his eloquence; yet unfortunately not ashamed of either corrupting or disgusting his hearers by the most horrible ribaldry. Had he possessed a grain of ordinary worldly prudence—but as he himself once remarked, he had neither grains nor scruples—this individual might have been in the most affluent circumstances; instead of which he is now no better than a beggar and sot; not only reduced but degraded; alternately an inmate of the Fleet or Bench, or when out of them, skulking in some low tippling-house; excluded from all decent society, and now even shunned and avoided by those who formerly courted his companionship.

This is, we admit, an extreme case, like that of Edmund Kean, of whom it has been said that he died both 'a beggar and a blackguard'; for a man must be thoroughly besotted, in every sense of the word, to fling away golden opportunities, and court not poverty alone, but poverty wedded to ignominy. Another instance, known to ourselves, is that of a person—gentleman we cannot call him—who, holding a place in a government office of fifteen hundred a-year, an income far exceeding what he could have expected at his outset in life, lost it in a short time by flagrant misconduct, having involved himself by extravagance of the most desperate kind, living at the rate of almost as many thousands; the consequence of which is that he is now not worth fifteenpence in the world. Still we leave those to pity him who have pity to throw away upon so undeserving an object—upon one whose thorough want of principle, leaving prudence out of the question, led him into a course of extravagance which he must have been well aware he could not carry on long either honestly or dishonestly. Clever he is, no doubt, but mere cleverness, devoid of moral principle, will not enable a man to steer clear of downright knavery and consummate folly; nor is it by any means an uncommon case for disregard of economy to be followed by utter disregard of honesty and moral feeling. He who can squander away, without compunction, his own resources and those of his family, is not likely to be at all scrupulous, whenever an opportunity presents itself for indulging his own reckless selfishness at the cost of other people and their families. And though extravagance may pass with the unthinking for liberality and generosity of disposition, it frequently arises only from a combination of thorough selfishness and despicable vanity.

Nevertheless, a premium seems to be offered by the public for 'indiscretion' of this kind where it is least of all excusable, namely, on the part of those who, notwithstanding that they have been eminently successful in their career, and might have realised not only a respectable independence but even affluence for their families, die and bequeath them nothing but a pretended claim upon public charity or the eleemosynary compassion of friends. Instances of this kind are numerous: one marked one there is, of recent occurrence, in the case of a highly popular and prolific writer, who, besides what he made by his own productions, derived very considerable permanent emoluments, for a series of years, from his editorial situations. That a man so favoured by good fortune should not have been able to make any provision, as it seems, for his family,

is indeed startling, we might say monstrous. If he had no more feeling for them than to bring up his children as splendid paupers to be turned adrift at his death, why should the public be expected to be more feeling or more considerate than their natural protector and guardian, who having the means of averting such misfortune, neglected to do so? It may be said, that the offspring should not be left to suffer for the imprudence of the parent. Yet all the world over, families do suffer in consequence of the imprudence, the misconduct, or even the misfortunes of parents. Shall we say then that the claim to relief is in proportion to the amount of the opportunities which have been wantonly sacrificed, and that others similarly situated should, by the expression of public sympathy, be encouraged to similar folly and improvidence? We think not: the moral claim on the public for their charity and assistance is not very great, certainly not so much as in ten thousand other cases. Under circumstances like those alluded to, charity should begin at home; the charity here wanted is economy, and were that exercised as it might and ought to be, there would be no occasion for the after-charity of others, for which far more deserving objects may be found.

Economy, however, we suspect, is held to be not only an exceedingly homely but a downright vulgar and plebeian virtue by many, who, nevertheless, afford in their own persons most striking examples of its value, by showing that neither prosperous success nor other advantages avail much in the end where it is wanting. With this remark we lay down our pen, leaving the reader to ruminate upon the wholesome moral condensed into it.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND AMERICAN DISCOVERY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

Such as described in our last article was the condition of affairs in Hispaniola, when Columbus returned from Spain. Instead of the paradise which it seemed when the white men first set foot on its soil, it had become the abode of war and sedition, of strife, famine, and pestilence. The native population was melting away before the baleful presence of the stranger; and their once hospitable towns were desolate and silent. The Spaniards too were reaping the fruit of their crimes; vice had produced disease; indolence, poverty; whilst cruelty and oppression had turned the once friendly Indians into deadly foes, and the thickly peopled country into a lonely wilderness.

Columbus endeavoured to restore matters so far as it was still possible. He denounced Roldan as a rebel, but, at the same time, offered him pardon on immediate submission. Roldan had, however, strengthened his party, by the accession of many criminals who had been sent from Spain at the same time with Columbus, but had arrived in the island before him, and now refused to submit. Columbus, surrounded by treachery and disaffection, was too weak to enforce compliance, and could only write home an account of the rebellion, and ask further aid. After various negotiations, an agreement was made with the rebels, by which they were to return within a limited time to Spain; and the admiral set out to inspect the island. Circumstances delayed the fitting out of the ships, and Columbus soon learned that new seditions had broken out among the rebels, who refused to leave the island. A cold letter from the court added to his perplexities, as it showed the power of his enemies there, and how little trust he could put in the royal favour. He had thus to comply with all the demands of the mutineers, and enter into a new arrangement, reinstating Roldan in his office of chief judge, giving grants of land to some of his followers, and sending others of them home to Spain. To both parties, Indians were assigned as slaves, and instead of tribute, the free natives were compelled to cultivate the land of the Spaniards settled in their vicinity. This treatment of the Indians is one of the greatest stains on the memory of Columbus, and shows how little the rights of humanity and the duties of Christianity were understood in that age. By the same vessels that carried home the conspirators, Columbus sent

letters to the king detailing all that had occurred, showing that the sovereign was not bound by the engagements he had made with the rebels, and requesting aid to restore tranquillity, and a learned man to act as judge of the island.

Four vessels had been seen off the west part of the island, which Columbus learned were commanded by Ojeda, the bold cavalier already mentioned. He sent Roldan to inquire into this suspicious expedition, who gladly undertook the enterprise, as likely to secure possession of his ill-gotten gains. Roldan met Ojeda, and found that he had a license from Fonseca, that the vessels were fitted out as a private adventure, and that they had already sailed along the coast of the mainland, from two hundred leagues east of the Orinoco to the Gulf of Paria. In this expedition was a Florentine merchant, Amerigo Vespuccio, destined to give a name to the whole of this new world. Ojeda promised to meet the admiral at San Domingo, but instead of this, as soon as he had collected provisions, he sailed to Xaragua, where many of the mutinous followers of Roldan were settled. These men chose him for a leader, and were about to march with him to San Domingo for a redress of their grievances, when their old leader, with a band of resolute followers, arrived in their neighbourhood. Ojeda retired to his ships, and after various manoeuvres between two such well matched opponents, had to leave the island, but not till he had landed in several places and plundered the poor natives. Ojeda, it appears, afterwards sailed to Porto Rico, and carried off numbers of the Indians, whom he sold in the slave market of Cadiz. Meantime another conspiracy broke out. Guevara, a young cavalier, had been banished from San Domingo for his licentious conduct; but there being no vessel to take him to Spain, was sent for a time to Xaragua. Here he fell in love with a daughter of Caonabo, the Carib chief, and intended to marry her, when Roldan, it is said, from jealousy, interfered. Roldan first sent him to another place, but he returned, and on his submission was allowed to remain. He, however, engaged in a conspiracy, having for its object to kill Roldan, or put out his eyes; but the experienced rebel was beforehand with them, seized the ringleaders, and sent them prisoners to the admiral. Guevara's uncle, Moxica, a former comrade of Roldan, incensed at this action, began to collect his old followers to free his nephew, but was anticipated by Columbus, who fell upon him suddenly, and seized him and his principal confederates. Moxica was put to death, some others condemned, but retained in confinement; and the Adelantado, seconded by Roldan, soon reduced the whole island to a state of tranquillity.

This, however, was not to continue long. The enemies of Columbus were busy at court, where his friends were few and powerless. Ferdinand had undertaken these discoveries from no high or generous motive, but moved only by hopes of wealth, which he now found greatly disappointed. Instead of receiving supplies from them, they were a constant drain on his treasury, already exhausted by his numerous wars. His disappointed avarice made him lend a ready ear to all the accusations brought against Columbus by the idle dissolute men who returned home. Many of these persons flocked to court, demanding arrears of pay, whilst their conduct in the colony had only deserved punishment. Their insolence may be judged of from the imprecations with which they saluted the two sons of Columbus, who attended court as pages to the queen. 'There go,' they would exclaim, 'the sons of the admiral, the whelps of him who discovered the land of vanity and delusion, the grave of Spanish hidalgos!' The queen had long been his faithful friend, but her humanity was excited by the treatment of the Indians, whom Columbus persisted in sending home as slaves. She ordered them all to be returned to their native land, and gave her consent to a commission to inquire into the conduct of the admiral. One principal object of this appointment on the part of Ferdinand, was his wish to obtain some excuse for depriving Columbus of the high privileges with which he had invested him. Like many other wicked men, he sought to cover one act of ingratitude and injustice by adding to it

another. The person chosen for this purpose was Francesco de Bobadilla, whom some represent as a very honest and religious man, others, with more semblance of truth, as needy, passionate, and ambitious. He was empowered to examine into the late rebellion, and the government of the admiral and his brothers; and on finding them guilty, to supersede them in the administration.

With the latter part of his commission, Bobadilla was not long of complying. He reached San Domingo on the 23d of August, 1500, and having landed the next morning, ordered his commission to be read, authorizing him to investigate the late rebellion. Columbus was absent in the interior; but his brother Diego refused to give up the prisoners till his return, and asked for a copy of this letter to send to him. Bobadilla refused this, and next morning read a second royal patent, investing him with the government of the island; and again demanded the prisoners. Diego replied, that he held the prisoners in obedience to the admiral, who was invested with higher powers, on which Bobadilla produced a third mandate from the crown, ordering Columbus and his brothers to deliver up to him all fortresses, ships, and other royal property; and a fourth mandate, ordering him to pay all arrears of wages to persons in the royal service, which was received with shouts of applause by the multitude. He again demanded the prisoners, and when they were refused, repaired to the fort where they were confined. The alcade, Miguel Diaz, had the gates closed, and appearing on the wall, declared that he would only obey his lord the admiral. Enraged beyond measure, Bobadilla assembled his followers in order to storm the fort, which, having no garrison, he entered without resistance. He then took possession of the house of Columbus, and seized upon all his effects, books, and private papers. When information of these events reached the admiral, he considered them merely as the acts of some private adventurer, and moved towards San Domingo. He was met by an alcade, who proclaimed Bobadilla's accession to office; but the new governor took no notice of him, and did not even answer a letter he had written. Columbus was in great uncertainty how to act, when two messengers arrived with a royal letter of credence, commanding him to give implicit faith and obedience to Bobadilla; and presented, at the same time, a summons from the latter to appear before him. Columbus at once obeyed, but on reaching the town was seized, put in irons, and confined in the fortress. When the irons were brought, no one was found to put them on him, till the task was undertaken by one of his own domestics, 'a graceless and shameless cook, who rivetted the fetters with as much readiness and alacrity, as though he were serving him with choice and savoury viands.' His two brothers met the same fate; being also put in irons, and confined separately on board a caravel. Bobadilla never came to see them, or gave them any account of the crimes with which they were charged, so that, in the admiral's own words, they 'were thrown into a ship, loaded with irons, with little clothing, and much ill treatment, without being summoned or convicted by justice.' Such was the reward Columbus received from his unworthy sovereign, whom it is in vain to defend by throwing the blame on the miserable instrument of his malice and ingratitude.

To justify his own conduct, Bobadilla collected evidence from all quarters against the admiral and his brothers, to whom all the late disturbances in the island were imputed. When this was completed, he sent Columbus home in charge of Alonzo de Villejo, an honourable officer. When he came to conduct him on board, Columbus, knowing the inveteracy of his enemies, thought it was to lead him to the scaffold. 'Villejo,' said he mournfully, 'whither are you taking me?' 'To the ship, your excellency, to embark,' replied the other. 'To embark!' repeated the admiral earnestly; 'Villejo, do you speak the truth?' 'By the life of your excellency, it is true,' replied the honest officer. With these words the admiral was comforted, and felt as one restored from death to life. Such is the account of this touching incident which Washington Irving has taken from Las Casas, who probably received it from his friend Villejo.

himself. Columbus left the island early in October, 'shackled like the vilest of culprits, amidst the scoffs and shouts of a miscreant rabble.' Villejo would have removed his irons, but Columbus would not consent; they had been imposed by the authority of their majesties, and, said he, 'I will wear them until they shall order them to be taken off; and I will preserve them as relics and memorials of the reward of my services.' 'He did so,' adds his son; 'I saw them always hanging in his cabinet, and he requested that when he died they might be buried with him.'

When Columbus arrived in irons at Cadiz from the world that he had discovered, a universal burst of indignation was heard throughout Spain, and was responded to by the whole of the civilised world. Even the cold heartless monarch quailed before it, and had to express his reprobation of such unworthy treatment. Columbus was ordered to be set free, was received with many marks of favour at court, and the charges against him were never listened to. But the true vindication of his conduct, that which justice strongly demanded, was withheld, notwithstanding repeated solicitations. He was not restored to his vice-royalty; and Ferdinand, whilst disowning the crime, retained its fruits. Many voyages to, and discoveries in, the New World had recently taken place, not only among his own subjects, but by other nations. Sebastian Cabot, in 1497, had coasted along North America from Labrador to Florida, in an English ship fitted out by Henry VII.; and Cabral, a Portuguese, in a voyage to India, had discovered, in April, 1500, the coast of Brazil. Ferdinand thus saw his new dominions expanding to a boundless extent, and in danger of being encroached on by other nations. He had long repented of the powers granted to Columbus, and every new discovery only made him repine the more at the reward conferred on a foreigner, whose services could now be dispensed with. Ovando was appointed to supersede Bobadilla in the government, for which the latter had shown himself wholly incapable. For this, various excuses were assigned to Columbus, and a promise given him of being restored to his office in two years, when all angry passions were allayed and affairs restored to order. Ovando was fitted out with great splendour, and his departure hastened by the reports of the evil results of the administration of Bobadilla. This person had parcelled out the natives among the white men, who, well aware that the time of license would be but short, exercised the most capricious tyranny, and compelled them to work in the mines by the most inhuman cruelties. Ovando left Spain in February, 1502, with a fleet of thirty sail, containing about 2500 persons. In a storm which it encountered, one ship, with 120 passengers, was lost, and a rumour that the whole fleet had perished, spread consternation throughout Spain, but afterwards proved unfounded.

Whilst these events were taking place, Columbus remained with the court at Granada, endeavouring to restore his affairs, and at the same time to excite the sovereigns to undertake an expedition to recover the holy sepulchre from the infidels. This seems to have been the leading object in his mind to which all his great discoveries were only preparatory, but probably receiving no encouragement, he turned again to the old path. He therefore requested permission to fit out a new expedition, the object of which was to search for some channel between the countries already discovered, leading directly to the rich realms of eastern Asia. The king gladly granted his request, as putting off for a time more troublesome claims, and as likely to gratify his own cupidity. Before setting out Columbus wrote to the pope, excusing his delay in visiting his holiness to give a personal account of his discoveries, and explaining the causes that prevented his expedition to the holy sepulchre. He also transmitted two copies of all the letters and grants he had received from the sovereigns, with an account of his discoveries, and a vindication of his rights, to a friend in Genoa, showing his well-founded fear of Spanish ingratitude, and his desire to secure his own dear-bought fame. Having arranged these matters he left Cadiz in May, 1502, on his fourth and last voyage, accompanied by his son Fernando and his brother

Bartholomew. He had four small vessels, the largest only seventy tons burthen. After touching on the coast of Morocco and at the Canaries, he reached the Caribee islands in the middle of June. From this he steered by Santa Cruz and Porto Rico for San Domingo, where he wished to exchange one of his vessels which sailed extremely ill. This course was contrary both to his own plan and the orders of the king, by which he had been forbidden to touch on Hispaniola. Columbus anchored off the town on the 29th June, and asked permission of Ovando to enter the harbour, stating the purpose for which he had come, and his dread of an approaching storm. Ovando had now been some time in office, and his fleet was about to return, having on board Bobadilla, Guarionex, once cacique of the fertile Vega, and an immense quantity of gold collected by the oppression of the natives. One piece of gold, the *grano de oro*, as it is called in the old chronicles, was particularly famous, weighing, according to the best computation, about forty pounds troy English. Ovando refused to allow Columbus to enter the harbour, and neglected his repeated warning to delay the sailing of the fleet. It left the harbour, but in two days was overtaken by an awful hurricane: the ship containing Bobadilla, Roldan, and some others of the most inveterate enemies of Columbus, with all their ill-gotten wealth, was swallowed up in the ocean, and only one vessel, the weakest of the fleet, and containing some property of Columbus, could continue her voyage to Spain. The admiral had sailed along the coast, expecting the storm to be from the land, and, sheltered by it, reached Port Hermoso without much damage. Columbus regarded his own safety almost as miraculous, whilst the destruction of his enemies was ascribed to Divine interposition by his contemporaries.

Columbus, after refitting his vessels, sailed for the mainland, which he reached on the coast of Honduras. Here he met with a large canoe, containing a cacique and family, who seemed to have come from a long journey, bringing with them articles of copper and manufactures of a superior kind to any yet seen among the natives. The Indians pointed out to him a rich country in the west, probably Yucatan or Mexico, but Columbus turned east, looking for the supposed strait. He made but slow progress, being opposed by the winds and currents, and a tempest which he says surpassed in violence and duration any he had ever seen. At last they doubled a cape, which he named Gracias a Dios, as the coast turning direct south gave them a free navigation and favourable wind. They stopped at a river to take in wood and water, but the sudden swell of the sea in the estuary swamped one of the boats, whose whole crew perished. Leaving this melancholy place, Columbus next anchored near an Indian village named Cariari, where he was kindly entertained, and remained some time to refresh his men. He next sailed along the region afterwards named Costa Rica or the Rich Coast, from the mines of the precious metals found in its mountains, and in his traffic with the natives procured, for the merest trifles, several large plates of gold, which they wore as ornaments. Many reports of countries in the west, rich in gold and silver, were communicated to him, and probably had reference to Mexico or Peru; but instead of following these he continued east, looking for the imaginary strait that was to open up a passage to the east. He next touched at a harbour named Puerto Bello from its beauty, and afterwards was forced to take shelter in a small port, so deep that there was no anchorage till the ships almost touched the land. The sailors used to leap on shore during the night, and so provoked the Indians by their bad conduct that they assembled in great numbers to attack the ships, but were dispersed on the first discharge of artillery. Here Columbus, despairing of finding any passage through the mainland, turned back to explore the rich country he had left behind.

The wind which had opposed their eastward progress for three months, now suddenly changed to the west, and they were driven out to sea by a tremendous storm, which continued for nine days. The sea boiled like a cauldron, and at night its waves resembled great surges of flame;

the thunder and lightning were almost incessant, and the rain poured down in torrents into their open vessels. One day a waterspout passed close by the ships but without injuring them, and after great difficulties they at last reached the river Belen on the coast of Veragua. Here he remained some time, till his brother the Adelantado investigated the country and found it very rich in gold. Columbus again imagined he had found one of those places whence Solomon had procured his unbounded wealth, and resolved to found a new colony. Eighty men were to remain with the Adelantado, whilst Columbus returned to Spain for supplies. Their various arrangements were soon completed, but the river, lately swollen by rains in the mountains, was now so shallow that his vessels could not pass over the bar at its mouth, and he was detained till another inundation should set them free. Meantime Quibian, the cacique of the Indians, resolved to expel the unwelcome guests, and collected his warriors. Diego Mendez, notary to the fleet, suspected their designs, and, venturing boldly into their camp, had his suspicions confirmed. A native, too, revealed the plot of his countrymen to the admiral. They intended to attack the fort by night, set it on fire, and kill all the white men. The Adelantado resolved to anticipate them, and marching into their camp with seventy-five men, seized Quibian, and sent him away captive in a boat, but the wily savage contrived to free himself from his bonds, plunged into the sea, and escaped. Returning to his dwelling he found it wasted and his family carried into captivity. The admiral had now put out to sea, and was only waiting for a fair wind. Before he could sail, however, the Indians had attacked the fort, and though repulsed, had again assembled in great numbers, massacred a boat's crew, which had been sent on shore for wood, and shut the Spaniards up within their defences. The admiral was in great anxiety for his brother, the high surf preventing any communication with the shore, when during the night he heard a mysterious voice reproaching him with his want of faith in God, who had given him the keys to unlock the gates of the ocean sea, shut by such mighty chains. Immediately after this vision the sea became calm, and the Adelantado with his followers embarked on board the vessels, leaving the settlement deserted. The family of the cacique confined in the ships had partly escaped and partly destroyed themselves in despair at leaving their native land.

Columbus now sailed for Hispaniola, but the winds and currents carried him far west of his appointed port. One of the caravels had been left in the river Belen, another was so wasted that it had to be deserted on the voyage, and the two that remained were so honeycombed by the teredo as to be scarcely seaworthy. Columbus tried to beat up to Hispaniola, but all his efforts were in vain, and at last, fearing his vessels might founder at sea, he had to run them aground on the coast of Jamaica, where they soon filled with water. He then built thatched cabins on the prow and stern for the crews, and remained castled in the sea. His trusty follower, Diego Mendez, went on shore and arranged with the Indians to supply them with provisions, and then offered to proceed to Hispaniola in an Indian canoe to ask relief. With him Columbus sent letters to the sovereigns, giving a most glowing description of the land now discovered, and indulging in romantic visions contrasting strangely with his actual condition—‘broken down by age and infirmities, racked with pain, confined to his bed, and shut up in a wreck on the coast of a remote and savage island.’ Mendez set out on his expedition, accompanied by one Spaniard and six Indians. He reached the end of the island, but was taken prisoner by some hostile Indians who determined to kill them. He contrived to escape in his canoe, and returned to the ships, where he offered to make a second attempt. He was now accompanied in another canoe by a Genoese named Fiesco, whilst the Adelantado guarded them along the coast. Taking advantage of a calm day, the canoes set sail and soon lost sight of land, but on the second day the water was almost exhausted, and one of the Indians died under the heat and labour. In the evening even the leaders had begun to des-

pair, when the rising moon showed them the island of Nassau, a mere barren rock but containing water in the hollow clefts. They remained here a day, living on shell fish, and on the fourth day reached Hispaniola, distant about a hundred miles from Jamaica. Mendez proceeded along the coast for San Domingo, but hearing that the governor was in Xaragua, he left his canoe and proceeded overland to meet him. Ovando promised to send immediate relief, but delayed from day to day and month to month.

A new misfortune had in the mean time fallen on Columbus. Part of the crew, led by a person of the name Porras, rose in mutiny, and seizing some canoes that Columbus had bought from the natives, deserted him and the sick, and resolved to sail for Hispaniola. They took what arms and provisions they chose, and proceeded along the coast plundering and abusing the Indians. They made two attempts to leave the island, but were driven back by the wind, and then wandered about the country, supporting themselves by robbing the natives. Columbus by skilful arrangements had recruited the health and spirits of those who remained with him, but the Indians began to relax in supplying him with provisions, and as the toys given in payment became more common, asked a far higher price for what they brought. In this extremity Columbus knowing that on a particular night an eclipse of the moon would take place, resolved to use it to intimidate the natives. He assembled all the caciques, and told them that the God of the heavens, whom he and his people worshipped, was angry with the Indians for refusing them supplies, and meant to punish them with famine and pestilence. As a token of this they would that night see the moon become dark and change its colour. Some of the Indians derided the prediction, but when they saw the dark shadow stealing over the moon, they were seized with terror, and hurried to the ships with provisions, entreating Columbus to intercede to avert the threatened calamity. Columbus retired to his cabin to commune with the Deity, whilst the Indians filled the woods with their wild lamentations; and when the eclipse was about to diminish, Columbus came forth and told them that he had prevailed with God in their behalf, and that they would be pardoned on condition of fulfilling their promises, in sign of which the darkness would now withdraw from the moon. Columbus was henceforth regarded by the Indians with awe, as possessed of supernatural powers, and from that time no want of provisions was felt in the ships.

Eight months had now passed away, with no prospect of relief, and a new mutiny was about to break out, when one evening a vessel was seen off the harbour. Next day a boat came from it to the ships, in which was Escobar, one of the former rebels against Columbus. He had been sent by Ovando probably as a spy, for, after a short conversation with Columbus, and giving him a letter from the governor, he departed. The crew were much disappointed at this desertion, but were re-assured by the admiral, who said that Escobar's vessel was too small to take the whole, and that he had sailed for larger ships. Columbus afterwards sent a messenger to the mutineers offering them a free pardon and passage home, provided they would return to their obedience. Porras rejected all conditions, and to render his men hopeless of forgiveness, resolved to attack and plunder the ships. Columbus sent his brother to meet them, who again offered them pardon, but, confident in their numbers, the rebels would listen to no terms, and attacked the Adelantado. They were well received by this experienced soldier, who took Porras captive with his own hand, when his followers fled leaving several slain. Next day the fugitives sent a petition for pardon, binding themselves to obedience by horrid imprecations. Columbus granted this request, and at length, after a year of delay, two vessels arrived, one fitted out by Mendez at the admiral's own expense, the other by Ovando, whose long neglect had roused the public indignation so that even the clergy were condemning it from the pulpit. On the 28th June, 1504, Columbus took leave of the wreck which had been so long his home, amid the tears of the Indians, who

regretted the departure of their celestial visitants. On the 18th August he anchored at San Domingo, where he was received with the highest marks of distinction by the people, in which the governor saw fit to agree. There was, however, no friendly feelings between them, and Columbus found reason to complain of the way in which the island where he had so strong an interest had been governed.

The condition to which Hispaniola had been reduced during the absence of Columbus, is the best refutation of the calumnies of his enemies. Ovando had been accompanied to the island by a large band of adventurers, who on their arrival set out for the mines, but, unaccustomed to labour, and ignorant of the method of collecting the precious metals, soon exhausted their store of provisions without any result, and returned in utter poverty to the town, where more than a thousand of them died of want and disease. Isabella had ordered the Indians to be set free, when they, of course, refused to labour in the mines. A new decree was then obtained, by which they were to work a short time for hire, and in order to aid in their conversion. On this pretence they were anew portioned out among their former masters, who treated them with the most brutal cruelty. Las Casas, an eyewitness, says, 'they were compelled to labour by the lash, fed on unsubstantial cassava bread, and so sparingly that they scrambled like dogs under the table for the bones thrown to them by their masters; and when at last dismissed, were found dead on the road home, or lying gasping under the trees, faintly crying "Hunger, hunger!"' Many fled to the mountains, others killed themselves in despair, and before twelve years from its first discovery was over, several hundred thousand of its once happy natives had been sacrificed to the lust and avarice of the white men. A more striking fate was reserved for the people of Xaragua, still independent, and governed by Anaconda, the wife of Caonabo, formerly mentioned. Ovando marched thither with three hundred men, and was received in the most friendly manner by the natives. On a Sunday afternoon he assembled the chiefs and people to witness a mock fight among his soldiers, but at an appointed signal took all the caciques who had met in his lodgings, to the number of eighty, prisoners, forced from them by torture a confession of guilt, and then consumed them in the flames of the house. His troops, meanwhile, massacred the naked and defenceless Indians, shut up in a square from whence they could not escape. The excuse for this treachery was an alleged conspiracy of the natives, for which Anaconda was subsequently hanged, and the fertile country reduced to a desolate wilderness. Another province, Higuey, was still independent, but the Spaniards soon penetrated there also, and after an obstinate but unavailing resistance, massacred or subdued the people, and taking the cacique prisoner, hanged him like a common felon. In this war the Spaniards committed deeds of horrid and atrocious cruelty, such as cannot now even be related, so that their countryman Las Casas says, 'All these things, and others revolting to human nature, my own eyes beheld, and now I almost fear to repeat them, scarce believing myself, or whether I have not dreamed them.'

Such was the state of the once rich and happy island when Columbus returned to it after his long absence, more like a region given as a prey to evil spirits, than the earthly paradise he originally imagined it. He left it for Spain on the 12th September, 1504, after assisting from his private funds many of the companions of his misfortunes, some of whom had been the most violent among the rebels. His vessel suffered much from tempests, and he himself was confined to bed by the gout, but arrived in Spain on the 7th November, and took up his residence at Seville. Trouble followed him even here, the revenue he should have received from the Indies being withheld by the governor, and his remonstrances to the king unheeded. The calumnies of his enemies prevailed against him, though, in his own words, he had 'served their majesties with as much zeal and diligence as if it had been to gain Paradise.' His best friend was now gone, Isabella having died on the 26th November, of deep melancholy caused by the death of her favourite children. Columbus remained in Seville during

the winter, his health not permitting him to proceed to court, where the king received all his applications for justice with cold indifference. In May he was able to travel to Segovia, where he had an interview with Ferdinand, who received him with cold professions of kindness and evasive promises. The king never meant to keep his word—a little more delay, a little more disappointment, a little more infliction of ingratitude, and this loyal and generous heart would cease to beat; he should then be delivered from the just claims of a well-tried servant, who, in ceasing to be useful, was considered by him to have become impudent.'

And this event was now at hand. Tortured by disease, and despairing of justice, Columbus having made a will settling all his affairs with scrupulous minuteness, and performed the pious offices required by his religion, expired with great resignation on the 20th May, 1506, in about the seventieth year of his age. His remains were first deposited in the convent of St Francisco, whence they were transferred in 1513 to a monastery at Seville, and in 1536, along with the body of his son Diego, were transported to Hispaniola, and interred in the cathedral of San Domingo. Even there they were not destined to rest in peace, but in 1795, when the island was given up to France, were removed to Havannah in Cuba. Ferdinand erected a memorial to his memory, or rather of his own ingratitude, inscribed thus—'For Castile and Leon, Columbus found a New World.' The true monument of the great Genoese is the vast continent he made known to mankind—his true reward, the gratitude of posterity, and the fame that will attend him to the latest ages. His actions show his character in its truest and noblest light, especially when contrasted with those of his contemporaries, with whom he came into immediate contact. His imagination was ardent, and apt to lead him astray, but regulated by a knowledge of science rare in those days. His ambition was lofty and soaring, and thus the source of much misfortune to him. He was not satisfied with common rewards, but sought others which the haughty dignity of the Spanish monarch felt degraded by granting, and the very importance of his services became a reason for withholding from him his due reward. Avarice seems to have influenced his mind less than honour and dignity, and he was always more disposed to maintain his authority by mildness than severity. His conduct to the poor Indians is the darkest spot on his character, and when we read of the misery and destruction his discovery entailed on that unoffending race, we almost feel as if his own sufferings were demanded by justice. Though he often tried to defend the natives from the oppressions of his followers, we cannot forget that it was his constant appeals to the low avarice of the Spanish court, and the visions of gold and precious stones by which he endeavoured to prove the value of his discoveries, that drew to the New World that horde of lawless ruffians who were the great cause of all his trials. He led out colonies by the hope of gold, wrested from the hands of weak and defenceless savages, and his reckless followers, balked of their prey, turned on him as a deceiver. This curse of the greed of gold has adhered to the Spanish colonies even to the present day, like a malignant pestilence, wasting their strength and never suffering them to take root in the land. It is but justice to this great man to remark, that many of his errors were those of his time, and that even the church justified his treatment of the natives. His loftiest imaginings also fell short of the wonderful reality. 'How would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled,' says his eloquent historian, 'amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity.'

It may not be uninteresting to mention the subsequent fortunes of the family of Columbus. He was succeeded in his rights as viceroy of the New World by his son Diego, described as a man of great integrity, of respectable talents, and of a frank, generous, and gentle disposition. He came

forward to claim the restitution of the family offices and privileges; but Ferdinand was not inclined to bestow on the son what he had withheld from the higher merit of the father. After two years' vain solicitation, Diego only obtained leave to prosecute his claim in the ordinary courts of law. The suit, commenced in 1508 and continued for several years, was decided in his favour, but the court had no power to enforce compliance on the monarch. At last, Diego having married a niece of the celebrated Duke of Alva, the chief favourite of the king, the monarch yielded to this powerful influence what he had denied to justice. Ovando was recalled in compliance with a promise long before made to the queen on her deathbed; and Diego appointed with the same powers. He went out to San Domingo in 1509, with his wife, his two uncles, and his brother, and ruled with a degree of splendour hitherto unknown. But he could not reform the abuses that had crept into the colony; factious men still disputed his authority, and the oppression and destruction of the Indians continued. In 1510, Cuba was colonised, and the mines in Hispaniola being exhausted, the culture of the sugarcane, a more certain source of riches, was introduced. On the representations of the Dominican friars, the labour of the natives was diminished, and negro slaves from Africa employed instead, but treated with a barbarity surpassing even that inflicted on the Indians. In 1515, Diego repaid to court to answer charges brought against him; but though his innocence was admitted, he continued involved in long and troublesome litigation with the fiscal officers of the crown. He returned to the island in 1520, but was recalled about three years afterwards, and spent the rest of his life in the vain endeavour to obtain justice from the court, having died near Toledo in 1526. His wife claimed the inheritance for his son, Don Luis, who, finding his dignities and privileges mere sources of vexation to himself, resigned them to the Emperor Charles V., and in return was created Duke of Veragua, and received a fixed sum of money for his claim to a tenth of the produce of the Indies. In 1578, all the legitimate male heirs of Columbus were extinct, and a long lawsuit commenced, which was at last decided in favour of Don Nuno de Portugallo, a branch of the Portuguese house of Braganza, and the great-grandson of Diego, the eldest son of Columbus.

Columbus's brother, the Adelantado, survived him several years, but was never employed in any office of importance, the king being jealous of the too great influence of the family. Fernando, the second son of Columbus, made several voyages to the New World, and also travelled over many parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. He possessed good natural abilities and studious habits, and collected a library of more than twenty thousand volumes, which he left to the Cathedral of Seville, where he died in 1539, aged about fifty-one years. He wrote several works, the only one of which that is known being his history of his father the admiral. It is singular that this history only exists in Spanish, in a retranslation from an Italian translation of the original. This has given rise to many errors in names and dates, but the work is still entitled to great credit, and forms the foundation of all the biographies of Columbus. One of the best and fullest of these is the production of Washington Irving, a native of that continent Columbus was the first to discover. It is to this work that we have been chiefly indebted in drawing up this account of the fortunes of the illustrious Genoese, whose merits have survived all calumny, and are indelibly inscribed on the history of the world.

MANUFACTURE AND ADULTERATION OF CHAMPAGNE.

THE manufacture of this kind of wine (says a writer in Fraser's Magazine) is a work of great care, risk, and labour. The grapes are pulled with great caution; every one injured, picked out and set aside. Great caution is observed not to damage the fruit in the carriage to the press, where the grapes are operated upon immediately. The must is not at once put into the cask, but is left in the

vat for some hours, to obtain a deposition of the dregs; but as soon as fermentation appears, it is transferred to the cask, and thus the natural operation is intentionally checked. At the Christmas after the vintage, during dry weather, the wine is racked and fined, frequently two or three times, and in the following March is put into bottles very carefully examined as to strength. The fermentation then commences, and the undecomposed saccharine and tartarous principles promote a rapid and powerful effervescence; while, if they are in perfection, the wine will be of good quality or the reverse. All these wines do not begin to effervesce at the same time; for some will be active in a fortnight, others will require a month; and a change of temperature is very frequently required to accelerate them. Some wines will not effervesce until the August after the vintage, and will then develop the quality suddenly. The loss from the bursting of the bottles is very great; if it does not exceed 16 per cent, the grower is very well satisfied. The cellars of the great champagne-makers resemble a well-arranged manufactory. Every bottle will be corked and uncorked more than once. M. Moët, of Epernay, sometimes keeps ten workshops going. His cellars are cut in the living rock, and are of vast extent, containing piles of bottles six feet high, as difficult to explore as the Cretan labyrinth. Oftentimes 600,000 bottles are thus heaped up to undergo the further care of perfecting. The piles are carefully watched, the workmen wearing masks of wire-gauze to protect their eyes from the splinters of glass that fly about on every side. All the spilled wine must be carefully drained off, lest by its decay it should injure the sound. Gutters are everywhere provided for this purpose. If the breakage be more than 16 per cent, the wine is taken down and removed to a cooler cellar, or uncorked, to let off the superabundant gas, and again corked up. The most violent breaking of bottles is in August; it ceases by the end of September, and then the pile is removed, and all the fragments of broken bottles are taken away, and each bottle submitted to what is called the operation of *dégagement*, when the bottles are reversed to let the sediment fall into the neck, being shaken for the purpose once or twice a-day. The wire over the cork is then untwisted, and the cork withdrawn, so as to let the gas explode, which carries with it the deposition. A gauge is now introduced to measure how high the wine should ascend to the neck, and the bottle is filled to the allotted measure with champagne that has already undergone a *dégagement*. The bottle is then corked and wired again, and put by for sale. When the wine is purchased, before it is sent off it is submitted to a second *dégagement*; this is uniformly done about a fortnight before it is sent away. From this brief account it is plain that the exquisite delicacy and bouquet of this wine is not attained without great trouble and expense.

The Medical Times mentions the following singular mode of increasing the intoxicating power of champagne, which has recently been discovered in Germany. It appears that a wine merchant of Rheims has for some years past enjoyed the almost exclusive privilege of supplying the kingdom of Wurtemberg with that wine, and that an extraordinary effect has been noticed to attend the drinking of a single glass thereof. After several analyses of the wine had been made, the contents of some of the bottles were examined by Liebig, who ascertained, by analysing its gases, that it contained one volume of carbonic acid gas, and two of the laughing-gas or protoxide of nitrogen. The last-named gas, the peculiar effects produced by which on the animal economy, when it has been respired, are well known, is prepared by the decomposition of the nitrate of ammonia. If this salt be at all impure, and not unfrequently when it is used absolutely pure, nitrous acid is evolved in the first instance during its decomposition. Chemists, therefore, when preparing the laughing-gas, are in the habit of throwing away the first proportions of gas that come over, and farther test the character of the gas before they allow it to be inspired, as the nitrous acid gas would act on the economy as a dangerous poison. Furthermore, if the lungs contain air when this gas is inhaled,

rous acid gas would be formed and danger result. There is another danger occasionally encountered, when the gas is used for purposes of exhilaration by respiration. Persons of consumptive habit it may cause severe pain in the chest, difficulty of breathing, and even spitting of blood. In those who have a tendency to apoplexy or palsy, a mischief in the head may be caused by its incautious use. How far these results may be modified by the gas being taken into the stomach, it is at present impossible to say, but the subject admits of and deserves farther inquiry. In all events, there is the danger of a portion of nitrous acid gas being used in the wine, together with the laughing-gas, and the adulteration is one of a most improper as well as singular character. It can hardly be regarded as altogether innocuous.

THE DISCLOSURE; OR, A NIGHT AT THE CASTLE.

In winter's sun was retiring behind the lofty hills of Glencroft, as two gentlemen, mounted on horseback, were slowly traversing that dreary district. The wildness and sublimity of the scene were eminently calculated to excite the admiration of the elder traveller—the alpine grandeur which rose on either side, the mountain torrents frozen in their descent down the craggy precipices, the death-like silence of the glen, undisturbed, save by the wild cry of the bird of prey, the expanse of purest snow, unbroken but by some abrupt crag or ruined cottage, all and everything around awakened in his bosom the deepest impression of the nothingness of man, the sublimity of nature, and the wisdom and power of its divine Architect. But another feeling arrayed, in his imagination, this scene in tenfold grandeur—it was his native country. In his varied travels in distant lands, in preference to the pomp and pageantry of the Eastern courts, or the pearls and treasures of India, his country, his native land, was the object of his adoration—to visit it, the wish of his life—and yet that country scarcely knew him. He had left it when a youth—the friends he then associated with—the parents he then loved, and whose memory he still so fondly cherished—the very scenes he had been accustomed to visit, had either altogether disappeared or been changed by the decay of nature or the operations of art; yet it was his native land—the soil from which he sprung—the air he first breathed. There was an air of dignity and reverence in the appearance of the elder Stewart, which could not fail to attract attention and command respect. He was middle-aged, but long and arduous services for his country in foreign climates had prematurely whitened his locks and given him a patriarchal look beyond his years. His costume was simple and plain, consisting of a broad military bonnet, a surtout, large riding boots and spurs; his weapons were a good trusty toledo, which had been used in several engagements abroad, and in his belt above two highly polished pistols. The manner in which his dress was adjusted was sufficient evidence of his profession; his broad shoulders were the monuments of a frame more powerful than that allotted to the generality of mankind, and the grace with which he managed his charger, displayed his superior skill in horsemanship.

Having for some time contemplated the magnificent theatre of nature around, he turned to his younger companion, who was muffled up in a great military cloak, to shelter himself from the piercing cold. 'My son,' said he, 'this is the land of my fathers, and here you have a view of its wildest and most majestic scenery.'

'And, father,' replied Lewis Stewart, 'do you offer these bleak mountains and dreary glens and withered shrubs, for the rich foliage of the East—is this really all my country can boast of?'

'Tush, boy, you speak like a child; what think you these rocky cliffs can produce?'

'Nothing, seemingly, but a scanty herbage for the half-starved sheep and cattle.'

'No, Lewis, something more than that; think, my son, that from these barren hills spring the children of freedom, the hearts of honesty, the arms of bravery; and do these

afford no recompense for the cold and heartless obedience of the Turk, the deep conspiracies of the Spaniard, or the hated tyranny of a despot. We are poor indeed, but we are rich in the possession of so many noble feelings; we may be beggars perhaps, but we borrow not from the swarthy Moor and the ungrateful Persian; we are situated in the confines of a frozen ocean, but our hearts are not chilled, or our friendships blunted by its influence; we are exposed—'

'Nay, stop, stop, you would have me believe your—I beg pardon—our countrymen are free from the failings of humanity.'

'Not so, Lewis, not so; but I own my weakness in my country's praise; it clings around my heart like the twisting ivy to the ruined tower, and I would you loved it too.'

'Well, give me time, father—give me time, for you must certainly own my first reception has not been very warm or inviting,' said Lewis, smiling.

The dress of Lewis partook more of the military spirit of other countries than of the land in which he now journeyed; on his head he wore a military cap, surmounted by a nodding plume of the deepest black, which formed an agreeable contrast with his fair hair, flowing in abundance over his athletic shoulders; his eyes were piercing and commanding; his moustache appeared to the best advantage under a finely formed Roman nose; he was encircled with a military cloak, at an opening of which peeped a massy silver chain, to which his rapier was attached, while his jack-boots and large silver spurs completed the *tout ensemble* of the youthful cavalier. There was little resemblance in his features to those of his father, so that the family physiognomist would have been staggered in the contemplation.

'Where do you intend to halt to-night, father?' inquired the young soldier.

'On the banks of Loch Lomond we shall obtain a resting-place, and on the morrow we will reach Dumbarton; but, Lewis, look in the direction of the loch, and tell me if you descry no singular object.'

'No, father, I see nothing save the snowy amphitheatre and the gloomy waters of the loch in the distance.'

They rode on at a brisk pace, but could see or hear nothing to indicate their approach to the supposed object. As they reached a projecting cliff, a strong and commanding voice summoned them to stand.

'Stop at your peril, or I shall make the first that moves a feast for carrion.'

The travellers reined up their mettled steeds, and demanded an explanation for so unexpected an interruption, and of a threat so extraordinary.

'Ask me not,' rejoined the robber; 'we are little accustomed to hold parley with the benighted traveller.' He had no sooner uttered these words, than the report of a pistol was heard from behind the rock.

'If such be your character, desperate villain, know that we are as little accustomed to converse with such as you,' said the young soldier, discharging a pistol at the robber. The ball took effect almost instantaneously, and the robber fell lifeless from his horse. Lewis and his father rushed forward to the spot whence the report proceeded, and timely interfered to preserve the life of an individual who lay bleeding on the ground. One of the banditti was busily engaged ransacking a trunk, while another was in the act of plunging a dagger into the breast of the bleeding gentleman: a beautiful and interesting female, supporting his head, and intercepting herself between the raised weapon and the body of her father. 'Villains, fiends, hold at your peril,' thundered the loud and unexpected voice of the elder Stewart. The robbers sprang to their feet, and prepared to defend themselves, but a thrust from the blade of Lewis saved the younger that trouble; the other, better accustomed to such tumults than his younger friend, retired a few paces to recover his ground and obtain a deliberate aim. He fired at Lewis, but without injury, as the ball merely grazed his shoulder; and the father, who by this time had dismounted, rushed suddenly upon the villain, and grasped him by the throat ere he could draw the other pistol from his belt. A fierce and desperate wrestle ensued,

in which Lewis, knowing his father's temper, dared not to interfere. They struggled for a few moments with amazing strength, and with nearly equal success, but the robber was at last overpowered and fell. The victor placed his knee on his breast, and seizing hold of a pistol which, in the scuffle, had fallen from his belt, threatened to shoot him. The robber pleaded earnestly for his life, and the elder Stewart, turning towards his son, with an inquiring look, asked him what was to be done.

'Spare the villain's life, but bind him securely with this rope; he may be the means of explaining the cause of this affair.' The robber was firmly secured with the rope of the trunk which he had just been rifling, and speedily bound to the horse of the younger Stewart.

Having thus secured their prisoner, the attention of the travellers was next directed to the unfortunate gentleman and his lovely companion. During the rencontre she had swooned, and he still lay exhausted on the ground. The wound was discovered to be in the arm, but the rough surgery of a napkin stopped the bleeding, and a little wine (found in the portmanteau) restored him to his senses, and reminded him of his daughter.

'Is she alive?' was his first inquiry.

'She has but fainted,' replied Lewis. 'Hush! She speaks.'

The young lady fell upon her knees, and with her hands clasped before her, and her eyes directed towards heaven, muttered some inward but inaudible petition.

'Sir,' interrupted the elder Stewart, 'remember the danger of your present condition, and although we have subdued this party, another may not be far distant.' A whistle from a neighbouring group of shrubs was a convincing evidence of the truth of what he said, and mustering his remaining strength, the wounded gentleman requested Lewis and his father to lead him to his carriage a few yards distant. The lady and gentleman were placed inside—the coach driver, a singular old man, now popping his head from behind a withered oak, 'was extremely happy they had made friends after a', for quarrelling was an unco sad thing,' mounted the box—while Lewis and his captive charge on one side, and the father on the other, served as a *guard d'honneur* to the cavalcade.

Having travelled nearly two miles at a pace as rapid as the state of the road would permit, the carriage stopped at an antique and somewhat baronial gateway, which consisted of one solid and massive arch, on the key-stone of which were rudely sculptured the armorial bearings of the family, while on either side a richly carved pillar completed the entrance; the long grass was visible on every projecting part of the structure, and the tops of the wild briars, seen over the snow, told a dismal tale of the neglect of cultivation and the unrestrained dominion of nature. An oaken gate, a few feet in height, was placed in the room of the ancient door, and formed a striking contrast with what imagination conceived would once have been there. A cry of peculiar harshness from the driver brought an old and debilitated female to the porch, who, selecting one from a bunch of keys, unlocked the gate and admitted the party. The feelings of each individual, as they slowly rode up the dismal avenue, rendered still more dreary by the fall of the leaf and the winter's cold, were of a varied character. The wounded gentleman was grateful for the preservation of his life, and anxious about the future disposal of his captive; the young lady was planning the best mode of treatment for her father, and perhaps turning her thoughts, if not her eyes, on the young and handsome soldier; the elder Stewart rejoiced in the opportunity so early afforded his son of judging of Scotch kindness and hospitality, and yet regretting the wreck and wildness of the surrounding shrubbery; Lewis, feeding on the romantic occurrences of the day, fondly anticipated further enjoyment. He could observe, notwithstanding the advancing darkness, a sudden change on the features of the robber as he crossed the threshold of the property, and a wildness in his look, which he could ill conceal, portrayed some inward struggle; his lips moved involuntarily, but no audible or intelligible sounds escaped from them. Though Lewis could not but

consider these occurrences as strange, they no sooner ceased than his thoughts were directed to a far more interesting object—the beautiful female whose property and life he had been the happy instrument of protecting. By a sudden turn they reached the castle, as the vanity of ancestral days had denominated a structure of a strange, though almost unfortified appearance. Its fosse was filled up, its drawbridge removed, and the former strength of its loopholed towers was impaired by the operations of modern architecture. The elder Stewart took charge of Evans Campbell, the lord of the manor, and his daughter; while Lewis, like a true soldier, conducted the robber to his dungeon. In this task he was assisted by a tall Highlander, who acted as turnkey, and whose body had been in a state of perpetual motion since the company entered the castle walls. On the retiring of his master, however, Donald stopped his pendulous see-saw motion, and dragged the reluctant brave along, who was muttering to himself in broken sentences such as these: 'Welcome old walls; may the spirit of the Douglas haunt his maddened brain, and tell him the man yet lives who dares revenge it; and will it be the last time—my wife—ah! poor Margery, and my bairns; curse on their chicken hearts that would suffer their father thus to be dragged, and not revenge.'

'Cease your growling, savage,' interrupted the sturdy mountaineer; 'leave prating to the parrot; follow this way.'

They descended two storeys beneath the level of the ground, on steps well worn with age, covered with moss, and wet with the damp of the subterranean dungeon. They led the unhappy captive along a narrow passage, which was not illuminated by a ray of light, save that borrowed from the cells on either side. As they proceeded towards the cell, the robber whispered to Lewis in a significant tone of voice: 'Meet me at midnight, young man; fear nothing—but meet me.' Having reached the termination of the winding passage, the Highlander unlocked a door, placed a small lamp on a stone bench, and dragging the robber in, relocked the door, and left him to his own bitter reflections. The turnkey walked on before to guide Lewis in the proper path, who, as he slowly retired from the cell, distinctly heard this fearful prayer: 'May the revenge of the clan feast on the remains of the hated fratri-cide!' and the robber threw his exhausted body on a bundle of straw. The young Stewart, anxious to decipher the meaning of so strange an expression, would willingly have lingered behind, but the iron voice of Donald was not to be resisted. 'This way, your honour, this way,' as they ascended from the dismal prison-house. Lewis noted the various windings, and when they reached the top of the stair, he observed where the jailer deposited the keys of the cells below. He introduced Lewis into a small and well furnished parlour. On a sofa lay the Campbell, whose arm was now carefully dressed; and from the fatigue he had undergone, was enjoying a slight slumber. The younger Stewart stood for a few moments to consider the features before him; even in his sleep there was a harshness of expression peculiarly uninviting, while half-muttered sentences and violent contraction of the muscles indicated some strong mental struggle; his hair, of a coarse dark brown, lay in hideous neglect on his shoulders; his brow was large, but hung in a very disagreeable manner over his shaggy eyebrows; in short, his whole visage was far from being prepossessing. From this spectacle, Lewis turned to consider the contrast presented by the face and figure of the lovely Matilda. Her countenance partook more of the cast of the Spanish than the Scotch; her eyes and hair were jet-black; those features which at ordinary times could not fail to attract attention and excite admiration, were rendered doubly interesting by the anxiety with which she watched her wounded parent. On Lewis's entrance, a nod of recognition, and an extended hand of gratitude and welcome, alone interrupted her devoted attendance. In a short time the sleeper awoke, and raising himself, suddenly exclaimed: 'Not yet! not yet! his very spirit may seek revenge.' There was in his countenance, as he thus spoke, an aspect peculiarly wild and unnatural; but freeing himself from the trammels of

his dream, he composed himself for the situation in which he was placed. The two Stewarts looked in astonishment at each other, unable to define the meaning of such expressions, and yet half admiring the ready control he exercised over himself; for in an instant his face assumed a more pleasing appearance, and he prepared himself to receive his guests with the proverbial hospitality of his country.

' Gentlemen, you are welcome within the castle of the Campbell; and let me apologise for not having welcomed you already. The cheer we offer is not sumptuous, but its simplicity is, in my opinion, better than luxuriance, if offered with a good grace. Matilda, my dear, have you ordered supper?'

' Yes, my dear father, I have; but pray do not exert yourself in your present condition. Is not excitement dangerous, sir?' said the fair girl to the elder Stewart.

' Very bad, indeed, fair lady; besides, sir, it is not required on your part, as my son and I are well accustomed to self-denial, which, by the way, does not seem required here,' as the aforesaid Highlander placed a collation on the table.

Mr Campbell was anxious to rise and perform the duties of the supper-table, but the entreaties of his affectionate daughter, and the remonstrances of his guests, prevailed, and he again composed his body in the least painful position. ' Perhaps, gentlemen, as you object to my company at table, you will permit me to converse with you at this distance.'

' Oh! not to-night, father, not to-night. You had better retire to rest, and, with the blessing of God, you may be stronger to-morrow.'

' I believe the child talks wisely, sirs, for I must own I feel considerable pain in my arm.'

' Rest assured,' said the elder Stewart, ' your presence in your wounded state would rather add pain than pleasure, for it is vain to affect hilarity when the body is ill at ease; therefore, let me advise you to retire, and your daughter shall bring you a potion, to which, I imagine, you will have no objections; a beverage highly prized in foreign parts, and of which, with your kind permission, lady, I shall be the compounder.'

' One question, sir, ere you retire, if you please,' interrupted Lewis. ' What are your intentions as to the disposal of your prisoner?'

' Of that, my young friend, I shall be better qualified to speak on the morrow; at present I shall rather follow the advice of your father, tempered as it is by the promise of the all-curing potion,' said the Campbell, smiling; but in that smile there was a coldness and hypocrisy which he could ill disguise, and which showed that the heart had no share in the words of the lips. He retired, and in a short time Matilda returned and seated herself at the head of the table.

' My father,' said she, on entering the room, ' is now in bed, and will, I trust, soon fall asleep. He begged me to say that you will both consider your own comfort, and make yourselves happy, and if anything lies in my power, I am sure I should gladly add to the pleasure of those who have so generously protected him and myself.'

' Young lady,' said the elder Stewart, ' talk no more of our services, they are already amply repaid, for in assisting persons in such a situation, we only act according to the dictates of common humanity.'

' And pray, sir, did you find your companion very agreeable? I presume his conversation was very instructive?' said the smiling Matilda to Lewis, who was contemplating the beauty of the features before him.

' Instructive, sweet lady,' replied Lewis, in the same ironical style; ' it was truly most edifying. I think he did take the trouble to utter one groan—one single sigh.'

' But jesting apart, poor infatuated man, is it not a lamentable exhibition and degradation when one man is so far lost to all sense of honour and of God as to live by the murder and robbery of others?'

' It is a sad picture of humanity,' rejoined the elder Stewart; ' and while we abhor the sight, it forces us to admire the fair side the more; but, pray, how did the scuffle commence?'

' As suddenly and unexpectedly as it closed. We were proceeding down the glen, and had reached that horrid cliff, where three ruffians lay concealed. Our captive, the ringleader, summoned the driver to stop—nay, don't laugh at his whimsical appearance, for he is a good-natured man, and a great favourite of mine—well, the coach-door was forcibly opened, and, ere my father could ascertain the cause of the interruption, he was dragged by the two elder bandits behind the cliff; the one retired to watch, the other fired upon my father and wounded him in the arm; the third, a youth indeed in years, though not perhaps in crimes, ransacked our only trunk; and in this state you rescued our lives from danger.'

' And said they nothing?' inquired Lewis.

' They talked about their time having come for revenge, and that they would have their reckoning; but, really, sir, I was in such a state of agitation at the time that I paid but little attention to their words.'

' Have you properly secured the captive, Lewis?' inquired the father.

' As safe as bars and bolts can make him; it is a cold damp cell, but I daresay the villain has been in a worse.'

The party shortly afterwards separated for the night, and Donald acted as file-de-chambre.

' I am extremely sorry, gentlemen,' said the robust Highlander, ' you cannae baith sleep in the self-same room, for you'll observe we're no oure muckle visited in this auld castle, which my granny used to tell me was haunted, but no whit did I mind her auld goblin stories of lang white sheets, and chains, and skulls, though I used to shake my head and aye be saying, ay that's veru true and very awfu'; but this way, gentlemen, if you please.'

' Upon my word, Donald, but you act wonderfully well to have had so little practice,' said the elder Stewart, at the same time bidding good-night to Matilda and his son.

' What a wayward lot is mine,' said Lewis, placing the lamp upon the table. ' From my infancy I have been the child of fortune, tossed from clime to clime, and when I thought my wanderings were to cease, here I am in some romantic world of my own formation. But this gay frost-work must be dissolved, and I shall adjourn to the cell of the robber; the hour has not yet come; and yet, should I go, 'tis but to feed my mind with some new absurdity. Yet, how significant his words; I go, I am resolved.'

As the castle clock struck twelve, Lewis snatched up his lamp and repaired to the captive's cell. He experienced considerable difficulty in guiding himself through the labyrinths of the castle, but at length reached the apartment of the Highland turnkey. On a bed of the coarsest materials was deposited the body of the mountaineer, who, in entire forgetfulness, groaned at stated intervals. Lewis having placed his own lamp on the outside, cautiously entered the room, and, directed by the dubious glimmering of another light which burned by the bedside, was in the act of taking down a bunch of rusty keys from a huge nail behind the door, when he was suddenly and disagreeably interrupted by, ' What are you wanting there, birkie?' from the sonorous voice of the half-waked Donald, who, in his movement, upset the stool on which the lamp was placed, and left the chamber in total darkness. Lewis had his hand upon the keys, and remained motionless; the fears of the Highlander being however allayed from the deathlike silence that ensued, which probably was more easily achieved from his reluctance entirely to disengage himself from the embraces of Morpheus, in a few moments his welcome snoring was resumed. Having secured the object of his search, the youth cautiously stole out of the room, and guided more by probabilities than certainties, and the ray of his little lamp, reached at length the lonely dungeon of the captive. He paused for a moment to consider the danger of his situation, and the consequences that might ensue from his undertaking; he guessed from the broken sentences of the robber that he had been formerly confined within the castle, and might therefore be intimately acquainted with its every turning and winding? Might the villain not overpower him and make his escape? Might he not murder him? Or might he not secure him and expose

his treachery (if such it might be called) to the kind host under whose roof he had been entertained, or to the bitter reproaches of an indulgent father? But the love of romance silenced all these forebodings, and the forcible manner in which the robber had reiterated the request, even at the risk of being overheard by the honest Donald, urged him to proceed. He unbarred the massive door, which was secured by double locks, and stood to contemplate the spectacle before him. On his pallet of straw lay a wretch whose life had been spent in the gratification of unhallowed desires, in the prosecution of unlawful ends; the scenes of rapine and murder in which he had been engaged were now exchanged for the solitary dungeon; but even the impiety of the rencontre in which he had last participated had not the power to while away his sleep; the taper, which afforded a brighter light to that subterranean abode than the noble luminary of heaven even at noonday, cast a fearful reflection on his fiendish features, tarnished by exposure to many a summer's sun and winter's cold; his Herculean form filled the spectator with awe and admiration, and neither the undoing of the bars, nor the ungrateful creak of the door on its rusty hinge, disturbed the deep slumber of the savage bandit; a smile of the most diabolical revenge passed over his features as Lewis advanced towards his 'dinty couch,' having first taken the precaution to secure the door in the event of the captive meditating his escape. He shook the slumbering prisoner, who by many a groan and muttered curse intimated the unwelcomeness of the intrusion.

'Douglas, Douglas, I say, are you grown so much a child as to require ten hours of sleep?'

'Who calls on the Douglas? Is it the spirit of the clan that summons to revenge? Who and what art thou?' thundered the awakened savage, grasping Lewis roughly by the throat.

'Why, friend, you do not seem inclined to allow me to tell you.' The robber looked sternly in his face and relaxed his hold.

'So you have come at last, young man; it seemed a plaguy long time; little entertainment here but to listen to the hollow wind and watch the dying taper; not much variety, young man, not much variety; will you have a seat in my palace, for here I am sole monarch, and my subjects and I are well acquainted.'

'So you have visited this cell before, Douglas?'

'Yes, young man, but never will again.'

'And how know you that?'

'By the spell of inspiration; his spirit walks abroad; and but another hour and my fate is sealed.'

'Why, Douglas, you speak like a child, or delude yourself by some vile superstition?'

'Superstition indeed! what call you superstition? Have the gipsy tales no liking for your delicate mind? Or can the rays of a setting sun not foretell the weather of the morrow? Will the astrologer preach without conviction, or the aged seer detail his prophecy in vain? The third, the fatal third, arrives this night; you laugh at me, young man, beware to rouse the dormant lion, or by the memory of unanswered blood I may requite myself on you. But why this idle boast, to-night we meet, and 'twill be a hasty call.'

'And what is this much dreaded phantom?'

'The spirit of a murdered saint.'

Lewis's blood froze in his veins as he considered the blackness of the character in whose presence he now stood, and the unshaken fortitude with which he uttered that awful sentence. 'And are you the hated murderer; was that hand stained in the blood of innocence?'

'In part, but not in whole. List, young man, I have a reason why I speak thus to you; to-night, this very night, and my spirit is not here; but, ere I die, I will intrust you with a legacy that will stagnate your very life's blood; I mean the history of my life. Sit here and interrupt me not,' said the robber, grasping Lewis by the hand and placing him on a stone bench near the bed of straw on which he himself sat.

'In my early life,' commenced the bandit, 'I was edu-

cated in a style far exceeding the generality of young men of my day. I was the only child of an affectionate father and a loving mother; their thoughts were continually bent on my care and education, and unwilling that I should be sent to a public school, a private tutor superintended my studies; under his teaching I acquired a considerable knowledge of Latin and the mathematics, but being too fondly beloved and indulged by my parents, I rebelled against my tutor's authority, and after the death of my parents succeeded to a large estate which I was ignorant how to manage. I launched into every species of extravagance, and practised every demoralising action. I got into debt, my property was sold, my friends forsook me, I was slighted by those who had formerly fawned upon me, and driven from one wild thought to another, determined (what a fatal determination!) to try my fortune with a set of lawless bandits, with whom, at that time, I unfortunately became acquainted. The fatal step once made, I found it impossible to retreat, and after many a scene of robbery and bloodshed, we left the Lowlands, where we had formerly carried on our traffic, and settled in this part of the country. The better to disguise our real characters, we assumed the garb and practised the tricks and arts of the gypsies. In this way we lived for some time, until we became acquainted with your present host, the lord of the manor. If you think you know him, young man, beware of what he seems to be; if you know him not, listen to his character. At the period of our first acquaintance his father was alive, a shrewd, calculating, but honest man, whose early life had been spent abroad, and who at that time was a justice of the peace and a strict searcher after smuggled goods. His eldest and favourite son was abroad in India, and his second son at that time lived with him; it was of course our anxious endeavour to discover the characters with whom we traded, and we could easily perceive in the person of this second son, the present master of this house, principles totally at variance with those of his father; he encouraged us in the smuggling trade, and thus gratified his ambitious and selfish feelings; the father suspected him, and that suspicion awakened hatred. Soon after this the father died suddenly, and the crafty son, alleging that his elder brother had been shipwrecked and drowned on his passage from India, succeeded to his estate. To satisfy the public, he produced a forged letter (it was these hands that forged it, young man), supposed to be written by one of the crew, stating that all the passengers had found a watery grave. Next year, the elder brother, having heard of his father's death, actually returned to inherit his property, but the crafty usurper bribed me and another gypsy to murder him; we steeped our hands in the blood of the innocent man, and that so secretly, that no suspicion fell on any one; we met him alone in yonder wood we passed to-day, and buried him there; a tablet was erected to his memory in the church, with all seeming grief, by his villain brother, detailing his virtues and unhappy death by shipwreck; the avaricious miser did not pay us the offered bribe, and we swore revenge against him. We were forced to leave this part of the coast, as our acts were now notorious, but when we returned our revenge was unsated, and we were this night to gratify our passion; but the spirit of the much-injured brother crossed my path and blighted my project, and here I am to meet for the third and last time the hated phantom.'

When the robber concluded this awful narrative, Lewis was amazed at his composure and serenity. The unfaltering voice with which he had narrated his whole life, made the young soldier doubt whether the perpetrator of so many diabolical acts was really in his presence, and a cold quivering sensation settled at his heart; he had been accustomed to view life in many an unpleasant aspect, but never in all his travels had he witnessed such a melancholy display of determined and hardened villainy.

'And now, young man, what think ye of your host?'

'Nothing but what a virtuous mind can think of so impious a wretch,' was the reply. 'But,' continued Lewis, 'does your assistant in this fiendish transaction yet live to bear testimony to the crime?'

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'He did till this night, but he was killed in the scuffle; he died, as the murdered spirit had told us, in a fray. But another yet breathes—even Randolph of the Crag. Poor aged seer! how his pale eyes will brighten at the tale of other years! Will you venture to the prophet's den?'

'I may, provided you can tell its site and access, Douglas,' said the soldier.

'That well can I. For oft, in the hot pursuit, that den has rescued the weary Douglas, where, safe from annoyance, we can survey the dogs below, who cannot even descry the stag they hunt after. By the side of Loch Long you will discover a narrow footpath, hold by it straight; and when you reach a withered fir, which sheds its leafless boughs as if to mark the spot, you leave that scarcely trodden way, and descend towards the loch over briers and brambles. When you reach its shores, walk some hundred yards to seaward, and, turning up the little ravine on the left side, you will observe a bold projecting cliff, which, having mounted about midway, some blasted shrubs intimate the entrance to the hidden vault. But remember, youth, you go at night alone; and if you see the master of the feast, by way of passport say, "The Douglas hails you, Randolph," and he will receive you with respect; for in his aged breast there still remains a lingering spark that points to Bruce's days, and tells him of his ancestor and mine.'

'E'en as you say, it shall be done, Douglas. But do you repent your crimes, if, as you say, this night must be your last?'

'As I say, fair stripling, no: as the *phantom* says—'Once (these were its words), off the coast of Man, we meet; and so we did, for then I lost my coffers and my ship: again, in the Crag of Refuge;' even so, for there I lost my wife and favourite-son: 'and once again (here the robber's voice underwent a manifest change) in the castle-dungeon;' even here—and even now, young man. Adieu; you must not see my spirit fly. Do as I bid you, and you will find my story true.'

'But his daughter?'

'Is not of such a breed. She is indeed a sweetly tempered child; and little does she dream, poor thoughtless girl, of that heavy load that binds her parent to his torturing couch! Poor Matilda Campbell, how fair she blooms amid so much wickedness!'

'Friend, you moralise well for such a sinner.'

'And so may we all when death is near. I enlisted in the robber's troop not from choice, but from necessity; I wish I never had. But why relate —. Hark! the clock strikes one. Adieu!—bar not the door, it but annoys my ear—and let me have peace until I die. Oh, my poor bairns!' He threw himself on his bed of straw.

Lewis, having secured the door, retired, and wended his way through the labyrinth of passages. He deposited the keys in the apartment in which he found them, without disturbing the dream of the unsuspecting Donald, and proceeded to his own room. On advancing to the window he was surprised to observe a light in the tower which flanked the opposite wing of the castle. What could it mean at that hour of midnight? He might have disturbed the family, and the suspicions of his wounded host might have been awakened; it might be the taper of the lovely Matilda, watching the sleep of her father, or pouring forth her midnight prayers for his recovery. Anxious to ascertain the meaning of the occurrence, the young Stewart extinguished the light of his own lamp that he might share better in that of the other. He could distinctly see the form of Matilda in the lowly posture of devotion. She rose, and, seating herself by the window, sung a simple but affecting ditty. Her voice was sweet, though not powerful, which, added to the peculiar circumstances, failed not to excite the interest of the romantic soldier. He knew not whether to attract her attention or to permit her the full enjoyment of her reverie; but he resolved to do the latter, on perceiving a tall dark figure walking hurriedly towards the castle. The contrast between the deep black outline of the advancing form and the 'virgin snow' was peculiarly striking, and its quick and gigantic

strides added to the strangeness of its aspect. Having stopped within a few feet of the base of the tower in which Matilda's apartment was situated, Lewis watched with intense anxiety, and alternately looked at the figure and the window of the fair girl, to observe if there was any secret communication between them. He could trace the proportions of a tall man, considerably bent, however, by the lapse of time. His thin grey locks waved in the winter's mournful wind; but the facility with which he lifted a heavy trap-door showed that time had not deprived him of his strength.

'Hold, intruder,' cried Lewis, unable to remain longer silent; 'what errand sends you here?' but the figure leaped within, and the trap-door closed upon him. The light in Matilda's chamber was immediately dimmed, though not extinguished, and all was silent as the grave. Lewis was astonished at so strange an apparition, and questioned the reality of the vision; but it fed his spirit of romance, and he anxiously watched the sequel. The light again appeared in the opposite tower, and the fair inmate opened her casement, and looked abroad to ascertain the cause of the alarm. Lewis was struck at this example of courage, and raised his window to address her.

'Fair lady, the winter's winds can little suit the delicacy of your form, and the biting cold is but a rude visitant on your cheek.'

'Who speaks?' said the agitated girl, in a frightened tone of voice; 'who speaks, I say?' in a stronger and more commanding manner.

'Tis the young stranger your father's generosity has this night sheltered; and he would ask why the fair Matilda wakes so late.'

'Because she dreams of murder.'

The mysterious figure that had entered by the trap-door was no other than Randolph of the Crag, who, having heard of the scuffle and its consequences, repaired to the cell of the Douglas. The door had been but insecurely barred by Lewis, and easily yielded to the false keys of the crafty gipsy king. On entering he beheld the ill-fated man stretched on the floor, lifeless, yet warm; and the bloody knife in his hand proved too distinctly the perpetrator of the act, which had doubtless been consummated through the belief of meeting the murdered spirit. So strange and so fatal are the superstitions of human nature! The aged gipsy, rendered desperate by the loss of his two friends, rushed up the mouldering staircase to revenge himself on the avaricious fratricide; but his noisy approach had awokened Donald, by whom he was immediately challenged. 'Och! my bonnie lad, but you're caught in your ain trap.' Every inmate of the castle was now astir, but nothing could restrain the fanatical advance of the desperado. Without answering the call of the unarmed Donald, he thrust him through the body, and hurried forward without uttering a word. There was not a moment to be lost. The elder Stewart tried to calm the alarmed Matilda, and retired with her into her own room. The young soldier placed himself before the advancing villain, and demanded the reason of his conduct.

'Ask me not, young jackanapes, else you shall share the same fate. I go to the fratricide to murder him.'

Lewis stepped out of the way to avoid the intended stroke of the gipsy's claymore, and retired to defend the bed of the Campbell. Randolph rushed blindly forward, and, while in the act of striking the fratricide, received a fatal thrust from the toledo of Lewis: he groaned and fell. The other inmates speedily filled the apartment, and the shrill voice of the affrighted Matilda exclaimed—

'My father! my father!'

'Is saved,' rejoined the youthful warrior, as he wiped the blood from the blade of his sword, and gazed in pity on the face of the dying man.

'Stand off, ye sycophants,' said the gipsy, raising himself by a strong effort from the ground, and supporting himself on his right hand, which still grasped his sword: 'stand off, I say, and hear the sentence of a dying man. There,' said he, pointing with his withered fingers to the couch of the Campbell, and exhibiting a peculiar sneer of

contempt and revenge, 'there lies a fratricide;' (an involuntary shudder seized each breast;) 'and this night that savage dies.'

'My father! my father!' exclaimed the weeping Matilda.

'Stand back, I say, and let my fading eyes feast on the villain's tortures. This night the spirit of the Douglas died, and so shall mine, and so shall his; for his murdered brother's ghost cries out for vengeance. For years it has been wandering on the midnight heath, and thus all feuds between it and the living end, and its spirit lies in peace.'

So saying, the determined Randolph, ere he could be intercepted by the bystanders, raised himself with all his remaining strength from the ground, and pierced the unresisting Campbell with his sword. The gipsy, as if content to die, uttered a triumphant laugh, and fell back lifeless on the floor. Matilda flew to the bedside and tried to stop the bleeding wound.

'Leave me to die, poor Matilda, and hear my dying words. I cannot bless you; that belongs to the good alone—and even my blessing would be a curse. I am a fratricide; and, oh! if mortal pains on earth can answer the offence, I have had my share; for when the world believed that I was innocent, and that my brother was indeed drowned, this heart devised his murder, and, with the aid of this day's captive and another, the deed was done. My time for penitence is past, and I die guilty.'

'His name was Charles Campbell?' interrupted the elder Stewart.

'It was; and why do you inquire?'

'A soldier?'

'True.'

'And returned in the ——, from India?'

'Well, and what of that?'

'Another answer, and I am done. Was he not wrecked off the coast of Africa?'

'True; and lost his only child of two years of age.'

'Not so; for here he stands to witness your confession, and claim your fortune.'

The fratricide raised himself from his bed—'Oh, happy offspring of a much-injured father, draw near me while I speak. Forgive me! oh, forgive me! and torture me not with bitter anguish.'

'I do forgive you, poor misguided man; and if indeed I am what I am said to be, I pray my murdered father to forgive you too. But here (looking to the elder Stewart) I have a second father. Generous friend, how shall I ever repay so much real kindness?'

'I, even I, a dying guilty soul, will tell you: Marry my daughter; for she is as free from all her father's faults as light from darkness; and in that spotless frame you'll find a purer mind. Poor Matilda, look and learn.' (She fixed her eyes on her expiring parent.) 'Your hand, child—your hand—quick, quick—I die; yours, nephew; he joined them; 'may my offended God forgive my sins, and bless your union!' and he died, an awful warning to the dissolute and avaricious, of the misery of a harassing mind and guilty conscience.

It is needless, for it is nearly impossible, to describe the different feelings in that little chamber. The death of Evans Campbell excited no feelings of regret in the neighbourhood. He was hated for his narrow and uncharitable conduct. The marriage of the fair Matilda to her cousin Lewis, and the noble-mindedness of the elder Stewart, were themes of the highest gratulation; and the story of the fratricide is now told as a tale of times long past, but never to be forgotten.

M O H A M M E D A L L

THE manners of Mohammed Ali, his mode of receiving, addressing, and conversing with strangers, are full of dignity, courtesy, and well-bred ease. He converses with Europeans always through an interpreter, who speaks in the French language and translates what is said to him into the Turkish, the only one which the pacha professes to understand. Yet the expression of his quick eye and

whole countenance, while the person with whom he converses is addressing the interpreter in French, gives often the impression that he understands more of that language than he owns to, and prefers, as many official persons in the east do, to communicate through a third person, in order to give himself more time in this double process to consider his replies. His style of conversation is agreeable. He speaks in short, terse sentences, often almost epigrammatic, never without a meaning, even when they are phrases of mere ceremony. Like all men he is fond of a little flattery, and invites it. But, like all men of sense, he requires that that little shall be administered with judgment, and is earnest and skilful in searching for subjects on which others are able to answer his inquiries with information; and on such topics he delights in showing you, by no disagreeable interruption, how quickly he has apprehended their full meaning and how well he could enlarge upon it. Like all persons of station in the east, he begins the conversation with a phrase or two of compliment and welcome, and answers the first compliment paid to him in return by a sentence which he uses, I believe, to every body, whatever his age may be, or to whatever European country he may belong, with very little variety—'You are a young man from an old country.' Then he generally goes on thus—'I have worked hard to improve this country, and have done something. But all my youth was spent in war. The works of peace take more time than those of war; and, when I began to govern, my time was too short to do as much as I wished. I had everything to begin. I had weeds to pluck out as well as to sow. In your country the ground is prepared for you: you require only a very light plough. I had to begin with the hand. Then I took to the spade—spade, spade! I have hardly got to the plough yet.' Then he asks his visitor what he thinks of Egypt, as far as he has seen of it—of the country and of its government: a tolerably compendious question. He desires him to speak up and criticise freely; and then, from his answer, he judges of what are the topics on which he is most competent to carry on the conversation. I received a hint, before my first interview with the pacha, that it would gratify him to be asked his age, and, after he had told it, to be reminded that he was born in the *memorable* year 1780, which produced also Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. But these are weaknesses in which he is a sharer with all other men. It is when the phrases of mere ceremony are past, and conversation has begun, that he shows that he is no ordinary man. He shows, that when he challenged a free criticism of the institutions and government of Egypt, he did it sincerely, and takes in good part a frank compliance with the challenge. Not that, when hard pressed upon what he knows to be wrong in the system, he will not dissemble a little, and endeavour to make you doubt the truth of the view you have taken upon the information you have received; but when he finds you strong in your facts, and that they do not admit of a colourable denial or justification, 'in seceredit senex,' he taps you on the knee, and, with a good-humoured smile, makes the best defence he can on the rights of the question.

I saw a notable instance of this on the question of slavery. He said that the slave-market was now abolished in Cairo. But when assured, with the frankness he had invited, that though it was true that the old slave-market in the midst of the city was now no more, his highness might satisfy himself, by sending to another place, within half a mile of his own palace, that a new one was established there upon an equally large scale, where Nubians and Abyssinians, and some Georgians too, were exposed to public sale, he smiled, the knee was tapped, and he said he disliked the system of slavery as much as any man, but that old institutions, however bad, could not all be reformed at once: 'You found some difficulty in abolishing slavery in your American islands, and were a long time before you achieved it.' Then he proceeded to show that the condition of the slaves in Egypt was much less severe and degrading than ours had been, or than the slave states of the American Union is. When it was suggested to him that, so long as slavery should exist in any shape, it would be impossible to put

down slave importation and slave-hunts, with all the abominations that belonged to them, he said that the slave-hunts had been abolished universally throughout Egypt. On being informed that, although his highness believed it was so, he might be assured, on the testimony of several European gentlemen of honour, lately returned from Upper Egypt, that the slave-hunts (*gazousas*) were now in full activity there, and carried on by his own soldiers on furlough, and that, indeed, there were persons who did his highness the wrong of inferring from thence that these furloughs, with their license to hunt down Nubians and Abyssinians, were given to his soldiers in part of pay, the smile came again, and the tap on the knee, and the old story that 'old institutions, however bad, could not all at once,' &c. The slave-hunts are, in truth, carried on for the most part by the pacha's soldiers on furlough. The slaves are brought in by them to their officers, who divide them in due proportion among the captors in lieu of pay. The captors then take their slaves to the merchants who trade in them, and who bring them to the markets at Alexandria and Cairo; and the 'raikir,' a tax of 200 piastres, is paid to the government on the sale of each slave. Among the resident slave-merchants who carry on this traffic it is a disgraceful fact that there are many Europeans, principally French. I believe, from the best information I have been able to obtain, and I hope it is the truth, that among these miscreants there are none British. Representations have been made to the French Government respecting the French subjects engaged in the trade. The French Government has interfered, and, I hope, with success.

It is true that the physical condition of the slaves in Egypt is in many respects better than, probably, any other country where the heavy curse and crime of slavery exists. They are treated with kindness, are considered as part of the family of their master, and, if they should become old without having obtained their freedom, are, according to the commands of the Koran, which are law among all Mohammedans, maintained in comfort till death. If they should fall into the hands of a rich and powerful master, and so behave as to find favour with him, they, after no long time, are emancipated and advanced, and not unfrequently rise to wealth, and sometimes even to the highest posts in the state. But all this is but a feeble apology for the institution, with all the horrors inseparable from it, even in Egypt. The wars which the slave-trade in Nubia excites amongst the chieftains there, for the purpose of obtaining prisoners for the markets, the sale of infants by their parents, the slave-hunts, the ambuscades for the purpose of kidnapping children, the dreadful sufferings and deaths in the journey across the desert—these are pictures of crime and misery which, circumstances slightly varied (such as the middle passage of the ocean, perhaps, instead of the wilderness), must always abound wherever slavery exists, and the slave-market, which is a necessary accompaniment of slavery.—*Lord Nugent's Lands Classical and Sacred.*

THE ESCULENT SWALLOW.

Sir George Staunton, who accompanied Lord Macartney in his embassy to China, gives a very interesting account both of the swallow and of its nest:—'In the Cass,' says Sir George, 'a small island near Sumatra, we found two caverns running horizontally into the side of the rock, and in these were a number of those birds' nests so much prized by the Chinese epicures. They seemed to be composed of fine filaments, cemented together by a transparent viscous matter, not unlike what is left by the foam of the sea upon stones alternately covered by the tide, or those gelatinous animal substances found floating on every coast. The nests adhere to each other and to the sides of the cavern, mostly in horizontal rows, without any break or interruption, and at different depths, from fifty to five hundred feet. The birds that build these nests are small grey swallows, with bellies of a dirty white. They were flying about in considerable numbers, but were so small, and their flight was so quick, that they escaped the shot fired at them. The same sort of nests are said to be also found in deep

caverns at the foot of the highest mountains in the middle of Java, at a distance from the sea, from which source it is thought that the birds derive no materials, either for their food, or the construction of their nests, as it does not appear probable they should fly in search of either over the intermediate mountains, which are very high, or against the boisterous winds prevailing thereabouts. They feed on insects which they find hovering over stagnated pools between the mountains, and for the catching of which their wide opening beaks are particularly adapted. They prepare their nests from the best remnants of their food. Their greatest enemy is the kite, who often intercepts them in their passage to and from the caverns, which are generally surrounded with rocks of grey limestone or white marble. The colour and value of the nest depend on the quantity and quality of the insects caught, and perhaps also on the situation where they are built. Their value is chiefly ascertained by the uniform fineness and delicacy of their texture; those that are white and transparent being most esteemed, and fetching often in China their weight in silver. These nests are a considerable object of traffic among the Javanese, many of whom are employed in it from their infancy. The birds, after having spent nearly two months in preparing their nests, lay two eggs, which are hatched in about fifteen days. When the young birds become fledged, it is thought the proper time to seize upon their nests, which is done regularly three times a year, and is effected by means of ladders of bamboo and reeds, by which the people descend into the caverns; but when these are very deep, rope ladders are preferred. This operation is attended with much danger, and several perish in the attempt. The inhabitants of the mountains generally employed in this business begin always by sacrificing a buffalo, which custom is observed by the Javanese on the eve of every extraordinary enterprise. They also pronounce some prayers, anoint themselves with sweet-scented oil, and smoke the entrance of the cavern with gumenjamin. Near some of the caverns a tutelar goddess is worshipped, whose priest burns incense, and lays his hands on every person preparing to descend. A flambeau is carefully prepared at the same time, with a gum which exudes from a tree growing in the vicinity, and which is not easily extinguished by fixed air or subterraneous vapours. The nests are always prepared before they are eaten. The finest sort, which are of a clear colour, and not unlike isinglass, are dissolved in soup, to which they are said to give an exquisite flavour. After being well soaked and cleaned, they are put into an earthen pot with a fowl or duck, and allowed to simmer over a slow fire for twenty-four hours. They are, however, chiefly used as articles of luxury or ornament for the tables of the rich Chinese, to whom they are sold at very high prices, the finest sort sometimes selling so high as two guineas a pound.'

FAMINE.

It may be caused by the state of the atmosphere, an excess of moisture enervating the soil, a long-continued drought hardening it, and hindering the operation of its vegetative virtue; or blight and mildew, consisting of an infinitude of insects, may either prevent vegetation, or destroy it in an incipient state. We read in Scripture of an army of locusts leaving to a people, instead of fulness of bread, 'cleanness of teeth.' Monopoly, incendiaryism, and siege may also be numbered as immediate causes of famine; but the grand cause of all is the permissive will of God. It is a judgment from him, and direful are its effects. The poor, whose resources are small and soon exhausted, are the first to feel them. The freshness departs from their countenance, the vigour and elasticity from their limbs; and the cheerful voices of their healthy and merry children sink down into the pitious cry for bread, which lulls itself into the sleep of death, while it expels the agonised and frenzied parent from the protection and solace of a home. Misery among the poor is a removal of the base on which the whole column of society rests. The class above them next suffers, and so on, till the highest ranks, which are not unaptly compared to the graceful capital at its summit, become involved in the general ruin.—*Rev. J. Leifchild.*

HANNAH MONTGOMERY.:

Hannah Montgomery, the heroine of the following poem, was the daughter of a clergyman in the Western Highlands. Her tombstone, situated in a most picturesque churchyard, in one of the small islands which beautify the Argylshire Lakes, is still pointed out to the tourist as the memorial of one who died of a broken heart. The verses are supposed to have been written by a surviving sister.

Hannah, my sister! I had hoped to twine
Of these moss-roses garlands for thy hair;
Alas! that with them now I must combine
The cypress-wreath to deck thy sepulchre.

Alas! that thou in frozen beauty here,
Martyr of love, thus slumb'rest on thy bier!

And yet but brief the date since Hannah went,
Of all Glenurchay's hills the blithest maid—
No more elastic step the heath-flower bent,
No sunnier smile on virgin features play'd;

And on a May-day morn, or wassail-night,
No silver voice pour'd notes more wild, more light.

Under the gladd'ning smile, and light, and dew
Of heaven—amid the solitary hills,
In ripening beauty, and in years she grew,
Like water-lily, fed by summer rills;

And though no step more modest kiss'd the ground,
Her beauty rang through all the country round.

She walk'd a shape of brightness—yet most meek;
A girl most infantine. Her sunny hair
Cluster'd in glitt'ring ringlets down her neck,
And dangled, like sweet fruit-blooms, in the air;

Her cheeks were smile-lit, and her sweet blue eyes
Beam'd soft as stars in the late summer skies.

'Twas when her nineteenth spring had floated by,
Among our mountain-glen's in gleelessness,
And autumn-winds had but begun to sigh,
And wave among the trees each withering tree,

That a young stranger, courteous and bland,
Came 'mong the dwellers of our mountain land.

Of many climes the virtue he had proved;
And though the accents of our mountain tongue
Were unfamiliar to his ear, he loved
To hear them in our native legends sung;

And round the hills and glens he loved to roam,
Which beautify our dear romantic home.

The artlessness of rural modes, in which
The dwellers of our distant glen were bred,
Made it not difficult for him to reach
To intimacy with that gentle maid,

And in the world's cold and unthinking way,
He paid his court to Hannah day by day.

And she did love to hear her mountain tales
Praised by the lips of stranger kind and bland;
And she did joy to lead him to those vales
And cascades of her much-beloved land,

Where she, in childhood's summer, loved to stray,
From mortal coil and worldly thoughts away.

Thus many a bright and garish winter day,
Link'd arm in arm, conversing o'er each scene,
The youthful pair did roam o'er tarn and brae,
Up mountain-side and down remote ravine,
Wherever streams were voiceless in the frost,
Where er o'er rocks white foaming lynes were toss'd.

And at cold eve, when darkness hid from sight
The hues of earth, and when the evening fire
Began the reign of calm homefelt delight,
They read the immortal poets, who inspire
Sweet fancies, and in whose bright page appear
Green spring and sunny summer all the year.

He seldom talk'd of love—yet modes there are
Of worming round the heart the luring ill,
More eloquent than glowing words by far,
And by the soul more irresistible—
Modes which, I ween, no poet's lay may tell
To those who have not felt their master-spell.

Unconscious, thus she loved. She scarce inquired
What was the passion that absorb'd so fast
Her every thought and feeling—that inspired
No future fear, no sorrow for the past.
And made him, by some charm of love or fear,
Present or absent, all the world to her.

Now did impulsion's feeling sway him less,
Or love burn in his bosom less sincere;
He loved with that romantic earnestness,
Which youth doth always feel, and age doth fear,
And which doth glow with ray too fiercely bright,
To be love's calm and never-setting light.

His love began indeed in levity,
And with those heartless views with which the slaves
Of fashion and of baseness often try
To lure us from our virtue to our graves.—
Foulest of demons, which satanic mirth
Ever let loose to desolate the earth!

But he was too unlearned in the school
Of reckless dissipation, and his heart
Was of green youthful fervour much too full,
To follow as he meant his career art:
The flame he wish'd to raise himself consumed,
And phoenix-like from vice's ashes bloom'd.

Oh! that a passion so sublime and pure,
The selfish world had ever power to blight—
Or that life's heartless estimates could lure
A soul to darkness from such beauteous light!
And yet sad proof is Hannah's early grave,
That passion's child was also mammon's slave.

'Twas a mild night in early spring: the leaves,
As they unfolded, might almost be heard
Budding, as the soft dew fell; from the caves
A scarce-heard twitt'ring of the nestled bird
Was audible, as if the happy night
Lay sleepless in the bright and breathless night.

All on the earth was calm serenity,
And not a stain was round the blessed moon;
The stars beam'd from their bright blue wastes of sky,
In undim'd beauty: and that night's still noon
Seem'd fit for angel visits, or for hymn
Of dying saint, or song of seraphim.

But 'twas this hour, so calm, so beautiful,
That Edward, of all others, chose to part
From her, who of love's constancy was full,
And who had fondly trusted him her heart;—
To part—while with unfaithful lips he plighted
Vows which he meant to slight—which soon were slighted.

The shock was far too much for her weak frame:
Her fair ideal world was dash'd for ay:
Fainting and fits hysterics on her came,
And sadness, which hath wrapt her in the clay.
He pass'd like a bright vision from her sight,
And left her soul in black impervious night.

I will not dwell upon the mournful tale.
'Twas like all other tales of broken hearts:
She wax'd melancholy, thin, and pale,
Resisted all her friends' endearing arts,
And, like the stricken deer, loved lone to brood
Upon the barbed arrow in her blood.

We knew that she was dying. On her cheek
A clear transparent colour came and went;
In her whole air, so delicate and meek,
Linger'd a more than wonted languishment;
And on her eye-orbs sat enthroned a light
Too beautiful for health—to last too bright.

That Sabbath eve she died, the setting sun,
Which pour'd its mellowing beauty o'er the scene,
Through the green sycamores most meekly shone,
'Neath which she sat in her angelic mien;
While, gladd'ning in the bright receding beam,
The bees around murmur'd their parting hymn.

I had been reading gently, by her side,
A passage from the Bible. As I read,
A bright tear trembled in her eye; she tried
To sing that sweet hymn. 'Blessed are the dead
Who die in Jesus'; and, as there she sung,
O'er her beauty, lilles clustering hugh.

And snow-white lilles cluster aere while
In their sweet delicate beauty round our cot,
The bees still murmur in the even-fall smile
On the green sward around their honey'd hut;
And still o'er all, the shade, as heretofore,
Falls dark and deep from that green sycamore.

But the soft music which, at twilight time,
Was heard far down the Urrachy's banks aere while—
The harp and voice, whose melancholy chime
Seem'd lay of spirit hymn'd upon our isle—
Are silent now: the harp its strings has lost,
And those young lips are soiled in the dust.

Hannah, my sister! I had hoped to twine
Of these moss-roses garlands for thy hair;
Alas! that with them I must now combine
The cypress wreath to deck thy sepulchre;
Alas! that thou in frozen beauty here,
Martyr of love, thus slumb'rest on thy bier!

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THE COUNTRY OF THE SEIKHS.

The Seikhs, whose recent incursion into the British territory has rendered them so famous, inhabit a district on the north of the territories already subject to the English crown. This country is named the Punjab by the Hindoos, from the five mighty rivers, tributaries to the Indus, by which it is traversed, and for the same reason was termed Pentapontia by the Greeks, to whom it was made known during the expedition of Alexander. It forms nearly a regular triangle, its base on the north-east being formed by the snowy ridges of the Himalaya, and its two sides by the Indus and Sutlej rivers, which unite near the small town of Mittun. The base may be about 500 miles long, and the sides about 600 each, whilst the area of the whole region has been estimated at above 100,000 square miles, or considerably more than that of the island of Great Britain. Its most striking peculiarity is the great rivers, which, descending from the chain of the Himalaya, divide it into various districts or 'duabs,' as they are named by the natives. Of these streams, the most important are the Indus on the north, and the Sutlej on the south, which, rising within a few miles of each other, on the eastern side of the Himalaya, unite after a wide deviation. In the first part of its course, for about four hundred miles, the Indus runs north-west in a narrow valley from 14,000 to 6000 feet above the sea; it then turns to the west, and crosses the ridges of the Himalaya by narrow ravines, in which the river is pent up and runs with great velocity, foaming like the waves of a stormy sea. In one place, where only 120 yards broad, it has a velocity of ten miles an hour, and is so violent that it cannot be crossed by boats. A little lower is Attock, a fort of the Seikhs, well named the 'key of India,' as in this place Alexander, Timur, and Sultan Baber passed the river in their expeditions to the south. The main stream is here 780 feet broad, with a current of six miles an hour when the river is in its usual state, but much greater when swollen with the rains. Below Kalabagh, where it finally leaves the mountains, the Indus is a broad, deep, but clear and gentle stream. It forms many branches which often unite and again separate, but where crossed by Elphinstone, in January, the main channel was more than a thousand yards broad, and above twelve feet deep. A few miles to the west, the chain of Soliman bounds the valley, whilst, on the east, the country is level and very fertile in many parts. The Indus is thus not only the natural boundary of the Punjab on the north, but of the whole of Hindostan.

The Sutlej crosses the mountain chain much farther south, and not far from the sources of the Ganges and Jumna. At Ludianah, after leaving the mountains, the

Sutlej is sometimes fordable, but soon after receives the Beas, another of the five rivers, and then has a breadth of about three hundred yards, with a depth of twelve feet. The banks are often fertile and cultivated, but liable to be overflowed or carried away by the river, which frequently changes its bed. Below this, little is known of the Sutlej till after its union with the Chenaub, when it takes the latter name, and, with a breadth of 600 yards, has a depth of fifteen to twenty feet, and runs about three and a half miles in the hour. Its banks are low, seldom rising above three feet, and covered with green reeds and a shrub with leaves like the beech tree, but the country is intersected by many canals, and highly cultivated. The soil is very productive, the crops rich, the cattle abundant and large, the villages exceedingly numerous and shaded by lofty trees. Round Ooch, on the east side of the stream, tobacco grows luxuriantly; the gardens produce the fig, vine, apple, and mulberry, roses, balsams, and the lily of the valley, with many other fruits and flowers peculiar to the country.

Above its union with the Sutlej, the Chenaub, the *Acesines* of the Greeks, receives the Ravee or Hydraotes from the east, and still higher the Jilum or Hydaspes from the west side. In the upper part of their course, these rivers run almost parallel to each other, and the country between them is named 'Duab,' a term, like the Mesopotamia of the Greeks, implying this position between two streams. The Ravee rises chiefly on the south side of the Himalaya, and is the smallest of the Punjab rivers. It is navigable for the boats of the country from Lahore downwards; but the stream is sluggish, full of sandbanks, and with many windings, so that a sail can rarely be used. Much saltpetre is found on its banks, and the country on both sides is frequently very barren. Its waters are coloured red from the soil through which they run. Those of the Chenaub have the same tint. This river rises in the centre of the Himalaya chain, near the borders of Thibet, and is the largest of the five streams, receiving them all before its union with the Indus, where it is 1200 yards broad, and apparently equal to this river in size. Its waters are very cool, from their source in the snows of the mountains; and the flatness of its banks renders them subject to sudden inundations. This was experienced by Alexander, who, on his return, had to move his camp in all speed, from the sudden overflow of the *Acesines*, which he crossed near the present Wuzeerabad. The last of these streams is the Jilum, also rising deep among the mountains, where it flows through the famous Valley of Cashmere, now subject to the sway of the Seikhs. Little is known of the under part of this river, which has been rarely visited by Europeans since the time when Alexander set sail on it on his adventurous voyage to the ocean.

The country comprised between these streams is the Punjab—the land of the Seikhs. Under the burning suns of India, water is alone wanted to produce the highest fertility; and the flat nature of the land, with the constant supplies from the mountains, renders this easily attainable. Hence, wherever population has assembled, as in the vicinity of the towns, the country is rich and productive. The most splendid trees and beautiful flowers flourish together; the finest fruits of Europe—apricots, peaches, figs, grapes, pomegranates, almonds, apples, oranges, lemons, grow in many places beside those of the tropics—the guava, mango, dates, and others, whose very names are unknown in colder climes. Vegetation of a humbler but more useful kind is not wanting, especially in the higher parts of the country, near the mountains, where the lofty forests of the Deodara pine furnish the best materials for constructing houses and boats. Another smaller tree, the turi or ‘milk-bush,’ probably a species of euphorbia, produces the finest firewood and charcoal, celebrated over the whole country for the manufacture of gunpowder. Grain of various kinds grows in abundance, more than sufficient for the scanty population. Wheat, rice, especially near the mountains, where there is abundance of water for irrigation, and several smaller species of grain and leguminous plants, grow in profusion. A kind of sugar-cane, smaller in the stalk, but more juicy than the thick coarse cane of India, is extensively cultivated for the manufacture of sugar. Cashmere and Lahore yield wine of remarkable quality. Indigo is raised chiefly to the east of Lahore and Moultan, and exported to the Mahomedan countries on the west, where dark-coloured garments are in more request than among the Hindoos, who prefer white raiment. The tobacco of Multan is only excelled by that of Persia. The cotton plant grows in several places, but neither the soil nor climate seem at all favourable to this production; and in some of the duab it is wholly wanting. Most of that used in this country is therefore imported; and this is also true of silk, none of which is grown in the Punjab.

But this luxuriance of vegetation is not universal. The hand of despotism and tyranny has pressed heavy on the land, reducing many parts of it to a barren desert, or the abode of wandering tribes of herdsmen and robbers. In the south of the country, near the union of the streams with the Indus, these sandy wastes are most common, being covered with sandhills about twenty feet high, like those on the sea-coast. Yet it is only the want of moisture that condemns these districts to sterility, as in the vicinity of the rivers they are always bordered by a stripe of fertile land; and a proper system of irrigation would reclaim most of them from the desolate wilderness.

The animal kingdom is not less abundant in the Punjab; game of various kinds is common; but the tigers and other beasts of prey are now rare. Herds of cattle are numerous, but the breed is often small and bad, whilst flocks of sheep are unknown. More attention has been paid of late to the raising of horses, the best variety being the Dunni horse, bred in the duab between the Jilum and Indus. They are, however, small, compared to the large horses of Britain; and when Burnes took some English dray horses to Ranjeet Sing as a present, the people compared them to elephants, and affirmed that, ‘on beholding their shoes, the new moon turned pale with envy, and nearly disappeared from the sky.’ The horses, however, serve to mount the cavalry of the Seikhs. The mules common on the Jilum are very strong, and carry heavy loads; whilst in the extreme south, the camel is more frequently employed for transporting goods.

The Punjab is not deficient in wealth from the mineral kingdom. Gold has been procured from the sands of the Indus and Chenaub, where they leave the mountains. Coal has also been dug in the hills near Mundi; and near it are mines of iron, from which enough of that metal has been procured to supply the armourers and gunsmiths who, under the direction of French officers, manufacture weapons for the Seikhs. Between the Jilum and Indus is the range of salt mountains, running parallel to the Himalaya, and about 9000 feet high. They consist of sandstone in high-

inclined beds; and hence the declivities are steep, often almost precipitous, bare, and destitute of all vegetation, contrasting singularly with the rich plains at their base. In this chain hot springs often burst out, and alum, sulphur, and antimony, are found. Many of the valleys and hollows are full of red earth, considered as a sign of the occurrence of the rock salt. At Kalabagh, where the chain crosses the Indus, curious looking masses, a hundred feet high, of reddish crystalline salt, rise above the river. The town is built on rocks of this substance, and roads are cut into it, by which huge blocks of salt are conveyed to the boats, in which it is shipped to other parts of the country. At Pind Dadun Khan, where the Jilum crosses the chain, are also quarries of salt, in which Burnes found about a hundred people employed, who were not less astonished at the sight of an European than he was by the splendour of the walls of massive salt. The principal mine is at the village of Keora, a few miles distant. The shaft is narrow, and runs in a sloping direction for about 350 yards into the mountain, where it opens into a vast cavern, a hundred feet high, cut out of the solid salt rock. This forms beds about a foot or eighteen inches thick, standing nearly perpendicular, and separated from each other by layers of clay an eighth of an inch thick. The salt is mostly compact and reddish, but becomes white when broken up. These mines seem inexhaustible; and, it is said, a quarter million pounds weight are extracted every day, or eighty million pounds annually. The salt is exported to most parts of India, being much valued for medicinal purposes; but is not good for preserving meat, being probably mixed with magnesia. It is a monopoly of the government, and consequently has been turned from a blessing into a source of great misery and oppression to the people in the vicinity, who are compelled to work in the mines by the most frightful cruelties.

Many towns and villages are spread through the rich plains of the Punjab, some of which have been identified with the places visited by the army of the Grecian conqueror. The most important are Lahore, the capital of the Seikhs, and Umrutar, their holy city. The former lies in a fruitful plain on the banks of the Ravee, which forms a navigable communication with the Indus in all its branches, and by the main stream with the ocean, above which it is elevated about 900 feet. It contains 80,000 inhabitants, and the neighbouring country could feed an army of as many men. It is surrounded by brick walls, and a ditch that can be filled from the waters of the river. The finest buildings are remains of ancient times, among which the mosque of Aurungzebe, with four lofty minarets, and built of red sandstone, but now converted into a powder magazine, is the most remarkable. Many others of the mosques, like this, profaned by the Seikhs to common uses, also deserve notice. The most splendid building is, however, the Schah Dura, or the tomb of the Emperor Jehangir, a square building, with minarets seventy feet high on the corners, composed of alternate rows of marble and red stones. The interior is highly ornamented, and the sepulchre is inscribed with about a hundred words, in Arabic and Persian, all different names of the Deity. This tomb was once covered by a dome, but Bahadoor Schah caused it to be removed, that the dew and rain of heaven might fall on the grave of his ancestor. This fine building was, when seen by Burnes, a barrack for some regiments of Seikhs, who show no respect for the religion or memory of the former rulers. The first of these were Hindoo rajahs, from whom it passed to their Mahomedan conquerors. Under the Great Moguls, it had its highest splendour in the reigns of Akber and Schah Jehangir, when it was the capital of the Punjab. At that time the eastern geographers describe it as surrounded by fine gardens, enriched by the gold sand from the neighbouring rivers, and the residence of the most skilful artisans and the most enterprising merchants. Its rulers then planted trees along all the roads, to shield the traveller from the sun, whilst ice and snow were brought from the mountains to cool their luxurious halls. At present it is greatly declined, but its monuments are still much numerous and many vil-

grins throned to the tombs of its saints. It is also of importance as a military post, though, from the number of its people, incapable of enduring a regular siege.

Umritsir, the holy city of the Seikhs, has about 100,000 inhabitants, and is larger and stronger than Lahore. It is surrounded by a thick mud wall, and protected by a strong citadel. It is the emporium of commerce between India and Cabool. The merchants are mostly Hindoos, who have large blocks of red rock salt before their doors, for the use of the sacred city cows, who lick and relish them much. Burnes visited the national temple of the Seikhs, in the centre of a lake, and covered with burnished gold. In it a priest sat before the holy book, the 'Grineth Sahib,' as it is named, fanning it with the tail of a Thibet cow, to preserve it from impurity. There was another holy place, which he was not permitted to enter, as even the authority of the rajah, and the great men who accompanied him, might not have proved sufficient protection from the fury of the Acalis, 'a wrong-headed set of fanatics, not to be trusted,' who are constantly committing various excesses. At that time scarce a week passed that some Seikh did not lose his life by them, though Ranjeet Singh tried to restrain their violence with a firm hand.

Such are a few particulars of this country, which the interests of humanity, no less than politics, seems to require the British to add to their empire. The whole population has been estimated at three millions, but of these the Seikhs do not form a third part, and probably not much above half a million. Their mother country is the duab between the Ravee and Sutlej, and but few of them are found in other parts of the country. Few are found below Lahore, and west of the Jilum none of them are constantly resident. They are thus mere rulers, or rather tyrants, of a land whose resources they waste and abuse. Of the whole country, about seventy thousand square miles belong to the plain, which should support a population as dense as any part of India. Yet even the highest estimate of its population is scarcely a third of that assigned to the regions under the immediate sway of the British, and instead of increasing it is every day diminishing, from the instability of the rulers and the constant oppression to which the natives are subjected. However much we may be inclined to deprecate war and conquest, it is scarcely possible to regret any event that may rescue a region of such fertility from the hands of the oppressor, and thus open up a prospect of extending the blessings of civilisation and true religion over these benighted lands.

B I O G R A P H I C A L S K E T C H E S .

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

'My ambition is got beyond all bounds; and I have the vanity to hope, that Scotland will one day be proud to boast of David Wilkie.' These prophetic words were the first and last of a boastful character that ever escaped the lips of Scotland's greatest painter. They were breathed to his venerable father, in filial confidence, when the first flush of his fame was bursting from the clouds of obscurity; and when every tongue told the wonders of his dawning genius. They have been amply verified: Scotland is proud of him—proud of that genius which delighted to portray her in her social hours; proud of the Scotch integrity, which sustained the national character unblemished among those who would have frowned the painter down because of the land that bore him; proud of the virtues that gilded his own bright name, and threw their reflected lustre upon his native land. In short, Scotland is proud of him, both as a man and a painter. Cicero has said that the love of country comprises within itself the love of home, kindred, parent, child, and wife. Our country could have little claim upon our love without those social blessings—little to bind the filial chain around the heart. And where would be a country's fame, were it not written on the tablets of immortality by her children? Dear old Scotland! we love thy blue hills, clear fountains, and dark woods; and we love them fondly because they are linked with the

memories of heroism and genius. The lonely glen, where silence sleeps upon the purple hearth, is hallowed because our fathers made it a temple to the living God, when red-handed Moloch rode roughshod over the land; the hawthorn tree scents sweeter at evening's hour from having been canonised by Burns; and we look upon 'Blind man's buff' as a venerated national pastime, since Wilkie stamped it on his speaking canvass. From the fame of her children springs a nation's fame; and surely it is no illegitimate aspiration in the bosom of a gifted son, to expect his parent to be proud of him! There is something holy in the feeling that prompted the young Scot to turn from the praises and flatteries of strangers, or to receive their laudations with a modest smile or a gentle shake of the head, and yet to cherish within his heart the hope, that Scotland would one day be proud of him—Scotland, which he loved fondly and dearly through all the vicissitudes of his fortune.

David Wilkie was born at the manse of Culz, in Fife, on the 18th November, 1785. He was the third son of the Rev. David Wilkie, minister of the parish of Culz, and of Isabella Lister, daughter of James Lister, farmer of Pitlessie Mill.

The father was born at Ratho-Byres, in the year 1788. At the age of eighteen, he was preferred to a bursary in the University of Edinburgh, and after experiencing that sickness of heart—hope deferred—he finally obtained a presentation, in 1778, to the parish church of Culz. The mother of the great painter was a native of Fife, daughter of Elder Lister, who, in addition to his farm, possessed the mill of Pitlessie, which yet stands on the Eden water, near to the village of Pitlessie, which Wilkie's pencil has now rendered famous. The Scotch divine seems to have been no disciple of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' for in the course of five years, he was twice a widower, and three times a husband. But even the dwelling of 'Dr Primrose' exhibited less of simplicity and frugality than did that of the minister of Culz. Mrs Wilkie, though young, possessed the prudence and sagacity of her nation, and by strict economy and laudable industry, so managed the small income of her husband, that they reared their family in that respectability which attaches to the station of a clergyman, without the accessory of one shilling of debt.

David Wilkie was not a volatile or noisy child. From his infancy, his character possessed more of the contemplative cast than of the loquacious. When scarcely freed from exclusive maternal care, he loved to draw whatever struck his young fancy; and the smooth sand by the stream, or the stones in the field or manse floor, were his sketch-books. When a mere child, he was observed to sketch a female's head with chalk on the floor; on being asked what he was doing, he replied—'Making bonnie Lady Gonie;' and it is said that the rude outline did contain some of Lady Balgonie's lineaments, which he had looked upon, in his father's house, for the first time. At seven years of age, he was sent to the parish school of Pitlessie, the master of which seems to have been a sort of Caleb Quitem, for he was at the same time teacher, precentor, and session-clerk. But Wilkie was no lover of such studies as the worthy pedagogue delighted in. His heart wandered unconsciously to the great academy, from which he drew his models; and all the turnings and windings of grammar, together with the complexities of arithmetic, could not turn him aside from the forbidden path of art. Dominie Diston was often puzzled to conceive what the minister's son could be doing, with his head stooping behind the desk and a group of boys and girls round him, and the discovery of David's employment led to a gentle rebuke, for changing the school into a drawing academy. One of Wilkie's schoolfellows was asked if these juvenile portraits were like—'Ou, like!' said he, 'atweel they were like;' and at the period he said so, he knew not of Wilkie's eminence, but remembered him as 'wee sunny-haired Davie.' When he grew into notoriety amongst his barefooted companions, he set a value upon his drawings. A marble, a pencil, or a pen, was the price of such portraits as he did not execute with his free will. He is remembered by some, while at school, as careless of dress,

fond of drollery, and loving pastime better than lessons. 'I mind him weel,' said an old man, 'and I mind his brothers too; but he was a quieter, kindlier lad than his aulder brothers, and liked better to stand and look, than join in his companions' games. I think I see him noo, standing smiling wi' his hands in his pouches! Ay, but he liked best to lie a *grouse* on the ground, with his slate and pencil, making queer drawings.' It is a delightful and interesting task to follow the footsteps of genius through its devious and rough pathways. The most trivial actions and productions of youth become the indices of glory, but not till the climax is obtained; and it is amusing to listen to the prognosticators of a fame which has forced itself before the eyes of men, in despite of wise saws and dubious shakes of the head.

Wilkie left Pitlessie school for that of Dr Strachan, at Kettle; and that gentleman has been heard to declare, that Wilkie was the most singular scholar he ever attempted to instruct. Although quiet and demure, he had an eye and ear for all the idle mischief that was at hand; and while his master imagined him engaged with his lessons, he was filling the margins of his books with heads, in all positions, amongst which there was a prevalence of the grotesque. Wilkie inherited the mechanical capabilities in a high degree. With his knife he fabricated little mills of different constructions, and pumps and carriages. He delighted to imitate the motions of a shoemaker and weaver, and rejoiced in the opportunity of exercising his skill in masonry. The wall of the children's room in his father's manse was a complete picture gallery of all the 'queer' visitors of his parents, or frequenters of the church; indicating, at an early age, that appreciation of the humorous and discrimination of character which mark the more mature productions of his pencil. In Wilkie's young days the district of Fife afforded few or no facilities for the fine arts, and the taste of its inhabitants was as limited as their knowledge of other subjects was acute and extensive. There were few who could sympathise with a boy who loved to wander in a quiet contemplative manner, by the murmuring streams, and gaze enraptured upon the blue heavens or the pure white clouds that floated slowly over his head, as if beckoning him on to fame. Few could conceive the nature of that impulse which propelled a youth to sketch all he saw with whatever came readiest to his hand, and which rendered him miserable unless it could be gratified. His own father, when he perceived the decided bent of his inclinations, was troubled. He was a man of much sagacity, and knew well that superior attainments were necessary even to enable a man to live by art. Fame was a coy damsel, and seldom smiled on those who wooed her. He also felt that his son would require many models and much instruction, before he could live by his profession. His grandfather of Pitlessie Mill, who had the Scottish passion strong upon him, of seeing his daughter's son 'wag his pow in a poopit,' tried all the arguments in his power to persuade his favourite grandson to study for the kirk, and quit a profession which the old man looked upon with certain scruples. The sages shook their heads, and wondered at the 'Will-o'-the-wisp' choice which the minister's son had made. His mother alone, who participated in the feelings of her son, and knew his indomitable perseverance, encouraged him, although she knew that he was forsaking the beaten path which young Scotchmen of his station had hitherto trodden. With specimens in his hand, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven in his pocket, Wilkie presented himself to Mr George Thomson, secretary to the trustees' academy of Edinburgh, in November, 1799. The drawings did not please the secretary's eye: he looked at the specimens, then at the modest timid boy, reperused Lord Leven's letter, shook his head, and finally rejected the youthful applicant. The Earl of Leven interposed, however, and Wilkie's name was entered in the books of the academy.

During his attendance at the academy in Edinburgh, he enjoyed the instructions of John Graham, a painter of good repute, and the companionship of the since celebrated William Allen, John Burnet, and Alexander Fraser. He

was a most punctual and attentive student, and exerted everything he was engaged in with care and attention. Everything he attempted gave evidence of a knowledge beyond his years, and he soon assumed the legitimate position which he subsequently maintained. The Grassmarket and High Street, where country people frequented on market days, were the favourite resorts of Wilkie; his desire to fill his sketch-book with characters of a quaint and homely order being insatiable. Amongst the earliest drawings of Wilkie, from the antique, was a foot, which he sent to his father. The minister, now proud of his son's artistic skill, showed this specimen to the wise folks of Fife. 'And what is it, sir?' inquired one of the Solons of Culter. 'It is a foot,' replied the minister. 'A foot!' exclaimed the astonished elder, gazing on the drawing—'a foot! it mair like a fluke.' This foot is probably the one that was in the possession of Haydon, which that great painter said was correctly drawn but awkwardly shaded. In the year 1808, Wilkie gained a ten-guinea prize, for the best painting of 'Calisto in the bath of Diana.' With part of this premium he purchased a token of remembrance for his mother—his mother, whom he loved with all the simplicity and devotedness of virtue through years of toil and fame.

Wilkie's humble lodging was in Nicolson Street, where his Bible, the Gentle Shepherd, a few sketches on the wall, a table and a few chairs, with a fiddle, were his chief articles of furniture; and in his humble lodging, as well as at the academy, he practised the same undeviating attention to his profession. When wearied with painting, he betook himself to his fiddle, and enlivened his lonely hours with some favourite Scotch air. His fiddle had also a powerful effect upon others. A sturdy gabberlunzie who had stood to him as a model, after being cheered by some favourite air, pushed back the proffered reward, exclaiming—' Hoot, put up your pennies, man; I was e'en as glad o' the spring as ye were.'

After acquiring considerable proficiency in his calling, having met with little encouragement as a portrait painter, and having finished his picture of 'Pitlessie Fair,' which brought him the sum of £25, he embarked at Leith for London, on the 20th May, 1805, resolved to study at the Royal Academy. Wilkie pursued his one great object with the same indefatigable zeal in London as at home; but the pressure of circumstances and the want of encouragement had nearly driven him to Scotland again, when he was introduced to Mr Stodart, an eminent pianoforte maker, and by that gentleman to the Earl of Mansfield. The earl no sooner saw 'Pitlessie Fair' than he admired it as a composition; and he retained enough of 'Auld Scotland' about him to teach him the force and truthfulness of the piece. Wilkie had a sketch called the 'Village Politicians,' suggested by M'Neil's poem of 'Will and Jean'; the earl asked him what he would charge for a picture from it. Fifteen guineas, was the reply of the artist. The earl was silent, and told his protégé to consult his friends upon the price. The work was begun; as it progressed, the power and genius exemplified in it became the theme of commendation, and Sir George Beaumont, whom Sir Walter Scott reckoned the first amateur painter of his day, together with Lord Mulgrave, a celebrated connoisseur, were loud in their praises of it. Nor did their patronage of the painter stop here; they both commissioned pictures, and Sir George Beaumont henceforth became the friend and adviser of Wilkie. The 'Village Politicians' was finished, and placed in the Royal Academy's exhibition, and its reception was far beyond the most sanguine hopes of the modest artist. Flattery was poured into his ears—the press echoed his praises—even Fife began to speak highly of him; but the most grateful commendation to his soul, was that of his patriarchal father. If the execution of this picture produced pleasure to the artist, the settlement of his remuneration brought him pain. Mansfield had heard Wilkie fix the price at fifteen guineas, without assenting to it; on the contrary, he recommended him to ask the opinions of his friends upon its value, and now, when he knew that the worth of the picture was no longer problematical, he asserted upon his honour that he considered the price settled at fifteen

guineas. Wilkie knew this to be false, and firmly and modestly maintained the negative; but rather than protract a discussion with the noble earl, he consented to give it to him at that price, although he had been offered £100 for it. Lord Mansfield presented the painter with a cheque for thirty guineas, thereby graciously abstracting £68:10s. from the pocket of his protégée. This picture, though inadequately compensated for by the purchaser, spread abroad the fame of the modest Scotchman; and his subsequent productions tended to increase his brilliant reputation. Wilkie was admitted as an associate of the Royal Academy on the 6th November, 1809. On the 11th February, 1811, despite of the alleged disadvantage of youth, ay, and of country, he was elected a Royal Academician. These honours were alike indicative of his genius, and of its appreciation by those who even would have used absurd and extraneous arguments to keep him in the shade. The attentions he received from Sir George Beaumont, Lord Mulgrave, the family of Joanna Baillie, and other distinguished personages, were sufficient to compensate for any churlishness that he experienced from those who could not, or would not, appreciate that simple and familiar style which Wilkie made so peculiarly his own. Even in the midst of the achievements of glory and power, however, we are ever receiving warnings of the instability of earthly things; and it recorded to the honour of our great painter, that the lessons he had borne in his bosom from the manse of Culz were treasured through life by him as gems that, amalgamating with the grosser requisites of character, purified and elevated the man. His father died on the 1st December, 1812, and the home of his childhood was to be the home of his kindred no more. He removed his mother and only sister to London, in August, 1813; and to a man of Wilkie's amiable and affectionate nature, the reunion of the family was highly agreeable. On the 25th May, 1814, in company with his friend Haydon, Wilkie set out for France; he was much struck with the Louvre, the French Gallery of Art, and with the sculpture in the convent of Les Petits Augustines. He tried to negotiate with various printsellers in Paris for the sale of prints of his works, but returned to London unsuccessful, either in profiting by the French school of painting, or in disposing of engravings. In 1815, his celebrated picture of 'Distrainting for Rent' was purchased for 600 guineas by the British Institution. In August, 1816, he visited Holland in company with Reimbach the engraver, and returned home highly delighted with the chief productions of the Dutch school. In 1817, he revisited the land of the 'mountain and the flood,' to procure studies for the 'Penny Wedding,' a picture which the prince of Wales had commissioned. This visit was a delightful one to the painter, whose patriotic feelings were strong and deeply rooted; and it was productive of pleasure to all who had the honour of a visit from him. The halls of Abbotsford were thrown open to him; and his reception at the humble cottage of Hogg, was as honourable to the poet as it must have been gratifying to the painter. Laidlaw, the amanuensis and friend of Scott, conducted Wilkie to the Shepherd's cottage, on the 'braes' of Yarrow. He had not introduced Wilkie as an artist, and the hospitable poet, who was yet a bachelor, was busy preparing breakfast, while his guests conversed; some observation on art attracted his attention, and turning quickly round, he exclaimed, 'Laidlaw, this is no the great Mr Wilkie!' 'It's just the great Mr Wilkie, Hogg,' his friend replied. 'Mr Wilkie,' said the poet, seizing his hand, 'I cannot tell you how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you so young a man.' This, Sir Walter Scott said, was the finest compliment ever paid to man.

While at Abbotsford, Wilkie painted a picture of Sir Walter Scott and family, in rural attire; and having collected materials for the 'Penny Wedding,' and some other Scottish pictures, he returned to the south. So quiet and unostentatious had his progress been through his native land, that he was over the border before Fife seemed to have been aware of his visit. To repair what might have seemed neglect of their illustrious countryman, the civic dignitaries of Cupar transmitted the freedom of the burgh to Mr Wil-

kie, which reached him at London; and of which mark of respect he was very proud. Allan Cunningham says, 'that Wilkie's first thoughts were of his native land; his next were of his works.' After his return to London, he resumed his labour with an ardour that more resembled a passion than a professional pursuit; his enthusiasm lent vigour and spirit to his works, but it subtracted in a corresponding degree from the energy of his mind and body. In 1818, he painted 'Duncan Gray,' the 'China Menders,' and the 'Penny Wedding.' He also received commissions from the Duke of Wellington and the King of Bavaria, to paint for each a picture. The duke's was the 'Waterloo Gazette,' and that for the King of Bavaria, was the 'Reading of a Will.' Such was the eagerness to see the military picture when it was exhibited, that the painter was constrained to make formal application to the president of the Royal Academy, for a railing to defend it from harm; and so great was the eagerness of the King of England to obtain the 'Reading of a Will,' that he sought to influence the King of Bavaria to forego his claim upon it. So unremitting had Wilkie's application been to his labours, that his health began to give way, and he sought for some time relaxation and country air.

In 1822, Lord Liverpool commissioned the picture of 'Knox preaching at St Andrews.' In that year, Wilkie revisited Scotland, collecting studies for the subject of the great Reformer; and also with the intention of catching any striking episode of George the Fourth's visit. At the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, he was appointed limner to the king for Scotland—an addition to the honours he had already acquired.

At the close of 1824, the clouds of adversity gathered darkly over Wilkie's social prospects. His brother James, who had returned from Canada in shattered health, died, leaving a widow and a family; his mother, whom he tenderly loved, was removed after a long illness; his only sister, an object of great affection, saw the man to whom she was to be wedded on the morrow, drop down at her side; commercial difficulty beset his younger brother; his elder brother, an officer in India, was suddenly cut off, leaving a widow and six children; and, in addition to all this succession of calamities, the artist's own health was shaken, and his hopes of independence crushed. He became unable to apply himself to study for any time without experiencing a painful sense of giddiness. After trying the effect of the Cheltenham waters for some time, which rendered him no service, he set out for the Continent in the summer of 1825. He revisited Paris, where he was well received; and the nature of his disease permitting him to travel, he proceeded to Switzerland and Italy. He passed rapidly through the majestic land of Tell, and visited with eagerness the Italian repositories of art. He could not read for any length of time; the writing of a letter of moderate length was the work of days; yet he could climb to the top of the Italian churches, and mingle in the gayeties of the carnival at Rome, without experiencing a sense of more than ordinary fatigue. The works of the great masters occupied his thoughts, and the letters he transmitted to his friends are replete with criticisms on their various styles. Michael Angelo seems to have pleased him above all the gifted painters whose genius has led the votaries of art beyond the Alps, and still invests Italy with a glory that partly rescues her from utter social debasement. Wilkie could not paint, but he could observe the labours of his illustrious predecessors, and render himself acquainted with their various excellencies. These observations, and his deductions from them, determined him to change his own style. The commercial disasters which involved so many people in Britain in 1826, had a material effect upon Wilkie's fortunes; but he bore his pecuniary losses with the same manliness as his magnanimous friend, Sir Walter Scott. If a restoration of health were granted, he hoped to surmount all his difficulties. At Rome, he received a public dinner from the Scottish artists assembled there, the Duke of Hamilton presiding; and shortly after this event, obtained information of the death of his dear friend, Sir George Beaumont, which took place on the 7th Feb-

ruary, 1827. Sir George had been the friend and adviser of Wilkie for twenty years, and he never spoke of him subsequently without a tearful eye. After two years' sojourn on the Continent, with his health little the better, yet gradually and almost imperceptibly resuming its advance towards restoration, he determined to visit Spain and examine the works of Murillo and Velasquez. Spain had hitherto been a *terra incognita* to the artists of Britain, from the danger of travelling through that country. Sir David was determined to enter this hitherto almost untrodden region of art, the fame of which had only been gently wafted at intervals to the nations of Europe; and by the kindness of the British, American, and Russian consuls, every facility was afforded him for visiting the churches and other galleries of paintings. He found many splendid works of the Italian and Flemish masters in fine condition; and at Seville, beheld the works of the two masters, the desire of beholding which had led him to their native city. The affinity of the style of Velasquez to that of the English masters astonished him much; and he looked with admiration upon the mellow colouring of Murillo. After ten months' residence in Spain, during which he had painted the historical picture of the 'Maid of Saragossa,' and some other subjects, he returned to England with amended health and the power of resuming, for a short period, the prosecution of his labours. His researches in Italy and Spain had determined him upon an alteration of style, which promised him greater breadth of colouring and rapidity of execution. This, to some of his friends, seemed a hazardous experiment, but subsequent events stamped it with the character of a transition as worthy of his genius as of success. The few pictures he brought from Italy and Spain found ready purchasers, and obtained great admiration from the public.

By the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie was appointed to be principal painter in ordinary to George IV., in the beginning of 1830; an appointment which implied a desire on the king's part that he should be elected President of the Royal Academy. His acknowledged genius entitled him to this honour more than the patronage of a monarch, although that monarch was patron to the academy also, but neither availed to place him in the president's chair, only one vote being recorded for him. Reasons for his rejection have been urged, founded upon the 'use and wont' and other subtleties, but none save what an R.A. only can fully appreciate.

His health gradually acquired stability; and the power of application was hailed with gratitude, and used diligently, by our great painter. He completed many pictures which his illness had caused him to leave in progress; and he began the great national picture of 'Knox preaching at St Andrews' with the more enthusiasm, because George IV. disliked our reformer and the subject, both of whom Wilkie regarded with very different feelings. This magnificent painting, in which he embodied the excellences of his genius and matured studies, was purchased by Sir Robert Peel for 1200 guineas. At the death of George IV., Wilkie was still retained in his office by William IV., and executed many portraits in accordance with his situation. In 1835, he visited Ireland, and demonstrated its applicability to artistic delineation. The chivalrous character of the people, the costume of the peasantry, the stirring incidents of her eventful history, and the graphic disorder of their social habits, all struck him as favourable subjects for study; and the 'Peep o' Day Boy,' with the 'Whisky-Still,' attested the clearness of his ideas on this subject. He was created a knight on the 21st June, 1836—an honour which he received with his accustomed meekness, and valued less as a tribute to his genius than an act of kindness from the king. At the death of William IV. in 1837, Queen Victoria still retained Sir David as painter in ordinary, causing him, immediately after her accession, to paint the historical subject of her 'First Council,' together with her portrait. Sir David's more extended business in portraiture, after his official appointment, did not abate his enthusiasm for the more exalted though less remunerative branch of his art. He painted a

splendid and colossal picture of the 'Finding of Tippoo Saib,' and made studies for a companion picture to Knox preaching, intended to represent the great reformer administering the first sacrament at Calder House—a subject which he did not live to complete, but which was purchased in its unfinished state, at the sale of his works, after his death, by the Royal Scottish Academy, for £189.

Sir David, accompanied by Mr William Woodburn, departed rather suddenly for the East, on the 15th of August, 1840. Rumour, which, like the down of the thistle, is a most volatile and variable thing, rising with every puff of wind and floating in the most erratic currents, assigned various reasons for his departure, the most likely of which was his desire to visit that land which he had longed to see, when he pored over his Bible at Culz, coupled with the hope of benefiting his health in the warm region of Syria. He revisited Holland, examining with renewed interest the works of her masters, and looking with varied feelings upon the house of Rembrandt at Amsterdam, and the splendid improvements which were displayed in the schools of art at Munich, through the judicious patronage of the King of Bavaria. From Munich he set out for Vienna, from whence, after being kindly treated by Mr Arthaber, who was in possession of one of his pictures, he embarked in a steamer on the Danube. Arrived at Pesth in Hungary, he admired it greatly for its buildings, and the activity with which its public works were progressing; but its baths he compared to the Stygian river, from their smell and darkness, and he reckoned them the most remarkable sight he ever saw. His journal abounds with clear and forcible descriptions of all he saw worthy of notice; and the style and graphic force of his observations, entitle him to rank high as a writer as well as a painter. On the 4th October he landed at Constantinople, where everything contrasted so strongly with home, or any other European city he had visited, that it reminded him forcibly of its Asiatic origin and Moslem domination. The church-going bell was exchanged for the evening chants of men on lofty minarets, sounding inharmoniously in the silence of the evening, as they called the 'faithful' to prayer; no lights in the streets, everything dirty, contracted, and confused, with troops of vagabond dogs, swallowing up the garbage by day, and serenading the Mussulmans with their howls at night; all conspired to increase his wonder, that this had been the Roman Byzantium, and that its present inhabitants were the descendants of a race from whom civilisation had sprung.

Sir David and Mr Woodburn were detained in Constantinople upwards of three months, in consequence of the war between the Porte and Mehemet Ali. During that time Sir David painted a portrait of the sultan, a lad of eighteen years of age, and made many interesting studies of eastern characters and costume. On the 18th January, 1841, he left the Turkish capital, visiting Smyrna, Beyrouth, and other interesting localities, at last reaching Jerusalem, the city of his dreams, on the 27th February.

Wilkie's feelings, both as a Christian and artist, were heightened to enthusiasm, as he trod the scenes so familiar to sacred and profane history—the scenes of the world's brightness and its gloom; of the Saviour's ministrations of love and charity; and of Roman carnage and cruelty. Here his pencil was actively employed, and his pen plied busily, as a relaxation from his ordinary labour. He visited the Dead Sea, and satisfied himself, by observation, of the truth of Mr Harvey's discovery, that its comparative elevation was several hundred feet below that of the Mediterranean. The scenes mentioned in the New Testament possessed most interest for him; and it was remembered after his death, that he had shown a friend his Bible when asked what guide-book he had used.

On the 7th of April he started for Jaffa, whence he embarked in a steamer for Damietta, and thence proceeded to Alexandria. Whilst sojourning in this city, he painted a portrait of the Pacha of Egypt, examined Pompey's Pillar, and visited whatever could interest him, either relics of ancient times, or the improvements that Mehemet Ali was introducing amongst his people. At

Alexandria, he went on board the Oriental steamship, apparently very weakly in health, and proceeded to Malta, on his homeward voyage. Whilst at this island, he imprudently partook of iced lemonade and fruit. Medicine seemed to give him instant relief; but when Mr Getty, the surgeon of the Oriental, went to pay him his usual visit, on the morning of the 1st of June, he found Sir David talking incoherently, and at eleven o'clock A.M. of that day Britain's greatest painter had breathed his last.

His body sleeps beneath the surges of the Mediterranean, far from the land of his fathers and the graves of his kindred. The announcement of his death was received as a public calamity in England; and few now living can forget the sorrow which that event caused amongst all classes of the community. With the people he was especially beloved, for his pencil had exhibited their pastimes, their sorrows, and their pride; and had conducted, with the pen of Scott, to teach the world that there was something nobler in human nature than adventitious honours. A monument to his memory is erected in the inner hall of the National Gallery; but the highest tribute to his memory is the universal love which his friends, country, and the world yet bear his name.

A RAMBLING ESSAY UPON ROOMS.

I AM inclined to think that the romance of life lies upon its outskirts. Society is but human nature seen through a prism, with its rim only fringed with the tints of poetry. In a little sea-coast town in Massachusetts, I found more of the pure spirit of romance than I have ever met in the most crowded cities or the most fashionable society. It was a gloomy morning, and a drizzling rain roughened the air, when I set out upon my expedition. But, seated in a high-backed chair, in an old weather-beaten and time-worn room, I defied the day, and plotted the writing of this essay on rooms.

On first entering, I knocked my head against the low rafters, which projected from the ceiling. I forgave the injury in consideration of the compliment to my stature. The occupant of the room, an old withered woman, rose at my entrance, greeted me cordially, and gave me the old-fashioned, high-backed chair for my seat. I had now leisure to look about me, and make an accurate survey of the room. The un plastered, rough walls, and the bold, out-jutting rafters of the ceiling, were imbued with a brown rich colour, which the smoke of many years had lent. A small fire was burning on the broad hearth, over which swung a sizzling kettle, while the faint line of blue smoke curled up the deep black throat of the chimney. The chimney was of no modern date, and constructed on no utilitarian principles. Its breadth and depth were so great, that, without inconvenience from the heat, three or four could sit within its wide arms, and enliven a long winter evening with gossiping tales. Bending forward, I could look out into the sky and see the lazy clouds trailing overhead. The unpainted floor was thinly spread with scattered patches of carpet; and on the faded rug, which covered the hearth, sat an old grey, purring cat. Through the diamonded panes of the narrow windows, the eye looked out upon the leaden grey of the ocean, fringed with white foam, where the surge kept beating upon the ragged line of rocks. An old oaken chest of drawers stood in the corner, crowned with a row of old cups; and the high mantel-piece was covered with bits of china, and dingy broken glass. These, with the rusty bluish-brown coverlet, thrown over the bed in the corner, and strangely harmonising with the general colour of the room, completed its contents. Opposite me sat my aged hostess, with her mob-cap tied snugly under her chin, and sitting in a stuffed high chair, from which to the wall was swung an old green cloak, to protect her back from the cold air which whistled through the chinks of a closet-door behind her. In a low, tremulous voice, interrupted by asthmatic pauses, she went on crooning to me of the old legends of the place. She told me of dreadful ghosts, and signs, and omens, authenticating them all, and throwing the weight of her own belief into the balance—of dead men, lost at sea, who came, all

dripping, up the rigging of other ships, at night—of sailors, who returned, after death, to their widows, while sitting over their lonely fires at midnight, listening to the howling of the storm—until the air grew misty, and a sort of thrill came over me, and I waited to see some supernatural shape rise up before me. Nowhere else than in that old, dim room, could such stories have been told with effect in the noon of the day. But the place was weather-beaten and rusty, the light was deprived of its cheerfulness by the dingy panes, and the hoarse under-tone of the surge kept up a ghastly accompaniment to her quivering voice. When I left her, the day seemed unnatural and too bright. So I wandered to the shore to hear the breaking surf, and accustom myself to the daylight.

We are all pieces of furniture. As the trees across a stream grow toward each other, and interclasp their boughs, grow these natures of ours to that which is next them. The invisible tendrils of affection spread out on every side, and, like the innumerable threads that bound Gulliver to the ground, they fasten us to places, and things, and persons. No one can separate himself from his room. His home is a sacred place, and a sacred feeling. The young spirit seems to have left some traces of itself there. In our room, the spirits of our friends are around us. The old conversations that once moulded the air into music are there still. The consciousness of having been happy in a place, lends a reflection of light to cheer our overshadowed moods. All our thoughts have a dwelling-place in our room. What an old, familiar greeting do the chairs, books, and tables give! They seem to invite us to them. The sunlight there is appropriated; it is not common sunlight, but the same that slanted through the windows years ago; it comes back every morning laden with the freight of all preceding mornings. All the joys of the summer days of our youth are in the breeze that stirs through the room, and ruffles the leaves of our books. It seems as if joy was a perfume that time could never efface from the places wherein the spirit exhaled it.

Man is as much a thing as a thinker. We are uneasy at writing in a foreign place. It takes weeks and months ere we can become accustomed to a new room, and then it is but a poor substitute for the old, time-hallowed one. The mind cannot break away from the thraldom of place. The boy who could not spell his word because he had not got the 'hang' of the new school-house, was not altogether in the wrong; and the world may have done injustice to the old traveller, who had jumped a great jump in the island of Rhodes, but could do it nowhere else. We seem made up of little sympathies, which take a bias from the most trivial facts and occurrences. The strongest tide of thought is turned aside by a feather. Even thinking seems to be but a constant series of impulses from external facts and incidents, and from recollections and reminiscences. Goethe would have no luxurious furniture in his room, for fear that his thoughts would lose their masculine vigour and force, by receiving an insensible infection from them. His study is barren of ornament, and studiously simple; so is his style. Some people write their lives by tables, and chairs, and sofas; others with pen, and ink, and thought. We think that we may see the peculiar character of certain of our writers, expressed quite distinctly, by their rooms. The hard, nervous strength of Luther was begotten of that mine in which his youth was spent, and his emergence into day aptly typifies the part he played in after-life. Tennyson's 'little room so exquisite,' accounts for all the defects in his style. So is Walter Scott's room, with its suits of armour, and claymore, and shield, and antlers, and stag-hound, and its thousand old curiosities, the happiest illustration of his style and character as a writer—both a curious piece of grotesque patchwork—the bold energy and endurance of the age of chivalry still keeping a place among the refinements and effeminations of modern life. No corner of his mind was destitute of some quaint bit of a story and ballad, and his collection of facts was a perfect 'curiosity shop.' The grand background of his room is nature bold and strong, but distant and in perspective. The same is the fact in his writings. Nature is boldly sketched, but

its minute traits and workings are lost by distance, and are subordinated to the love of costume and tradition.

By a room, I mean a room *par excellence*, not a general rendezvous of the whole family, but the private room of the individual—the library of the literary man—the studio of the artist—the inmost shrine—the appropriated spot. The parlour is no room at all—it is a compromise of all the tastes of the house. All the arrangements are referred to the standard of fashion, and there is almost no scope for the individual fancy of the owner.

I would always have a room in one of the upper storeys, if I lived in the city. In the country, it is not of so much importance. There, one may have vines curling about the window-sills, and peeping into the room—the green trees waving their broad arms in the air, and the dancing shadows on the green sward beneath you. Then, in the country, and in summer, one can make the whole sky his roof, and, empowered in a ‘place of nestling green,’ almost forget his walled-in room. But in the city, that world of brick and mortar, give me the topmost room. It is a wearisome trudge up over three flights of stairs, but you get your recompence. There is less dust and noise—people are not for ever tramping by your door; it is too high to make it a convenient lounging-place for idlers; and if friendship is not a sufficient inducement to your friends, they are not worth regretting. You see the diminished people walking noiselessly through the streets, as in a panorama. If you have a lower room, your sunset is the light shining from the opposite wall of brick. Having become thoroughly tired of this, I have a room in the fourth storey. I can sit now above the city, and be ‘alone with the night.’ Beneath me gleam the lamps in the sleeping chambers; all around me a thousand hearts are beating, and a thousand heads rest upon their pillows; the mighty shadow of sleep is upon the city; the silent moonlight glances upon the vanes and the skylights, and freckles the distant, slowly-gliding river; the noise of revelry comes dim and faint from the streets; now and then, some one goes whistling by, and the sharp ring of his heel upon the pavement echoes through the deserted courts. In the daytime, a thousand roofs send up their thin, curling lines of smoke, that, mingling, hang a cloudy veil over the city. Overlooking the tops of the houses, I can see the rim of the ocean; countless ships, with lith spars and fluttering streamers, lie sleeping at their posts; vessels, with their sails wide-spread, are coming up the horizon, and, as the sunlight strikes flat against the white canvass, they look like sea-gulls spreading their wings for flight. Looking in another direction, I see the undulating line of hills, shrouded in a bluish haze, and melting into the sky. Is not all this worth coming up two more flights of stairs to have?

A room should always have a picture in it; either an ideal head, or some dreamed landscape. A picture is like a beautiful window to the blank wall, which the sunshine never leaves, whereon the eye, weary with reading, may luxuriate and bathe, in a new and exhilarating atmosphere. They refine us, insensibly; they help thinking, and are full of suggestion; they are peaceful, unobtrusive friends, who wait your leisure; they are the cherished thought of some human mind—the fixed fragrance of some passing sentiment and emotion—and are transcripts of the happiest moments. I would have flowers, too, in my room; they are so full of the warmth of humanity; nothing is so like a human being as a flower. Then what an air of delicacy and refinement is lent to a room, by pictures and flowers! Surely we read the clear, kind nature, and genial humour of Jean Paul, when we saw the rose in his button-hole! Here was the token that he was a poet.

The influences under which we are bred, domineer over us. We are like soft wax, taking the impression of all about us. The country child, whose room is nature, whose roof is the sky, whose curtains are the purple clouds of sunset, and whose carpet is the grass, is free, vigorous, and healthy, in her movements and thoughts, as the air that she breathes. The city belle, who grows up under the shade of brick walls, inhaling noisome vapours, deprived of the healthy exercise of her limbs, and ‘cribbed, cabined, and

confined’ in narrow streets, becomes puny and sickly, as fades early. The eyes of the one see the cows and sheep feeding far out on the distant hills, while those of the other hardly distinguish a face across the room. The thoughts of the one are bold, free, and untrammelled, like the flight of the eagle—those of the other, forced and conventional like the feeble hoppings of a caged canary.

One may easily trace the rise and progress of a nation out of its barbarism, by the simple observation of their rooms. From the rude hut of the savage, which was common to all the occupants, to the modern commodious house with its appropriated rooms—what a distance! So out of general clanish nature, grows slowly the individual nature. Society, at first one mass, becomes articulated into persons as the body separates into fingers at the extremities: each man has his peculiar employment, according to his individual genius; and thus the huge machine of society becomes gradually perfected in all its parts. Among savages there is one general trait and employment, and, therefore, there is one common room. In civilised life each has a different part to perform; all work is apportioned, and each has his own room.

As we can tell the size and formation of the tortoise from the shell which remains, so, were all history washed away, and the ancient cities left, we could easily tell the manners, habits, and genius of the people who built and inhabited them. Within one century, the city of Pompeii has been excavated—that crumbled shell of a dead people. The perfect preservation of this one city has thrown a flood of light over the Roman institutions and character, as well as given us the perfect knowledge of the habits and genius of the Pompeians. The soul of it has, indeed, passed away; but the naturalist easily tells the psyche, from the crystals that remains. Observe how perfectly the genius of the Grecian age, and even of its different districts, is developed in its architecture—the graceful and ornate Corinthian, with its curling leaves and fluted columns—the delicate and chaste Ionic, and the more stately and sober Doric; then, the transplanted composite order of Roman architecture; and last, that splendid stone flower of the middle ages, the Gothic cathedral!

What but a narrow room, wherein the spirit dwelted, is this body—this frame of bones, this covering of muscle, but a moving house! The soul sits looking from the windows of the eyes, and cannot hide itself from observation. Out of the mouth, which is its door, issue the softly coined words, that tissue of melodious air, whose invisible nets are woven around the soul of him who hears. Within the brain lie stored, as in a magazine, the curiously elaborated thoughts, the wild project, the dreams, fancies, experiences and facts, that we have gathered from foreign sources, or that have had their birth in our own soul. Then, how strangely out of order seem these materials in some brains, how perfectly and precisely arranged in others! How gracefully and easily does one spirit move about this strange house, while another can never fit himself to his home, but is ever awkward and ungainly! In this natural house, the soul makes its marks and leaves its impressions, moulding and modifying continually, until the strong soul draws this outward covering closely around it, and fits it to itself, as perfectly as the kernel of the nut to its intersected shell.

For all my friends my wish is, that they may possess the chamber wherein the pilgrim lodged, according to the allegory of old John Bunyan. Somehow the passage has a sweet flavour and delicious quaintness, which he, among those earnest and sincere old English writers, most especially possesses: ‘The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sunrising. The name of this chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.’

How full of character is the room of the painter! All there is dim and hazy with sentiment. From the moment that you close the door behind you, you feel as if you had shut out the world. There, rank takes no pre-eminence. The artist is the monarch. Here is the true luxury of work—the intellectual married to the mechanical, and love of the art prompting each motion of the pencil. The

ight streams in, deprived of its sunshine, through the artly closed blind. Slanting towards it, stands the easel, upon which lies a half-finished picture. The painter, with his palette and brushes in one hand, and his magical wand in the other, moves this way and that, lends a tint here and a shadow there, all the time throwing in, carelessly, in observation. The outlines are all dim and rounded, and there is a smell of paint in the room. Here stands the velvet chair, on its slightly elevated platform—the throne of the sitter; there stands the graceless draped lay-figure. There are no harsh noises—no bustle; all is quiet, and has a secluded air of silence. The noise of the passing waggon in the streets, if it attracts attention, seems foreign, and a consciousness that you are alone seems diffused through it. The painter talks much of his art; tells an anecdote of this artist and that; speaks of such and such a picture, and illustrates his remark by turning round to you one of the faces of those canvasses which have piqued your curiosity ever since your entrance: and thus in his studio lives the artist. The painting-room must be like Eden before the fall: no joyless turbulent passions must enter there.

Time out of mind, the garret has been appropriated to genius, perhaps from an occult pun. Whether attic wit has received, latterly, a different modification or not, I leave to the opinion of my reader. But the struggles of genius under the weight of poverty and sickness, and 'all the ills that flesh is heir to,' have made it, in some respects, a sacred place. Sorrow and misfortune, and the fierce flame of longing, and the illumination of hope, blend into an aureole to crown it. From its sill, the winged bird of poetry has flown—on its hearth the flame of humour and wit has burned—from its windows the stinging arrows of sarcasm have been shot—and within its walls, the souls of men have become mailed and armed by misfortune.—*Boston Token.*

R E D M O C A S S I N.

A TALE OF WISCONSIN.

TEN years ago, the sound of a hatchet had never been heard in the wide, wild territory of Wisconsin. Now, the pioneers of civilisation have crossed the broad lakes of the north, and stepped upon its forest-bound shores, and the tall trees of ages are falling before the sturdy arms of the white men. Representatives of many of the states of Europe, as well as adventurers from the more populous parts of the republic, are now subduing the hitherto uncultured soil. Waving grain occupies the place of thick bosky bush; the girdled rump is the last remnant of the mighty tree; the whistle of the lumberer is heard instead of the chant of the whip-poor-will; and the log shanty stands where the wigwams of the Winnebagoe, Menomonee, and Chippewy, once stood. The Portuguese has transferred his wealth and industry to the west, and given to his 'location' the name of his country's metropolitan city. The son of La Belle France, combining his love of fields and trees with his passion for the 'city,' has named his clearing Prairievile; while the hardy and adventurous Scot, loving his whole country with a poetical ardour that grows stronger as his hopes of revisiting it grow fainter, has named his home 'Caledonia.' The Caucasian race are driving the red men before them; and the savage, as if worn out in the struggle, recedes slowly before the advancing tide. The white man loves the home of his youth, even though his heart pants for the possession of the forest and meadow; and the red man, though he quietly strikes the poles of his council lodge, and extinguishes the council fire, yet casts a long lingering look behind upon the graves of his fathers.

In the county of Millwankie, near to the beautiful river which some paragon of taste for names has called Bark River, a young settler raised his home, and with the aid of a team of oxen, commenced to fell the lofty pines, and drag them to the little river, where, after being squared and bound together, they were floated into Lake Michigan. He was not alone in his vocation, for he had a wife who could

of poultry; and he had kinsmen, who could assist him to till the soil and reap the harvest.

Ralph Gordon was a native of Scotland; he had been bred to agriculture, and having been early imbued with that desire of bettering his condition, so common to his countrymen, he had emigrated with his kinsfolk and young wife to that Eldorado of the husbandman, America. He was a man eminently adapted to the situation in which Providence had placed him for, joined to an athletic frame and steady perseverance, he possessed an ardent sympathy for the feelings and habits of the Indians; and he was imbued with those principles of justice and forbearance which spring from the true spirit of Christianity. Living contiguous to the untutored savage, he felt that it would be cruel to consider him an intruder, who from time immemorial had been lord of the uncultured wilderness, and that it would ill consort with his own love of home to set at nought the passion of the aborigine for the place endeared by tradition, the ashes of his kindred, and by early love. Scotchmen attach a sacred importance to the cairn on the mountain side, or the lonely churchyard where their forefathers slumber. One of their last aspirations is to be laid beside those they love, and to mingle their dust with that of their sires. The North American Indian hovers around the silent resting-place of his fathers, with a strong reverent attachment, even when the loftiest instincts of his nature are debased by civilised vices; and when he leaves the migrating remnant of his tribe to linger round the allurements of the rum trader, he comes to die on the spot where his native wigwam stood, and hopes to be laid beside the braves of his nation. Ralph Gordon was no stranger to the feelings we have described; and he held that the man who so felt was worthy of all good men's sympathy. The life of a backwoodman is one of toil, but it is also one of hope. The axe and the plough were powerful accessories to the strength and skill of Gordon; and in a very few years after his settlement in Wisconsin, his clearing extended its dimensions, and assumed the appearance of a cultivated and thriving farm.

The Winnebagoes, to whom the land had originally belonged, had removed some miles to the west, and a thriving village had sprung up where their lodges had stood so long. Yet an Indian, dressed in his picturesque robes, and tricked out in war paint and feathers, might be often seen hovering round the white men's clearings. The milk bowl of Gordon was never empty when a red man asked for drink; and if he was hungry, Mary Gordon had always some dainty to place before him; and in return, the natives named Ralph the White Fountain, and his wife the Sunbeam.

The most beautiful season in America is autumn, when the foliage of the trees assumes every variety of shade, from the sickly yellow to the dark sienna; when the flowers display the fulness of their blossoms, and the gentle winds scatter their petals abroad in rich profusion; when the heavens glow with the blended lustre of the softened sunbeams, and the clear blue sky; when the farmer garners up his grain, and the birds float in myriads on their airy pinions, collecting their forces for their periodical migrations; when the wide prairie glows like the spontaneous fields of grain, that poets ascribe to the 'golden age,' and when nature seems about to sleep through the dreary months of winter, that she may awaken from her slumber refreshed and invigorated, to renew the duties of a coming year. On a beautiful evening of this beautiful season, Ralph Gordon strayed quietly through the woods adjacent to his home, calling his cows and hogs together, and driving them towards their sheds for the evening; he had a long rifle slung on his shoulder, for though averse to human warfare, he had no desire to encounter a wild cat or a bear without arms, and as he was never without a huge knife in his belt, he felt tolerably confident of his prowess. It was gradually becoming dark, the tall trees threw their lengthened shadows far on the cleared ground, and the haze of gloaming threw its obscuring mantle over the whole landscape, as Ralph drove his charge into a circular space,

face's' advent at Wisconsin. Summer seemed to linger in this little temple of seclusion, for the grass that grew on it was still green, and the flowers still bloomed gaily. Its surface was broken and undulatory, and silence reigned monarch of the scene. The cows stopped to crop the verdant herbage, and the pigs drove their noses into the soft earth, when Ralph startlingly recognised the form of a man. He was an Indian; the feathers of the bald eagle decorated his head and upper robe, his shirt and leggins were of white buffalo skin, fringed with the scalp locks of his enemies, and his moccassins were of a bright red. His face was streaked with black and vermillion paint; in his hand he held the skin of a fox, as his medicine bag, which hand also lay upon the muzzle of a short rifle; and as his tall and motionless form, with the head reclined, as if in meditation, was observed by the cattle, they lowed, and stood gazing upon the stranger.

'Quiet! ye noisy creatures,' cried Ralph, sharply; 'below over your fodder at home, but silence here;' and as he spoke, he drove the herd to a side, with the intention of passing the immovable redskin.

Ralph Gordon was not a talkative man. He had ideas of the sacredness of meditation which would have rendered, in his opinion, any attempt to break it a violation of courtesy. Man's communion with man precludes the intrusive interference of a third party; man's communion with his own soul or Him who made it, is a sacred interloquence, so elevating and holy in its influences, that it should not be lightly broken in upon. Ralph Gordon felt this as he sought to drive his cattle into the beaten path that led to his home. His movements were necessarily slow, and led him close upon the aborigine, who, raising his head from its recumbent posture, looked the white man calmly in the face. Ralph stopped as if waiting to be addressed, and as the two representatives of the different races gazed upon each other, they seemed to create reciprocal feelings of respect. They were both athletic men, tall and commanding in their aspect, and their faces, though dissimilar in contour, were both expressive of an innate nobility, springing from their habits of thought and education. The red man had a look of daring and pride, the white man of firmness and pity blended in his embrowned intelligent features.

'The White Fountain is scanty of prairie grass,' said the Indian, in soft, low tones, 'when his oxen crop the green shroud from the Winnebagoes' grave, and his hogs dig for their bones.'

'If my brother knows the White Fountain,' said Ralph, adopting the figurative language of the red man, 'he must know that he loves his red brother too well to tread lightly on those who sleep beneath the flowers.'

'Then he should teach his cattle that the braves who slumber secure from the fangs of the wolf do not love the buffaloes to tread upon their breasts.'

'Will my brother believe the White Fountain, if he tells him that they shall do so no more?' Ralph answered, endeavouring to mollify the wounded feelings of his companion.

'The paleface has often two tongues, and he is hungry as the panther,' replied the Indian; 'this spot will grow him maize.'

'Will my brother look in my face,' said Ralph, proudly: 'it is pale, but it is only one. When my brother listens to my tongue he hears it as he will hear it again.'

'So said the rum-traders when they took the peltries from my people and gave them a fire spirit,' said the native, coldly.

'Does my brother see the moon?' said Ralph, pointing to the luminary, as it rose slowly over the tops of the trees.

'The Red Mocassin is not a mole,' said the Indian, preserving his immovable position.

'Then my brother sees, that, like the buffalo, it has horns,' said Ralph. (The Indian nodded his head.) 'Then, if Red Mocassin comes to this spot when yon orb is like a warrior's shield, he will see that the White Fountain has but one tongue.' As he spoke, Ralph bent his head to the native, and passed onward with his charge.

Ralph Gordon was a busy man during the day after his conference with the redskin. Branches were lopped from the trees, and his brothers fashioned them into stakes, and drove them into the spaces that intervened between the trees which surrounded the Winnebagoe burial-place. And Mary Gordon, gentle, patient, lovely Mary Gordon, brought shrubs to plant upon the lonely graves. The creeping vine and rhododendron mingled with the laurel and privet, and the circle assumed the appearance of a garden, when the gentle spring came smiling over the scene, awakening the sleeping flowers and scattering its sunny showers upon the silent mounds.

Red Mocassin came again and again, and though he spoke not to any one, he evidently delighted to revisit the lovely plot. There were wickets which led into the enclosure, and neither hog nor ox could tread upon the graves any more. The trees were hewn down on every side, but still a clump waved round the place of sepulture. It became a favourite resort of Ralph and Mary's, and sometimes as they pruned the luxurious shrubs, evening and Red Mocassin would come stealing imperceptibly upon them, and then they would quietly glide through a wicket, and leave the red man to his silent meditations. At last he brought buffalo robes and beaver skins, and laid them at Ralph Gordon's door; and though Ralph offered him many gifts in exchange, he would accept of nothing save a strong mastiff dog. Gradually the ice seemed to melt from his impassable soul, and at last he would come and sit beneath the sycamore that spread its branches over Ralph's lowly dwelling, and smoke the pipe of peace. And then Ralph would come and sit beside him with his little son upon his knee; and he would speak to the child so gently, and its little face would so beam upon Red Mocassin and Ralph, that the former could not find it in his heart to call the latter a squaw. They became friends, if mutual confidence and esteem for each other can constitute friendship. The red man told of the former greatness of his tribe; of the number of its warriors, and the extent of its hunting-grounds, before the palefaces came from beyond the great lakes. Ralph told him in return of his people, who, like the red men, had been hunters and warriors too, starving upon the chances of the chase and the river, and killing each other in anger. And then he spoke of them as tillers of the ground, as children of peace, as great people, who, rising from the sleep of barbarism, were marching onward in a career of mutual love—love which was engendered by a spirit of good. The precepts of the White Fountain were so opposed to every principle which Red Mocassin had been taught in youth, that their novelty interested him. To spare your enemy even though beneath your knife; to give to your foeman parched corn and deer flesh if you meet him in your path hungry; to suffer the taunts of a warrior as calmly as you would those of a squaw; to save the weak from the vengeance of the strong; these were ideas which never had stirred Red Mocassin's bosom before, for they had never been breathed into his ear; and he would tell his white brother to teach him what was good in the eyes of the palefaces' 'Manito,' and listen with the patience of his race to the words of his pale brother.

After one of these visits to the settlement, Red Mocassin was seen riding slowly on his light steed towards the Winnebagoe village. His blanket was wrapped about him, and his arms folded upon his bosom, while his immovable form was as erect and stately as if he sat in the council lodge, and not on the back of a steed that ambled through herbs and shrubs without a hand to guide it. Bark River flowed gently towards the great lake, while the horse moved on towards the setting sun. The richness and beauty of the most cultivated garden could not compare with the variety and profusion of blossoms that spread their petals to the sun, and breathed a rich perfume, as incense to the lonely wild. They were unheeded by the native; to him they were only nature's carpet, on which to tread with careless step; not the monitors of something beyond themselves—not the evidences of an intelligent and divine origin. After riding two or three miles in a direct line, the horse of Red Mocassin turned a bend of the river,

and ascending a conical hill, without tree or shrub, yet covered with grass to the summit—one of those hills which the hunters and trappers call ‘bluffs’—it stood still and looked upon the scene below; and so did Red Mocassin, perhaps with less eager eyes. On the prairie beneath, about a hundred huts were huddled together, seemingly without regard to order; yet they environed a circle that was open and spacious, as if the Indian beaux were ambitious of a wide promenade-ground. Horses stood by the side of the huts, with boys bestriding them, while the braves and chiefs were holding a council in the largest lodge in the village. Red Mocassin stood and gazed upon this remnant of his tribe with sorrow; and as he compared their former greatness with their present degradation, he asked himself the cause of the falling off. ‘War,’ he muttered—‘war destroys the roots of the red nations, and the branches wither away. The redskin follows the buffalo, like a wolf pursuing a jaded steed, instead of asking his mother earth to give him back tenfold the treasures he scatters into her bosom; he buries his tomahawk in the brain of his brother, instead of burying the ploughshare in the prairie: and thus we depart to return no more.’ As he spoke, a wild clamour rose from the village; the shrill scream of children mingled with the yell of the aged squaws, and the lean, snarling dogs lent their yelp and howl to swell the chorus. He observed the women and children rushing tumultuously from the huts, and dashing wildly into the prairie, waving their hands and yelling discordantly; he saw them drive a stake into the ground, and pile dried prairie grass around it; and then he saw the crowd fall back and form a motionless circle, while in the centre stood a group of hags, binding a woman to the stake. Red Mocassin was a warrior—a chief, who had ‘drank the blood of his enemies,’ and whose stop, as he followed their trail, prognosticated death. He hated the Sioux, for they had slain his father, the Death Cloud, and he had torn scalps from their braves and squaws, without compunction, in revenge for the deed. But as he now looked upon the preliminaries to the torture, he remembered the words of White Fountain, and his heart was stirred within him. At last he saw the warriors of the nation join the crowd, to gaze upon the immolation, with gleaming blades and fiery eyes, and he knew that he would be bold of heart who would rescue the victim from the pile. ‘Now, White Fountain,’ said the redskin to himself, as he threw his blanket from his shoulders, drew his wampum-belt tightly round his waist, and gathered the reins into his left hand—now, White Fountain. The white man’s Great Spirit will help Red Mocassin, for he goes to do what is pleasant in his sight. The Sioux maiden shall not sing her death-song yet,’ he said, as he put his steed in motion and descended the bluff, at the same time drawing his hunting-knife. Red Mocassin was beautiful, very beautiful, in the eyes of the Winnebagoe maidens, for he had followed the steps of Death Cloud into battle when he only counted sixteen summers, and he was a great chief now, though he yet only counted twenty-four suns. The songs of the ‘prairie birds’ and forms of the ‘bounding fawns’ had neither been heard nor seen in his lodge. He was alone; and though the braves of his nation had murmured at his celibacy, yet he had not asked for one of their daughters. ‘Red Mocassin loves the white man’s clearing better than the prairie,’ they would say; ‘he has a red face, but his heart is white. Did we not know him to be a warrior, we would think that some medicine had transformed him into a squaw. He tills the maize patches, and he teaches our young men to do so;’ and the aged chiefs would shake their heads and mutter their doubts of Red Mocassin, though in their hearts they loved him. Yes, Red Mocassin was beautiful; and as he now urged his steed to its utmost speed, and sat in his strength and majesty, like an angel of good, the wondering crowd gazed upon him in awe, for they thought him a winged spirit, and not a man. He bounded through the human circle, and scattering the torturers with the sweep of his armed hand, he cut the bonds of the victim, and, swinging her upon the horse’s back, bounded once more up the bluff,

and had disappeared ere the Winnebagoes had recovered from their surprise.

Red Mocassin’s face was radiant with pleasure as he led the young Sioux girl towards Ralph Gordon and his wife, after a ride of two hours before his pursuing kindred; and Ralph’s face and Mary’s were lighted up with equal joy, when the girl, in low, musical tones, told of her un-hoped-for rescue from death. She was a Sioux, she said; the daughter of a great chief. She had strayed into the forest to gather cranberries for her mother, when two Winnebagoe warriors had seized her, and borne her away to their village. The Winnebagoes were the enemies of her people; and for the feuds which some long-forgotten insult had generated, she was to suffer a cruel and lingering death. She had been saved by a mighty warrior, before whom the Winnebagoe braves had shrunk, as if from the glance of the great Wahcondah; and the warrior had borne her to the paleface, who had taught him how sweet it was to save.

The home of Ralph Gordon became the home of Morning Dew; and she sung the songs of her people in such soft and gentle tones that Ralph’s little children would cling round the red girl and kiss her as she sung.

The sun rose and set, and Red Mocassin came and departed as regularly. Morning Dew listened for his step, for it was music to her ear. Ralph and Mary taught her many a ‘mystery,’ and she was so gentle and docile that she heard their voice, and profited by their instructions. Her lover brought her robes, dressed in the most exquisite manner, and venison and buffalo’s flesh from the prairie; till, lifting her again upon his steed, he bore her back to his lodge, no longer a Sioux, but the wife of a Winnebagoe. Ay, Ralph Gordon, disciple of the law of kindness, these were the effects of the teachings of thy faith!

Red Mocassin’s lodge now stands in the centre of a cultivated patch, and around him are a hundred such, created by his example. The Winnebagoe is no longer the foe of the Sioux, for the sons of Red Mocassin call a chief of the Iroquois grandsire; and they often come with their father and gentle mother to dance with the children of the White Fountain and Sunbeam, while their parents listen to Ralph, as he tells them of a world of peace and love.

CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON.

SECOND NOTICE.

NAPOLEON seems to have exercised an almost magical influence over those with whom he came in contact. He had the secret of winning, perhaps we should rather say, commanding love. From the hour he embarked in the Northumberland, according to Count Montholon, he grew in the good graces of all the English who were permitted to approach him. He mingled and conversed familiarly with the officers, and often with the crew of the vessel. He breakfasted in his own apartment, and did ‘not appear among the English till about four o’clock, when he passed into the saloon, and amused himself with a game of chess or piquet till the admiral came to pay his respects to him, and to take him to dinner.’ Very soon after dinner he invariably quitted the table and walked on the deck.

‘One day,’ says Count Montholon, ‘he perceived the master of the vessel, who, not having the honour of an epaulette, although responsible for the safe conduct of the vessel as a pilot would be, avoided coming in his way. He walked straight to him, questioned him about his rank and functions on board, conversed long with him, and concluded by saying to him, ‘Come and dine with me to-morrow.’ The astonished master could not believe that the invitation was not a malicious trick of the midshipman who interpreted; it was obliged to be repeated to him, accompanied by an explanation of the Emperor’s custom of honouring merit in whatever rank he found it. ‘But,’ said the poor man, quite overcome with so much honour, ‘the admiral and my captain will not like a master to sit at their table.’

'Very well,' answered the Emperor, 'if they do not, so much the worse for them; you shall dine with me in my cabin.' This was a pleasure to the whole crew, and formed the subject of general conversation among us. When the admiral rejoined the Emperor, and learned what had just passed, he affected much graciousness in assuring him that any one invited by him to the honour of sitting at his table, was, by this circumstance alone, placed above all rules of discipline and of etiquette, and sending for the master, he assured him that he would be welcome to dinner next day. From this day forward, the crew, the squadron, and all the soldiers of the 53d regiment, were to the Emperor what French soldiers and French sailors would have been.'

The Northumberland cast anchor in the roadstead of St Helena, not far from James Town, on the 16th of October; and on the following day Napoleon set foot on the land of his exile. With the main features of the island most of our readers are probably familiar. A brief extract from our author's description of it may not, however, be without interest:—

'The island of St Helena is 2000 leagues from Europe; 900 leagues from any continent, and 1200 leagues from the Cape of Good Hope. It is a volcanic formation in the midst of the Atlantic, 15 deg. 55 min. south latitude, and 5 deg. 46 min. west longitude. Its peak, called Diana's Peak, raises its dark summit to a height of 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and is seen at a distance of 60 miles. The soil of the island consists of lava, cooled at different degrees of fusion, and ploughed up with deep ravines. A fruitful mould is only to be found in places where it has been carried by the hands of men, with the exception perhaps of a few valleys. Some small portions of wood crown the lower summits of Diana's peak; everywhere else, what appears from a distance to be wood, is merely a sort of wild broom, imported from Ireland by an Irishman who wished to make use of it as firewood, and sown on a farm which he endeavoured, without success, to establish at Longwood. In a few years, this plant covered all the sides of the ravines round about. The East India Company has also made some useless attempts on the plain of Longwood: we, at least, have found no mark of cultivation to be compared to that of the worst farm in Poland. Everywhere that the lava and the scoria have not been left bare—this is a greyish matter, somewhat similar in colour to potter's clay, and has in some places acquired sufficient consistency to be used instead of soft stones in the building of houses—it can be cut with a knife like chalk. It does not resist the drippings of water; the moisture of the soil destroys it in a few years, if care is not taken to enclose it in hard lava, or in stone brought from Europe or from the Cape of Good Hope. All the stone for the construction of the Emperor's house was sent from England. We have been assured that the first navigators who landed at St Helena found nothing there but pheasants and goats. I have nothing to say against these two species of animals. I think, however, that, in the number of the natives of the island, rats have been forgotten, for St Helena is covered with them; and their number was so great at Longwood when we came to live there, that they frequently came running under our table whilst we were at dinner, and walked about in our rooms without appearing at all disturbed by our presence. We were never able to destroy them entirely, though we waged a deadly war with them during more than five years. Their presence was, besides, not always inoffensive. General Bertrand was bitten rather severely in his hand during his sleep; a maid-servant was also bitten by them, as well as one of the horses sent from the Cape for the Emperor's use. St Helena is 21 miles in circumference, and is only to be approached at three points—the valley at the mouth of which James Town is built, Linion Valley, and Sandy Bay; these two last points, however, do not afford good anchorage. The roadstead of James Town is, on the other hand, safe and easy of access; the largest vessels can ride at anchor there; and as a protection against the sea, natural walls of lava

are formed on all sides, from the upper level to the bottom of the sea; which gives St Helena from some distance the appearance of a shapeless mass of black rock, surmounted by a regular cone. The nearer one approaches the more frightful does it appear. The valley of James Town seemed to me like the entrance into Tartarus. On whatever side you look, and at whatever height, nothing is seen but ranges of black walls, as if constructed by the hand of man to connect the points of the peaked rocks: no trace of vegetation—nothing, in fact, which announces the presence of man; a wall and a vaulted entrance conceal the town. Undoubtedly, when once on shore, the feeling of happiness overpowers this first sensation; for then the pretty street of James Town, its fine houses, and its botanic garden, have acquired a still greater value in our eyes.'

Our space compels us to pass over many interesting incidents which happened from the time of Napoleon's arrival in St Helena till his settlement at Longwood. About four months after he came to Longwood, Sir Hudson Lowe arrived, accompanied by his wife and two daughters. At their very first interview Napoleon conceived a strong dislike for Sir Hudson, as the following passage testifies:—

'The impression produced upon us by the appearance of Sir Hudson Lowe was different according to our different characters and modes of thinking, and perhaps also in proportion to the pains which he took to please us; but after the first day, the Emperor said to us: 'That man is malevolent; whilst looking at me, his eye was like that of a hyæna taken in a trap; put no confidence in him. We complain of the admiral—we shall perhaps regret him; for in truth he has the heart of a soldier, whilst the general only wears the dress. His appearance and expression recall to my mind those of the Sbirri of Venice. Who knows! perhaps he will be my executioner. Let us not, however, be hasty in forming our judgments; his disposition may, after all, alone for his sinister appearance.' It required the whole of the Emperor's instinctive rapidity to receive this impression at the first sight of Sir Hudson Lowe. In fact, Sir Hudson Lowe had something prepossessing in his appearance. At that time he was a man between forty and fifty years of age, above the middle size, with the cold and gracious smile of a diplomatist; his hair was beginning to turn grey, but still preserved the primitive tints of light brown, although his long and lowering eyebrows were of a deep red; his look was penetrating, but he never looked honestly in the face of the person whom he addressed; he was not in the habit of sitting down, but swayed about whilst speaking with hesitation, and in short, rapid sentences. It was undoubtedly his eye, which had something treacherous in it, that made an impression upon the Emperor. Sir Hudson Lowe was a man of great ability, and had the extraordinary faculty of giving to all his actions such a colouring as suited the object which he proposed to effect. An excellent man of business and of extreme probity, amiable when he pleased, and knowing how to assume the most engaging form, he might have acquired our gratitude, but he preferred the disgraceful reprobation which has followed him to the tomb. He was said to be a good father and a good husband. I know nothing of him in any relation, except in his connexion with Longwood, in which the whole of his conduct was marked with a stamp of an insatiable hatred—outrages and vexations completely useless as regarded the Emperor; and I should have said, with a profound conviction of its truth, that the death of the Emperor was his object, had he not said to me, on the 6th of May, 1821, with all the accent of truth—'His death is my ruin.' The ruling vice of Sir Hudson Lowe's character was an unceasing want of confidence—a true monomania. He often rose in the middle of the night—leaped out of bed in haste, from dreaming of the Emperor's flight—mounted his horse, and rode like a man demented to Longwood, to assure himself, by interrogating the officer on duty, that he was labouring under the effects of nightmare, and not of a providential instinct; and yet, notwithstanding this, the impression on his mind was so lively

that he could never decide on leaving Longwood till he received our word of honour that the Emperor was in his apartments. There was then almost an effusion of gratitude on his part, and he excused himself for having disturbed us in the middle of the night.'

About Napoleon's treatment of the kind and amiable Josephine all good and Christian men are agreed. His separation from her was the determining point of his destiny; from that hour his star began to pale. The testimony we find him bearing to her affection and devotedness only proclaims the heinousness of his offence:—

'We lived together,' said he, 'like honest citizens in our mutual relations; and always retired together till 1805—a period in which political events obliged me to change my habits, and to add the labours of the night to those of the day. This regularity is the best guarantee for a good establishment; it ensures the respectability of the wife, the dependence of the husband, and maintains intimacy of feeling and good morals. If this is not the case, the smallest circumstances make people forget each other. A son by Josephine would have rendered me happy, and have secured the reign of my dynasty. The French would have loved him very much better than the King of Rome, and I never would have put my foot on that abyss covered with flowers which was my ruin. Let no one, after this, think upon the wisdom of human combinations; let no one venture to pronounce, before its close, on the happiness or misery of life! My poor Josephine had the instinct of the future, when she became terrified at her sterility; she knew well that a marriage is only real when there is an offspring; and in proportion as fortune smiled, her anxiety increased. She built her hopes on my adoption of Eugene, and this was the cause of all the disagreements with my brothers. She never asked anything for her son, and, with a perfect tact, she never even thanked me for any thing which I did for him, so much had she it at heart to convince me that Eugene's political fortune was not her own interest, but rather mine. I was the object of her deepest attachment, and I am so convinced of it,' he added, smiling, 'that I believe she would have left the rendezvous of love to come and find me. If I went into my carriage at midnight for a long journey, there, to my surprise, I found her seated before me and awaiting my arrival; if I attempted to dissuade her from accompanying me, she had so many good and affectionate reasons wherewith to oppose me, that it was almost always necessary to yield; in a word, she always proved to me a happy and affectionate wife, and I have therefore preserved the tenderest recollections of her.'

In the course of his conversations, as recorded in these volumes, we find Napoleon very frequently reverting to the scenes of his childhood and youth, and always in a style to indicate that, like the rest of mankind, he regarded his early years as the happiest of his existence. The following, illustrative of this statement, is not without its moral:—

'What recollections,' said Napoleon, 'crowd upon my memory, when my thoughts are no longer occupied with political topics, or with the insults of that wicked man. I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man! It seems to me always in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world with 12,000 francs a-year, living as the father of a family, with my wife and son, in our old house at Ajaccio. You remember its beautiful situation—you cannot have forgotten it! You have often depoiled it of its finest bunches of grapes, when you ran off with Pauline to go and satisfy your childish appetite. And Madame Joue—into what a rage she put herself, and how she scolded that poor Pauline, upon whom the whole storm always burst! Happy hours! the natal soil has infinite charms; memory embellishes it with all its powers, even to the very odour of the ground, which one can so realise to the senses, as to be able, with the eyes shut, to tell the spots first trodden by the foot of childhood. I still remember with emotion the most minute

details of a journey during which I accompanied Paoli. More than five hundred of us, young persons of the first families in the island, formed his guard of honour; I felt proud of walking by his side, and he appeared to take pleasure in pointing out to me, with paternal affection, the passes of our mountains, which had been witnesses of the heroic struggle of our fellow-countrymen for natural independence. The impression made upon me whilst I listened still vibrates in my heart. Come, place your hand upon my bosom! see, how it beats!' and it was true, his heart did beat with such rapidity as would have excited my astonishment, had I not been acquainted with his organisation, and with the kind of electric commotion which his thoughts communicated to his whole being. 'It is like the sound of a bell,' added he; 'there is none here—I am no longer accustomed to hear it. The sound of a bell never strikes my ear, without carrying back my thoughts to the sensations of my youth. The Angelus' bell led me back to pleasant reveries, when, in the midst of earnest thoughts, and burdened with the weight of an imperial crown, I heard its first sound under the shady woods of St Cloud; and often have I been supposed to have been revolving the plan of a campaign or digesting an imperial law, when my thoughts were wholly absorbed in dwelling upon the first impressions of my youth. Religion is, in fact, the dominion of the soul—it is the hope, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity! what a power would it still have, did its ministers comprehend their mission! . . .

'The expenses of the establishment at Longwood,' says our author, 'were a continual cause of chicanery and interference on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe, in the slightest details of domestic life. He was not even satisfied with making arrangements respecting the quantity and the quality of the provisions for the Emperor's household, but he even required that the Emperor should contribute to the expense. I received a note from him on the 17th of August, which was to prove to me that the expenses still exceeded the allowance, notwithstanding the reductions which he had ordered to be made, and that it was necessary, therefore, in order to avoid any further reductions, which he himself allowed would be unsuitable, that I should place at his disposal 200,000 francs a-year, or, if I preferred it, 16,000 francs a-month; he came to Longwood to communicate this verbally to the Emperor.'

'Deeply affected by the insult, the Emperor said to Sir Hudson Lowe, 'You push the annoyance so far as to enter into the most contemptible details; you have the audacity to endeavour to make me believe that no changes have taken place since your arrival; that I mistake your intentions, and would entertain a very different opinion of you, if I knew you better. No, sir—no, I should not change my opinion; generals are known by their victories, or their noble actions. How should I know you in any other relation than that of my jailer? You never suffer a day to pass without torturing me by your insults. Where have you ever commanded anything but bandits or deserters, the refuse of every country? I am well acquainted with the names of all the English generals of distinction; I have never heard your name mentioned except as a brigand chief; you have never commanded men of honour. You say you have not asked for the government of this rock; but you forget that there are certain employments which are never conferred upon any, except such as are especially distinguished by the manner in which they dis honour themselves. Executioners do not solicit the disgrace of their employment; and whilst inflicting tortures on the unfortunate whom they are about to kill, like you, they say, 'I only obey my orders, and if I were less skilful you would only suffer the more.' Moreover, I do not believe your government to be so blinded by their hatred towards me, as to have disgraced themselves by prescribing the infamous course of conduct which you pursue. In short, do not weary me any more with the disgusting details of your regulations respecting my table. Send nothing to Longwood if you choose; I shall go and sit down at the table of the officers of the brave 53d; I am persuaded

there is not one of them who will refuse to share his dinner with an old soldier like myself. You have full power over my body, but my mind is, and will remain, beyond your reach; it is as proud and full of courage on this rock as when I commanded Europe.'

Our readers will recall the well-known lines of Byron in the 'Age of Bronze,' and

'Smile to survey the queller of the nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning as he dines
O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines.'

In consequence of certain demands made by Sir Hudson to the effect that Napoleon should contribute in part towards the maintenance of the establishment at Longwood, the latter enjoined his secretary to send him in reply all his plate broken into pieces. The count, thinking this order was only the result of a momentary impulse of indignation, did not immediately obey it. The next morning the Emperor partially revoked it, and ordered that as much should be preserved as was necessary for his personal service. Several splendid pieces were broken, and sent for sale. The demand of Sir Hudson not having been withdrawn, this was twice afterwards repeated:—

'When Sir Hudson Lowe was made acquainted with this third and last despatch, and the purchase of the china, he saw that he was conquered; came to express to me his lively regret, and plainly showed how much afraid he was of blame from his government. He told me that he only acted on the conviction that we had a great quantity of gold at Longwood; that he had been assured of this; and that he would never have allowed a single piece of plate to be broken, could he have supposed that matters would go so far as to reduce General Bonaparte to eat off dishes like those of the lowest colonist in the island; that he would send immediately to the Cape of Good Hope, and procure a suitable service, until such time as he could receive one from England.'

The Emperor was enchanted with the account which I gave him of this communication; but his joy was changed into perfect disgust when he sat down to his dinner, served on the china brought by Cipriani. The physical effect upon him was such that he ate nothing, and said to me on leaving the dinner-table, 'It must be allowed, my son, that we are all great children. Can you conceive that I could not conquer my disgust at this badly-served dinner? —I, who, when I was young, ate from black dishes; in truth, I am ashamed of myself to-day.' 'Let the shame be of short duration,' replied I, 'for to-morrow your Majesty will dine with appetite.' 'I hope so,' answered he, 'for this would be too foolish.' His joy was infantine, when, next morning, Marchand brought to him, in the bath, his soupe à la Reine as usual, in the little silver gilt bowl which he had been accustomed for many years to see. He could not help thanking me with a smile for my disobedience, and I was greatly put to it to keep my secret till dinner-time; but I kept it, so great was my hope of giving him a few moments of agreeable impression when he saw his dinner served as usual. I was right; for when he entered the dining-room he took me by the ear, and said to me, in his joyous tone, 'Ha, ha! Mr Rogue, you took upon yourself yesterday to make me pass an uncomfortable quarter of an hour; it is my turn to-day!' I confessed to him, that, not being able to resolve to take from him his last luxury, I had put aside what was necessary for his personal service; but that, to make up for this, I had been obliged to take away all the plate used by the grand marshal. He laughed very heartily at the fraud which my solicitude for his comfort had suggested to me, and said, 'Upon my faith, you have done well! and so much the better, that you have succeeded with this bandit, Lowe, as well as if I had not a silver dish left. As to Bertrand, so much the worse for him, if he has nothing but china! It was his advice which I followed.'

Of the injurious influence of the climate of St Helena on

the health of Napoleon, we have the following notice towards the close of the second volume, accompanied with certain severe reflections on Sir Hudson:—

'The health of the Emperor continued to get worse and worse. I saw him more frequently than any one, and consequently I was better able than any one else to trace the causes of the malady, which was manifested so often and under such different forms. His chest could not endure the effect of the moist atmosphere of Longwood, and still less the sudden changes of temperature to which it was subject. In fact the thermometer at St Helena varies ten degrees per day, according as the sun is above or below the horizon. I have remarked that great heat produces no effect on the Emperor; he had already been accustomed to it in Egypt; but moisture of climate exercises a terrible influence on his health. I have frequently seen him, after coming in from a ride at night, suffer from attacks of cough so violent as not to cease till vomiting ensued. It was in the midst of these new apprehensions for the health of the Emperor that Sir Hudson Lowe presented himself before me, to complain that we consumed too much firewood; and that it was unreasonable for the Emperor, under the tropics, to have a fire every day in his bedroom. He even asserted that this could only arise from a wish on his part to cause more expense to England. I recalled to his recollection that it was not long since the boards of the bedroom had sunk, and suddenly a gush of stagnant water sprang from a sort of marsh which extended along two-thirds of the room. 'But,' said he, 'since I have had the boards repaired, and the water emptied out, it seems to me that there is no further occasion for a fire.' —'In that room, certainly,' answered I; 'but what do you say respecting the others, where the boards are rotten, and the walls covered with moisture?' and at the same time I pointed out to him with my finger proofs of what I advanced. However, Sir Hudson was uneasy on account of the Emperor's state of health, and he proposed to the grand marshal to have one of those wooden barracks, which can be set up and taken down at pleasure, erected for him at the end of the library, 'in order,' said he, 'that General Bonaparte may be able to take exercise without being exposed to the sun and the rain.' When this proposal was repeated to the Emperor, he merely shrugged his shoulders and murmured between his teeth, 'Disgusting irony!' The Emperor at last decided upon addressing to Lord Liverpool a long memorandum, in the form of observations, on the bad treatment he had experienced. The grand marshal committed this sealed despatch to the officer on duty. The bad temper of Sir Hudson Lowe increased continually, and at last became such, that Bertrand and I did not know what means to use so that the Emperor might not hear of his outrages. Poor O'Meara, on his part, was exposed to all his ill-humour. Sir Hudson Lowe wished him to issue bulletins after his fashion; the Emperor heard of this, and refused O'Meara's assistance, however much he might have need of it. Long and painful discussions followed; Sir Hudson at length yielded, and it was settled that no bulletin should be issued without having been previously shown to Bertrand or myself; and in order to avoid any occasion for an insult, it was settled that the Emperor should merely be designated as *the patient*. This simple announcement of a fact will say more than any commentary.'

The next extract which we present to our readers is peculiarly interesting as the record of an anniversary whose recurrence must always have awakened a host of recollections in the mind of the fallen hero:—

'The 1st of January, 1817, arrived, yet more melancholy than the 1st of the January preceding had been. The departure of Count Las Cases had left painful impressions on us all. There are some anniversaries more dreary than all others, because they naturally bring back a series of recollections which force one to compare the past with the present. The 1st of January—this family festival, at which the Emperor at the Tuilleries was first saluted by a wife whom he adored—by a son who was his hope—by a people

whose happiness was his principal occupation—by four beings who were his brothers by blood—and, finally, by ten or twelve more who called themselves his brothers in affection—presented itself this time as a dreary gateway to a year still more dreary than that which had just passed. Instead of the Tuilleries—our miserable habitation; instead of our France, so often regretted—St Helena, so often lamented; instead of the caresses of a family, the congratulations of courtiers, the shouts of a nation, and the homage of Europe—the good wishes, though without hope, of some companions in captivity, whose numbers might at any moment be diminished by the caprice of an odious jailer. The Emperor received with kindness our good wishes and our homage. ‘I believe you,’ said he to us; ‘but I only expect from fate that death which will terminate my misfortunes. You yourselves see that every day is marked by some new outrage; I pity you, for the more proofs you give me of your devotion, the more you must feel my sufferings. Let us hope, at least, that Mr Lowe will allow me to pass this day without condemning me to remain shut up in my room to avoid meeting him in the garden. Your children shall dine with me. I wish their joy to be complete. Come, Hortense, you shall have the first present.’ The hopes of the Emperor were not, however, to be realized; and the insult would forcibly have brought back his thoughts to his cruel position, had not General Gourgaud kept till the next day the secret of the pretended mistake, which caused him to remain for an hour the prisoner of a sentry. One of the sentries of Hut’s-gate interpreted his orders wrong, and arrested General Gourgaud, who was only set free at the expiration of this sentry’s guard by the corporal who relieved him. The grand marshal hastened to Sir Hudson Lowe to complain, but obtained no other answer than the general one, that it was an error which should not be repeated; and yet a week afterwards the same error occurred. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when a sentry, who interpreted his orders in our favour, received a hundred lashes, whilst the interpreting them against us was merely considered as an excess of zeal, a proof of fidelity, a mark of bad intentions towards us? We learned on this occasion that Sir Hudson very frequently gave orders to the sentries during his rides, without the commanders of the detachment knowing anything of them, except by the report of the corporal who had relieved the sentinel to whom such extraordinary orders had been given, in direct opposition to the rules of military service. We heard also, that the soldier who had arrested General Gourgaud, had received from Sir Hudson positive orders to arrest any Frenchman who should present himself at Hut’s-gate to pass, except he were accompanied by an English officer, even if it should be *General Bonaparte* himself. But Hut’s-gate was within our limits, which extended for more than a mile beyond this in two directions; in the third direction alone, Hut’s-gate formed the boundary. The dinner was really a family dinner; all the expenses were borne by our children, and their childish happiness awakened in the Emperor the remembrance of his youth; his first love and his first meditations on happiness returned to his recollection. He took pleasure in repeating to us his long conversations with the Abbé Raynal, in speaking to us of his correspondence with this celebrated man, and of what he had written under his inspiration. The correspondence of the Emperor with the Abbé Raynal, and the manuscript of his first literary work, had been confided by him to an inhabitant of Lyons, whose name he had forgotten. He related this to M. de Talleyrand, in one of his after-dinner chats with him under the shade of that beautiful allée of horse-chestnut trees which began at St Cloud, just opposite to his cabinet, and he witnessed some regret at not being able to see again these first impressions of his youth. M. de Talleyrand was too good a courtier to let such a good opportunity of doing something agreeable to his master escape him. He said nothing, but his first care on returning to Paris was to send for M. Dérenade, one of his most intimate friends, and the most suitable man in France, by reason of his sentences, his general information, and his literary con-

nexions, to discover the person with whom the manuscript had been deposited. A fortnight had not elapsed when M. de Talleyrand presented himself at St Cloud, having carefully placed in his portfolio, as minister of foreign affairs, the packet, which he had received from Lyons the evening before. The Emperor eagerly looked through it, and found there, to his great surprise, some fragments of letters to M. Butafoco, and a republican profession of faith, under the title of ‘Souper de Beaucaire.’ These writings bore the impression of the excitement produced in the head of a young man by the events of the revolution. He committed them to the flames; but he preserved, notwithstanding their quite as republican tendency, a history (partial) of Corsica, and a memorial of the sentiments which it was most necessary to impress upon men for their happiness. The Academy of Lyons had rewarded this treatise with a gold medal, and this homage from a learned body was a precious *souvenir* of his youth.’

Our closing extract refers to certain proposals and schemes for the release of Napoleon from his captivity, none of which, however, he could be prevailed on to accept. We have also the well-known story about the bust of his son, and with it we take our leave of these volumes. Though Count Montholon’s work has partly been anticipated by others, we doubt not it will be sought after and read, as it deserves to be, with eager interest.

‘Several ships arrived from India and the Cape, and almost all the officers of these vessels obtained permission to be presented at Longwood. It was on this occasion that Captain — availed himself of the opportunity to place his services at the disposal of the Emperor, and offered to conduct him wherever he pleased. He said that this feeling was inspired by his strong indignation at the conduct pursued by the English government, and, above all, at that of Sir Hudson Lowe—an indignation, he added, which was shared by all classes in England, with the exception of a few private friends of the ministers. The Emperor listened with the kindest interest to this noble and generous offer, but refused to accept it. It was about the same period, that one of the officers of the garrison conceived a plan of escape, the success of which was almost certain. His plan was to reach the shore at a point of the coast opposite to James Town, which was guarded merely by a post of infantry; small boats alone could approach the shore at this place, but a boat well provided with rowers would have been sufficient to enable the fugitives to reach the vessel appointed to receive them. This point was only an hour’s walk distant. But whether the Emperor at this time had relinquished all idea of desiring to escape, or whether he doubted the sincerity of the offers which were made to him, or the possibility of their success, he refused to accept them. In its proper place, I will record another offer of a more serious kind, which I was commissioned to make to him, and the reasons which he assigned for its refusal. Two ships just arrived, the one from India and the other from China, brought to Longwood new subjects for grave disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe; a master-gunner had been commissioned to present the Emperor with a beautiful marble bust of the King of Rome, made at Florence, and which was said to have been made in compliance with the orders of the Empress Maria-Louisa, to be presented to the father and husband as a testimony of her affectionate remembrances. But what consequences might not such a message produce, according to the imagination of Sir Hudson Lowe! It was perhaps all a conspiracy! The bust might contain a correspondence of the very highest political interest! Not to suffer it to go to Longwood, and to break it in pieces, was in his opinion the advice of sound reason; but what recriminations, and what an echo would these recriminations find in public opinion, should we become acquainted with these facts, and happen to divulge them! *When you are in doubt, abstain*, says the proverb, and Sir Hudson Lowe followed its advice. Six days were allowed to pass without the bust being brought to Longwood, although on the day after the arrival of the Baring we

had been informed of the gunner's commission. At length, on the 11th, Sir Hudson Lowe came to the grand marshal's house, and told him, with an air of extreme embarrassment, that a statuary in Leghorn had made a bad bust of the son of the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, and had sent it to St Helena by the ship Baring, accompanied by a letter in which he states that the bust has been already paid for, but that he hopes the Emperor's generosity will lead him to send in addition 100 Louis-d'ors; a claim which in his, Sir H. Lowe's judgment, appeared exorbitant—so exorbitant, he added, as to be a sufficient reason for not accepting the bust—as it was evidently a shameful speculation of some inferior Tuscan sculptor. The grand marshal did not suffer himself to be imposed upon by the cunning governor, and assured him that the Emperor was all eagerness and joy at the hope of seeing again the features of his son, and he begged him earnestly to send it that evening to Longwood. He did not, however, receive it till the next day. So much cunning and malevolence of purpose cruelly wounded the Emperor. He dictated the following letter to the grand marshal, to be sent to the gunner of the Baring:

“MR RADWICK,

“Sir,—I have received the marble bust of the young Napoleon, and given it to his father. Its reception has given him the most lively satisfaction. I regret that it is not in your power to come and see us, and communicate to us details which would have the greatest interest for a father, and especially for one placed in such circumstances as he is. According to the letters forwarded to us, the artist values his work at £100 sterling. The Emperor has commanded me to put into your hands the sum of £800 sterling; the overplus is intended to indemnify you for the losses to which you have been exposed in the sale of your merchandise, by not having been allowed to send your goods on shore, and for the prejudice which that event may have raised against you, but which will secure you the esteem of every gallant man. Have the goodness to transmit to the persons who have paid him this obliging attention, the Emperor's best thanks. I have the honour to be, &c.,

COUNT BERTRAND.

“P.S.—I beg you to acknowledge the receipt of the enclosed letter of credit.”

FACILITIES FOR MISSIONARY EFFORT.

Never was there an age when the wide field of human misery was so accurately measured, and so fully explored, as the present; and consequently there never was a time when the obligation of the Christian church to bring out all its divine resources and remedies, was so binding and so great. Never was there an age when science attempted so much and promised so largely, challenging the gospel, in effect, to run with it a race of philanthropy; and consequently, never was there a time when it so much concerned the church to vindicate her character as the true angel of mercy to the world; and to show that not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of God, the wounds of the world must be healed. Never was there a time when the elements of universal society exhibited so much restlessness and change—when the ancient superstitions exhibited so many signs of dotage and approaching death—when the field of the world was so extensively broken up and ready for cultivation—broken up, not by the ordinary ploughshare of human instrumentality, but by strange convulsions from beneath, and by bolts from an invisible hand above; and, consequently, never was there a time which so loudly called on the Christian sower to go forth and sow. And never was there a land blessed with such peculiar facilities as Britain for acting as a witness for Christ to the world. Why is it that the gospel is at this time in trust with a people whose ships cover the seas, who are the merchants of the world? Has he who drew the boundaries of Judea with his own finger, who selected the precise spot for the temple, who did everything for the Jewish church *with design*, abandoned the Christian church to accident? And, if not—if he has placed the gospel here with design—what can the nature of that design be, but that it should be borne to the world on the wings of every

wind that blows? Say, why is it that Britain and her religious ally, America, should divide the seas—should hold the keys of the world? Oh, were we but awake to the designs of God and to our own responsibility, we should hear him say, ‘I have put you in possession of the seas; put the world in possession of my gospel;’ and every ship sent out would be a missionary church—like the ark of the deluge, a floating testimony for God, and bearing in its bosom the seeds of new creation. Christians, ours is indeed a post of responsibility and of honour! On us have accumulated all the advantages of the past; and on us lies the great stress of the present. The world is waiting breathless, on our movements; the voice of all heaven is urging us on. Oh, for celestial wisdom to act in harmony with the high appointments of Providence—to seize the crisis which has come for blessing the world!—*Dr Harris.*

S O N N E T.

SOLITUDE.

Oh! for to wander on some hoary height,
Where not an insect's hum is heard abroad;
Whence we may gaze upon you golden light
That marks the path of heaven by angels trod;
And yonder starry orb that shines so bright,
Like lamps of silver in the eternal dome—
Or eyes of love that beam with joy divine,
And weary-laden mourners welcome home!
Surely the soul, in solitude like this,
Is borne away upon celestial wings
Up to the fountain of eternal bliss,
Where love unchanging and for ever springs—
Forsaking all the pageantry of earth
For that more glorious land from whence it had its birth!

THE ADAPTATION OF THE GOSPEL.

The preaching of the cross of Christ is a remedy for the miseries of the fall, which has been tested by the experience of eighteen hundred years, and has never in a single instance failed. Its efficacy has been proved by human beings of all ages, from the lisping infant to the sinner a hundred years old. All climates have witnessed its power. From the ice-bound cliffs of Greenland to the banks of the voluptuous Ganges, the simple story of Christ crucified has turned men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Its effect has been the same with men of the most dissimilar conditions; from the abandoned inhabitant of Newgate, to the dweller in the palaces of kings. It has been equally sovereign amidst the scattered inhabitants of the forest, and the crowded population of the densest metropolis. Every where, and at all times, it has been ‘the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.’—*Rev. F. Wayland.*

DAMASCUS.

The streets of Damascus are clean and tolerably paved. The houses have externally a very mean appearance, presenting only a dead wall of sun-burnt brick towards the street, with one or two windows stuck at one corner of the building, sometimes at another, and generally covered with a thick lattice-work of wooden bars. There are no glass windows, and the cold air is excluded at night by a sliding shutter fastened by a wooden bolt of a curious construction. In wet weather, the streets are dreadfully muddy from the heavy rains which wash down the earthen walls. These would in fact be quickly consumed did they not take care to thatch them with bushes and straw to throw off the wet.—*Charles G. Addison.*

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THE PEOPLE OF THE SEIKHS.

The Seikhs are not so much a nation or political confederation as a religious sect. Their origin does not date very far back; their founder, Nanac Schah, or Baba Nanac, having been born in the year 1469, at Talvandi, now named Tsjapur, on the river Beas. His descendants are named Nanac Putra, or the sons of Nanac, a title of honour, whilst his followers are called Seikhs, from a Sanscrit word, meaning a disciple or scholar. Nanac, even as a child, was remarkable for his piety; and when he grew up spent much of his time in pilgrimages, according to the custom of the Hindoos. In the year 1527, along with some of his companions, he came to the Sultan Baber, whom he endeavoured to convert; and also to the town of Moultan, which he found fully stocked with saints, so that he exclaimed, 'I am come to a land full of pirs (saints), like the holy Ganga when it seeks the sea.' After his wanderings were completed, he returned to the Punjab, and died at Kirtipur Dehra, on the Ravee, where his tomb is still a celebrated place of pilgrimage. The design of this singular character seems to have been less to found a new sect than to unite the two great religious parties, whose virulent hostility caused so much misfortune to his native land. This he endeavoured to effect by soft persuasion, and by proclaiming the doctrine of the one God, with which he thought to oppose the mad bigotry and deep-rooted superstition that then prevailed. His influence was inherited not by his sons, but by certain of his disciples named Guru by the Seikhs. His first successor was Lehana, who was followed by Amera Das, whose office, during Nanac's lifetime, had been to bring water from the distant Beas and wash his master's feet. The third in order of these gurus had already added some worldly power to the spiritual influence he had inherited.

As is usually the case, the reform of Nanac, instead of uniting the old sects, only added a new one to the number, and soon drew on his followers the hatred and persecution of the Mahomedans. This encouraged Har Govind, a warlike guru, to endeavour to give a firmer basis to the sect, in order to enable it to resist with more effect their Mahomedan tyrants. He went about with two swords in his girdle, one, he said, to avenge the death of his father, the other to destroy the lying miracles of Mohamed. Through his influence and institutions, the Seikhs, from a sect of peaceful enthusiasts, were changed into a band of zealous warriors. He died in 1661, but his successor, Teigh Behar, continuing his policy, elevated the persecuted Seikhs to a brave and warlike nation, struggling for fame, honour, and property, with their former tyrants. The devotee now never laid aside the sword, but swore eternal war and

hatred to the followers of the Koran. His son Govind, the tenth and last of the gurus, ruled in the same spirit, but by the power of the Great Mogul, under Aurengzebe, opposed the rise of a political dominion. With his writings, the Granth or holy book, begun by Nanac and continued by his successors, was completed.

Before his time the Seikhs had carried weapons, as is permitted to most of the higher castes of the Hindoos, but chiefly for self-defence. Guru Govind took up the doctrine of Nanac, 'that all castes are equal before God,' and showed that even the lowest and most unwarlike caste might bear arms as well as the Brahmins. By this doctrine he raised up a race of warriors from the lowest mass of the people, formerly despised as cowards, and abused as having no means of defence. In this way all distinction of caste was abolished among the Seikhs, and complete equality in dress and other respects established. Each Seikh must, after his initiation (pakul), carry a weapon of steel on his body, wear a blue garment, allow his hair and beard to grow, smoke no tobacco, assume the war-cry, 'Wa guruje ka futih' (May the guru be victorious), and change the plough-share for the sword. Govind also established in Umrtsir the guru mata, or national council, and gave to the union the form of a federative republic. His heart burned with hatred of the Moslems, and he extended the influence of the confederation over the high country in the neighbourhood. In the history of his wars, he has said that under him the bow of the Seikhs was victorious over the sabre of the Mahomedans, and the teaching of the Granth over the cowardly doctrines of the Vedas and Shastres. He had no successor whose authority was generally recognised, and each of the chiefs or sirdars was henceforth equal.

The decline and dissolution of the empire of the Great Mogul at Delhi, the weakness of the authorities in the Punjab, and the frequent incursions of the Affghans, produced a complete anarchy in the land, where nabobs, rajahs, and princes, religious sects, associations, and chiefs, were all struggling together in the endeavour to appropriate new dominions. The Seikhs no longer needed to keep their confederation secret, but broke out openly in dharwises, or robber-bands, alluring the young and adventurous to their standard by the hope of plunder. The chiefs now maintained their plundering encampments without concealment, and sought fame and reputation by opposing their former rulers. The indolent governors at Lahore were content to repel the danger without striking at its root. In this manner Umrtsir and its vicinity became the asylum and refuge of the Seikhs, and soon the centre-point of their authority. Some transitory persecutions by Affghan armies, who defeated them in two severe battles, executed many of the Seikhs, and compelled others to cut off their

ng hair, served only, as the invaders continually retired across the Indus, to increase the hostility of the Seikhs against the Moslems. The Seikhs regarded those who were slain as martyrs, and resolved to strengthen their yet unconquered fortress, Umritsir. After their second great defeat in 1747, they erected new fortifications of earth at this city, which were named Ram Runi, and, when subsequently enlarged, Ram Guri. So long as the Mahrattas had a great share in these feuds of the Punjab, a check was put to the rising power of the Seikhs; but when the former were driven wholly back into the Deccan by the battle of Paniput, in 1761, the Seikhs had full room for action. Next year, however, they were again defeated by the Afghans, near Umritsir, and their holy temple desecrated and destroyed; but immediately on the enemy retiring to Cabul, they returned to the Punjab with fanatic determination. They attacked the Afghan governor in Sirhind, and destroyed that place to the foundation, because in it the wife and child of Guru Govind had been put to death; and even yet it is thought a meritorious action in a Seikh to pull down three stones from the walls of Sirhind and throw them into the Sutlej. In 1764 they attacked Lahore, which soon yielded to their enthusiastic courage, and took possession of the whole Punjab, which they have ever since retained. The sirdars then dispersed themselves over its territories, and went to the east of the Sutlej, with their troops, named misuls, their relations, supporters, and dependants. At that time there were twelve of these misuls, each with its own name, and which had collected a force of 70,000 men.

These are the twelve misuls, or confederated warlike republics of the Seikhs. Each had one or more chiefs or sirdars at its head, the most of them raised by fortunate circumstances from being Jat peasants, mechanics, or herdsmen, to be leaders of robber-bands, and then commanders of armies, with fixed property in land, which they were always ready to maintain by arms, either against their enemies from without, or their own brethren in the state from within. Most of them could raise only from two to five thousand cavalry, one ten thousand, and two twelve thousand. The twelfth, the Sukur Chukee Misul, was one of the smallest, with only 2500 horsemen, led by the warlike Churut Sing, the grandfather of the well-known saha Rajah Ranjeet Sing. The only source of union among these confederates was their religion, and the assembly of their chiefs twice every year at Umritsir, for certain religious observances and mutual consultation. In these meetings they planned their plundering excursions, which were undertaken either alone or in concert. After the expedition, the land and plunder were divided according to the number of horsemen each chief had brought with him, which gave occasion to frequent quarrels. In all other respects the misuls were wholly independent, and as it was a point of honour not to give up any offender of their tribe, either in robbery or murder, to another, the custom of private revenge was universal. In the villages, each proprietor surrounded his possessions with a wall and ditch, and built a tower for protection; in the towns, each house was a fortified castle. To such a length was this carried, that many of the fortresses were divided by walls and ditches to defend those who lived in one part from their neighbours in another. Much of the landed property was at the same time held by a kind of feudal tenure from the sirdars, whom the proprietor was bound to follow in time of war.

Such was the unsettled and ill-connected condition of the Seikh government when Ranjeet Sing rose to the supremacy. He was born on the 2d November, 1782, his father, Maha Sing, being sirdar of one of the misuls noticed above. Maha Sing was so distinguished for his bravery and cunning, that many of the Seikhs joined his standard, in order to share the plunder of his marauding expeditions. Already three of the other misuls were partially dependent on him when he died, only twenty-seven years old, leaving his authority to Ranjeet Sing, then only twelve years of age, and blind of one eye from the small-pox. The young sirdar first freed himself from the troublesome authority of

his mother by poisoning her when in his seventeenth year, and soon after expelled the confidential vizier and ruled himself. He was wholly uneducated, could neither read nor write, and gave way to every passion.

In the years 1795-98, the Afghan army of Schah Zaman fell upon the Punjab, and the Seikhs, too weak to resist, retired to the mountains. Ranjeet Sing followed this course the first two years, but on the third crossed the Sutlej, and levied contributions on the cities there. When the Afghans crossed the Indus, he returned and took possession of Lahore, then governed by three weak sirdars. He then sent some cannon to Schah Zuman, which he had left behind on his retreat, and in return was appointed by him governor of Lahore, which secured the obedience of the Moslem population, whilst his decision and energy restrained the murmurs or subdued the opposition of his brother sirdars. From this influential position, he continued to extend his power over the chiefs whose mutual hostility prevented them making any effectual resistance. In 1805, the power of the British having reached the Sutlej, he entered into a treaty with them, and in 1808, this was renewed at Umritsir, of which he had taken possession. Being fully convinced of the superiority of the British troops, he resigned all pretensions to the country east of the Sutlej, and, trusting to their honour, withdrew his garrisons from the fortresses there, to employ them in other quarters. The dissensions among the Afghans, caused by various pretenders to the throne of Cabul, greatly favoured his plans; and when one of the claimants, Schah Shujah, fled to him for protection in 1810 with his treasures, he did not scruple to rob him of the last of his jewels. Among them was the Kohinur, or mountain of light, a diamond of pure water, half as large as an egg, and weighing three and a half rupees.

In this unprincipled manner, he continued to extend his authority, subdued Moultan in 1818, and in the following year added Kaschmir also to his dominions. He was now acknowledged as the maha rajah, or supreme ruler of the Punjab, and set himself to confirm the power he had acquired. His troops were trained by French officers, and other military improvements introduced. He continued his military operations almost to the end of his life, extending his empire principally to the west of the Indus, against the fanatical Mahomedans, who made numerous incursions into his territory. His revenue was estimated at two and a half millions sterling, and his army at upwards of eighty thousand men, with an extensive artillery.

Since his death, a few years ago, his dominions have fallen into complete anarchy and confusion. The revolutions in the court of Lahore have been more than usually numerous, even in the annals of eastern despotism, and distinguished by more than the common amount of bloodshed, cruelty, and treachery. The chiefs have encouraged the soldiers in license and rebellion, till, unable any longer to restrain them, they have been compelled, for self-preservation, to lead their infuriated followers against the British empire. The results of this attack are too recent or too little known to find a place here, and we shall only add some account of the aspect and character of this singular people, whose history we have now shortly sketched.

Travellers describe the Seikhs as a strong and healthy race, rather slenderly made, but with athletic sinewy limbs. Their temper and habits are formed for a military life, and their disposition is wild and fanatical. Few of them can read or write, and most of the chiefs intrust their accounts and correspondence to Hindoos or Mahomedans, who live among them and learn sufficient Persian for this purpose. Many of them understand the written dialect of the Punjab, but entertain an unconquerable aversion to the Persian or Arabic; hatred to everything Mahomedan having been implanted in them from their youth. Most of their transactions are verbal, their memory is good, and their customs preserved by tradition. Captain Murray, who had frequent intercourse with them, gives a very unfavourable picture of their character. Falsehood, deceit, and perjury prevail in all their transactions; for money, fear, or favour, they will swear any false oath; and are engaged in constant

disputes and quarrels with each other about the division of their land or property. In such cases the accused often appeal to the judgment of God, when the victor must dip his hand in boiling oil, or carry a red-hot ploughshare fifty or a hundred steps in his bare hand. Charms and imprecations have a great influence on the fancy and actions both of the chiefs and people, and many diseases and misfortunes are ascribed to the influence of the 'evil eye.' As in our ancient trials for witchcraft, it is thought sufficient proof of guilt to find in the house of the accused an image of wax, coloured threads, small bones, or such things. They are also great observers of fortunate or unfortunate days, and draw omens of success or failure from the appearance of particular animals. This general prevalence of the same superstitions in the most distant parts of the earth, is a very singular fact in the history of human nature.

The care of justice, if we can give it this name, is in the hands of the sirdars or chiefs, who must be paid for everything. The losing party in any process has to pay a fine as a punishment; the winning party must give a present as a token of gratitude. Such payments constitute the chief income of the under officials, and, as may be expected, they often look more to them than to the true merits of the case. For crimes, the punishment was rarely capital; mostly fines, imprisonment, or mutilation by cutting off the ears or nose. Punishment did not dishonour a person, and criminals were not uncommonly taken from prison to fill some post of authority. When anything was stolen, the zemindar of the district had to make it good, it being taken for granted, that he was the concealer of the thief.

The uncertain laws for the transmission of property gave occasion to many lawsuits and impositions. Everything was in a manner left to the caprice of the sirdars, who could levy taxes on the people at their pleasure. Commerce suffered from the same cause, the chiefs laying any impost they chose on goods passing through their territories. The descendants of Nanac were alone in some measure free from these extortions, out of reverence for their ancestor, and merchants were in the habit of putting their caravans under the charge of one of these favoured individuals, who conveyed them to their destination.

Even in their family relations, the Seikhs are not distinguished by greater virtue or regularity. Marriages take place very early, and are often managed by the parents for the most selfish and mercenary considerations. Some promise their daughters to two, three, or more suitors, receiving money and presents from each, and if they belong to a different chief no recourse can be had. Hence arise innumerable feuds, and the women who have been thus bartered away without their own consent, are, as might be expected, not remarkable for fidelity or chastity. Indeed all feelings of honour or modesty are wholly wanting on both sides.

Charity, given from motives of compassion to the suffering, is never heard of among them. It is altogether a matter of religion to support the fakirs belonging to the various sects. Each of these sects has its temple, with fields and villages attached, to which the various offerings in corn or money are given. At some places of pilgrimage there are charity-boxes, from the receipts of which strangers are supported for a certain number of days gratis. Each temple has its servants to collect these gifts. Many of the public charitable institutions of the Mahomedans, supported by the Mogul government on a large scale, have fallen into complete decay under the Seikhs. They have, at the same time, retained several of the most barbarous customs of the Hindoos, as the suttees, or burning of widows with their husband's body. This does not often happen, but is forbidden by no law, and when once the resolution is expressed the unfortunate victim is not allowed to draw back. The mob surround her person and dwelling, and by shouts, tumult, and persuasion, leave her no time for reflection till her resolution is put in execution and their victim hurried into the flames.

Some parts of their holy book have been translated, and

show a spirit of piety and devotion very inconsistent with these cruel and barbarous customs. One part contains Nanac's hymn of praise to the Deity, from which the following are a few verses:-

' Thy gates, how wonderful are they! thy palace, how wonderful, in which thou rulest and reignest over all!

Numberless and infinite are the voices that proclaim thy praise; how many are the Peris who honour thee with song and shout!

Iswara, Brahma, Devi praise thee; they praise thy majesty in thy gates.

The righteous man praises thee in his inmost thoughts, the pious proclaims thy honour aloud.

Thou art, thou art the Lord of truth, faithful and just.

Thou art, thou wast, thou passet not away, thou the supporter of all that exists.

Thou doest what seems good unto thee; no other being comes nigh to thee.'

In Moultan, Burnes visited one of their temples, where the priest opened the holy book and touched it with his forehead, all the Seikhs present bowing to the ground. He then read the first paragraph and explained it: 'Ye have all sinned; purify yourselves, lest evil come upon you,' a great truth, expressed with much simplicity, and not unlike some passages of the gospel. Such teaching might be expected to produce a good effect on the minds of the hearers, but the hearts on which it falls are harder than stone.

ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP DURHAM.

ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP DURHAM will be ever remembered as one of the most conspicuous actors in the last great war in which our country was involved. All the qualities necessary for success in the profession he had adopted, seem to have met in his person. Kind, generous, and open-hearted, he was the very *beau ideal* of the British sailor; and while these qualities secured him the esteem of his inferiors, his natural sharpness of intellect, undaunted courage, and persevering application to the details of a sea-faring life, were such as to win the confidence of those placed in authority over him, and at length to raise him to the first rank in his profession. We deplore the necessity which called such spirits from the quiet pursuit of useful and productive occupations to waste their energies in the service of the god of war; but, on the other hand, we have reason for gratulation in the circumstance, that when the emergency occurs, our country can at all times send forth its heroes with abilities equal to the occasion. The memoir of Sir Philip Durham, by his nephew, which we quote below,* is an ably drawn up and business-like book, and from it we propose making a few extracts.

Philip Charles Durham was the descendant of an ancient Scottish family. He was born in the year 1763, and had only attained his fourteenth year when he was entered midshipman on board the Trident war-ship of 64 guns. One of the first pieces of service which he was called on to perform, gave occasion for the display of that kindness and considerateness, which, during his long and arduous career, never seemed to fail him. The master of his ship had pressed some men from an East India merchant vessel, and it became Mr Durham's duty to bring them off to his ship. 'One of the pressed men had brought a small venture with him from China, which in the confusion he forgot to bring off. He requested Mr Durham's permission to fetch it, which was granted, and the boat put back for that purpose.' Two years afterwards, the young midshipman was with his ship in the West Indies, and it having accidentally taken fire, Mr Durham was necessitated to ask a passage home in some of the vessels lying at the station:—'The first he applied to was the Isis, of fifty guns, but was refused; he then tried the Snake sloop of war, commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Douglas, who also de-

clined taking him on board for want of room, having a number of invalids from the fleet. Mr Durham was again getting into his boat, much disappointed, when the gunner, who was fishing the anchor, looked at him and said, 'Were you midshipman of the Trident in the Downs in 1777?' Mr Durham replied that he was. 'Do you remember being sent to bring off the men that were pressed from the Royal Henry East Indiaman, and putting back when one of them told you he had forgotten his little venture he had brought from China?' 'Yea.' 'Well, I am that man; I am now gunner of this ship, and have a large cabin, and if the captain will let you come on board, you shall live in it and be no encumbrance to him.' Mr Durham gladly accepted the offer, got the captain's leave, and sailed for England.'

On arriving in London, Mr Durham learned that the Edgar was fitting out at Woolwich, under the orders of his old captain (Elliot). Proceeding thither, his services were gladly accepted, and in January, 1780, he sailed in the squadron commanded by Sir George Rodney. In a few weeks it was his fortune to be engaged in the celebrated action off Cape St Vincent, and immediately afterwards to see the first gun fired at the great siege of Gibraltar, in which he was employed during its continuance. In the next year, Midshipman Durham was promoted to be acting lieutenant and aide-de-camp to the brave old Admiral Kempfensel in the Victory. He afterwards served in the same capacity in the Royal George, at the sinking of which Mr Durham made one of the many singular escapes of his eventful life. This magnificent vessel was under orders to sail for the relief of Gibraltar. 'During her last cruise she had made rather more water than usual, and after a strict survey the carpenters discovered a leak, and stopped it. It was likewise observed that the pipe which admitted the water into the hold for cleansing the ship, was out of repair. This pipe is usually placed about three feet below the surface of the water; to remove the old pipe, therefore, and to insert a new one, it became necessary to heel the Royal George on one side, so as to raise the mouth of the pipe out of the water. This operation brought the larboard port-hole sills even with the water. A lighter came on the lower side of the ship and put her cargo of rum on board, the weight of which, with that of the men engaged in hoisting in the casks, caused the Royal George to heel considerably more, and brought the lower deck port-holes under the water, which now dashed in in such quantities to her hold, that she began gradually to settle down. The carpenter twice warned the first lieutenant (Sanders) of the danger the ship was in, but he would not listen to him, and delayed giving the order to right the ship till it was too late; and a slight breeze springing up, heeled her completely on her broadside, when guns, shot, and everything moveable fell to leeward, and rendered it an impossibility to right her. She sank almost immediately. The watch on deck, consisting of two hundred and thirty men, were saved by running up the rigging, and were taken off by the boats which came to their assistance, and which likewise succeeded in picking up about seventy who had escaped by swimming; amongst the latter were the Captain (Waghorn) and two acting lieutenants (Durham and Richardson). By this calamity about 900 persons met with a watery grave, among whom was the brave old admiral, Kempfensel, who at the time was sitting writing in his cabin. He was in the seventieth year of his age.' Mr Durham's own relation of this lamentable event is too interesting to be omitted:—

'I was walking the quarterdeck with the captain (Waghorn), and had frequent communications with the men who were boring the hole in the side of the ship. The carpenter then came up, and said that the ship was taking in a great deal of water at her lee-ports, and that he thought it was time to right her. The first lieutenant and the carpenter immediately quitted the deck. Two or three minutes afterwards I heard the men who were over the side boring the hole for the stop-cock, call out 'avast, avast heeling, she is high enough. The ship is rising out of the water.' Up to that moment there had been nothing for the

ship to be heeled more. The captain then ordered the ship to be righted, and I called the drummer and made him beat to quarters, that the starboard guns might be run out. The guns were begun to be run out on the weather side, when the ship took a salty, or tremulous motion. Looking up aloft, I saw that the masts continued to fall over, and just then I observed the captain trying to open the door of the admiral's cabin, but in consequence of the vessel being so much heeled, he was unable to do so. She was evidently going over, and I heard Lieutenant Richardson from the poop exclaim, 'It's all over, but I must try and save this coat.' It was the first time he had put on his lieutenant's uniform, and he immediately jumped overboard, with the coat under his arm. Following his example, I pulled off my coat and leapt overboard. I soon got hold of a hammock that had floated off the deck. At this moment I was twice carried down by a marine, whom I shook off by tearing the waistcoat loose by which he clung. I then by throwing my arms about got hold of a spar, and was carried into the wake of the ship, where I got hold of the signal halyards (a curious circumstance, as I was signal officer). I continued to hang by them until one of the seamen swam up and said, 'Give me hold of these halyards, and I will tow you up.' This he did, and I sat on the mast-head for near an hour; the boats being busied in picking up people who were in more imminent danger. I now observed the captain hanging to the weather mizzen-top-sail yard-arm, supported by a seaman, and I desired the first boat that came towards me to pick him up first which was done.'

'Mr Durham was picked up by another boat, and, together with Mr Williams, the carpenter, was carried on board Lord Howe's flag-ship, the Victory, and was immediately put to bed. Mr Williams died a few hours afterwards but Mr Durham soon recovered. It is a curious fact that the body of the marine who clung to Mr Durham was washed on shore about a fortnight afterwards, with the waistcoat firmly twisted round his arm; a pencil-case bearing Mr Durham's initials was found in the pocket, and restored to its owner. Another interesting relic of the wreck was recovered during Colonel Pasley's operations, in 1841, and which Sir Philip Durham identified as having been his property: it was a stamp he employed for marking his books, linen, &c. The types were in a perfect state of preservation, though they had been in the great deep for nearly sixty years.'

After several arrangements for the accommodation of Lieutenant Durham, he was ultimately transferred to the Union as acting lieutenant, and sailed in 1782 to the relief of Gibraltar. Here his vessel had a severe engagement with the Santissima Trinidad, of 112 guns, in which Lieutenant Durham was honourably distinguished.

'In 1784, Mr Durham was appointed to the Unicorn frigate, then lying at Plymouth, and bound for the coast of Africa, but before she sailed he fell into bad health and was obliged to go to the hospital. After his recovery, he thought it time to go and see his father and mother, from whom he had been absent seven years, and knowing them to be at Bath, he proceeded there without apprising them of his intention. In the morning he walked into the pump-room, and soon recognised his father. He went up to him and said, 'I suppose you are from the north, sir?' He answered that he was. They then got into a general sort of conversation. At last his father said, 'I must wish you good morning, sir, I am going home to breakfast.' Mr Durham said, 'Won't you take me with you?' His father looked hard at him, and exclaimed, 'Good God, you are my son Philip! when you left home you were a white-headed laddie—how you are changed. Come, your mother will be delighted to see you.' He accompanied his father and mother to Scotland, where he soon entered into all the country amusements their place afforded, but he soon tired and resolved to go abroad.'

After a visit to France of some eighteen months, Mr Durham grew tired of inaction, and returned to England for fresh employment. He was not long idle, as, immediately upon his return, he was engaged in the

appointed commander-in-chief on the Newfoundland station, and he made Mr Durham one of his lieutenants in his ag-ship, the *Salisbury*, which ship he joined in 1786, and served with Commodore Elliot during his command of three years.'

In 1790, when only twenty-seven years of age, Lieutenant Durham was promoted to the rank of commander, and sent out to the West Indies as acting captain of the *Daphne*, 0 guns. Three years afterwards, when the long and bloody contest with France had just broken out, we find him in command of the *Spitfire*, and carrying into Portsmouth a French privateer, which happened to be the first vessel captured bearing the tri-colour flag, and which consequently became an object of great interest. A number of other brilliant successes with his little ship brought him the present of a piece of plate of the value of 100 guineas from a London society, and also some thousand pounds of prize-money. After several other changes, Captain Durham was appointed to the command of the *Anson* frigate, of 44 guns, in which capacity he was engaged in the unfortunate expedition to assist the royalists of La Vendée. This expedition cost Britain much blood and treasure, but the results were nothing but disaster and defeat. Captain Durham remained for some time off the Loire, during which cruise a singular circumstance occurred:—'He was ordered to attack the island of Noirmoutier, at the mouth of the Loire, and an emigré was sent on board to pilot the *Anson* in, instead of which he ran her aground near a fort. Captain Durham was most indignant, and threatened to hang him. Colonel Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) and many other officers were on board at the time, and he recommended them to consult their own safety, as the ship was being hulled by the enemy's shot. In a few hours, however, with the return of the tide, the *Anson* was got off without great damage. In the year 1815, when he co-operated with the French and British armies in preserving Martinique, and reducing Guadaloupe to the Bourbon crown, Sir Philip Durham paid his respects to the governor. The latter looked at him and said, 'If you had hung your pilot at Noirmoutier, I should not have the pleasure of receiving you here.' The admiral then recognised his old pilot, who was no less than the Comte de Vangirard, a distinguished naval officer, then governor of Martinique.

During the succeeding three years, the *Anson* did such gallant service by the capture of French vessels that its commander twice received the thanks of the Admiralty; and on going to court, the Duke of Clarence, to mark his approbation of Captain Durham's conduct, took off his sword and belt, and presented them to him.

Passing over several unimportant affairs in which he was engaged, we take up Captain Durham as commander of the *Defiance*, seventy-four gun-ship, and under the orders of one who could thoroughly appreciate his qualities—Horatio Nelson. Captain Durham had 75,000 dollars on board his ship, and the enemy being reported on the move, he sent to Nelson to inquire what was to be done with the money. The reply was characteristic:—'If the Spaniards come out,' said Nelson, 'fire the dollars at them, and pay them off in their own coin.' Shortly afterwards, on the 21st October, 1805, the combined fleets ventured out of the bay of Cadiz, and the result was the great battle of Trafalgar. Captain Durham bore a prominent part in the action:—'The *Defiance* first ran alongside the *San Juan Nepomeno*, and was just going to pour in a broadside, when Captain Durham observed the Spanish captain, surrounded by his officers, making signals with their hats, and ordered the crew of the *Defiance* not to fire, upon which the Spaniard hauled down his colours without firing a shot. Having sent his boats for the captain and officers of the *San Juan*, they were taken on board, but were afterwards transferred to the *Dreadnought*. The *Defiance* then opened her fire upon the Spanish admiral's ship, *Principe de Asturias*, whose first shot carried away the British ensign. Two English line-of-battle ships coming up on the Spaniard's quarter, the *Defiance* pushed on and got up with the French eighty gun-ship *l'Aigle*, which appeared to have been se-

verely handled by some other ship. She was, however, quite ready for action, and defended herself most gallantly for some time; at length her fire began to slacken, and Captain Durham thinking she surrendered, called up his boarders to take possession. The boats were found to be all shot through, upon which Mr Spratt, an active young midshipman, took his cutlass between his teeth, called to the boarders to follow, leapt overboard, and swam to the *Aigle*, followed by a few men; he got in at the stern port, and was met by some of the crew, who resisted. He succeeded in cutting his way up and hauled down the Frenchman's colours, and in the act of doing so was shot through the leg. He dragged himself to the side of the ship, and holding his bleeding limb over the railing, called out, 'Captain, poor Jack Spratt is done up at last.' Captain Durham managed to warp alongside, and this gallant fellow was slung on board. The boarders being thus repulsed, and many of them having swam back to the *Defiance*, Captain Durham hauled off and engaged the *Aigle* again, she having rehoisted her colours, and after a cannonade of half an hour she struck. He sent Lieutenant Purchas and a number of men to take possession of the prize, which, like many others, was driven on shore in the storm and went to pieces. The lieutenant and men were saved. The *Defiance* lost seventeen killed and fifty-three wounded, one of whom was Captain Durham, who was wounded in the leg and side. His wound appeared slight at first, but it was many years before he completely recovered, after narrowly escaping the loss of his leg.'

In 1810, Captain Durham's ship was paid off, and thus ended his service as a captain, after having held the rank for nearly twenty years. He was now promoted to the rank of admiral. The energy and enthusiasm of his character will be seen from the following anecdote. Being in London idle, an Admiralty messenger met him in the street, and said Mr Yorke (First Lord of the Admiralty) wished to see him immediately. Mr Yorke informed him that the French squadron had escaped from L'Orient, and that the Admiralty had five sail of the line and two frigates ready to pursue them at St Helens, and said, 'We want an admiral to take the command. Will you go?' 'Yes.' 'But when?' 'Out of this room.' 'If you do,' said Mr Yorke incredulously, 'it will be more than has been done yet. We have no difficulty in finding flag-officers, but they have always so many wants before they can sail.'

Having obtained the commandership-in-chief in the Leeward Islands, he lost not a moment in setting out for the station in one of his old vessels, the *Venerable*. On the way, his professional skill and sagacity were admirably displayed in the capture of two large French frigates. Having learned that they were cruising about off the island of Palma, he set out in pursuit, and after four days' sailing, 'had the good fortune to observe two large ships to windward, who immediately on seeing the *Venerable* (the admiral having in some manner disguised her), bore up in chase, and came down within eight or ten miles of her before they discovered their mistake, when they made all sail to escape from her. The admiral then began his pursuit, and from the superiority of the *Venerable*'s sailing, came up within hail of them at sunset, and called out to the stern-most vessel to bring to, upon which she hoisted French colours, and for answer, poured in her whole broadside and musketry, which was instantly returned, every body being at quarters. The Frenchman fired a second broadside, and in the smoke bore up under all sail, and ran right on board the *Venerable*, with the intention of boarding her. Observing his higher sails becalmed above the smoke, the admiral suspected what his intention was, and called out to the man at the helm to ease her off, so as to let him strike obliquely. However, he came in to them going about nine knots an hour, and struck the *Venerable* such a blow, that the admiral and most of the marines on the poop were knocked down. The boarders were then called up, and they lashed the Frenchman forward, while he was secured abeam; the order was then given to board, and they made good use of their cutlasses, killing and wounding a great number before she struck her colours, and as it was then dark, the

other frigate escaped for the time. When the French captain came on board to deliver up his sword, it was found that he was wounded in several places; but he was so enraged at the captain of the other frigate having run away, that he could think of nothing else. The other captain was the senior of the two, and had promised to run on board the Venerable at the same time. The admiral sent him into his cabin, telling him the surgeon would attend him. It being a rainy night, the admiral put on his greatcoat over his uniform, and having occasion to go to his cabin, he found the surgeon dressing the French captain's wounds, and a marine holding the lanthorn, which he took from him, and held himself, and said to the Frenchman, 'Your comrade hailed you just as we came up.' He answered, 'Yes; he said, If we part company, I shall change my course every two hours, two points west, and my rendezvous will be in the north-west.' Admiral Durham immediately gave back the lanthorn to the marine, called for the log, and wrote on it eight o'clock, wind N.N.E. The ship was so much disabled, that it was nearly two days before she and the prize could be got ready to proceed. The admiral then called the master, and told him the particulars, which were a plain problem to work. He calculated the frigate would be in the W.N.W., distant about 200 miles. Admiral Durham desired the captain to steer to the N.W., under all possible sail; the latter seemed much astonished, and said, 'Then you are not going to the West Indies?' 'That does not follow.' Next day at noon, they had run about 153 miles; and the admiral called out to the look-out man to know if he saw any strange sail. The captain seeing him so anxious, remarked, 'Admiral, you seem to have got something in your head.' 'I have,' was the reply; 'I expect to see the other frigate.' 'Well, that is a most extraordinary idea; I don't think there is the smallest chance of it.' The admiral replied, 'If I had taken your advice, I should never have seen either of them.' Shortly after this conversation, the man at the mast-head called out, 'A sail on the weather bow.' The captain went up to look at her, and said, 'She is a small vessel, and looks like one of our traders running to the southward.' Admiral Durham called for his long glass, saying he would go and look at her himself. As soon as he got a look at the strange sail he felt convinced it was the frigate, and called out to the captain to disguise the ship as much as possible, and to steer straight for her. On hearing this, the ship's company were all in a stir, the captain still persisting that it was not the frigate. She came down to the Venerable under all sail, supposing it was her consort, and came a little too near before she was undeceived. On perceiving her mistake she hauled round to make her escape. 'Look there,' said the admiral, 'did you ever see that stern before?' As night was closing, and dirty weather coming on, Admiral Durham picked out three midshipmen, who were qualified for lieutenants—in short, a whole staff for a ship's company—and told them to keep a sharp look-out for the Frenchman during the night, and not to lose sight of her, as their promotion depended on her being taken. He went on the poop himself, and remained there till the frigate struck. In the morning she was about two miles distant. On coming up with the frigate, she gave a sheer to port, to give the Venerable her larboard broadside; the captain called out to the helmsman to do the same, to enable her to bring her broadside to bear on the frigate. Admiral Durham immediately gave orders to do quite the contrary, so as to allow the Frenchman's broadside to pass obliquely, which was done. She then sheered to starboard, to give the Venerable the other broadside—upon which the latter again did the contrary. By these judicious manœuvres, the Venerable received no other damage than a few shots through the sails; and by the time the frigate came to her original course, the Venerable's bowsprit was in her mizen rigging, and she hauled down her colours, without Admiral Durham firing a shot at her; upon which the captain said, 'I wish you joy of your prize, but you risked the lives of a number of our people.' Admiral Durham made answer, 'If we had given her a broadside, and killed thirty or forty of her crew, and disabled the ship, which I

mean to take to the West Indies with me, what satisfaction would it have been? We have now a ship that has not lost a rope. If you choose to have the command of her, she is at your service.' The names of the two frigates taken on this occasion were—the first, the Alcmene, forty-four guns, and three hundred and fifty men, commanded by Captain Ducrést de Villeneuve, who had so gallantly defended her. The second was the Iphigenie, of forty-four guns, and three hundred and fifty men, with one hundred and fifty British seamen on board, as prisoners, taken out of ships belonging to Lord Colville's convoy. The Venerable's loss on the occasion was two seamen killed and four wounded. That of the enemy, two petty officers and thirty seamen killed, and fifty wounded.

Up till 1815, Admiral Durham continued in active service at the West Indies, where he had the singular honour of having had the last, as he had had the first, tri-coloured flag during the war, struck to him. Peace to Britain and the world had now happily come; and the admiral, finding his occupation gone, took the opportunity of making a renewed visit to France. At Toulon he met an old acquaintance. On arrival at that port, 'the admiral commanding sent an officer to ask him and his party to dinner. Just as the officer was leaving the room he turned back, and looking at Sir Philip very hard, said, 'Did you command the Defiance at Trafalgar?' Sir Philip replied that he did. 'Do you remember,' continued he, 'after the battle, a young garde marine coming on board your ship as prisoner from the Aigle, and your taking him into your cabin, and after having given him some dinner, committing him to the care of some of your midshipmen, and on arriving at Portsmouth, when he was going to leave the ship to go to prison, giving him two guineas?' Sir Philip replied that he remembered the circumstance perfectly. 'I am the garde marine,' said the officer, 'my name is Graeb. I am now flag captain.' The next day he came to pay the two guineas, which Sir Philip refused to accept; but he said the corps insisted on its being paid.

On a subsequent visit to Paris, after the events of 1830, Sir Philip was invited to dine with Louis Philippe at the Tuilleries. 'His majesty placed Lady Durham near the queen, and desired him to sit next the Duchesse de Broglie, who was upon the king's right hand. After dinner, the king said, 'Admiral, I have a question to ask you. You often told me we should meet at the Tuilleries; we have now met; what was your reason for saying so?' Sir Philip was rather taken aback, but rose and said, 'I have had the honour of meeting your majesty in various countries, and from your majesty's many noble qualities, added to the known pluck of the Bourbons, I formed my opinion that your majesty was the fittest man to govern France.' Upon which the king bowed his head to the table, and desired him to drink a bumper of Bourdeaux.'

On several occasions Sir Philip had the honour of a seat in Parliament, and also held the command at Portsmouth, but finally retired from active life in 1839. He died in April, 1845, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

PASSAGE OF THE COL DU GEANT.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.'—*ANCIENT MARINER.*

This following interesting account of one of those somewhat hazardous excursions so readily undertaken by British tourists occurs in a neat volume recently published, entitled 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, by Robert Snow, Esq.*' The work consists of a series of short pieces in prose and verse, either descriptive of or suggested by the scenes through which the author passed in a route through France, Italy, and Switzerland. The extract we make will give a fair idea of the prose pieces; of the

* London : William Pickering.

poetry we cannot say much that is favourable; though, on the whole, we think the work well worthy a perusal. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader that the Col de Géant, or Giant's Mount, is one of the Pennine Alps in Savoy, and is situated a little to the north-east of Mont Blanc.

'Having, whilst at Chamonix, made successful excursions, favoured by the finest weather, to the summit of the Brevent, to the Jardin, and to the summit of the Buet, I resolved not to quit the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc without attempting the passage from Chamonix to Courmayeur by the Col du Géant. Accordingly, on the 30th July (1844), I signified my wishes to the Chef des guides at Chamonix, who readily appointed three guides to accompany me, and we had hopes of being able to start that same afternoon. But the weather in a few hours changed for the worse, and continued very unfavourable, with snow, rain, and frequent thunder, for some days. Without inserting in this place a meteorological journal for the period of my detention at Chamonix, it will be sufficient to state, that on Monday, August 5th, the weather towards the middle of the day improved so much that I decided upon starting at two o'clock, with my guides, for the Montanvert, with the intention of passing the night there, and of proceeding the next morning for the Col du Géant, should the weather continue fine. My guides, and their qualifications, were as follows:—Alexandre Devouassoud (twice up Mont Blanc, five times to the Col du Géant). Michel Coutet (never up Mont Blanc, twice to the Col du Géant). David Simon (three times up Mont Blanc, never to the Col du Géant). Jean Edward Devouassoud (once up Mont Blanc, never to the Col du Géant). This latter came as an aspirant, not being engaged on the same terms as the other three.

We arrived early in the afternoon at the Montanvert, after a very hot walk. Weather steadily improving. We supped, and retired to rest betimes. Before one o'clock the next morning I heard my guides stirring, and soon after we all met, and congratulated each other on the fineness of the weather. The planet Jupiter was shining magnificently over the Grandes Jorasses, and the moon, three weeks old, was just rising over the Aiguille du Dru. I had felt a little uneasy during the night, owing to hearing some strong gusts of wind; but they had now quite died away; and the silence was unbroken, save by the steady roar of the many small torrents falling from the opposite rocks and lesser glaciers into the Mer de Glace. It was not in the least cold. By a quarter after two we were on foot; and after half an hour's walk by moonlight, we came to the precipitous face of rock called Les Ponts, a point which we passed without difficulty, after which we were soon fairly launched upon the Mer de Glace. We took the route leading to the Jardin, as far as the moraines at the foot of the Couvercle, and then coasted along them as far as the Tacul, where we arrived at half-past four. The sky now appeared of the most exquisite rose-colour over the Couvercle, and of a fine yellow over the Aiguilles Rouges, behind the Fégère. Once, before it was light, during our progress, one of the guides cut a step or two for us in the ice with the axe which he carried for that purpose, and it was curious to see it strike fire on the gritty surface. At the foot of the Tacul I had some spiked nails screwed into the soles of my shoes. Whilst this was doing, I gazed with renewed wonder at the glacier du Taléfre, and at the glacier du Tacul, which latter we were so soon to be in the act of scaling.

The sun was now shining brilliantly on the highest peaks; there was no vapour or cloud visible; nor was there any wind save a moderate breeze. Nothing could be more wonderful than the conviction that there were many hours of uncertain labour before us in the passage of the glacier, which from hence, in the clear morning air, appeared so little formidable. The weather was so fine that the eye was deceived as to height and distance, even more than usual. At about half-past five, on a steep slope of snow considerably above us, under the Aiguille du Grépon, I saw, to my great delight, a troop of about

pieces upon their heads, nor exhibiting themselves in any of the conventional attitudes in which they are represented in the picture shops; but were filing gently across the snow, one after another, just as you see deer in a park; nor did they appear to take any notice of us.

Hereabouts we came to some ugly crevasses in the glacier, with snow bridges over them, which had a treacherous look, owing to the new-fallen snow of Friday last, which still lay thickly on this part of the glacier. In fact, we were now beginning to attain a considerable height. Next, we came to several crevasses in succession, extending, to all appearance, right across the glacier; these in many places were of great width; but we found narrow places in all of them, so that we passed them with ease. By six o'clock we had ascended the glacier to about the level of the Jardin* (or perhaps not quite so high), which we now saw at a distance, in its solitude, insulated in the upper part of the glacier du Taléfre. Soon afterwards, we got into the heart of the glacier du Tacul, and Devouassoud went ahead of us all to explore the way. Here we came to some really bad places, which we passed, with care and patience, and which elicited from Coutet the pithy remark—'Sacrébleu! Il fait bien mauvais ici cette année!'—an opinion that, as soon as it was uttered, was confirmed by the thundering fall of a huge pyramid of ice, not far from us, which was dashed in pieces by the shock; and it was curious to see that but a moment before was a gigantic towering column, streaming in white powder down the icy channels beneath; and to make matters yet more startling, we had directly afterwards to pass another dangerous place, close under an overhanging cliff of ice, dripping wet in the morning sun, that seemed every moment ready to fall upon us. 'Dépêchons nous ici!' was the prevailing sentiment; and indeed I think we all had reason to feel rather nervous in this part of the glacier. We now, however, got some breathing time on a small plain of snow; and afterwards, for a little while, continued our progress up the glacier, without having to pass any bad crevasses; we were aided, too, rather than impeded, by the new-fallen snow, the softness of which took off the danger that would otherwise have existed of slipping upon the ice. Hitherto our progress had been very slow, and we had been obliged to make many counter-marches, so that it was now past seven o'clock.

I will observe, by the way, that it is quite impossible for the most extravagant pencil to exaggerate the outlines of glacier scenery. We found every variety of the most abrupt angular masses of icy cliffs, crags, pyramids, and pillars; and huge piers, supporting superincumbent strata of ice, twisted and moulded, as though by the operation of heat and excessive pressure, into such wavy figures as volcanic lavas are often seen to take. And, to compare small things with great, on looking at certain of these configurations, I could not help thinking of a stick of sealing-wax, which had been held for some time in a warm hand, and as it relaxed from its rigidity, had been gradually forced into a curved shape. Our general line of march was not up the centre of the glacier, but lay nearer the right side of it, as you face the Col.

Soon afterwards, in consequence of our coming to a very bad crevasse, Devouassoud was again sent out to explore a passage in one direction, and Coutet in another, leaving me and the two others together. Here, a large wasp, apparently puzzled, like ourselves, came buzzing round us. We were at fault here for some time. At last, a very narrow bridge of ice was seen at some little distance, which, by its darker colour, appeared to be old ice, and therefore firm. This bridge, if such it may be called, lay on our right, many feet above us; and the question was how to reach it. Devouassoud, with admirable coolness, yet running risks which made me feel almost faint with anxiety as I witnessed them, managed, by the help of steps which he cut with his axe in the solid ice, to scramble up to the base

* According to Professor Forbes, the height above the sea of the lowest part of the Jardin is 9042'. and of the highest part 9653'

of a small column of ice, that communicated with a sort of platform, on which there was firm, though scanty standing room, and whence the bridge might be immediately reached. The ice column looked insecure; and the more so, from the quantity of brilliantly white fresh-fallen snow that had lodged against it. Its firmness, however, was put to the proof by blows with an ice pole, and it was partially cleared of the fresh snow. Devouassoud then cautiously cut steps round its exterior surface, and so ascended to the platform, followed by another guide, who held one end of a strong cord, the other end of which was tied round my body. I then followed them. The two guides, now firmly placed on the platform, held the cord slackly, not intending to use it unless it was required. It was agreed that they should tighten it if I called out to them to do so, and not else. Thus I wound my way, in their footsteps, carefully round the column; with yawning gulfs, formed by crevasses intersecting crevasses in every possible direction beneath me; steadying myself with one hand, and holding the cord loosely between the finger and thumb of the other, like a child who learns to walk by holding up its frock before it, confidence in either case being the only support really required. The other two guides followed me. We then all crossed the narrow bridge of ice without difficulty, and descending by a low, yet perpendicular cliff of ice, we resumed our line of march, leaving this formidable crevasse behind us. It was now eight o'clock. Soon after this the glacier changed its appearance altogether. As we ascended, we found more fresh snow, and fewer crevasses; but there was no less need of caution. Here we all tied ourselves together with two stout cords, and proceeded for half an hour more, until we came to a convenient place for halting, where we stopped, and took some breakfast; having had a laborious walk of more than six hours from the Montanvert, almost entirely over ice. Here I accidentally let fall on the snow the case of the green spectacles which I wore on this expedition. It immediately began to glide away, as if animated, and disappeared down a crevasse at about eighty yards below us. Nothing is safe for an instant if not well looked after on these treacherous slopes. In order to prevent a like mischance happening to our poles, the loss of any of which would have been a serious matter, we took care never to let them out of our hands without first sticking them firmly upright in the snow by their pointed ends.

Whilst we were in the middle of the glacier, I could not help remarking what ridiculous figures we all were, equipped with blouses, frieze gaiters, green spectacles, veils, and slouched hats, pacing along with the most solemn gravity. Devouassoud, in particular, with huge spectacles, and his hat tied on with a handkerchief under his chin, supporting himself with his stick, was no bad representative of Mother Goose.

After our repast we resumed our march exactly as before. At a quarter before ten we came on the fresh track of more chamois, but we saw none. Mont Blanc now appeared on our right, in a rocky opening by the side of the glacier; and I stood in mute surprise to see how astonishingly diminished in height it now appeared, and how close to us, yet in reality it was more than six thousand feet above us, and on that side wholly inaccessible. We hence pursued our course up a long and steep ascent of snow, in one monotonous zig-zag, interrupted only by our sinking knee-deep into the soft snow, and by the counter-marches it was necessary to make in order to find snow bridges strong enough to bear us across the crevasses with which the snow, or *serac*, was at this height intersected.

Some of these bridges were on principles decidedly unmechanical; with a downward, and not an upward curve; fringed with dripping icicles many feet long. Such as these we carefully avoided. In many places we saw creases in the smooth snow, under which we found incipient cracks, and crevasses, of a few inches only in width, showing the perpetual changes going on in these wonderful regions, so that no two journeys across them can be made under the same circumstances. And now the bare outline of the summit of the Col seemed to lie just before us; it was not,

inclined plane of eternal snow (glacier no longer) that we actually found ourselves upon the highest ridge, 11,142 feet above the level of the sea; having attained our point not without some hard work, and undergoing some risks; but without any painful degree of fatigue, and without experiencing any ill effects whatever from the rarity of the air. The cool, silent precautions of my guides throughout were beyond all praise.

But it is not desirable, and it is scarcely possible to remain long on the uppermost ridge. You must make immediately for the rocky buttress where Saussure's cabin stood. In order to reach this spot, you pass a very dangerous steep snow slope, terminating abruptly in an enormous crevasse, on the summit of the glacier of Mont Fréty, on the side towards Piedmont. Here, if any unhappy being should chance to slide down, he would be precipitated over the edge of the *serac*, into the crevasse; or, possibly, he might shoot right over it into blank air, and fall ultimately on some spires of rock at a terrific depth below. In crossing this slope the new-fallen snow stood us in good stead. It was exactly of the proper consistency for walking upon safely and easily: nevertheless, it appeared to me to be a place where, in some states of the weather, an avalanche might easily be detached, carrying all before it and with it over the precipice. Devouassoud told me that on one occasion, on passing this spot, he found it an entire sheet of ice, so that he was obliged to cut steps with his axe right across its whole length in order to reach the rocks. These, however, we now attained without difficulty; and, on arriving, we congratulated one another on the success that had hitherto attended our expedition, and commenced forthwith an attack on our remaining provisions.

From this point the view to the north is quite shut out; but on turning to the south, on the right is the summit of Mont Blanc, with its dependent glaciers and precipitous buttresses and outworks; in truth, a sublime and wonderful sight. Below, lies the Allée Blanche; further, amidst a wilderness of Alps, not fewer than five enormous peaks of mountains apparently little lower than Mont Blanc, and of outlines quite as grand; nearer, rose the Cramont, and the Pain de Sucre, hard by which was the little town of Courmayeur, and the adjacent valleys; and thus (not to catalogue the remaining mountains) the eye passed eastwards towards Mount Rosa, and the glorious Cervin. Most fortunately there was no haze or vapour to intercept the wonders of the view; there were only a few white clouds here and there, rather setting off than marring the proportions and magnitudes of the mountains before us, infinite in number and majesty. No description can convey an adequate idea of this side of Mont Blanc, and of the appearance of the descent from the summit of the Col du Géant towards Courmayeur. Whilst we were gazing at the view, our attention was arrested by a hissing noise, which we found to proceed from the snow on a very long and precipitous slope to our right, the surface of which, under the influence of the noon-day sun, began to slide in gentle avalanches down towards the rocks beneath. We immediately, merely for the sake of amusement, commenced hurling stones, as large as we could lift, down the slope, in hopes of augmenting the avalanches, but it was wholly without effect. The velocity, however, which these stones acquired before they reached the bottom of the slope, and the force with which they dashed against the rocks below, bursting asunder in clouds of dust, was a striking sight. Two of my guides succeeded in detaching a very large mass, which rolled down with tremendous violence; but it had no more effect on the snow than the smaller ones. Some of the boards of Saussure's cabin, alluded to above, still remain on this spot. Here it was that in his devotedness to science, that distinguished philosopher passed seventeen days and nights. The debris of rock here contain a vast quantity of crystals; and here we found a portion of the broken stem of a thermometer. We also saw several butterflies whilst we remained on the summit. We had, earlier in the day, seen several dead and dying insects on the surface of the snow, and one or two dead half-fledged

We remained on the summit of the Col until a quarter before one, and then commenced the descent towards Courmayeur. Our way lay down a long precipice of loose rocks and stones, fortunately free from snow. This descent, together with a glissade of snow much lower down, and after that, a steep descent of rude mountain pasture, occupied us, without intermission, until past three o'clock, when we made another halt, at the tail of a snow slope, from under which there issued a delicious stream of ice-cold water. Here we finished our wine, and congratulated each other sincerely on the success of our expedition, for now all difficulties were past; and I will not deny having looked up at the frowning battlements of ice on which we had been so lately standing with the most exhilarating sensations. During the descent I was much struck with the towering magnificence of the distant Mont Vélan, which I had seen in great beauty, when on an excursion to the Great St Bernard a fortnight before. The beauty of the scenery below, about Courmayeur, as seen during the descent, exceeds anything which the Vale of Chamonix affords.

Other steep pastures, fir woods, and a succession of green sloping meadows, led us finally down into the vale of Courmayeur at a quarter past five. Here, just as we had reached the bottom, although I felt in no respect unpleasantly fatigued, I was attacked by a giddiness so sudden and violent, that I fell against a young ash tree, and thence headlong down a soft grassy bank. My guides, in alarm, ran to my assistance, and in less than a minute I was perfectly restored, nor was I in the least hurt by the fall. This kind of attack I never before experienced. I have no doubt of its having been occasioned by changing the air of the glacier, and of the Col, for that of the valley, which we all found very hot and close. I continued my walk with great caution for a little way, apprehensive lest the seizure should return; but finding that on crossing a narrow wooden bridge over a foaming torrent, I could stand and look at the troubled waters without inconvenience, I dismissed the subject from my mind, convinced that the indisposition was merely transient. And so it proved. We at length reached Courmayeur at six o'clock, having been on foot for fifteen hours and three quarters. In the evening I experienced a very slight bleeding at the nose. I slept well that night, and the next morning felt little or no remains of fatigue.

There is no part of the passage of the Col du Géant, from Chamonix to Courmayeur, that is extraordinarily fatiguing; though the glacier is sure to be in a state more or less dangerous, and the summit of the Col towards Courmayeur may be in a very dangerous state indeed. The excitement is unceasing, and the attention perpetually occupied. I have really been very fortunate in my mountain excursions; and have been well rewarded for paying a little patient attention to the turns of the weather, which is in a very unsettled state. We had scarcely arrived at Courmayeur, when dark clouds began to gather round the summit of Mont Blanc, and soon after, over the Col du Géant; and at dusk it came on to rain heavily, with thunder and lightning.

I had no fellow-traveller with me on this occasion; and I am sure that in all excursions out of the common run it is best to perform them alone; that is to say, accompanied only by the necessary guides. Much time must be lost when the party is a large one; and it is evident that in dangerous places the fewer that have to cross them the better. With respect to passing the Col du Géant, I think, on the whole it is better to go from Courmayeur to Chamonix, than from Chamonix to Courmayeur. It may be a question, in case of bad weather, which is the better place of the two to be detained at: but at Chamonix you are sure of getting good guides at a short notice; and if you intend starting from Courmayeur, you must send round to Chamonix for a guide to be the leader of the party, and must keep him with you till you start. Also, on the Chamonix side, in passing the glacier, you are going up hill all the way, whereby you obtain a better sight of your main difficulties; which also you thus encounter early in the day's work. But on the other hand, should the rocky precipice on the

side of Courmayeur have any snow upon it, the ascent would probably be better than the descent; however, in such a case it would perhaps be the more prudent plan to defer the expedition altogether.

The next morning (Wednesday, August 7) was fine after the rain and thunder of the night; but we observed that fresh snow had fallen on the heights, and that the precipitous rocky descent of the Col was now gray with snow; so that had we delayed our expedition a single day longer, it would in all probability have failed. At eight o'clock I left Courmayeur with my guides, and proceeded by the Col de la Seigne, to Chapuy, our quarters for the night. We were scarcely housed, about dusk, before a thunder-storm came on; during which I saw, by a blaze of lightning, three children of the hamlet sitting on the grassy slope of the mountain, not heeding the weather and no one heeding them. The rain at last drove them in. One had a bowl of milk in his hand, and another a wreath of Alpine flowers. The next morning we went on by the Col du Bon Homme, to the baths of St Gervais. Here I bade farewell to my trusty guides, shaking them all four cordially by the hand at parting. They were, of course, going home to Chamonix. I went on to St Martin, and the next morning returned, by the diligence, to Geneva.

MARY STUART.

It may be proper to acquaint our readers that the events recorded in the subsequent narrative are well authenticated. The principal facts, though little known, are nevertheless recounted and affirmed by several writers, usually cited as unimpeachable authorities. Among these we may refer to the Prince Alexander Labanoff, in his 'Collection of Mary Stuart's Letters,' edited in 1839 by the Librarian Merlin. Mr Merlin would consider himself dishonoured if he suffered the name of a volume to be inscribed on his catalogue which had any link in common with romances. To this modern authority may be added the 'Correspondence of Throckmorton,' written in 1576, Cottonian Manuscript, Caligula C. J., folios 11 to 35; Doctor Lingard; and Labourer, in his 'Addition to the Memoirs of Castelnau,' book the first, page 618 of the edition of 1781. Lingard, who was counsellor and almoner to Louis XV., owed to his confidential post the knowledge of several particulars kept for a long time secret. Besides, when he published his work, it was easy for him to consult the registers of the Convent of Soissons, and to obtain assurance of the reality of the facts which he, priest and historian as he was, has not hesitated to attest as authentic. A single voice is raised against their verity; it is that of Gilbert Stuart in his book published in London in 1782. But, as Prince Labanoff judiciously observes, the testimony of Throckmorton, a cotemporary of Lingard, and of Labourer, in positions which gave them every facility for knowing the truth, merit as much credit as an isolated protestation, written two hundred and fourteen years after the occurrence of the principal circumstance of the history we are about to detail.

In 1568, towards the end of the month of January or February, for the learned authors we have just mentioned do not agree on this point, two men, enveloped in large cloaks, descended from a carriage that had stopped about midnight at the gate of the Abbey of Our Lady at Soissons. One of these travellers seized the knocker so violently, that the whole community started from their sleep at the noise caused by the heavy mass of iron as it rose and fell. While the novices, leaning towards each other's beds, asked in a low voice what a visit at such an hour could mean, and the noble and venerable Mary Mowbray, the lady abbess, started up in bed, the knocker renewed once or twice its appeal. The portress, altogether bewildered, without waiting for the call of the silver whistle of the superior, entered precipitately into her cell.

'My beloved mother,' cried she, 'the gate of the convent will be broken in. What misfortune menaces us?'

'There can be none,' said the abbess. 'For a whole year, has not the town of Soissons belonged to the king of France, who is to guard and protect it?'

She then got up hastily, threw on her robe, covered with the sacred veil her venerable head, and quickly descended the stairs, accompanied by the portress, for now the knocker was agitated furiously. 'Who knocks thus, and at such an hour?' demanded the abbess.

'They are going to answer us at last,' replied a rough voice. 'I must immediately speak with the superior of the abbey of Notre-Dame.'

'The lady abbess is here with me,' said the trembling voice of the portress.

The rude tones of him who vociferated outside the gate softened a little, and he pronounced a few words in a foreign language.

The abbess, in extreme agitation, exclaimed, 'Open, sister, be quick!' and still more to hasten the nun's efforts, who was withdrawing the bolts and turning the key, she repeated, 'Open, open!' The gate, freed from its many iron bolts, at length unclosed and admitted the two strangers.

'This is the charge I am bound to commit to you,' said one of them.

'And these are the instructions which accompany the charge,' added the other.

'A charge confided to me! Whence comes it?' inquired the stupefied mother.

'A nobleman bade us perform this duty upon our honour and our life,' replied the least rude of the men. Then placing at the feet of the abbess, while she took the letter, a middle-sized package, they bowed deeply, departed, and shut the gate behind them. In a minute the gallop of the horses announced their departure.

The women turned to each other greatly astonished, though unable to see, for the current of air occasioned by the gate being suddenly shut had extinguished the lantern of the portress; nevertheless the superior began to open the letter brought under such mysterious circumstances.

'Shut the gate, sister,' said the abbess, 'then take the package the strangers brought and place it in my cell.'

While the ancient lady groped to find the staircase leading to her apartment, the portress stooped to obey the orders she had just received, and her hands sought the package placed on the flagstones of the cloister. In the deep obscurity, her foot accidentally moved it, and thence issued the cry of a new-born child. At this sound the abbess uttered a shriek of mingled surprise and terror. As for the portress, she was ready to faint. 'Madam,' stammered she, for her lips could hardly move; 'madam, what is to be done? What will become of us?'

'Follow me, and be silent,' interrupted the abbess in an imperious tone, taking up the package, wrapped in linen, which had such an innocent appearance. The superior placed her hand on the infant's mouth, and rapidly traversed the cloister. Once more in her cell, she hastened to obtain a light, and opened the letter she had received from the travellers. Scarce had her eyes fixed on the writing than they overflowed with tears, and she was obliged to wipe them away before she could proceed.

'Sister,' said she to the portress, 'this child is a precious charge and a sacred one confided to us. We may praise God for being the chosen instruments in a work of his mercy. That is all I may reveal to you on one of the most solemn secrets ever committed to my venerable experience. Now, procure from the stables some milk, and as soon as it is day we will seek a nurse for the infant, for she must not leave the enclosure of the cloister of Notre-Dame. Here she must grow, and, perhaps, sheltered by our holy walls, here she must live and die.'

All the ideas of the portress were confused, and in spite of her great desire to penetrate the mystery, she understood neither what she saw, what she heard, nor what she was doing. While hastening to the stables to obtain the milk for the child, she asked herself whether she was awake, or if some strange dream had not disturbed her reason. When she had aroused the keepers of the stable, as much astonished as herself at her appearance at such an hour, and that their slumber was to be interrupted by an order from the abbess to milk one of the cows, she returned with

the warm milk to the cell. The superior had cradled the infant on her knees, like the most tender mother, and murmured a hymn by way of lullaby, to still its cries. The warm milk, however, had a better effect than the sacred song; the child drank eagerly, and soon fell asleep upon the abbess' knees, who dared not move for fear of awaking her, and thus she remained immovable till the bell rang for matins. She then placed the little creature on her couch, and not stopping to observe the contrast offered by the appearance of the sleeping babe on the virgin bed of a recluse, she hastened to the choir, where she was much less marked by the fervency of her prayers than the diligence with which she directed the morning ceremony. That office concluded, she regained her cell with a promptitude that had something of the vivacity of youth. The infant still slept soundly, her rosy lips were slightly moved as though she was yet drinking the milk that had appeased her hunger, and there was a grace in the deep closed eyelids that moved the recluse, and awoke a maternal feeling in her heart so long imbued with the austere spirit of asceticism. Far from seeking to overcome this new and sweet sentiment, she gave way to it entirely, and tasted an indescribable joy at finding herself the protectress of this poor little creature, so completely abandoned on the earth. With an intelligence that could hardly be expected to be found in a woman brought up in a cloister from her infancy, and who had seen sixty years of her life slowly consume in it, she gave the necessary orders that the little girl should be carefully attended to, and placed under her immediate superintendence. She would not permit a nurse to suckle the infant, and having determined she should be nourished on goat's milk, she went herself to choose the youngest, whitest, and prettiest of the horned flock, and had it placed in a stable as close as possible to her own cell. A mother could not have surpassed her in her attentions.

While the abbess was occupied with these various care, it may be easily supposed the alarm of the night and the adventures of the day completely occupied the attention of the whole convent. The superior did not take, and had not taken, the least precaution to dissimulate the child's arrival amongst the community of which she was the head. The only thing she kept secret was her origin; there were, therefore, only the suppositions and questions which could be addressed without ceasing to the portress relative to the matter. And it was necessary to pursue these inquiries with caution, for the abbess, it was known, confided to no one her secrets, and did not approve of their being made a subject of conversation. The portress, proud of the importance the adventure gave her, and delighted to be an object of general attention, repeated to all who desired the details, and even more than the details, of the arrival of the strangers, the mysterious letter, and the strange manner in which the child had been presented to the abbess. While, however, surrounded by a group of novices, she recommenced for the seventh or eighth time her inexhaustible narrative, the Lady Mowbray suddenly appeared and singularly troubled the audience and the orator.

'Sister portress,' said the superior, with that cold intonation which permitted no reply, and which she was accustomed to employ with her flock; 'retire to your cell, there recite the *Miserere mei Deus* twenty times, kneeling, with extended arms, using your discipline between each pain. Sister novices, the same penance is imposed on you; go and pray to God to moderate for the future the intemperance of your tongues and also the fervour of your curiosity.'

The portress and the novices retired confused and in consternation to their cells, where they accomplished on themselves the severe chastisement the abbess had inflicted for the punishment of their curiosity. The news of it soon spread through the cloister, and rendered the conversations on that subject fewer and more reserved.

If the abbess permitted no one to occupy themselves with the origin of her little protégés, in return she permitted the sisters to lavish their caresses and their attentions as much as they desired on the little child, who was solemnly baptised by the Bishop of Laon in person. The abbess answered for the child at the font with Dom Jerome

M' Maha n, an ancient Benedictine, her confessor. These three personages alone were acquainted with the compiling of the act of baptism, written in the prelate's own hand, who deposited it with other papers in a golden box, sealed by him, and took charge of it himself! The little girl was placed by her godfather and godmother under our lady's invocation, protectress of the abbey, and bore the name of Mary henceforth.

Nineteen years had passed, at the end of which time the abbess remained the sole possessor of her secret, for the bishop as well as the ancient Benedictine were dead; and throughout this long interval she had watched over her pupil with the solicitude of a mother. She desired that her education might be more extended, and superior to that usually given to ladies in those days, and never appeared to consider her goddaughter was destined to take the veil in the abbey of Notre-Dame. Far from that, she gave her instructions fitted to regulate her conduct one day in the world, and sometimes hinted that important and high prospects were in store for the child. Whatever these might be, Mary wore, from the day of her baptism, the costume of the novices of the abbey of Notre-Dame. Her beauty was extreme, as the following words of Brantome testify:—
 ‘The fairness of her countenance contended with the whiteness of her veil; the one seemed to efface the other, and yet they harmonised well. Still more, she had the perfection of a soft and eloquent voice.’ Hence, with the exception of a few sisters, enemies of the superior, every one in the abbey loved and adored her, and none felt any jealousy on account of the large share of favour the abbess showed her. Without exactly knowing why, they were accustomed to look upon Mary as a person whose rank was higher than that of all the other members of the community, to whom attention and almost homage belonged. Mary thus passed a tranquil and serene life. Sometimes she would interrogate the abbess on the secret of her birth; who mildly bade her not seek to penetrate a mystery which circumstances did not yet permit her to reveal.

Towards the end of the year 1587 the abbess of Notre-Dame de Soissons fell into a deep melancholy. She received frequent letters, and these letters appeared to increase her grief. Finally, in spite of her advanced age, she undertook a journey which lasted three months; her sorrow, far from being allayed at her return, appeared to have become more bitter and deep. She passed days and nights before the altars, subjected herself to the severest penances, and seemed a prey to the most terrible despair; at the same time desiring to have Mary always with her to mingle their prayers together. ‘Pray,’ she said to her, ‘pray, my child; for God to turn away his wrath, requires the pure and fervent supplications of an angel such as you. Pray, Mary, pray, for a great misfortune menaces one of the most holy and noblest of women. If the divine displeasure is not averted, an unexampled crime will be committed.’

Towards the end of February, another letter arrived for the abbess. The news contained in this missive produced such a fatal impression on the ancient recluse that she fell into a fainting fit on reading them. When sensibility was restored, her reason seemed distracted. She muttered words without connexion, and the lips which for eighty years had never offered but praises to God, were compressed with force that they might not permit complaints against the divine will to escape them. A flood of tears succeeded this crisis, brought on by the appearance of Mary in her godmother's chamber. The sight of the maiden gave it a new turn; the abbess threw herself into her arms and pressed, her strongly to her bosom. ‘My child,’ said she, ‘weep, for the crime is accomplished! Weep, for the Queen Elizabeth has just caused the assassination of her cousin, the Queen Mary Stuart!’

‘Who are then the Queen Mary Stuart and the Queen Elizabeth?’ inquired Mary, surprised, for it was the first time, in the seclusion of the cloister, which she had never left, that these names had reached her ears.

‘One is a victim, the other is a murderer,’ replied the abbess. ‘One is a martyr, the other is a heretic. Pray to God, my child, that his divine mercy may admit the one

to his rest and that he may pardon the other and grant her repentance for her unheard-of crime. Pray, my child, for the days of misfortune and mourning are come! Pray, for the hand of the Lord is extended on Scotland, my country! Pray, blood flows, civil war is aroused, and the sons suffer their mother to be slain and draw no sword to defend her! Pray, for there are orphans abandoned and alone upon the earth without protection and without succour.’

The morrow was celebrated in the abbey of Notre-Dame de Soissons, as in all the convents of France, by a funeral service for the repose of the soul of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. Mary prayed with even greater fervour than ordinary, for she remembered her godmother was from Scotland, and she had seen the grief the news of the death of the royal martyr had caused her.

Since the journey she had undertaken, and, above all, since she had learned the violent death of the Scottish Queen, the abbess withered rapidly beneath the pressure of old age, which appeared till then to have respected her in spite of her eighty years. Still she governed the convent, as heretofore, with a firm hand, and perhaps showed greater energy in resisting every attempt, however slight, that threatened to invade her absolute power. A sister of great influence in the community, united by birth to the royal family, thought she might release herself in some insignificant points from strict observance of the usual rule, but was reprimanded by the abbess, who addressed to her a public and severe warning. Mary, meanwhile, watched over her day and night, and lavished on her the attentive care of filial tenderness. Alas! these cares could not overcome the malady nor calm the deep grief which overwhelmed her benefactress; and often, without apparent motive, the ancient recluse would gaze at her goddaughter, burst into tears, and seem a prey to despair. She drew her to her bosom, covered her forehead with kisses, and invoked the mercy of God for her. But such violent emotion soon exhausted the little strength her eighty years had left her, and one day the physician of the abbey, after half an hour's examination of the symptoms of her illness, thus addressed her:—

‘My lady abbess, on earth I have always entreated to be remembered in your prayers; to-morrow, before the throne of God, I hope you will not forget me, and that you will continue your intercession.’

The abbess looked at him with deep anxiety. ‘Thus,’ said she, ‘I did not deceive myself. Alas! must I quit the orphan who, except me, has no aid upon earth. Mary! Let Mary come to me! I must speak to her immediately.’ The maiden, who as usual was in the adjoining apartment, at this hastened to her. ‘My child,’ said the superior, with the utmost agitation; ‘my child, thou must take the veil to-day; this hour thou must pronounce thy vows! I have often told thee thy life was not destined to be passed in a cloister, and I have refused to yield to thy prayers when thou didst ask me to let thee engage in a religious life. Now it is myself who beseeches thee to do so; who commands thee in urgent necessity. Oh God, permit me to live till this ceremony is accomplished, till this orphan has an assured asylum! Let the bishop be sent for, implore him to come this moment in Christ's name and in that of his own salvation.’ While this order was executed, her emotion continued to increase and inflame. The prelate hastened to her presence, and found her on the verge of delirium.

‘My Lord!’ cried she, as soon as she perceived him; ‘my lord, bestow the veil on sister Mary. Let her become a votary in Notre-Dame de Soissons before I die. If I appear in the presence of God ere this is done, I shall have to answer for having listened to foolish hopes, and not sheltered this poor orphan in this house.’

‘I promise you, my sister, to attend to the execution of the last wish you express, but a vocation cannot be thus hurried.’

‘For the sake of a Christian soul in peril; yes, my lord, for my salvation, do what I ask, else you will share the terrible responsibility of my fault.’ Saying this, she raised

her hands towards heaven with despair; her cheeks were burning, her eyes glared with a strange brilliancy.

'Does the young lady,' inquired the bishop, 'unite all the qualifications necessary to be admitted among the sisters of the abbey of Notre-Dame of Soissons? Is she of legitimate birth? Of a noble family? Has she a dowry of twelve thousand crowns?'

'The dowry is there,' replied the abbeess, pointing to the treasure of the community deposited in her cell; 'and for legitimacy and nobility of birth there is none so pure or so illustrious.'

'Give me then the proofs, my dear sister.'

'The proofs!' said the abbeess, passing her thin hands across her burning forehead. 'The proofs! Where are they? Who is the possessor?' She thus searched a long time in her memory. She struggled with death, which already obliterated the past; she could not, however, recall what she desired; she was in despair; when with a sudden cry she exclaimed—'Thanks, my God! Thanks for the return of my reason! The bishop—my lord—the bishop your predecessor—I confided them to him. Let every one else leave the room, that Mary and you alone may learn the secret of her birth. Approach, I will tell it to you, but in your ear, for it is a secret of death and life. Poniards and poison would be used against her if it was known. She is the daughter of—she is the daughter of—'

The bishop and Mary bent down to listen; she was at length to know her mother's name. Alas! the lips of the dying woman could no longer utter intelligible sounds. Her head sank slowly back on the bed; a slight rattle was heard, and her eyes closed in death. Mary fell on her knees, while the bishop recited the prayers for the dead.

'Do not fear, my child,' said the bishop, 'I shall not forget the interest she who has just departed felt for you, and the latest wish she expressed with regard to you. I will cause search to be made among the papers of the bishop who preceded me in the diocese of Soissons; and I hope nothing will prevent your vocation. The proofs of your legitimate birth are more especially necessary, because without them you could not take the veil in any religious house, unless our holy father the Pope grants a dispensation. But the pontiff very rarely gives that favour, and only when it is necessary for a royal person.'

Mary scarcely heard him. She was weeping and praying at the foot of her benefactress' bed.

When the bishop returned to his episcopal palace, faithful to his promise, he searched among the papers and the deeds his predecessors had deposited in the archives of the diocese. During a month of indefatigable labour, however, nothing was found relating to Mary. As the ancient almoner who had answered for the maiden at the font had been long dead, the prelate was extremely embarrassed. He well understood that the deceased abbeess would not have suffered so much anxiety for a person of mean origin. Her last words had hinted that Mary was the offspring of some noble family; but such incomplete proofs did not satisfy the rigour of ecclesiastical law; he resolved, therefore, to consult the new abbeess of Notre-Dame of Soissons. The lady who had been elected was precisely the one whom the superior had severely reprimanded before her death, and who, almost unconsciously, nourished on that account a sentiment of bitterness and ill-will against her protégée. She therefore discussed rigorously the question proposed by the bishop, and showed him that the verbal testimony of the departed abbeess, however respectable and worthy of credit, could not replace the written proofs of legitimacy and nobility which the rules of the order and the canons of the church required. 'Even if the abbeess had named the father and mother of the young lady,' said she; 'but she only uttered some vague words, without connexion, in the midst of the distractions of fever and her last agony. Credit me, my lord, let us have the courage to accomplish to the end, and in a complete manner, the duties imposed on us. No one more than myself has suffered from the infraction of our laws, during twenty years, in the convent of Notre-Dame, caused by the presence of a stranger.'

'What?' inquired the bishop, 'is it your intention to

dismiss the youthful Mary from the convent which she has inhabited from her birth?'

'My lord, in receiving from your hands the investiture of the title of abbeess, I swore to respect and to cause to be respected, the rules of the house I govern at the peril of my conscience. The presence of a stranger here is contrary to those rules, and introduces much inconvenience.'

'And what is to become of this poor creature, ignorant of the world, and whose life has been passed in the cloister, without the slightest contact with the real things of the day?'

'My lord, you can place her in another convent.'

'Indeed, you counsel me then to infringe for other religious establishments the rules which for your own you require to be so rigorously enforced?' interrupted the bishop, severely.

'My lord, you will do what you think proper. It is not for an humble recluse to be your adviser. I fulfil my duty; I ask for the strict observance of the rules of our order; I put a term to deep abuses of the discipline of the convent. That is what my conscience imposes on me, nothing more.'

She departed, bowing respectfully to the bishop, who remained alone, disconcerted and embarrassed, for the new abbeess only fulfilled, strictly speaking, her duty. However, he hastened to Mary to inform her of the unfavourable result. The maiden was at that moment kneeling in the choir of the convent, near the sepulchral stone that covered the coffin of her benefactress, and at the sight of the bishop she arose full of hope; but as soon as her eyes rested on his dejected countenance she understood everything.

'You have not discovered anything among the papers of your predecessor?' said she.

The prelate shook his head by way of answer.

'Then I cannot take the veil and consecrate my life to God. May the divine will be done. There remains only the sad consolation of weeping and praying by the tomb of my benefactress.'

'Alas, my child, this poor happiness is denied you! The rules of the abbey of Notre-Dame of Soissons forbid us to receive into its walls those who are not destined to take the veil.'

Mary uttered a piercing cry. 'I am banished!' she exclaimed. 'Alas, alas, I am banished!'

The bishop attempted to take her hand, but she would not suffer it.

'I am banished!' she repeated. 'My benefactress, you hear it, you hear it! I am banished! My lord, what will become of me in a world of which I know nothing, the sufferings and miseries of which I have alone heard of—without protection, without an asylum, without bread perhaps? Have pity on me, O Lord, and take me to thyself!'

'Do not thus give way to despair,' said the bishop, moved with the deepest compassion. 'You shall have an asylum at my house; I am old, and have not many days to live, but after my death I shall be enabled through others to offer you a shelter from the perils of the world. Come, my child, follow me and put an end to these painful emotions by quitting this place.' He drew her gently away; but she again escaped from him, and threw herself on her knees by the tomb of her godmother.

'Adieu!' said she. 'Adieu, my mother! Adieu, thou who so tenderly sustained my youth—thou with whom I led so sweet and innocent a life! Adieu, I am banished from this cloister, I am forbidden to pray on this stone! Oh, you no longer hear my complaints and my sobs; you watch over me no longer!'

The bishop now led her from the church, caused her to ascend his litter, which waited at the gate of the abbey, and they took the way to the episcopal palace.

The bishop of Soissons, though a charitable old man, was not endowed with great firmness of character. Long accustomed to the easy and brilliant manners of the court of France, it was only for five or six years that he had come to reside in his diocese, where he sought to expiate, by a grave and well-regulated life, the errors of his past life. He had brought with him his sister, Dame Lydorie de Penevent, widow of a count of that name, who had

exercised over her husband, till he perished from the blow of an arquebusade before Rouen, the rudest and most severe authority. Having been left a widow, she came to seek an asylum with her brother, for the death of the count had almost left her without fortune, and greatly influenced his determination to leave the court and reside in his diocese. By little and little, and without much resistance or trouble, she governed and directed the mind of the bishop as she had formerly done that of her husband, and commanded him no less imperiously. Everything was done in the house by the orders of Dame Lydorie. Always dressed from head to foot in black, her countenance enveloped in her widow's band, she usually showed a discontented and haughty visage; scolded from morning to night, always reprimanding, never approving, and practising to its fullest extent that maxim of the Roman emperor—' Let them hate me, provided they fear me.' At the commencement of this domination, the bishop, habituated to the easy and flattering life of a courtier, often revolted against its severity and rudeness; but as it became necessary always to struggle and combat—and even then his resistance led to nothing, the victory always remaining with his sister—he preferred, at length, a peaceable submission to a stormy one. By that he at least avoided fatigue and noise. Henceforth Dame Lydorie agitated according to her will in the episcopal palace; directed the servants, regulated the expense, and even extended her temporal power over the spiritual affairs. She named the prebends, appointed the candidates for the curacies, and raised such an uproar because the bishop had one day secretly chosen a vicar without a family deliberation, that the poor old man was nearly driven mad. For eight days there were reproaches, cries, complaints, and alarms, which he only put an end to by finding means to revoke the vicar's nomination and replacing him by a nominee of his sister's. When these details are known, the embarrassment of the good bishop, on approaching his residence with the maiden, may be understood. He had yielded at first to the inclination of his heart, and to the very natural compassion which Mary's distress inspired. But now he almost repented of his charitable action, for he felt his sister would never consent to the presence of a stranger with her, and, above all, of a stranger whose admission to the episcopal palace she had not authorised. He tried all his ingenuity to find some means of presenting the outcast Mary to the rude Cerberus in a favourable light, but no idea occurred to him. In spite of the extreme rigour of the season, the sweat gathered on his forehead, and his heart beat violently. But he could not retreat, the lot was cast, he must go forward whatever were the consequences of his resolution. Having once left the abbey of Notre-Dame, Mary, if she would have returned, would have found the gates pitilessly shut against her. He advanced therefore towards the danger, internally accusing the mules of trotting too quickly, and feeling his courage fail still more as he perceived the windows of his habitation. At length the mules stopped. The bishop alighted, and, with a mechanical remembrance of the gallantry of his youth, he took off his hat and offered his arm to Mary, upon which she leant trembling. It was thus they ascended the steps and staircase of the episcopal palace of Soissons.

Nothing so quickly inspires eloquence and skill as necessity. While walking up these first steps the good bishop knew not in what manner to present Mary to the redoubtable widow, so as to obtain for her a less terrible reception. But the nearer he drew to his sister, and the imminence of the peril increased, his confused and alarmed ideas rallied in his brain, formed an intelligent cohort, and suggested two or three stratagems for the amelioration of the difficult position of the young lady. Arrived at the head of the staircase, he had resolved to inform Dame Lydorie that the young recluse was only temporarily in the episcopal habitation; that he would not decide upon her fate without taking the good counsels of his sister; he even promised himself, as a very probable chance of success, not to show any desire to keep Mary near him, and even to push Machiavellism so far as to appear reluctant to concede

to such an arrangement. Things thus arranged would doubtless have succeeded, had not a certain fatality deranged the projects of the worthy old man, and at the moment the page who preceded opened the door of Dame Lydorie's apartment, he did it so hastily that, through inattention or awkwardness, it struck against the forehead of the irritable widow, who was coming forward to meet her brother. The page received a blow applied from one of the heaviest hands that ever graced the arm of a Duenna. But even this was not sufficient for the anger and pain excited in the furious woman. The bishop, by the glance which she threw on him and his protégée, understood that everything was undone; he wished he could have fled and lost all presence of mind; while Mary, timid, as might be expected of a young girl who had just left her convent, was silent, and waited with her eyes cast down.

' Well, brother!' cried the widow, to whom the effervescence of her anger gave a double sight, ' what does this mean? Is our house to be made an asylum for all the vagabonds you meet with on your road ? '

' Sister,' stammered the bishop, not well knowing what he said, ' if you abandon her, what will become of this poor child? '

' And who is this poor child?' inquired the gruff dame. The bishop upon this sketched in a few words the history of Mary.

' A bastard was only required in your house!' interrupted the widow. ' By Saint Lydorie, my patron, she is here! '

' Fie! sister, fie!' exclaimed the indignant prelate; ' fie! Should such words be on your lips before the servants of my house—before this maiden? '

' You will see that this maiden, who has already drawn upon me a lecture from your morality, will soon give occasion for more. Drive me out! Let her have my place! She may as well now as later.'

Mary, who was at that moment weeping bitterly, threw herself at Dame Lydorie's feet. ' Madam,' said she, ' I am without an asylum, without a guide, without support—alone in the world! I leave a convent from which I am banished, and in which I was placed almost the day of my birth. But sooner than occasion grief to my lord the bishop, sooner than excite your displeasure, I would leave this palace—I prefer dying.'

Dame Lydorie, however desirous to satisfy her inclination for scolding, would not commit a downright evil action. Mary's desire moved her the more, too, as the pain of the blow she had received on the head was now quite dissipated. ' Well, maiden,' said she, ' things are not quite so bad yet; I will not have it said in Soissons that I banish from the episcopal palace those to whom my brother offers hospitality. You will find an asylum here till we have both considered what else will be best for you. Follow me, and leave off your tears and sobs, which are of no use.'

Accustomed to the tender caresses and maternal solicitude of her godmother, the abbess, Mary, when she had lost the only affection she possessed in the world, had met, at least in the convent, with nothing but indifference and coldness. But in the face of this brutal protection, thrown to her as a charity, her heart was ready to break, and she shrank from such hospitality.

' Go, my child,' said the bishop, softly, ' follow my sister.'

' Come, come then,' added Dame Lydorie.

She took the young lady's arm, who felt like a sparrow in an eagle's talons, and thus led her to her apartments. There was so much mildness, so much resignation, so much grace in the maiden's character, that by patience she at length gained the old woman's affection, and was almost loved by her. But Dame Lydorie loved her brother also, and one may judge, by the torments with which she harassed the worthy and inoffensive prelate, the trials which poor Mary had to endure.

On the least mistake in obeying her orders, the widow assailed her with the most violent reproaches, and the bitterest recriminations on her poverty and unknown birth, which placed her at the mercy of the episcopal charity.

Besides, in most things, she filled the office of bedchamber lady to the widow, never left her for a moment, and at night slept near her in a little apartment. Hence, the moment Dame Lydorie had the least symptom of sleeplessness, her pitiless voice awakened Mary, whose only consolation and refuge was in sleep; but it was necessary at the first call of her mistress to rise hastily, to sit by the old woman, listen to her cough, and her complaints upon the misfortune of being unable to repose, and proceed to read the worthy lady's breviary, till her eyes closed, and she was again asleep. Mary, when she was well assured of that, ventured to regain her couch, happy if Dame Lydorie did not oblige her once more to begin with a tired voice the soporific lecture of the breviary. And if her limbs shivered; if her lips almost refused their office, and her fatigued eyes were ready to close, she was forced to hide these natural movements, for an inexorable voice was ever ready to reprove her and reproach her ingratitude in the severest and often the most insulting language. The poor child's strength failed more and more under the weight of so many sufferings. Her cheeks, once fresh and rosy, took a deadly pale hue; her eyes had a strange brilliancy, and a smile never appeared on her lips, even at the pitying words addressed secretly to her by the bishop—secretly, for Dame Penevent's ill-humour was increased by any one appearing to compassionate Mary's fate.

A year thus passed without bringing the least change to the painful existence of Mary, and neither a reproach nor a complaint ever escaped her lips. When she spoke of her benefactress, for she thus called Dame Penevent, it was in respectful terms, and she had mildly imposed silence on those persons who seemed to pity her. 'It is not for me,' she would say, 'to judge, nor to suffer others to judge, the protectress who has received me. I shall never, on the contrary, be able to requite the debt of gratitude I owe to her.' These sentiments were sincere, and she felt them from the bottom of her heart. Poor, delicate, and fragile ivy, she embraced in her slight branches the trunk of the old oak that sheltered her, in spite of the ruggedness of its bark! Mary, though extremely reserved in her relations with the inmates and servants of the episcopal palace, had nevertheless, by her mildness and beauty, gained the good will of every one, and was as much beloved as Dame Lydorie was hated, so that within and without the building she was the theme of general praise. As for the bishop, he loved her as his own daughter, and his eyes frequently filled with tears, when he saw that she had to suffer so many mortifications from the violent and evil temper of his sister. He endeavoured in a thousand ways to lighten her burden without offending Dame Penevent; but it was a difficult matter, and often, when he hoped to bring her some consolation, it proved the very reverse. The only moment of the day when Mary tasted some relaxation, was at the time when Dame Lydorie, after her dinner, which, according to the custom of the age, was served at noon, indulged in a short siesta. Mary then retired to her little chamber, opened the window, and enjoyed the fresh air, for it was not only the countess' system never to leave her apartments, but she also required that the windows should remain hermetically closed. The little round aperture which admitted light into Mary's closet, looked out upon a square planted with trees, and permitted her to extend her view, on the right, to the neighbouring house of a draper, the richest in Soissons, and whose sign, 'The Red Tree,' bore an unequalled celebrity through all the town. The domestic life of the peaceable family who inhabited this mansion had an inexpressible charm for the imprisoned orphan. The draper's name was Jehan Pastelot, and his mother and sister lived with him. The first took care of his house, the latter aided her brother in his commercial affairs. Every day, after dinner, they walked for about half an hour in the little garden at the back of their mansion; for at that time no customers were in the shop, the whole town being at dinner or reposing. They availed themselves of these moments to take the air, or to water the flowers which flourished in their borders, or to sit in an arbour covered with the large leaves and golden fruits of

an opulent vine. More than once the heart of Mary bounded at the sight of the happiness enjoyed by these favoured persons! More than once it was oppressed at the thought that she had no brother to protect her like Jehan, nor mother to love her like Jane! Oh, how she desired, like that young girl, to throw her arms around a brother, to look on him with smiles, and, for a gay surprise, to throw at him handfuls of rose leaves, then running away, certain, when overtaken, to receive a kiss on the forehead! Then afterwards, how sweet it would have been to her to give her arm to an old mother, who, leaning on it, openly blessed God for the joy occasioned by her children, and who had for no one a look or word of reproach! Oh, at this price, how gladly would she have sat at the counter of the shop and worked all day without relaxation—how she would have aided the good old woman in her domestic labours, for everything was joy in this tenderly united family-work as well as rest. Hence Mary passed all her short time of peace, during the countess' siesta, in regarding with envy the agreeable recreations of the Pastelot family. One day it happened that Jane was running from her brother, whose cheeks she had disfigured with the juice of a large black cherry; and Mary, leaning from the window to lose no part of this amusing warfare, was perceived by the jovial couple. Almost ashamed to be surprised in their innocent and childish amusements, by a person especially belonging to the bishopric, Jehan and Jane stopped short; Jane, blushing and confused, hid herself in the arbour, and Jehan feigned to regard with particular attention a rose which grew in the midst of a large bush. Mary was no less disconcerted, and precipitately left the window; but quick as she was, Jehan found time to remark her beauty, and to recognise the young lady whom he had before seen at the palace, and to whom he had brought some velvet for a robe; and he looked with particular attention. Mary was still standing almost hidden near the window, trembling with emotion, and her heart beating rapidly, when Dame Lydorie, who had called her, and who, owing to her agitation, had not been heard, suddenly entered. 'What are you doing here?' cried she, delighted at having found some pretext for scolding Mary. 'This is how you abuse my confidence, and how you profit by my sleep. What is it then attracts you to this window?' So saying, she leaned forward and perceived Jehan only, for the arbour hid Jane. 'Intrigues from the window; correspondence with a young man. These are fine scandals for a bishop's house. You show your gratitude in a strange manner for the hospitality I have given you. The old abbe who brought you up must have inculcated singular ideas as regards the modesty belonging to maidens. But you must know things cannot remain in this state. I am going to my lord the bishop to consult with him what must be done in such a case.'

'Dear madam,' she stammered, 'do not accuse me without hearing me. I am simply guilty of having by chance looked into the neighbouring court, and being perceived by the persons who inhabited it.'

'Add not falsehood to intrigue,' interrupted Dame Lydorie, severely, who made the unhappy girl pass before her, led her to her own chamber, locked the door, and hastened to the bishop.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

NATURAL Theology tells of the creation of all things—of the mighty power that fashioned and that sustains the universe; of the exquisite skill that contrived the wings, and beak, and feet of insects invisible to the naked eye, and that lighted the lamp of day, and launched into space comets a thousand times larger than the earth, whirling a million of times swifter than a cannon ball, and burning with a heat which a thousand centuries could not quench. It exceeds the bounds of material existence, and raises us from the creation to the Author of nature. Its office is, not only to mark what things are, but for what purpose they were made by the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful

Being, with whose existence and attributes its high prerogative is to bring us acquainted. . . . Persons of such lives as should make it extremely desirable to them that there was no God, and no future state, might very well, as philosophers, derive gratification from contemplating the truths of natural theology, and from following the chain of evidence by which these are established; and might, in such sublime meditation, find some solace to the pain which reflection upon the past, and fears of the future, are calculated to inflict upon them. But it is equally certain, that the science derives an interest incomparably greater from the consideration that we ourselves, who cultivate it, are most of all concerned in its truth—that our own highest destinies are involved in the results of the investigation. This, indeed, makes it beyond all doubt the most interesting of the sciences, and sheds on the other branches of philosophy an interest beyond that which otherwise belongs to them; rendering them more attractive in proportion as they connect themselves with this grand branch of human knowledge and are capable of being made subservient to its uses. See only in what contemplations the wisest of men end their most sublime inquiries! Mark where it is that a Newton finally reposes, after piercing the thickest veil that envelopes nature—grasping and arresting in their course the most subtle of her elements, and the swiftest—traversing the regions of boundless space—exploring worlds beyond the solar way—giving out the law which binds the universe in eternal order! He rests, as by an inevitable necessity, upon the contemplation of the great First Cause, and holds it his highest glory to have made the evidence of His existence, and the dispensations of His power and of His wisdom better understood by man. If such are the peculiar pleasures which appertain to this science, it seems to follow that those philosophers are mistaken who would restrict us to a very few demonstrations—to one or two instances of design—as sufficient proofs of the Deity's power and skill in the creation of the world. That one sufficient proof of this kind is in a certain sense enough, cannot be denied: a single such proof overthrows the dogmas of the atheist, and dispels the doubts of the sceptic; but is it enough to the gratification of the contemplative mind? The great multiplication of proofs undeniably strengthens our positions; nor can we ever affirm respecting the theorems in a science not of necessary but of contingent truth, that the evidence is sufficiently cogent without variety and repetition. But, independently altogether of this consideration, the gratification is renewed by each instance of design which we are led to contemplate. Each is different from the other. Each step renews our delight. The finding that at every step we make in one science, and with one object in view, a new proof is added to those before possessed by another science, affords a perpetual source of new interest and fresh enjoyment. This would be true, if the science in question were one of an ordinary description. But when we consider what its nature is—how intimately connected with our highest concerns, how immediately and necessarily leading to the adoration of the Supreme Being—can we doubt that the perpetually renewed proofs of his power, wisdom, and goodness tend to fix and to transport the mind, by the constant nourishment thus afforded to feelings of pure and rational devotion? It is, in truth, an exercise at once intellectual and moral, in which the highest faculties of the understanding and the warmest feelings of the heart alike partake, and in which, not only without ceasing to be a philosopher, the student feels as a man, but in which, the more warmly his human feelings are excited, the more philosophically he handles the subject. What delight can be more elevating, more truly worthy of a rational creature's enjoyment, than to feel, wherever we tread the paths of scientific inquiry, new evidence springing up around our footsteps, new traces of Divine intelligence and power meeting our eye! We are never alone: at least, like the old Roman, we are never less alone than in our solitude. We walk with the Deity; we commune with the Great First Cause, who sustains at every instant what the word of his power made. The delight is renewed at each step of our progress, though, as

far as evidence is concerned, we have long ago had proof enough. But that is no more a reason for ceasing to contemplate the subject in its perpetually renovated and varied forms, than it would be a reason for resting satisfied with once seeing a long lost friend, that his existence had been sufficiently proved by one interview. Thus, instead of restricting ourselves to the proofs alone required to refute atheism or remove scepticism, we should covet the indefinite multiplication of evidences of design and skill in the universe, as subservient in a threefold way to purposes of use and of gratification: *first*, as strengthening the foundation whereupon the system reposes; *secondly*, as conducive to the ordinary purposes of scientific gratification, each instance being a fresh renewal of that kind of enjoyment; and *thirdly*, as giving additional ground for devout, pleasing, and wholesome adoration of the Great First Cause, who made and who sustains all nature.—*Lord Brougham.*

ITALIAN LADIES.

THERE is no country in the world where woman is so worshipped, and allowed to have her own way as in America, and yet there is no country where she is so ungrateful for the place and power she occupies. Have you never in Broadway, when the omnibus was full, stepped out into the rain to let a lady take your place, which she most unhesitatingly did, and with an indifference in her manner as if she considered it the merest trifle in the world you had done? How cold and heartless her 'thank ye,' if she gave one! Dickens makes the same remark with regard to stage-coaches—so does Hamilton. Now, do such a favour for an Italian lady, and you would be rewarded with one of the sweetest smiles that ever brightened on a human countenance. I do not go on the principle that a man must always expect a reward for his good deeds; yet, when I have had my kindest offices as a stranger received as if I were almost suspected of making improper advances, I have felt there was little pleasure in being civil. The 'gracie, Sigaore,' and smile with which an Italian rewards the commonest civility, would make the plainest woman appear handsome in the eyes of a foreigner. They also become more easily animated, till they make it all sunlight around them. They never tire you with the same monotonous aspect, but yield in tone and look to the passing thought whether it be sad or mirthful; and then they are so free from all formality, and so sensitively careful of your feelings.

I shall never forget one of the first acquaintances I made in Italy. I was at the Marquis of —'s one evening, conversing with some gentlemen, when the Marquis came up and said, 'Come, let me introduce you to a beautiful lady'—indeed she was the most beautiful Italian woman I had ever seen. I declined, saying I did not understand the Italian language well enough to converse with so brilliant a creature, 'for you know (I said) one wants to say very clever things in such a case, and a blunder would be crucifying.'—'Pooh, pooh,' said he, 'come along'—and taking me by the shoulders led me along, and forced me down into a chair by her side, saying, 'Now talk.' If she had been half as much disconcerted as I was, I should have blundered beyond redemption: but the good-natured laugh with which she regarded the Marquis's performance entirely restored my confidence, and I stumbled along in the Italian for half an hour, without her ever giving the least intimation, by look or word, that I did not speak it with perfect propriety.

This same naïveté of manner extends itself everywhere. If you meet a beautiful peasant girl, and bow to her, instead of resenting it as an insult, she shows a most brilliant set of teeth, and laughs in the most perfect good humour. . . . The Italian has another attraction peculiar to the beings of warm climes—she possesses deeper emotions than those of colder latitudes, while she has less power to conceal them. The dark eye flashes out its love or its hatred as soon as felt; and its intense and passionate gaze is an eloquence that thrills deeper than any language. She is a being all passion, which gives poetry to her movements,

looks, and words. It has made her land the land of song, and herself an object of interest the world over. A beautiful eye and eyebrow are more frequently met here than at home. The brow is peculiarly beautiful—not merely from its regularity, but singular flexibility. It will laugh of itself, and the slight arch always heralds and utters beforehand the piquant thing the tongue is about to utter; and then she laughs so sweetly!—*Headley's Letters from Italy.*

FIRST MONEY TRANSACTION.

The first money transaction we read of in the world was the sum paid by Abraham to the sons of Heth for the cave of Machpelah. Till then, and indeed long after, wealth was estimated by the number and quantity of cattle, and cattle were the principal instruments of commerce. We read in Homer of a coat of mail worth a hundred oxen, a cauldron worth twenty sheep, a cup or goblet worth twelve lambs. The words belonging to commerce are, in the Greek language, derived from the names of certain animals by which exchange was carried on. Thus the word which signifies 'to barter,' is derived from that which signifies a lamb; the verb translated 'to sell,' comes from a noun which signifies a colt; the verb 'to buy,' from that which signifies an ass; and the word 'rent,' from that which signifies a sheep. A wealthy person was said to be a person of many lambs; and a criminal, according to the magnitude of his offence, was condemned to pay a fine of four, twelve, or a hundred oxen. Till Abraham paid the 'four hundred shekels of silver' for the sepulchre in which to bury Sarah, no mention is made of gold or silver being employed in the carrying on of commerce.

INNS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

In the fifteenth century, the town-houses, or *inns*, as they were called, of the nobility, were of great extent; a fact which might be inferred from the modern acceptance of the word. At a meeting of the great estates of the realm in 1457, Richard Duke of York came with four hundred men, who were lodged in Baynard's Castle; the Earl of Salisbury with five hundred men on horseback, lodged in the Herber, a house at Dowgate, belonging to the Earl of Warwick, who lodged himself, with six hundred men, at his *inn*, in Warwick Lane; where, says Stowe, 'there were oftentimes six oxen eaten at a breakfast.' The names of their noble owners are still attached to the sites of several of their inns, of which even now the plans are in some degree preserved, in their modern adaptation as Inns of Law; but we shall in vain seek for any vestiges of their original structures. A portion of one building only of this class has been preserved—the magnificent house erected by Sir John Crosby, an alderman of London in 1466, which Stowe describes as 'very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London.'—*Pictorial History of England.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

There are many institutions in our country—from the parish school to the university—in which knowledge of almost every kind may be obtained, and in which men of all ranks may be prepared for their peculiar stations in society, and for their respective duties. But mechanics' institutions are perfectly peculiar. Originating in the necessities of a more than commonly high order of attainment in mechanical science, they furnish information of a theoretical and of a practical nature nowhere else to be obtained; they open the door of improvement alike to the son of the humble widow, and to the scion of fortune and of rank; they store the mind with general information, and give fitness for the theatre of the world, and yet they accommodate their instructions to the demands of departmental detail, and prepare for the workshop and the bench; they take the humblest, as well as the proudest alike by the hand, lead him through the wide domains of nature, explain those phenomena which overawes the ignorant and debases the superstitious, rouse him to inquiry in the lecture-room, and satisfy him from the library in his closet, giving permanency to all his impressions by the experiment and the model, as well as by the living voice; they withdraw him from those haunts which are the doorway to beggary, degradation, and contempt in this world, and

to ruin in that which is to come; they make him something more than a mere working machine, having strength, and thews, and sinews; they make him an intelligent, and a scientific, and an expert workman, fully comprehending the great principles of natural science, and perfectly prepared to act upon his knowledge in every emergency, walking with Locke in the light of universal science; working with Davy in his laboratory, where scenes of bright enchantment spring up in rapid and gorgeous succession before the wand of the mighty magician; and evolving, with Watt, the most gigantic and uncontrollable agents of nature, only to make them subserve the minutest purposes of art—controlling the powers of the thunder with the hand of a child; they make him a more dutiful son, a better husband, a more provident father, a more worthy neighbour, an infinitely more trustworthy servant, and a far more valuable and respected member of society.—*Rev. A. Gilmour.*

SIMPLICITY OF GOSPEL AGENCY.

This world is to be restored to more than it lost by the fall, by the simple annunciation of the love of God in Christ Jesus. Here we behold means apparently the weakest, employed to effect the most magnificent of purposes: and how plainly does this bespeak the agency of the omnipotent God! The means which effect his greatest purposes in the kingdom of nature are simple and unostentatious; while those which man employs are complicated and tumultuous. How many intellects are tasked, how many hands are wearied, how many arts exhausted, in preparing for the event of a single battle; and how great is the tumult of the moment of decision! In all this, man only imitates the inferior agents of nature. The autumnal tempest, whose sphere of action is limited to a little spot upon our little world, comes forth attended by the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning; while the attraction of gravitation, that stupendous force which binds together the mighty masses of the material universe, acts silently. In the sublimest of natural transactions, the greatest result is ascribed to the simplest causes—'He spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast.'—*Rev. F. Wayland.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Last among the characteristics of woman is that sweet motherly love with which nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope or reward. Not because it is lovely does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth this feeling is the same; climate, which changes everything else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of his life; she endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent, all-forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and contempt of danger; but if death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and care of her existence—where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow?—*Mrs Austin.*

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

WHILE the poems of Byron and Scott were read, or rather voured, by millions of their countrymen, every new production calling forth a perfect tempest of emulative applause or admiring critics, and adding by thousands to the thes of its author, the productions of Coleridge, like those of Wordsworth, hardly known to the public, reposed in the condemned cells of bibliopoles, the scorn and byword of flippant reviewers, whose chief interest in any new production, even the finest of his genius, seemed to be very much akin to that excited by the eyeless Samson among the Philistines. That some of his productions are adapted to provoke such treatment, and to sink into such neglect, is not to be denied; but that all of them, those gems of the rarest lustre, as well as the grotesque inkets amid which he chose to exhibit them, should have been alike neglected or derided, would provoke some curious inquiries into the grounds of popularity. It would seem that not only are the majority of readers incapable of appreciating anything that does not in some sort chime with the modes of thought and feeling prevalent in their own age, but that the majority of those who take upon themselves to guide the public taste as critics are so likewise. This we mean as applicable to new works; for those which have received the stamp of approval of preceding times, though far out of harmony with such mental habitudes, are current with the multitude under a traditional and unquestioned appreciation. It is true enough that the capacity of appreciating literary beauty and originality is widely diffused compared with the capacity of producing these; yet it would seem that when they diverge far from the recognised track, or rise much above it, few comparatively have keenness of eye sufficient to discriminate between them and their counterfeits. A striking illustration of this has recently been afforded, in the opposite direction, by the popularity of the flaring rubbish of Robert Montgomery. His productions—we dare not even in courtesy call them poems—have chimed in, after a sort, with the taste for sounding indistinctness fostered by not a little of the poetry of Byron; a quality—or rather a wordy negation of all distinct qualities—very apt to be mistaken by the multitude for vigour and splendour. The success of these same productions very distinctly indicates the value of such popularity as a criterion of merit.

A change has no doubt come over the spirit of critical studies, as well as of the public, in regard to the poetry of Coleridge as in regard to that of Wordsworth, though not in a corresponding measure. Indeed there are strong and obvious reasons why public feeling should never undergo

such a powerful reaction towards the side of partiality, in regard to the former, as it has done in respect to the latter; as Coleridge has not that strongly defined mannerism, nor those obtrusive singularities which have placed Wordsworth so conspicuously at the head of a school of poetry—a school which has of late been ascending with such rapidity into popular favour. The common classification, however, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, under what has been designated the Lake School, is one resulting from the purblind prejudices and indiscriminative depreciation of the critics we have referred to, and than which there could not well be one more inaccurate or unwarranted. Coleridge, it is true, has written one or two pieces having some resemblance to the style by which Wordsworth stands out so strongly, and to many still—in spite of his present popularity—so offensively distinguished, but it may safely be affirmed they are neither his best nor most natural efforts. While it is true—very wonderfully—that he has succeeded in many styles, so as almost to equal those who have respectively specially cultivated these—as, for instance, in lofty blank verse, in the hymn to Mont Blanc from the vale of Chamouni, in some places in the Sybiline Leaves, and the tragedy of Remorse; and in the felicities of the tender ditty, as in Genevieve—there is one style, not easily defined, that of Youth and Age; Fire, Famine and Slaughter; and, last and greatest far, Christabel, in which he stands unapproached and alone—certain refined idealistic wildness, combined with a sweet plaintiveness of tone, embodied in a versification perfectly harmonising—a versification combining a power, a euphony, a sweetness of spirit-music altogether without a parallel. Let us listen for a moment to the tones of ‘Youth and Age;’ how simple the words, yet how wonderful the spell of power with which they take hold of the soul!—

‘ Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,

When I was young!—

When I was young!—Ah, woeeful when!
Ah! for the change twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands;
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide.

O youth! for years so many and sweet,
‘Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled:
And thou wert ay a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?’

A similar ethereal plaintive sweetness pervades ‘Lewti, or

the Circassian Love-chaunt,' from which we cannot but extract the following beautiful image :—

' I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it passed :
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few.
Till it reached the moon at last :
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek,
And with such joy I find my Lewti ;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty !
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.
The little cloud—it floats away,
Away it goes ; away so soon ?
Alas ! it has no power to stay :
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—
Away it passes from the moon !
How mournfully it seems to fly,
Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky.'

Wordsworth seems to have caught the echo of some of these lines in the commencement of 'Peter Bell' :—

' Away we go, my boat and I—
Away we go, and what care we,' &c.

But we must leave these for Christabel, first presenting the author's exposition of the structure of the verse of that singular production, as given in the preface to it :—' The metre of Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle, namely, that of counting in each line the accents not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless, this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion.' This description will be found very justly to indicate the peculiar characteristics of the versification in the poem before us.

The Christabel appears to us to furnish the only instance in modern poetry in which the author has been thoroughly successful in reaching that quality designated by the now almost naturalised word naïveté—a quality well known to all who can enjoy the writings of our elder authors, and of which it were a hopeless attempt to bring any idea to those who cannot. Only this much we may say, that it is indispensable that you make your characters speak as they would have spoken, and as such characters did actually speak three or four centuries ago; that is, with all the unconscious simplicity which gives such an undefinable charm to much that has come down to us from that early era; a quality towards reaching which there have been no want of attempts of late, but with results, in every case we are acquainted with save the one before us, more or less betraying the efforts. Thus, in many of the most successful productions of Wordsworth, and those which betray the least of mannerism, notwithstanding their many excellences, you are every now and then made sensible of something you could wish away. The writer, you perceive, has been striving to make all this very simple like, but the thing was not natural to him; you perceive a straining after simplicity, or an affectation of it, which excites a strong distaste; a distaste which, when the present fever of popularity subsides, must operate very much against the permanent delighted recognition of Wordsworth's high merits as a poet. In Christabel, on the contrary, simplicity is transparent and sincere, and, being so, is natural. You never wonder how a modern production could seem so simple; you feel that all is in perfect keeping, and just as it ought to be. Less successful and less perfect efforts of genius, like statuary of imperfect polish, always betray the process through which they have passed; it is the highest triumph of genius, as of art, to make its products so perfect as to exclude all suggestion of the instrumentality by which they were produced. Though little known and seldom referred to compared with 'The Ancient Mariner,' Christabel is in our opinion superior to it, both in distinctness and beauty of conception, and in felicity of execution; as a work of art it is almost unique. The same excellences we have

remarked as characterising this class of the productions of Coleridge are here exemplified in their highest measure.

These remarks are most fully applicable to the first part. In the second (produced three years later) the author seems never fully to have realised the original spirit; and what, apart from other considerations, makes the incompleteness of the poem less a matter of regret, there is reason to apprehend that, had he added a third at any future period, it would have declined yet farther from the altitude of the first. But, indeed, it is hardly conceivable how Coleridge could have at any time completed it without impairing the effect of what we possess, as any more distinct disclosure as to who or what Geraldine was, must have impaired that spell of fearful mystery with which, as the poem stands, her character must ever remain invested, and from which it derives much of its wild interest and singular power. We do not know that we are prepared to maintain that Coleridge was absolutely the greatest poetical genius of the age that is passing away; but this we do hold, that of all the wonderful productions of that prolific period, the Christabel is the most wonderful, as it exhibits in a degree no other does the combination of the absorbing spell of a transcendent genius with the highest achievements of a consummate artist. When or where the scene of the poem is laid we are not informed, but by its whole cast and strain we are carried back several centuries at least. This accounts for, if it will not justify, the association of our Saviour and the Virgin in Christabel's not unfrequent ejaculations. The principal characters are Christabel, the daughter of a rich baron who is usually designated 'Sir Leoline,' and Geraldine, whose character is involved in a mystery not at all lessened by the information she gives Christabel that her 'sire is of a noble line,' or by our subsequently learning that his name is 'Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'

The opening lines are singularly simple, yet in their simplicity inhers their great power, bringing, as they do, the very tones of lone midnight on the ear :—

' 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu-whit ! tu-who !
And harh again to the crowing cock
How drowsily it crew.'

It is little to say that following is the finest portraiture of an April night ever drawn :—

' Is the night chilly and dark ?
The night is chilly but not dark,
The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is grey ;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

On such a night Christabel goes forth—

' In the midnight wood to pray,
For the weal of her lover that's far away.'

There—

' She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.'

But is suddenly disturbed by a moaning sound near her—

' On the other side it seemed to be
Of the huge broad-breasted old oak tree.'

She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there ?

There she seen a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
The neck that made that white robe was,
Her stately neck and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandall'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frigful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly.'

In this sketch almost every line discloses the touch of a master hand. Nothing was ever conceived finer than the two we have marked in italics and the last. They present those instantaneous and vivid pictures which nothing but the hand of the greatest masters can produce. The description is perfectly in keeping with the mysterious part the

character is to act—a few bold revealing strokes, and the rest is left to the imagination of the reader. The genius of the artist shines out not more distinctly in what is given than in what is withheld.

The sudden appearance of such a being in such a place astounds Christabel, as well it might:

' Mary Mother, save me now
(Said Christabel), and who art thou?
The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet :—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness.

Five warriors seized me yester morn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white ;
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be ;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lien entranced, I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman scarce alive.

Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she)
And help a wretched maid to flee.'

Christabel readily lends her assistance, assuring her at the same time that she may reckon on the ready and delighted services of her father, Sir Leoline, and respectfully inviting her to share her couch with her for the night; at the same time considerably intimating the necessity of treading softly when they should get into the castle on account of Sir Leoline's weak health. As they crossed the court the old mastiff uttered a sort of angry moan through her sleep, though—

' Never before she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.'

The description that follows is exceedingly fine:—

' They passed the hall that echoes still
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady passed there came
A tongue of light, fit of flame :
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else she saw thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murkly old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father sedion sleepeth well.
Sweet Christabel her feet did bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair.

And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rashes of her chamber floor.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;
But Christabel the lamp will trim,
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sunk down upon the chamber floor.
O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you drink this cordial wine !
It is a wine of virtuous powers,
My mother made it of wild flowers.

Alas, what sile poor Geraldine ?
Why stare she with unsettled eye ?
Can she the bodiless dead espy ?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
' Off, woman, off ! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off ! 'tis given to me.'
Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas ! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady, it hath wildered you !
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, ' Tis over now !'
Again the wild-flower wine she drank ;
Her fair large eyes gan glitter bright,
And from the floor wherein she sank,
The lony lady stood upright ;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree.'

How beautifully brought out here are the sweet benevo-

lence and unsuspecting simplicity of Christabel. Full of gentle pity, pure and guileless herself, she can suspect no evil in another. Geraldine expresses much gratitude for her kindness, with a resolution to requite her if possible, adding:—

' But now unrobe yourself ; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'

Christabel obeys, but restless from the many thoughts that agitated her mind—

' Halfway from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline,
To look at the lady Geraldine.
Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around :
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast :
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropped to her feet, and full in view,
Behold ! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell !
O shield her : shield sweet Christabel !'

Here the power and art of the poet reach their height. No description could have equalled the effect of this drawing back of the poet's hand from disclosing what is too fearful for disclosure. The reader who feels himself in a mood at all permitting him to doubt this, may compare the effect in this case with that produced in one bearing a strong resemblance to it, by a detailed and full portraiture, from the hand of one who stands by universal acclamation at the head of the greatest masters of the sublime and terrible. We refer, as the intelligent reader may be anticipating, to Milton's description of Sin, where the too minute and detailed portraiture of the loathsome horrible has the effect of producing disgust rather than an undefined repellent horror, if it does not at some points impinge on the very confines of the ludicrous. The great secret of effect in all works of art is to know exactly what to portray and what to leave to the imagination of the reader. Sir Walter Scott showed that he understood this in the advice he gave to the painter in regard to drawing a battle—' Just stick in an arm here and a leg there, and raise a great stour (dust), and leave the rest to the imagination.' The same principle obtains in regard to the effect of natural scenery on the mind. Romantic and sublime mountain scenery produces the most profound impression when seen from such points as do not exhaust the view, when enough is seen to stimulate the imagination and solicit it onward to grander scenes beyond. Accordingly, the effect of river scenery is generally greater than that of lake scenery, as the mountains interlacing each other only partly reveal the view. So, the tops of the highest mountains being enveloped in mist or lost in the clouds, form a powerful element in sublime impression, while it is quite fatal to all such effect to see out through the romantic to the flat and tame beyond, as, for instance, many tourists must have been made sensible of in passing up Loch Katrine to the west. But to return.

Geraldine seems momentarily to quail under the consciousness of being thus observed:—

' But suddenly, as one doffed,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side,
And in her arms the maid she took,

Ah, well-a-day !

And with low voice and doleful look

These words did say :
In the torch of this bosom there worketh a spell
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel ! &c.

The effect on Christabel is a fearful and mysterious dreaming :—

' With open eyes (ah, wo is me !)
Asleep and dreaming fearfully, &c.

Nor does the spell affect her alone, the night-birds feel its power :—

' O Geraldine, one hour was thine—
Thoust had thy will. By torn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu-whoo ! tu-whoo !
Tu-whoo ! tu-whoo ! from wood and fell !'

A few more verses, descriptive of the transition of Christa-

bel's dream into more pleasing images and sensations, complete the first part.

The second part, as we have already intimated, does not carry with it the same unbroken fascination. During the production of the first the poet's mind must have been bound in a spell as powerful (but happy to a perfect contrast) as that which bound Christabel in the fell embrace of Geraldine. Years elapsed during which, as he says in regard to the progress of another fragment, 'his bark was driven by adverse gales off the "fortunate isles" of the muses,' and ere he resumed the lay the spell was broken, and all that could be attained was a fragmentary reproduction. The charmed music did indeed again rise on the poet's ear, but fainter, and in broken fitful tones. Stanzas of wild sweetness, and lines so graphic as to be like very pictures to the eye, are still strewn along your path, but the unfailing and sustained felicity of conception and expression—the ever-varying but untarnished music, and the instantaneous appropriateness and correspondence of the sentiment and tones—you occasionally miss all these.

In the morning, Geraldine is up and dressed before Christabel awakes. The commanding fascination of her appearance, as if nothing but innocence and purity were hers, is finely touched:—

' And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she, belike, had drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vest,
Grew tight beneath her heaving breast.
"Sure I have sinned," said Christabel.
"Now heaven be praised if all be well."

The rest of the second part is occupied with the workings of the spell on Christabel, a main element in which is her being bound up from uttering a syllable of its horrors, but her father is startled at times, amid the fascinations of Geraldine's majestic beauty, and his anxious arrangements for having her safely escorted 'home to her father's mansion,' by strange indications of the returning impression of those fearful horrors. And Bracy the bard, to whom was to be committed the charge of the escort, indicates his apprehension of the journey by relating a dream he had had, pregnant with notes of premonitory fear. What the results of the journey might have been must for ever remain undisclosed, as the fragment terminates just as it was about to be commenced. It is in this second part that the resuscitation of long dormant painful feeling in the breast of Sir Leoline, at the mention of the name of Geraldine's sire, 'Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine,' calls forth from the poet that powerful description of broken friendships, which, quite as applicable to blighted love, was adopted by Byron as the motto of his 'Fare-thee-well,' and seems to be all that some biographers and critics of Coleridge deem worth particularising or quoting, if not, as there might be some suspicions, all that they know of Christabel:—

' Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again;
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from pining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.'

Christabel is but a short poem. It is shorter than the Ancient Mariner, and shorter considerably than Peter

Bell; yet, notwithstanding its brevity, its incompleteness, and that falling off in the latter part which we have already indicated, which, by the way, however, it only shares in common with the most wonderful productions of the human mind—with Don Quixote, with Paradise Lost, and with the Pilgrim's Progress—notwithstanding all this, you cannot but feel, even in spite of yourself, that it is a great work, carrying with it a distinct title to take rank with great epics.

Christabel remained long in MS., probably from its author cherishing for a considerable time the hope of being able one day to complete it. In that state, however, it was read by some of the greatest poets of the age, and it is acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott to have suggested his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' Probably it is to the appearance of that and the other verse romances of the same author, previous to the publication of his own poem, that Coleridge alludes in his preface when he says, that, had it been published earlier, the impressiveness of its originality would likely have been much greater. He needed have had little apprehension on that score though the publication had been delayed a hundred years. Scott has barely caught but the faint echo of its spirit-music, and of its naïveté not even a glimmer. Yet the Lay and the succeeding works of its author, on a similar model, were received amid the plaudits of gaping crowds, while the witchery of the secret spell of Christabel has even yet opened on the minds of but a few. It would seem that it needs an age or a century to adjust the public vision to so rare and strange a light.

In next number we will conclude our notice of the poems of Coleridge.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

GENIUS knows no distinction of class; splendour, and titles, and wealth, and power, and magnificence cannot allure her to an alliance. She scatters her gifts with a niggard hand, if you compare her favourites with the mass of human kind, yet she anoints the brow of poverty as profusely with the oil of her heavenly torch as ever she did that of the lordly born. Hers is no hereditary patrimony that flows in uninterrupted sequence from father to son. With capricious partiality she breathes the magic of her power into the souls of individuals; and the untransmittable gift seems lost when its recipient has passed from this life, till, after the lapse of years or ages, it irradiates another soul with its lustrous glory. Genius has wandered with the blind schoolmaster of Scio through the streets of Greece as he begged his bread; it sat enthroned upon the brow of Shakspeare as he poached in the parks of the Lucy; it transmuted the stable into a temple for Dodsy, and made the shoemaker's stool a throne for Robert Bloomfield. Wayward and erratic in its loves and wanderings, it roamed with Burns at the plough, and peopled the mighty Alps for the soaring Byron. It ruled the visions of Scott as he reclined in his gorgeous halls; and it nestled in the bosom of the ploughman bard as he lay on his pallet of straw. It was with James Watt, fructifying and embodying mighty conceptions amidst the clank and din of the workshop; and it smiled upon the minister's son of Culz as his little hand transcribed its feeble indices on stone. It has dwelt in homes as dissimilar as the extremes of contrast, and has been wedded to men and women as varied in aspect as in temper. It sat with Alfred upon his throne—it descended, without derogation, to the loom of Tannabill. The irascible and feeble Pope was dignified by it in his sweet bower at Twickenham; and it pointed Gasper Poussin's path to wealth and fame as he roasted and boiled for his master's table. With an unshrinking boldness, genius has led the child of poverty to the zenith of fame, and with writing as clear as that upon the fated Belahazzar's wall, has proclaimed man's identical origin and the community of her brilliant gifts. The possessors of mere adventitious honour have often looked haughtily upon the intrinsically great;

but genius has illuminated a few aristocratic names with imperishable light, and theirs are the only titles that will outlive oblivion.

Mark Akenside was the second son of a butcher of that name, and of Mary Luneden. He was born in the street called Butcher's Bank, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 9th November, 1721. While he was a boy, playing about his father's stall, a cleaver fell upon his foot, and cut it so severely that he was lame ever afterwards. This circumstance is said to have been the source of considerable discomposure and chagrin to Akenside, not so much as an actual impediment as a memento of his humble origin. Byron chafed and fretted under a somewhat similar misfortune; Scott bore his lameness with manly composure; and Milton, in his blindness, was cheerful. Loft sentiment and richness of imagination can claim no pedigree; and if Mark could subscribe to Pope's rejoinder to Lord Hervey's sarcasms, "I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush, and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear," then his lameness and origin might have affected him less than his detractors have alleged they did. He was sent at an early age to the free grammar-school of his native town; and his father, being a rigid presbyterian, and intending his son for the ministry of that communion, removed him to the academy of a Mr Wilson, where he continued till he was eighteen years of age.

The dissenters of England, at this period, had an organised association for the purpose of educating indigent students who were desirous of entering the ministry. In November, 1739, Mark Akenside proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, with the intention of being educated a clergyman, and the dissenters' society was to defray the expenses of his residence in the Scottish capital. After studying divinity for one session, a revolution took place in Mark's professional aims; he forsook all ideas of a clerical calling, and for the two succeeding sessions, during which he attended college in this city, he pursued the study of medicine. This change was neither agreeable to Mark's relations, nor consonant with the views of the society which contributed to his support; but he subsequently paid back every farthing that had been expended upon him with the view to fit him for a vocation which he had voluntarily abandoned. In 1742, he went to Leyden to complete his medical education. Leyden is one of the finest and largest cities in the Netherlands, situated near the ancient bed of the Rhine, amongst beautiful gardens, and surrounded by ditches and canals. Its buildings are very elegant, and its streets wide, clean, and frequently bisected by canals shaded with trees. The remains of Boerhaave, the most illustrious physician of his country or age, sleep in the large church of the city; and it is also celebrated as being the birthplace of John of Leyden, who, in 1534, set himself up for a king. It gallantly stood out against the Spaniards in 1573, and was rendered famous over all Europe by the eminence of its university, which produced many great men. Physic and law were the predominant studies, and the number of students was sometimes very great. Two of the colleges only were endowed, and the students who matriculated in them possessed many privileges. There was a physic garden, an anatomical hall, and a well-furnished library attached to the university. Degrees were not regulated by time or merit; if a student could make a thesis and pay his fees, he was at once admitted doctor or master of arts, which were the only degrees known there.

On the 16th of May, 1744, Mark Akenside was admitted to the degree of M.D.; on this occasion he composed a Latin thesis, or inaugural discourse on the human fetus, in which he evidenced much scientific ingenuity, powerful reasoning, and clearness of conception, in attacking Leeuwenhook, and the opinions of other received authorities of the time. Experience has ratified the truth of Akenside's judgment; the notions which he combated have been proved to be erroneous, and are long since exploded, whilst a hypothesis which he proposed has been confirmed and adopted. This was not, however, his first appearance in the literary

style and stanza, to the Gentleman's Magazine, which was entitled the 'Virtuoso,' and signed 'Marcus.' Various other contributions to the same periodical followed this composition; and he composed many of the odes and minor poems, which were subsequently printed in his collected works, whilst he resided in Edinburgh; among which was his *Ode on the Winter Solstice*, which bears date 1740. But he had not yet issued a volume of his own works exclusively, nor had he affixed his name to any of his fugitive pieces. He was consequently unknown to fame, or, what was of more consequence to his pecuniary prospects, he was unknown to the booksellers, when he sent his poem of the 'Pleasures of Imagination' to Dodsley, with a demand of £120 for the copyright. The sum was large, and, as the author had not acquired a fashionable reputation, Dodoley hesitated to comply with the demand. He carried the manuscript to the residence of Pope, who, after a careful revision of the work, advised the bookseller not to make a niggardly offer, as its author was no every-day writer. Dodoley immediately published the poem, which met with extraordinary success, and raised Akenside at once to a high position in the literary world. Pope died in May of the year in which it was published; but he lived to witness the public confirmation of his private opinion, for its sale was so rapid that it reached a second edition on the very month of his death, and continued in constant demand afterwards. It is said that this poem was produced during Akenside's visit to a friend at Morpeth, previous to his setting out for Edinburgh; but the assertion is manifestly absurd and unworthy of credit. The 'Pleasures of Imagination' was at first published anonymously; and Boswell states, on the authority of Dr Johnson, that a person of the name of Roit published an edition of it in Dublin, and had the hardihood to print his name on the title-page; but in England such an attempt would have immediately met with detection and reprobation, as its author was all along well known. It is certain that Akenside was in England before the publication of his poem; and, if Dr Johnson states the date of his graduation correctly (and all his succeeding biographers have never disputed the fact), it is likely that he returned to Holland, that he might obtain his degree.

While prosecuting his professional studies at Leyden, Akenside contracted a friendship with one of his fellow-students, Jeremiah Dyson, who was possessed of ample pecuniary resources and great family influence. They returned to England together, when Akenside settled in Northampton, and sought to procure a practice. Dyson became clerk of the House of Commons, was elected member of parliament for Horsham, became secretary to the Treasury, was afterwards created a lord of the Treasury, and subsequently treasurer to the Household, and a Privy Councillor. Akenside does not appear to have obtained much encouragement in his profession, for, during the eighteen months he resided in Northampton, he luxuriated more in the regions of fancy than in the receipt of emoluments for restoring the lieges to health. Dyson retained for Mark a strong partiality, and manifested his friendship on more than one occasion. In a note to the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' Akenside had said something in support of Shaftesbury's idea, that ridicule was a test of truth. This had given offence to the Rev. Mr Warburton, who, in the preface to a new edition of his 'Divine Legation,' attacked the poet for such an opinion. Dyson entered the lists in defence of his friend, and published anonymously an epistle to the Rev. Mr Warburton, occasioned by his treatment of the author of the 'Pleasures of Imagination.' Warburton took no notice of Dyson's rejoinder, but republished his strictures in a subsequent edition of his works. The next instance of Dyson's friendship for the poet was of a more substantial nature than the preceding; he granted his friend an allowance of £300 per annum, and generously bound himself to supply this sum, until Akenside should have acquired a competence from his practice. Secured from pecuniary embarrassment by this act of friendly munificence, Akenside determined to leave Northampton and

end, Hampstead, and he exerted himself to make his friend favourably received amongst the inhabitants, with a view to his professional advancement.

Akenside removed to Hampstead in 1745, and about this period he published ten odes, written, according to his own testimony, on various subjects, and at various intervals, for the purpose of exemplifying various modes of expression and versification. He does not aspire to brilliancy nor originality in these lyrics, but claims as his chief merit an anxious endeavour to be correct, and of carefully executing them upon the best models. He resided during two years and a half at Hampstead; but neither his own nor Dyson's exertions could procure him employment as a medical practitioner. His want of success is attributed to his temper and personal demeanour. It is said that he attempted to conceal the chagrin he felt at his own lowly origin, by an assumed contempt for birth, and a haughtiness of demeanour that offended both his patients and professional brethren. The likelihood is, that Akenside's respect for probity and talent in high station, was as sincere and strong as his contempt for either patrician or plebeian vice.

Upwards of a century ago, aristocratic littleness rolled itself up in its eminied cloak of silk, and sneered at genius, however exalted, if its possessor could not claim kindred with some ancient family. Pope was treated with an affection of contempt, by some whose most honourable distinctions were the creations of earthly monarchs, because he, whose mind was amongst the greatest of his nation, was the grandson of a clergyman and son of a linen-draper. Akenside, the butcher's son, had no passport to the society of the high-born save his genius and education. At that period, these qualifications would be insufficient to protect him from being ostentatiously reminded of his origin; now, they would have been alone enough to win him the applause and esteem of all classes of his countrymen.

In 1748, he removed to London, and settled in Bloomsbury Square. His 'Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon' appeared this year, in the same form as the ten odes which he had published in 1745, in a quarto volume; and several pieces were afterwards issued in 'Dodsley's Collection,' a periodical which was then in course of publication. In 1753, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. In 1755, he read the Gulstonian lectures on anatomy in the theatre of the College of Physicians; and an extract from them, containing some original views concerning the lymphatic vessels, being read before the Royal Society, was published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1757. He was appointed Krohnian lecturer to the College of Physicians, and having chosen for his subject the history and revival of literature, and after he had delivered three lectures, a member objected to them on the ground of their being irrelevant to the objects of the institution, which so disgusted Akenside that he indignantly threw up his appointment. He was admitted, by mandamus, to the degree of M.D. in the University of Cambridge, and rose, if not to wealth, at least to eminence in his profession. He became physician to St Thomas's Hospital, an institution endowed by Edward VI. He was elected a fellow of the College of Physicians, and was made one of the physicians to the queen. These appointments and honours are said to have been obtained as much from his literary as his professional reputation, and the influence of his friend Dyson is reckoned to have materially conduced to his advancement. His practice was never very extensive, although it enabled him, in conjunction with his pension, to support a respectable domestic establishment and to keep a carriage. His sombre and grave manner in a sick room exercised a depressing influence upon his patients, and its effects were such as to counteract the utility of his prescriptions. Nevertheless, he maintained a respectable reputation by the publication of various professional treatises, which entitled him to as eminent a place amongst the scholars as that which he had obtained as a wit and poet. The publication of his opinions respecting the lymphatic vessels, in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, led to a

controversy between Dr Akenside and Dr Alexander Monro of Edinburgh; the latter, in a pamphlet, accusing Akenside of a want of general accuracy, and at the same time insinuating that he had been guilty of peculating from a treatise which the Scottish physician had given to the world in the previous year. Akenside replied to this attack in a small pamphlet, in 1758, and the controversy dropped. What a contrast the vehicle of literary disquisition at that period furnished to the means of our command. The press in those days was a simple record of feebly recorded facts; pamphlets were the means through which scientific discoveries, political speculations, and critical analyses were issued to the public, and their influence was seldom more than local, or extended only over a coterie. There were neither 'Medical Times' nor 'Lances,' to give to the world the discoveries being made in medicine or surgery, nor an 'Athenaeum' to note the progress of science and of art. Now the press of Britain is not only powerful, both in talent and influence, but it is almost universally diffused through the homes of the people, teaching the peasant what was only accessible to the educated few in days of old. In 1759, Dr Akenside delivered the Herveian oration before the College of Physicians, which was published in quarto by Dodsley, in the beginning of the following year, under the title of an 'Anniversary Oration'; and, four years afterwards, an account of a blow on the heart, and its effects, by the same author, appeared in the Philosophical Transactions.

The most important of all his medical works was published in 1764. It was a treatise on epidemic dysentery, composed in classic and elegant Latin, which Dr Johnson characterised as 'a very conspicuous specimen of Latinity,' and which obtained so high a reputation that it was translated into English by three accomplished scholars. Various other compositions succeeded these indications of industry, talent, and research; and we have every reason to believe that Akenside would have risen to greater professional eminence, and more extended practice, had his life been spared. He was attacked by putrid fever, which in a short time cut him off, on the 23d of June, 1770, aged forty-nine years. He was buried in the parish church of St James, Westminster, and his friend Dyson took possession of his effects. He set a high value upon the books and prints which Akenside had collected with much diligence and care; and although it does not appear whether he was acting merely in the capacity of a friend, or as a creditor or legatee, it is certain that he who had so munificently supplied his friend with an income was best entitled to the relics which that income had enabled him to purchase.

Akenside was an enthusiastic admirer of the literature of the ancients, and has been accused of manifesting a devotion to the philosophy of Plato and Cicero, which was little in accordance with a love for Christianity. These were the sentiments of his enemies, who were accustomed to couple liberal opinions in politics with latitudinarian views of religion. He was sincerely attached to the principles of religion, and was an ardent advocate of both civil and religious liberty. Although republican in his political aspirations, yet he venerated the memory of William III, and testified a sincere respect for the men by whom the revolution had been consummated. His principal poetical composition was undoubtedly the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' which being executed at an early age, when fancy was unrestrained by judgment or polished by taste, laid it open to the severe criticism of the fastidious. Dr Johnson, who had little love either for the politics of Akenside or the verse in which his poem was composed, admits that 'he is to be commended as having fewer artifices of disgust than most of his brethren of the blank song;' but regards the poem, on the whole, as 'having more splendour than substance, more sound than sense.' The imagination of Akenside was glowing, brilliant, and sympathetic. He interests his readers powerfully through the stirring appeals he makes to the soul in support of truth, beauty, and other ennobling conceptions; but he possesses none of the natural fire-flashes of Burns, none of the pathetic breathings

of Mrs Hemans, and little of the dramatic power of Campbell. Like a mighty orator, upon a rock-erected forum, with fervency and power he appeals to men; but he speaks to them in a style which we would characterise as more eloquent than poetical. Akenside himself became sensible of the deficiencies of his poem, and he zealously began to revise and recast it; but the rapidity with which it ran into successive editions, left him little time to prosecute his design. Before his death, however, he had written three books and printed two, though he did not publish them. His friend Dyson edited all his works, in quarto and octavo editions, during 1778; but his friends continued to prefer his early composition, alleging that what the more matured production gained in philosophy it lost in poetry. Akenside's minor poems possess the same characteristics as his higher lucubrations. They are full of ardour and a sincerity of expression that strongly impresses the reader with a conviction of their author's truth and earnestness. His attempts at humour and gaiety are palpable failures, while his odes and hymns are full of lofty sentiments, clothed in swelling and often splendid verse.

**ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST ENTIRE PROTESTANT
ENGLISH VERSION OF THE BIBLE,
PUBLISHED BY MYLES COVERDALE, BISHOP OF EXETER DURING
THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD VI.**

In the year 1535, this most valuable present to English Protestants was completed abroad, under the direction of Myles Coverdale, man greatly and deservedly esteemed for piety, knowledge of the Scriptures, and diligent preaching; on account of which qualities King Edward VI advanced him to the see of Exeter. This first translation of the whole Bible ever printed in English is generally called 'Coverdale's Bible.' It is a folio volume; and, from the appearance of the types, it is now generally considered to have been printed at Zurich, in the printing-office of Christopher Froschauer. The following is the title-page of this extremely rare and curious volume: 'Biblia. The Bible, that is, the holy Scripture of the Old and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of the Douche and Latyn into Englishe, M.D.XXXV.' This translation is dedicated to King Henry VIII., whom Coverdale in his dedication honestly tells, that the Pope gave him the title of *Defender of the Faith*, 'only because his highness suffered his bishop to burne God's word, the root of faith, and to persecute the lovers and ministers of it;' but at the same time he intimates his conviction that this title will prove a prophecy; that, 'by the righteous administration of his Grace, the faith shall be so defended, that God's word, the mother of faith, should have its free course thorow all Christendome, but especially in his Grace's realme.' As to the translation itself, he observes in his dedication and epistle to the reader, that it was 'neither his labour nor his desire to have this work put into his hand; but "when others were moved by the Holy Ghost to undertake the cost of it," he was the more bold to execution of it. Agreeably, therefore, to desire, he set forth this "special" translation, not in contempt of other men's translation, or by way of reproving them, but humbly and faithfully following his interpreters, and that under correction. Of these, he said, he used five different ones, who had translated the Scriptures not only into Latin but also into Dutch. He further declared, that he had neither wrested nor altered so much as one word for the maintenance of any manner of sect, but had with a clear conscience purely and faithfully translated out of the foregoing interpreters, having only before his eyes the manifest truth of the Scriptures. But because such different translations, he saw, were apt to offend weak minds, he added, that there came more understanding and knowledge of the Scripture by these sundry translations than by all the glosses of sophistical doctors; and he therefore desires that offence might not be taken, because one translated 'scribe' and another 'lawyer,' one 'repentance' and another 'penance' or 'amendment.'

The following specimen contains the nineteenth psalm, according to the numeration in the Hebrew Rihle, as

translated by Coverdale, by whom it is numbered xviii., according to the order found in the Septuagint Greek and in the Latin Vulgate versions:—

'The XVIIJ. A PSALM OF DAVID.'

The very heauēs declare the glory off God, id the very firmamēt sheweth his hädye worke. One daye telleth another, and one night certifieth another. There is nether speach ner läguage, but therir voyses are herde amōge the. Their soude is gone out into all londes, and their wordes into the endes of the worlde.

In the hath he sett a tabernacle for ye Sōne, which cometh forth as a brydegrōme out of his chambre, and reioyseth as a giaunte to rūne his course. It goeth forth frō the one ende of the heauen, and runneth aboute vnto the same ende agayne, and there may no mā hyde himself frō the heate therof. The lawe of the Lorde is a perfecte lawe, it quicke[neth] the soule. The testimony of ye Lorde is true, and geueth wisdome euen vnto babes. The statutes of the Lorde are right, and reioyse the herte; ye cōmaundemēt of ye Lorde is pure, and geueth light vnto the eyes.

The fear of the Lorde is cleene, and endueth for euer: the iudgmentes of the Lorde are true and rigtuous allogether. More pleasant are they then golde, yee then moch fyne golde: sweter then hony and the hony come. These thy seruaunt keþeth, and for keþinge of them there is grete rewarde. Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Oh clēse thou me frō my secrete fautes. Kepeth thy serauante also from presumptuous synnes, lest they get the dominion ouer me: so shal I be vndeſtyled & innocet frō the grete offence. Yee the wordes of my mouth and the meditaciō of my herte shal be acceptable vnto the, o Lord, my helper and my redemer.'

From Coverdale's dedication to Henry VIII., it seems probable that his translation was permitted to be read by the people; for in the year 1536, shortly after it was printed, a royal injunction was issued to the clergy to provide a book 'of the whole Bible, both in Latyn, and also in English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to loke and reade theron,' in every parish church; which was certainly equivalent to an express approbation of Coverdale's Bible, as there was no other at that time in English. Dr Geddes (*Prospectus for a new Translation*, p. 88) says of this translation—'From Genesis to the end of Chronicles, and the book of Jonah, are by Tyndal; the rest of the Old Testament by Coverdale. The whole New Testament is Tyndal's.' But from the collation of Lewis, it is evident that Coverdale corrected Tyndal's translation. Fulke (*Defence of the English Translation of the Bible*) relates, that 'when Coverdale's translation was finished, and presented to Henry, he gave it to Bishop Gardiner and some others to examine. They kept it so long, that at last Henry had to call for it himself. When they delivered the book, he demanded their opinion of the translation. They answered, that there were many faults in it. "Well," said the king, "but are there any heresies mentioned in it?" They replied, "There were no heresies they could find." "If there be no heresies," said Henry, "then, in God's name, let it go abroad among our people."

Coverdale called his version a 'special' translation, because it was different from the former English translations. Its noble simplicity, perspicuity, and purity of style, are truly astonishing. It is divided into six tomes or parts, adorned with wooden cuts, and furnished with scripture references in the margin. The last page has these words: 'Prynted in the yere of our Lorde M.D.XXXV and fynished the fourth daye of October.' Of this Bible there was another edition in large 4to, 1550, which was rennished, with a new title, 1552: and these, according

to Lewis, were all the editions of it which were ever published. (Lewis's History of English Translations of the Bible.) Copies of Bishop Coverdale's version of the Bible are preserved in the following libraries, viz.—of the British Museum and Sion College, in London; of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth; in the Public Library at Cambridge; in the Library at All Souls' College, and in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford; and in the Library of the Baptist Academy at Bristol.—*Horne.*

M A R Y S T U A R T.

(Continued from page 110.)

DAME LYDORIE, arrived in her brother's apartment, found the bishop in a large armchair, his thoughts wandering in a thousand reveries. At the sight of his sister, who thus rudely interrupted his agreeable idleness, the sleepy beatitude of his visage, gently illuminated by the remembrance of his best days, took suddenly a resigned expression, which did not escape the old woman's observation.

'My presence annoys you, brother,' said she, in a voice choked by anger; 'but grave motives lead me to you, and will not suffer any delay. A shameful scandal dishonours your house; and if you do not immediately put an end to it, there remains nothing for me to do but to leave it.'

'Would that you did,' thought the bishop; but instead of expressing that idea by words or looks, he pushed an armchair to the countess and turned to her to listen. Dame Penevent was, however, too agitated to sit quietly down. She walked about the room stamping her feet violently on the floor, for without this movement, her wrath would have stifled her voice; as it was, she was nearly unintelligible.

'Mary!' cried she, at last—'Mary!—Mary, your protégée! I have just surprised her exchanging signs at the window of her room with a young man—with the draper, Jehan Pastelot. I have taken her from that window, and I have shut her in my chamber, having first rebuked her for unworthy conduct as she merited; and I have come—What! you smile at this? You appear pleased at the shame thrown on your house? By Saint Lydorie, my patron, it is enough to drive one mad!'

In truth, the bishop's face had brightened at Dame Lydorie's words; and when she recounted Mary's intrigue with the draper, he rubbed his hands, and drew nearer to the hearth to warm more agreeably his two large feet. The only discontent that appeared on his features, was when the countess spoke of the violent measures she had used.

'You have spoiled everything—you have spoiled everything, my sister,' said he, with importance, yet still smiling. 'If you had feigned not to see anything, in fifteen days I should have received a visit from Master Jehan Pastelot, who would have come to ask very humbly Mary's hand in grand ceremony. Jehan Pastelot is an honest lad, incapable of loving a girl except to marry her, especially when under my protection; he is pious, sedate, and furnishes all the velvets and linen for our episcopal house. But by your cries and awkward violence, you have spoiled everything. I repeat to you, that you have terrified the gentle birds, who had begun to warble their love-song, and we shall have much trouble to teach them to recommence it.'

'What do you mean by this language?'

'I say that Mary cannot find a fitter husband than Jehan Pastelot, and that I will try to repair the mischief you have done by your severity; and that I hope to arrange things once again.'

'Since you show yourself thus negligent of the honour of your house, and so little understand your duty, I know myself what I have to do!' cried the countess. She then rushed from the room, and banged the door with such force that it seemed as if a cannon had exploded.

The bishop, without paying attention to this violence, took a silver whistle, and at the sound one of his pages entered. 'Go to the *Red Tree*—to Master Pastelot, the draper, present my salutations to him, and beg him to come and speak to me immediately,' said the bishop. Ten

minutes had scarcely passed before Master Pastelot obeyed the prelate's orders, who could not help remarking the young man's serenity. 'Oh, oh,' thought he, 'the gallant is less a novice than I believed him, and does not want assurance. The game will be more difficult to play than I conceived.' 'Health to Master Pastelot,' said he, gaily bestowing his blessing on the young man, and signing to him to rise and sit near him. 'Well, my lad, how are your honoured mother and your pretty sister Jane?'

'My lord, you honour them and me also,' replied the draper.

'You only want a wife and child to be the happiest of men.'

'My lord, you are right.'

'Why do you not marry, then?'

'Because I am still young enough to wait; and, besides, it is not so easy to marry.'

'Why not? You are a handsome man, of gallant mien. There is not a shop in all Soissons has better custom than the *Red Tree*. I know, too, you have four houses of good connexion. There is no citizen's daughter, nor even noble young lady, who would not esteem herself fortunate to have you for a husband. You have but to demand the hand of her who pleases you best, and the day you name your choice, you have a betrothed.'

'My lord, you are too good. May I know for what purpose you sent for me?'

'See the skilful and cunning fellow,' murmured the prelate. 'Come, hide it no longer, friend; everything is known. You have been seen exchanging signs and looks with a pretty girl who is well worthy of your choice.'

'I do not comprehend one word of what you are saying to me,' said Pastelot.

The bishop felt himself struck by Jehan's self-possession. 'What,' said he, 'were you not just now casting glances at my pupil Mary?'

The draper could not help smiling at this. 'My lord,' replied he, 'a short time since I was amusing myself in my garden with my mother and sister; Jane saw at a window of your palace a lady looking at us, and we ceased from our sports, for we were ashamed to be surprised at such trifling by your honoured sister, Madam the Countess of Penevent. It was afterwards we recognised Miss Mary.'

It was now the bishop's turn to smile; but this smile was accompanied by a suppressed sigh, for he knew what Jehan Pastelot said was true. 'I see there is an error in all this, and that there were no glances exchanged either with my sister or my pupil. Master Jehan, excuse me. I will send my tailor to your shop to-morrow to furnish me with cloth for a new cassock. Adieu!'

When the young man departed, the prelate hastened to his sister's apartment. 'All this is a mistake,' said he; 'there is not the least intrigue between Master Jehan and Mary. Pastelot,' added he, suppressing a smile, 'thought that it was you, sister, at the window.' This smile did not escape Madam Penevent, who became still paler with rage, but she contained it, and answered—'It is of little consequence to me if you are the dupe of Master Jehan. I do not trouble myself with his insolent intrigues, nor his more insolent excuses.'

'You know then, as well as me, the truth?'

'This I know, that I have driven from the episcopal palace her who was not ashamed to be the cause of scandal in it.'

'Mary! You have driven out Mary! Shamefully sent from my house that poor child, whose only fault is your own wicked and detestable temper. It shall not be so. Where is she? She shall return here—she shall not depart. What will become of her when she has no other asylum in the world? What! you first vilely calumniate her, and then, to repair your faults, turn her into the streets. I have long borne your caprices, but this time I will not.' And he left the room, his sister being literally stupefied at seeing, for the first time in ten years, her brother resist her to her face.

In fact, the countess, when she lately quitted him, had returned infuriated to the chamber in which she had confined

Mary, and, without saying a word, seized her arm, and led or rather dragged her to the outermost gate of the episcopal palace; there, pointing to the threshold, she said, 'If you dare to set foot on these stones again—if you try to re-enter the house, I will have you scourged out, as persons of your class deserve. Go and seek the accomplice of your intrigues, but never venture to pronounce my name or that of my brother's, or you will be driven out of the town as you are out of this house.' This said, she departed, leaving the unhappy Mary distressed, overwhelmed, and almost dying. She sank on the steps of the staircase sobbing violently, with her face hidden in her hands. At this moment, Jehan Pastelot was going out, meditating so deeply on his singular conversation with the bishop, that, without seeing her, his foot struck against the maiden. She raised her head mechanically. 'Miss Mary!' cried he. Her only answer was her tears. 'I see it all,' said he: 'that wicked woman has abandoned you. She punishes you for her gross mistake, and I am the innocent cause of your misfortune. Let me know,' he added, gently, 'what are your projects, what are you going to do; for it is my duty to aid you with my counsel and advice. Where shall I conduct you?'

'Alas, I know not myself! I know no one on earth. I am without an asylum and without protectors! I can but die.'

'It shall not be said,' returned the young man, moved at so much desolation—'it shall not be said that you were left in such an extremity. But as this is neither the place nor the moment for such a conversation, do me the honour to come to my mother's house. There you will find a more useful and more fitting protection than that of a young man like myself. Dry your tears, then, for I assure you that neither my mother nor myself will ever abandon you.'

'Well thought! well said!' interrupted a thick but good-natured voice, which was no other than the bishop's. The prelate had softly approached Jehan and Mary, and listened to their conversation. 'Well thought and well said. I have heard all. You are a good young man, Master Pastelot; and you, Mary, in spite of the foolish and unjust prejudices of my sister, shall return to the palace, and she must own her faults.'

Mary made a gesture of alarm, and instinctively drew nearer the draper.

'But, indeed,' continued the bishop, 'the life you lead with my sister is insupportable, and the events of to-day will not have improved it. But on the other hand, if you take refuge in Master Pastelot's house, my sister will exclaim she has triumphed. In vain I shall tell the truth; calumny will still have its way, and inquire why you took refuge precisely with the same person whom you are accused of loving. We must find something else.'

'My lord,' suggested Jehan, 'there is a very easy way to arrange all this. You will conduct Miss Mary to my aunt's house, my mother's sister, Catherine Margerin, who keeps a shop for fine linen in the Great Square, at the sign of the Pearl; you can tell her that you desire the young lady to be brought up to the business, and that she is her apprentice. Your recommendation will remove all difficulties, and my aunt Margerin would do anything on receiving a visit from my lord the bishop.'

'What say you of this project, my dear Mary?' inquired the bishop.

'Oh, I accept it with gratitude.'

'Well—very well,' declared the prelate. 'The council is dissolved. Dry your eyes, Mary, and lean on my arm. And you, friend, return to your shop, and not a word of all this. It is a secret between us four—my sister, who never goes out; myself, who will be silent; and you two, whom I forbid to mention it, not even to your aunt, Jehan, nor to your mother, and still less to your sister. Luckily, no one has passed before the palace during our conference, and besides we are screened by this pillar. Adieu, Master Pastelot.' The draper bowed low to the bishop, and Mary and her protector walked towards the shop of the linen

Dame Margerin was occupied in serving some customers when they entered. 'I am rejoiced to see you in good health, my dear Dame Margerin,' said the bishop. 'I am come to request a good office from you. Here is a maiden whom I love as my own daughter: she only dreams of trade, and I thought no one than you could be so fit a mistress. Therefore, Dame Margerin, I leave her with you; your conditions shall be mine; besides, I shall often come and see my pupil, and chat with you.' He then departed, leaving the shopkeeper overwhelmed with pride and joy. By her affectionate manners, Dame Margerin soon gained the friendship of the poor child, heretofore so roughly treated by the redoubtable sister of the bishop. The next day every one in the town knew that the bishop had apprenticed his pupil with Dame Margerin, and every one envied her, still more so when they saw the prelate pay her a visit a second time, in the middle of the day.

Dame Catherine Margerin, daughter of a tolerably affluent citizen of Soissons, had married in her twenty-first year a young linen-merchant of their neighbourhood, whom she had loved from childhood. The smallest agitation had never troubled their pure and holy love, and their union was calm and happy, till the fatal day when death deprived her of her husband. Catherine almost sank under her grief, and but for the devotion of her sister, Dame Pastelot, despair would have brought her to the grave; but the affectionate tenderness of that excellent woman recalled her to existence, and by degrees she became resigned to the lamented separation, which left her so sadly and so completely isolated. It therefore may be easily judged that a warm reception awaited Mary from this poor heart, disinherited of the only affection that had ever filled it. Catherine loved her immediately, as though she were a daughter whom God had given her; and Mary experienced in this simple and sweet tenderness a kindness to which she had long been a stranger.

The maiden's time now passed with a rapidity which she had never before known, either at the convent or with the rude sister of the bishop. 'My child,' said Dame Catherine, one evening after the shop was closed, and Mary was ready, as usual, to take her seat at their large working-table, 'we have something else now to do than make caps and embroider cuffs. To-morrow my sister and her two children come and dine with me, and we must prepare to give them a good reception. Jehan is a charming lad,' added she; 'and when you have seen him I am sure you'll like him.' The approaching visit caused also much agitation in Dame Pastelot's mansion; Jane and her mother conversed about Dame Margerin's new apprentice, whom they longed to see, and Jehan's heart beat violently. When the visitors arrived, Catherine was loud in the praises of her apprentice, not forgetting to recount the four visits which the bishop had paid her in five days, and luckily did not see the smile which appeared on her nephew's lips at some of her reflections on these grand news. When it was evening, Jehan found that the day had passed with frightful rapidity. Jane could not express how charming she thought Mary, and Dame Pastelot was enchanted with the attentions the young lady had paid her.

A whole year rolled on in this happy manner for Mary. The bishop frequently visited her, to escape the violence of his sister, who considered it an insult to herself that the prelate should show any affection to a person whom she had driven out of her presence. And as for Jehan, he always found some business that obliged him, at first once or twice in the week, then every day, and finally two or three times a day, to visit his aunt, where he passed whole hours. Dame Catherine smiled to herself, and Mary, when Jehan delayed a little, and the usual hour was passed, felt anxious and sad. But her noble and beautiful countenance brightened when the young man appeared, who, by his handsome and gallant mien, justified her interest. On one of these visits, Jehan said—'Can it be, Mary, that you love me?' She let her hand fall timidly into the hand of the happy betrothed, and her head reclined on her bosom, but on a sudden she raised it. 'Why should I hide what I am

The next morning, the Bishop of Soissons received the visit of Master Jehan, dressed in his best suit. Apparently the prelate suspected the cause, or he read the motives of his coming on the young man's face, for before he had arisen he said, 'Ah! ah! my lad, it appears you no longer take young girls for ancient dowagers. You look them in the face, and you desire to see them nearer: that may be seen in your eyes.'

'Since you know the motive of my visit, I hope you will consent—'

'To grant you Mary in marriage. There has about a year passed since I conceived this project, and I await its execution. Yes, my lad, I give you that dear girl's hand; and I am glad to confide the care of her happiness to the worthiest young man I know of.' Jehan bowed deeply to the bishop. 'I will,' continued the bishop, 'celebrate your marriage myself in my episcopal church with all my clergy. I will have a pomp that shall make your wedding talked of for a hundred years.'

'Thanks,' replied the betrothed, quite confused; and he was about to retire, when the bishop recalled him.

'It appears to me, friend, that we have forgotten something—the most essential after the wife: the dowry.'

'I have foreseen your desires, my lord. I give by the marriage-contract four thousand crowns to my wife.'

'Without counting that she brings you twelve thousand, which her unknown parents sent with her to the late Abbess of Notre-Dame of Soissons; and I hope you will not be discontented with my nuptial present. What! does not this unexpected fortune cause you greater joy than you show?'

'I am rich enough for both, my lord; and then I desired—' and he stopped.

'Well, finish; what did you desire?'

'That Mary might hold everything from me,' added he, looking down.

'You are a good and honourable lad,' replied the bishop, much moved; 'but Mary will not owe thee less gratitude, and twelve thousand crowns cannot spoil anything. Adieu! When is the marriage to be?'

'In fifteen days, my lord.'

Jehan then returned to inform Mary and his family of the good news he had learned from the bishop; and from that moment the four ladies set to work with ardour. At length the memorable day arrived. At noon, two litters, with servitors in the episcopal livery, stopped before the linen-merchant's house, and the charming bride entered the first, accompanied by Dame Pastelot, Jane, and Dame Margerin; Jehan and three of his friends took their places in the second; and the cortège set off for the cathedral, adorned that day as for a grand solemnity.

The bishop, in his pontifical habits, received them in the porch, and conducted them to the foot of the grand altar, where he concluded the ceremony by an address to the newly wedded pair, and afterwards took his place at the banquet, which did the greatest honour to Dame Margerin.

Ten years brought only one particular event among the persons who till now have taken a greater or less part in the present history. It was the death of the Countess Lydorie Penevent, who departed this life at Paris, and let the good bishop return to a liberty which he scarcely knew what to do with, and a repose which rendered him at first almost unhappy. But he soon became delighted with this peaceful change, thanks to the respectful friendship showed to him by Jehan Pastelot, his young wife, and all the members of that family, including Jane, who was happily married to a goldsmith of the town; and Dame Margerin, who having disposed of her shop, had come to live with her nephew and her former apprentice.

It happened, in the year 1603, towards the month of June, that the great altar of the episcopal church had to be repaired, and the bishop chose himself to remove from the tabernacle the holy vases and consecrated hosts. To his great surprise, he found amongst them a golden box, sealed with the seal of the bishop his predecessor, and carefully placed in a corner, which the door of the tabernacle hid when it was opened, in such a manner that it was impossible to discover it. He carried this box to his house,

and after a long consideration as to whether he should open it or leave it intact, he decided that the bishop having been dead twenty years, he might without any scruple satisfy his curiosity. He broke the seals, therefore, and found a tress of hair contained in a golden medallion; and with it two parchments. One was an act of baptism in these words:—

'I, Louis Jérôme, bishop of the diocese of Soissons, the 10th of February, in the year of our Lord 1568, baptised the high and mighty Damoiselle Mary Stuart, legitimate daughter of her most Christian Majesty Mary, Queen of Scotland and England, and of James, Earl of Bothwell. The sponsors were the venerable Brother M'Mahan, of the minor order of Saint Benedict, the Bishop of Soissons, and the venerable Dame Mary Mowbray, superior of the Abbey of Notre-Dame of Soissons. According to which I sign,

JÉRÔME, Bishop.'

The following letter was with this act:

'Dear and venerable Dame Mary—At the moment I write to you, I am prisoner in Lochleven Castle, and have just brought a daughter into the world. I have every thing to fear for the destiny if not for the life of this poor child: and, on her account, I have had already much to suffer. The 18th of July, this year, when my husband, the Earl of Bothwell, had fled to Norway, the lords, who were members of the secret council of Scotland, proposed to render null my union with the said count, and to declare it forced and illegitimate; but though that were truth, for it was with a poniard at my bosom that I gave my consent to this marriage, I obstinately refused to yield to the wishes of the lords of the secret council, for my child's sake, on whom it would have ever fixed shame and illegitimacy. I wrote to my family of Lorraine, who blame me exceedingly for my maternal perseverance; and thus I have no other faithful and sure friend to whom I can confide this dear child, born in captivity, and in the midst of anxieties. Bring her up secretly in your abbey, without revealing to any one, not even to herself, the secret of her birth. If my adversity continues, it were better for her that she live obscure and ignorant of her royal blood. I know too well what it is to wear a crown. If better days come I will recall her to myself. Nevertheless, do not, at least till after my death, let her take the veil and pronounce her vows. Adieu! dear and beloved Mary, sweet companion of my youth at the court of France; adieu! I confide to you the only precious treasure that remains to an unhappy queen, captive to her brother. A devoted friend, whom I dare not name for fear of undoing him, has promised at the risk of his life to bring you my child. Adieu! MARIA REGINA.'

On reading these papers, the bishop felt himself greatly surprised and troubled. 'I have made fine work,' said he 'I've married to a cloth-merchant the daughter of the Queen of Scotland, and the sister of King James, who has just ascended the throne of England by the death of Queen Elizabeth. God grant no misfortune may arise out of all this!' While he still examined the parchment deeds that certified Mary's birth, a page came to inform him that the abbess of the convent of Notre Dame of Soissons besought him to come immediately to her on business of the utmost importance; and the bishop hastened to comply with this message, for a peculiar presentiment told him that it concerned the secret he had just discovered. Arrived thither, he found the superior in extreme agitation, in the presence of a young nobleman, to whom she was offering the most humble testimonies of respect.

'My lord,' said she, as soon as the bishop appeared, 'his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has come to inquire at our convent for a young lady who must have been brought hither thirty-five years ago. Have you any knowledge of this fact, for I cannot remember it?'

'You should nevertheless remember the young lady,' interrupted the bishop, 'since, in spite of my remonstrances, you removed her from the convent, under pretext that nothing, not even the dying testimony of the former abbess, established her legitimate birth, and that she could neither take the veil in this abbey, nor remain longer in it as a boarder.'

The abbess was ready at this to sink with alarm, for the young prince, naturally of a severe physiognomy, regarded her with the utmost disapprobation.

'And what,' he inquired, 'is become of that unfortunate person?'

'I received her in my house,' the bishop hastened to add, 'and if your royal highness will permit it, I can inform you of every thing that has happened to her; and even conduct you to her. But, as this affair is to be a secret, and if my episcopal palace is not too unworthy a lodging for the heir of England's crown —'

'I accept your hospitality, my lord bishop; but let us be quick, for I desire to know the details of this adventure, which are to me of the greatest importance.'

Before going out, he turned to the abbess—' You have many faults, madam, to reproach yourself with in all this,' said he; 'if you add that of revealing the secret of my name, and the motives of my visit, the King of France will punish you severely.'

During the journey, the bishop, whose litter the young prince had entered, informed him of every thing he knew of Mary, with the exception of the discovery of the parchments, for the royal guest appeared desirous to keep secret the birth of her he had come to seek at the convent of Notre-Dame.

The brow of his companion clouded, however, considerably, when he learned the marriage of Mary Stuart, still more so when he heard that her husband was a draper. He paced the room for some time, then facing the prelate, he said, 'You know then nothing more concerning this person's origin?' at the same time fixing so keen a glance upon him, that the old man hastened to bring the parchments and presented them to him. At their sight, James the First's son stamped violently, and uttered some angry words, quite sufficient to alarm his hearer.

'And does she know of these papers?'

'About two hours only have passed since I discovered them. She is ignorant of their existence.'

The prince read them twice over, and appeared deliberating upon what he should do. At length he resolved to send for Mary, and decide upon nothing before speaking to her; he therefore bade the bishop inform her he wished to speak to her. On her arrival, the prince was astonished at her noble mien, and serene and pure beauty. He threw aside his hat, which till now he had kept on, and seeming to take a sudden resolution, bowed to her and said, 'Madam, I wish to ask your counsel and advice.'

'Mine, sir?' replied Mary, smiling.

'Listen; there is in a town of France, of little consequence which, a woman of illustrious origin; or rather, we may say, perhaps of royal origin, who has become the wife of a citizen, but this marriage she contracted, ignorant that she belonged to a great family. Do you listen to me attentively?'

'I listen, sir, with all my soul,' replied she, with emotion.

'To-day the secret of her birth will be revealed to this woman. What think you should she do?'

'Is her mother alive?' inquired Mary, with agony.

'Her mother is dead.'

Mary's eyes filled with tears.

'And her father?' added she in an indistinct voice.

'Her father merited neither her respect nor her tenderness; but he is dead also.'

'And what is proposed to this woman?'

'To dissolve this alliance, which cannot be legitimate, since, when it was formed, she knew not what she was doing.'

'And what will this woman receive in exchange for the rupture of her marriage?'

'A place near a throne.'

'Sir,' said she, rising, in a firm voice, 'I say, that should such a woman hesitate to remain with her husband, and even thought of leaving her happy obscurity, she would merit but contempt;' and, as Charles looked at her with astonishment, she continued, 'yes, contempt! for she would

moment to share his fortune and his name with her when a wanderer without an asylum.'

'And if, madam, this affair regarded yourself, would not your sentiments change?'

'I know it concerns myself, sir. Your words have explained the mysterious ones of the worthy abbess who brought me up. They tell me why she treated me with such respect; and why she embraced me with such despair, the day when, in the cloister, prayers were offered for the repose of the soul of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.' Sir, if you are charged to reveal to me the secret of my birth, I know it; if you are come on the part of King James, my brother, to lead me to the foot of his throne, I am grateful for his pious remembrance; but I cannot accept his offers. I will live and die the wife of the honest man who has rendered me happy so many years. There is no longer in Soissons Mary Stuart; there only remains the wife of Jehan Pastelot.'

Prince Charles hid his face in his hands, then rising, he knelt before Mary. 'I am your mother's grandson,' said he, 'I am your nephew, Prince Charles of Wales. Suffer me to kiss your hand, noblest and worthiest of creatures! I will return to London; I will faithfully inform my father of all I have heard; I will supplicate him to call your husband to his court. He who has merited such deep affection can be no ordinary man: my father will ennable him, and —'

'No,' said she, 'no, my lord! Jehan Pastelot is but a simple citizen; nobility, titles, and grandeur, would ill become him. My lord, let me once embrace, but once, my brother's son, and I shall have nothing to ask of God but to unite me one day to my mother in heaven—in heaven, where there are neither queens nor citizens, but blessed saints, equal in the divine mercy. Tell the king my brother, that his sister, a poor and humble merchant, will every day address prayers for him to the Almighty. Kings have greater need of them than other men—have they not, my lord?'

'True,' replied the young prince gravely, 'a crown is a heavy and often a fatal burden; and perhaps it is more prudent to keep at a distance from it. Adieu, madam; I shall inform my father of what I have seen and heard: his wisdom will appreciate the generous resolution you have taken. Adieu, dear aunt.'

He kissed her affectionately on both cheeks, and was about to depart, when suddenly he returned and said, 'Before we separate, have you nothing to ask of me?'

'To remember me sometimes.'

'I can never forget your noble and loyal heart; but your fortune —'

'Is much more than we need.'

'Will your royal highness tell me what I am to do with these parchments?' inquired the bishop, presenting them to the prince.

'Give them to my aunt.'

'A letter from my mother! Oh, let me have that!' She read it with tears; then said, 'there is one duty I must fulfil. I shall carefully preserve this tress of hair, a precious and holy relic of my mother. But this letter, and this baptismal act, I thus dispose of.' She threw them into the fire. 'And now, adieu to your highness the Prince of Wales.'

The prince departed, and the bishop remained alone with Mary, who pressed to her lips her mother's hair.

'Jehan Pastelot,' said he, 'will be much surprised, and deeply grateful, when he learns your wonderful adventure and generous devotion.'

'Jehan Pastelot will never know it,' replied she.

The bishop took Mary's hand, and in respectfully kissing it, while a tear of admiration dropped upon it, said, 'You are the noblest and most amiable of women.'

We must now let many years pass, and arrive at the month of February, 1649. Mary and Jehan Pastelot, seated by a large chimney, talked gaily of days that were gone, and were respectfully listened to by a lady of about forty years old, and a maiden of rare beauty, who looked not

daughter of the Pastelot pair, and the pretty Frances was espoused to Henry Raparlier, a wealthy merchant of the town. Seated on a cushion at her grandmother's feet, she lent a delighted ear to the recital of the nuptial pomp displayed by the bishop of Soissons at the marriage of her grandmother to Jehan Pastelot. The mild and venerable features of the old woman animated at these descriptions, and Jehan felt a tear of happiness steal down his cheek. To master his emotion, he arose and walked to the window; his form was not bent; his step had not lost its firmness; and his hair, dazzlingly white, fell in abundance on his shoulders. But to interrupt these happy moments, the only servant whom they kept announced that a young nobleman wished to speak to Dame Pastelot. Jehan bade him be admitted, and there entered a young man of about nineteen, dressed in mourning, and whose black garments well assorted with his pale and distressed physiognomy. He approached respectfully to the venerable dame, placed one knee on the ground, drew from his bosom a letter sealed with black, while his sobs were audible. Mary opened it, and replied by her tears to those of the young man, who threw himself into her arms, and they embraced each other a long time. The spectators of this unexpected scene looked on in deep astonishment.

'What!' cried Mary, at last, 'they have not respected their sovereign, their master! They have assassinated him! Alas! a stranger to the things of this world, I was ignorant of the captivity, of the perils of my nephew, Charles. He whom I have seen so noble and so generous, has perished by the axe of the executioner!'

'Yes, my noble and beloved aunt. Yes, Elizabeth, in striking the queen your mother, taught the English people how to respect royal heads. They have profited by the lesson, and treated the grandson as she treated the grandmother.'

Pastelot and his children listened with stupefaction to this revelation of Mary's high origin. But the poor woman was too overwhelmed with grief to remark their trouble.

'They have tried him—they have condemned him—they have beheaded him. In the midst of his sufferings he remembered you, whose wisdom preferred your husband and an obscure existence, to the agitation and fatal grandeur of royalty. The letter you hold he wrote to you, the day before his death: a devoted servant received it at the peril of his life, and brought it to me with no less difficulty and danger. Read it again, my dear aunt! Read it, daughter of Mary Stuart; let me hear once more the words of the martyr king.'

Dame Mary read in a trembling voice: 'Dear and beloved sister of my father, about to appear before God, my sovereign judge, I wish to give you a last proof of my tenderness and my remembrance. I know that you are still living, and that nothing has disturbed the peaceful life you chose, for while respecting your secret, my solicitude watched over you, and a faithful friend of mine always brought every year to me news of you. My son will remit you this letter and the hair it contains. Place it by that of your mother, assassinated like myself; and console, I beseech you, the poor orphan my son. Repeat to him that I bid him pardon those who occasion my death, as I pardon them. Adieu, dear and beloved aunt, we shall meet in heaven.—CAROLUS REX.'

'Now, dear relation, that I have fulfilled the duty my father had charged me with, give me your blessing and receive my adieux.'

'Will you go now—already?'

'I am going to reconquer my father's kingdom.'

'You are going to throw yourself into the midst of his assassins! But they will kill you also.'

'O Lord!' exclaimed Mary, kneeling down, while every one instinctively imitated her; 'O Lord! I know nothing of the things here below, and I can but humble myself before thy impenetrable designs; but, if it please thee to listen to the voice of thy lowest servant, protect this poor orphan!' She arose, placed her hands on Charles's head and said: 'Go now, sire, and may your majesty fulfil your duty.'

The proscribed monarch was about to retire, when Jehan Pastelot respectfully approached him: 'Sire, said he, 'I am not rich, but my granddaughter is to be honourably married. Therefore, if you would deign to permit me to offer for your noble designs three hundred thousand crowns.'

'Oh! that is noble, Jehan, that is well!' cried Mary.

'Sire,' added Frances's mother, 'I share my father's sentiments, and we would sacrifice with joy our last crown in your cause: if I had a son, his life would belong to you.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Charles, 'you are all noble and generous Stuarts. Thanks, thanks! these are sweet consolations to my sorrowful heart; but I need not accept your devoted offers; the king of France has placed at my disposal considerable sums. Adieu all! adieu! Pray for King Charles.'

Jehan then drew near to Mary, and took both her hands in his. 'You kept your secret, Mary—you would not leave the humble citizen to take your place by the king your brother's side!'

'Had not the citizen espoused me when I was poor, an orphan, without a name, and banished from the episcopal palace?'

'But why, at least, did you not let me know the immense sacrifice you made for me?'

'Because the remembrance of this sacrifice, which was none to me, would have troubled your happiness; because you would have thought I regretted a rank I cared not about.' Then, cutting short: 'Come, my children,' said she, 'let us descend to the kitchen. It is time to set about the wedding tart. In spite of my eighty years, I would have a hand in it.'

SUMMARY OF THE CHARACTER OF LORD BACON.

PATTED on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain whether the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and gay at the court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's-inn—throwing aside the musty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking 'all knowledge for his province'—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—playing all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favour—entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—being seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot—making amends by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honourable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet, the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of the Prime Minister, a Queen's Counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a sponging-house—tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponent, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory—seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new sovereign offering up the most servile adulation to a pedant whom he utterly despised—infinitely gratified by being permitted to kneel, with 280 others, to receive the honour of knighthood—truckling to a worthless favourite with the most slavish subserviency, that he might be appointed a law officer of the Crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson, whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the

phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the meanwhile for farther promotion, and writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the Lord High Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and judges, to be installed in the office of Lord High Chancellor—by and by, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being obliged, out of lecency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendour and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendour of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and, in the midst of pecuniary embarrassments, refusing to be ‘stripped of his feathers.’—*Campbell's Lives of Chancellors.*

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

WINDS—USES OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

WIND is caused by the motion of air; and an inquiry into the cause of winds is resolved into an investigation of those circumstances which occasion a motion in the air. Heat is the most important agent in this matter. When air becomes heated it expands, decreases in density, and consequently ascends; the colder and denser air rushes in to possess the place which was occupied by that which has ascended; and thus two currents of air are produced. This simple fact may be satisfactorily illustrated to common observation, by the case of an ordinary room in which fire is burning. If a candle be placed at the top of the door, it will be observed that the flame is slightly blown in a direction towards the door; if the candle be then placed at the bottom of the door, the direction of the current appears contrary, and the flame becomes turned towards the fire. In the one case, the heated air, from its tendency to rise, is taking an upward course, and rushing through the opening at the top of the door; in the other, the cold air is flowing in to supply the deficiency occasioned by the ascent and egress of the heated air.

The air is also subject to great and frequent agitation from the electrical changes which take place in the atmosphere. It is generally believed, that electricity is chiefly instrumental in producing the variable and violent winds which are experienced. To understand the operation of this agent in bringing to pass the effects which we are considering, it is necessary to keep in mind, that scientific men speak of two kinds of electricity, or rather two different ways in which the same element seems to operate—the one positive, and the other negative. If a body positively electrified, come within the sphere of one negatively electrified, they attract each other; but, if their electric states be similar, that is, either both positive or both negative, they repel each other. Thus, we find an attractive and repulsive influence which produces, as in the case of heat, a two-fold motion. Electricity is excited by various means—such as friction, change of temperature, and contact—and acts as a disturbing cause in producing the blasts and breezes which sweep over the earth. Having thus far endeavoured to explain the general causes of winds, we may now proceed to consider their distinctive features and causes; for this purpose, they may be appropriately divided into *variable* and *constant*. The variable winds are sufficiently accounted for by the remarks already made; and when we reflect on the inconceivable rapidity of lightning, we need not be surprised at the suddenness of those hurricanes which sometimes threaten instant and entire destruction.

The *trade-winds* is the name given to those breezes which blow in the Atlantic between the shores of Africa and America, extending 30 deg. on each side of the equator. That in the northern part of the Atlantic is generally called the

although it changes a little both in its direction and extent. Along the coast of Africa it is almost north-east; midway between Africa and America, it is sometimes entirely east. In winter, when the sun is south, the northern extremity of the north-east wind extends to about 27 deg. north, and its southern to 5 deg. north; and thus ranges over 22 deg. In summer, when the sun is north of the equator, its northern boundary reaches as far as 32 deg. north, and its southern to 12 deg. north, which makes it embrace a space of 20 deg. From these facts, it appears that the north-east trade-wind extends over 2 deg. more in winter than in summer. The *south-east* is that which prevails south of the equator. In winter, when the sun is south, its northern boundary reaches to 1 deg. north, and its southern to 30 deg. south, which gives it an extent of 31 deg. In summer, when the sun is north, its northern edge extends to 3 deg. north, and its southern to 28 deg. south; whence it is evident that at this season also it sweeps over 31 deg. The south-east thus subjects to its sway the same extent in both seasons; and 11 deg. in summer, and 9 deg. in winter, more than the north-east. The space between the southern limit of the *north-east*, and the northern limit of the *south-east*, is the region of the *calms*. In winter, it extends from 1 to 5 deg., or four degrees; and in summer, from 3 to 12 deg., or nine degrees. The voyage in the line of the north-east trade-wind, from the coast of Africa to the West Indies, is described as singularly pleasant. The vessel is wafted along by a grateful breeze, at the rate of five or six knots an hour. The mariners are relaxed from their wonted toil, and undismayed by any dread of danger. During the day the air is clear and refreshing; above is the deep blue canopy of heaven, and beneath spreads out, in boundless expanse, the glassy surface of an unruffled ocean. In the evening, the silver moon shines forth with cloudless splendour; or the countless host of stars spangle the firmament, and twinkle with vivid brilliancy.

The trade-winds, as we intimated in a recent number, were discovered by Columbus, on his voyage of discovery towards the western world. His men were at first delighted with the gentle and favourable wind and the smooth sea, which allowed them to suspend their labours and enjoy the pleasures of repose and admiration. After a few days, they became quite alarmed, under an apprehension that it would continue to blow always in the same direction, and that they would never again reach home. Accordingly, they insisted on Columbus to return, before all hope of revisiting their native shores should have fled, and even absolutely refused to obey his orders unless their wishes were complied with. Columbus, at this trying moment, manifested the magnanimity which ever shone conspicuously in his character. He requested that they would consent to proceed in their course a few days longer, and promised, that, if at the expiry of that time they should not have attained the object of their wishes and pursuit, he would agree to return. Before the lapse of the specified time, they had discovered a new world, and immortalised themselves by a discovery greater than that of the trade-winds. What a beautiful instance does this afford of the success which attends the pursuit of knowledge, and how encouraging is it to the enterprising student of science! He may not always reach the height to which his ambition soars, but assuredly his noble efforts will not be unrewarded; he may, like Columbus, unexpectedly discover the track of the *trades*, though he may not like him also discover America.

The winds, which we are sometimes apt to view as the disturbers of the tranquillity of nature, and as the ministers of vengeance, are employed in wafting from distant countries the productions of varied climes, and form an important means of dispersing over the world its comforts and conveniences. They also serve the necessary purpose of conveying clouds through the atmosphere, and imparting moisture and fertility to countries which otherwise would be parched by uninterrupted drought. Even the dread tornado, whose resistless sweep carries desolation in its course, is not without its use in clearing the atmosphere of pestilential effluvia, which, when the air becomes stagnant, con-

The atmosphere serves as the abode of birds, and the medium of transmitting the light which cheers and illuminates. It acts as the great repository of clouds and rains, which perform so important a part in the economy of nature. Vapours ascend by means of heat, become condensed in the upper regions of the air, float about in the form of clouds, which refresh by their cooling shade, and descend upon the earth as fertilising showers. It is also the medium of sound, which enables us to correspond by spoken language, and delights us by the sweet cadence of music. The faculty of speech would be useless unless something were provided to cause and communicate sound. Man would be almost as unable to impart a knowledge of his wants and wishes as the dumb creation; we would not experience the overpowering influence, the thrilling interest, and inspired bursts of the accomplished orator; the divine melody of the groves, the living tones of the lyre, and the melting accents of the voice, but for the air, would never fall on the raptured ear. One of the most important purposes of the atmosphere is in supporting respiration and combustion. It is ascertained that animals and vegetables, when excluded from the air, soon decay and die; that it is the food which nourishes our fires and lamps, and enables them to impart heat and light. It is, moreover, remarkable that the oxygen of the atmosphere, which is consumed by the respiration of animals, is evolved during the day by vegetables; and that carbonic acid gas, which is rejected from the lungs of animals, and which, when breathed, proves destructive to them, is inhaled by vegetables, and rendered subservient to their growth. The nice equilibrium of the gases is preserved, and animals and vegetables are rendered dependent upon each other for that which constitutes in no inconsiderable degree the means of their support. The tenuous air, invisible to the eye, and imperceptible to the touch, of whose existence we require to be made aware by the researches of science, is no less requisite to our existence than the food which we eat. The atmosphere is composed almost wholly of oxygen and nitrogen, combined in the proportions adapted to our constitution, and to various processes in nature. There are, however, several other compounds of the same elements differing a little from atmospheric air in their proportions, and altogether different in their nature and effects. Nitrous oxide, when inhaled into the lungs, produces a state of intoxication, accompanied with extraordinary exhilaration of spirits and animal excitement. Laughing, leaping, and all the indications of unbounded joy are indulged in to an immoderate degree, under an insensibility to external objects and impressions. Nitric acid is another compound of the same bodies, and is well known, by the name of *aqua-fortis*, to be so corrosive in its nature, as to dissolve almost any of the metals. Nitric oxide, composed of equal quantities of oxygen and nitrogen, produces instant suffocation when taken into the lungs of animals. If the elements of that subtle fluid which we constantly breathe were to undergo the slightest permanent change in their proportions, our life might be converted into a state of visionary and fantastic emotions, or rendered miserable, and become instantly extinguished. The power, wisdom, and goodness of the Sovereign Ruler of the universe are no less strikingly displayed in the delicate adjustment of the inappreciable air than in the poisoning and regulating of yon ponderous orbs that circle through illimitable space.

J U M B I E.

JUMBLE!—That word puzzles you, reader. You think it's Indian for a prairie-dog, or some other animal peculiar to those grassy wilds; or, if not, that it must be border-slang for a bivouac, or a break-down, or afeat, or adventure of some kind, that, happening only to the rovers of the prairie, requires some *outre* and new-fangled phrase to characterise it! But you grow impatient. I must elucidate a little; yet remember, if I reveal to you here the external characteristics of a jumble, it is on the implied condition that you read fairly through the singular illustration of its spiritual mystery which suggested this sketch. Did you ever have

a doggrel couplet fasten so perversely upon your memory, that it kept gnawing there for days together? Did you ever have a Jim Crow bar of music rattling in your ear, like a pebble in a calabash? These are all veritable *jumbies*. But 'tis very arbitrary, say you, to fix such an outlandish epithet upon those well-known mental phenomena. Excuse me: the epithet, as you disdainfully call it, is a real word—a word some thousands of years old, probably. It expresses, too, a distinct idea; it has a definite meaning; and thus fulfilling a clear mission of thought, it is, to my mind uncouth as it seems, far more respectable than your generalising phrase of 'mental phenomenon.' At all events, the manner in which I first became acquainted with the full dignity of the term can never be effaced from my memory.

Many years since, I found myself, one dismal autumn day, on the edge of one of the largest prairies of our north-west territory, debating with a fellow-traveller the expediency of attempting to cross it so late in the season. The objections were threefold. In the first place, the prairie had been lately burned, and it would be necessary to carry all our provender with us. In the next, the season was so late that there was danger of snow; and there being no islands of timber to shelter us, no means of guidance, save a compass, in case of a storm of any violence, we should almost inevitably lose our way, and starve or perish from exposure to the elements. The third objection was the condition of my own health. All these were eventually overruled, and we started on a clear November morning, with a negro servant as attendant; each of us mounted on one of the long-limbed horses of the country, with a sputter-horse, in addition, for the baggage. An accident having lame one of the horses soon after starting, we were obliged to halt, and thus missing the spring at which we had purposed bivouacking, we had to pass a cheerless night on the bleak prairie.

We were stirring betimes. 'Well, Frank,' said my companion to the negro, as he jerked him to his feet at day-break, 'tis full as well that we didn't find that spring last night, for it will be just the place to breakfast at.' 'Better not look for him, massa; dat spring jumbie—prairie jumbie—jumbie all around us.' My friend laughed, and I scarcely heard the remark in the hurried preparations for starting which followed. We rode on for hours, discovering not the slightest indication of the spring and thicket, but encountering, every few miles, one of the shallow rain-water pools which from time to time had broken the perfect monotony of our yesterday's travel—I should not say 'broken the monotony,' for they were so unmarked by any shape or expression, and were all so perfectly alike, that they seemed rather to impress one more strongly with the unvarying sameness of the scene. Near one of these limpid shallows, that, like all of them, seemed scarcely a hand's-breadth in depth, I suggested, as the sun was now several hours high, that we should halt for breakfast. 'Well, Frank,' said I to the negro, who ate a little apart from us, while we helped ourselves to the fare that was spread out upon a bison-skin, used by way of tablecloth—'well, Frank, don't you think this pool will answer as well as the spring would to wash your dishes in?' 'Pool jumbie—jis as spring jumbie—prairie all jumbie—neber get away from him.' I was about to ask an explanation of the word—'Pray you, pardon me,' cried my friend, laying his hand upon my arm; 'Frank, how do you make out the spring to be a jumbie?' 'Cause Frank tink—tink ob him all day long—tink ob him, neber find him—but still can't help tink ob him. What dat but jumbie spirit trouble Frank so, massa?' 'But this puddle of water,' laughed my friend, 'you find plenty like it; how is that a jumbie too?' 'No find but one puddle from de fust. He be same old puddle. Come, come, again. Tire nigger wid looking at him, yet he can't help look for some difference, dro' he know always turn out de same. What dat but jumbie spirit?' 'And the prairie,' cried I, almost screaming with laughter at the grotesque whimsicality of the superstition, then perfectly new to me—'the prairie, Frank, what do you make of that?' 'He be all jumbie—de biggest jumbie

of de world—always de same, and you nebber, nebber get rid ob him.' Then the poor fellow actually burst into tears, and began to wring his hands most piteously. 'Oh, massa, massa, what will become ob de massa and his poor Frank! De little jumbie spirit always bad enough when he get hold of folks; but here we be on de back ob great big jumbie, who keeps sliding from under us all de while we tink ourselves moving, keeping us jes in de same, same spot, for ebber, for ebber. Oh, de poor nigger will nebber, nebber see the trees, nor de hills, nor de running water of the earth; nebber see any ting but dis black jumbie-back, nebber, nebber more.' I looked at the face of my friend, and I confess there was a blankness of expression which struck me as arguing some emotion other than concern and sympathy for the agitation of this poor ignorant bondman. Could it be that some pagan foster-nurse, among those of the same complexion as Frank, had so imbued him in childhood with the same superstitious feelings, that they now were re-awakened unpleasantly by the earnest and most painful exhibition of fanciful suffering in the other? Surely I myself could not be affected, save with mirth, by such absurd credulity. I declare I was not so sure of this when several hours' subsequent travel brought us to a pool which so exactly resembled that seen in the morning, that I could not for the life of me help adding a whistle of wonderment to the woful chorus of ejaculations into which poor Frank broke at the sight of it. Every landmark around us—if I may use that word, where landmarks there were none—every feature of the landscape—if the phrase be admissible where the painter's art were a nullity—all, all around us was one dull, dead, unbroken monotony—an interminable dark level—an eye-wearying waste—marked only, but not relieved, by that circular limpid shallow, reflecting an ashen sky; and sky, earth, and pool, all equally motionless, without the faintest shadow or one variety of tint, save the leaden hues of the same sombre colour. We talked but little during that day. About sunset, a breeze, which crept over the waste in little whirlwinds, enlivened us somewhat, but I cannot remember that one jest was successful enough to raise a smile from either of us. But, indeed, neither my friend nor myself could restrain our risibles, had we cared to do so, at one remark of Frank's, when we came to camp down for the night. The poor fellow had just lighted a spirit-lamp to make coffee for us, when a blast of wind, which suddenly swept the prairie, extinguished the flame. 'What do you sit so stupidly there for, Frank?—why don't you light another match?' said his master. 'No use yet—no use jes now, please, massa. Nigger wait till we hab done slipping.' 'Slipping?—why, what do you mean now, Frank?' 'Massa, what make dat great wind but de jumbie-back slipping from under us to put white folks and nigger jes where we started in de mornin'?—what but dat make de wind to blow lamp out?' The merriment called out by this whimsical idea of the sable physiologist was not a bad preparation for cheerful rest. But our anxiety took a new turn in the morning, upon discovering that our horse-feed would not hold out more than another day. It is true that we had not originally expected it to last longer. But, though steadily following the guidance of the compass, and therefore confident that our course must have laid truly, yet the simple fact of having, in our first day's travel, missed that spring—the one only landmark of our journey—annoyed us not a little, as the incident became coloured by the scene and circumstances around us; viewed sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously to ourselves, through the wild superstition of the negro. The day proved not only mild for the season, but even oppressively warm; and about noontide, the lame horse gave out completely. We removed his load, took off the halter, and left the poor brute to his fate upon that dreary heath, which the next year's summer would alone freshen with a blade of herbage. He followed us for a while, and we hoped might be yet able to keep us in view; but pain, or a fecklessness of disposition, which from the first had marked his temper, made him stop short at last. I turned once or twice in the saddle to look

same spot, fixed there beneath that glaring noonday sun, as immovably as the gnome upon a dial. I could not help expressing my surprise that Frank, who, with a benevolence common to the negro character, had shown much concern for the horse when he was first hurt, should betray no feeling at this painful abandonment of the poor animal. 'Why Frank be sorry?' said he, in reply; 'when de jumbie-back slip at night, him as well as oder hoss all come back to de same place, 'cept lame hoss too be turned into jumbie-spirit, and den me see him ebery day, same, same hoss, see him standing den jes as now, and alway see him de same hour.' We now rode forward rapidly; our horses' feet had become used to the soil, and notwithstanding the heat of the 'Indian summer' weather, had accomplished a very long stage—a full day's journey, in fact, while the sun was still several hours high. We ought—we surely ought—to be near our destination. I confessed this to my friend; and I am not ashamed to say, that as I did so, and at the same time acknowledged that my prairie experience was utterly at fault in discovering any signs of thicket, grove, or timber-land in the distance, I began to share more or less the superstitious terrors which did unquestionably blanch his cheek. The reader, wholly inexperienced, perhaps, in life in the wilderness, smiles at the weakness. Yet the famous Colonel Crockett, as gallant a bushranger as perished among the hardy Texans, who fought and fell at the Alamo, has left it upon record, that a man, when first lost in the forest, will almost persuade himself that the sun rises and sets in a different quarter of the heavens than is his wont; and on a prairie—when lost on a prairie—with no one object to fix and determine the use of the external senses, the bewilderment of imagination is far more startling—the vagaries of reason far more eccentric. The lost wanderer is left wholly to his imagination, and he can reason only upon the possibilities it suggests. For three days I had gazed only upon limitless monotony; for three days I had heard no sound save those that came from our little cavalcade—yes! I forgot; on the first morning, and soon after we had got out of sight of the timber-land, a solitary raven rose screaming from the carcass of a roasted wolf, who had probably perished while trying to escape the prairie fire a month earlier. But this recollection only served to remind me that, if we were again approaching the forest, more of these birds ought to be visible, for the carrion wolves and deer upon which they feed are most often smothered by the smoke of a burning prairie, on the verge of the timber-swamps, to which they are flying for refuge. 'This is an ugly business,' said my friend, after a few moments' painful musing; 'can you see nothing—no one sign in the air or on the earth—nothing to form a conjecture how we may be situated?' 'From the earth, most assuredly nothing. You know as well as I do that there are no running streams on these upland prairies to guide conjecture in any way; and as for the air, the sun, as you have seen, goes down very differently over a prairie to what he does elsewhere; but that Indian summer mist, which is now gathering about him, makes it impossible to detect any of the peculiarities which mark his setting over a broken country.' 'What will become of us?—what shall we do?—what can you think of?—what suggestion have you?' For me, my brain is dizzy with looking ceaselessly upon this changeless monotony, suggesting ever the one same idea of poor Frank's jumbie.' We had halted apparently still in the centre of the boundless plain—looking forward, there was no vestige of our having accomplished anything. 'Still, I thought, 'while there is nothing here to guide one, there is also nothing to mislead. If our course was laid properly in the first instance, we may still clear the waste; if that course was laid wrongly, it is yet in the present extremity most wise to pursue it—we *must* go on—on—and our only hope is in the ability still to keep this straightforward direction.' I explained this to my friend, much in the same language I have used here. He simply nodded significantly, and pressed forward in silence. The whole proposition was so plain to him, that it needed no further demonstration. A drizzling rain, which soon after

the vapour became so thick, that we could not see twenty yards in advance; when, it being also now near night, we were compelled to encamp. Wet, weary, and dispirited, I can conceive few things more disheartening than our present plight. My friend, who was of a fine bold spirit, attempted to jest both about our present discomforts and the almost appalling prospects of the morrow. But the terror of poor Frank, who besought him not to speak with such levity of 'Massa Jumbie,' soon made him desist; a deep sigh that came from the breast of his master, as he turned away from his supper without touching it, betrayed to me the pardonable affectation of the gallant fellow. My poor friend, I believe, slept little that night, and his nerves must have been much shaken by watching, for him to exhibit the spectacle I witnessed in the morning. The sudden cries of Frank had made me start from my sleep; I looked up—my friend had raised himself on one hand, and with pallid features, and eyes almost starting from their sockets, was gazing before him. 'Oh, massa, massa—I told um so—here we be—here we be slipped back, slipped clean, clean back to jes where we started from—we and de hoss—yes, de lame hoss and all—and all got to do the same over again ebery day—ebery day.' I looked, and true enough, we were almost under the shadow of a tall wood, exactly like that we had left four mornings before. Nay, more—the lame horse stood there on its verge, as if he had slipped back as Frank had prophesied. . . . The reader has, I know, already solved the mystery, and discovered that we had unconsciously gained the woodlands under cover of the mist of the preceding evening—that we had, in a word, attained the further bourne of the prairie, in the very hour we had nearly despaired of ever reaching it. It was not, however, till we had mounted, penetrated some hundred yards into the forest, and saw the smoke of a settler's cabin curling up among the trees, that poor bewildered Frank could be persuaded he was fairly off the *jumbie-back*.—*The Gift for 1845.*

MILK OF HUMAN NATURE.

The milk of human nature appears under as many different modifications in the dispositions of men, as the substance to which it is compared undergoes in the dairy. In some men of a perpetual and impregnable good humour, it has all the oiliness and consistency of butter; in those of a liberal and generous disposition, it has all the richness of cream; in men of a sickly habit of mind, it has all the mawkish insipidity of whey; and in a large portion of the community it possesses all the sourness of butter milk.—*Wolfe.*

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

About six in the morning I reached the shore, and, much against the advice of my excellent guide, I resolved on having a bath. I was desirous of ascertaining the truth of the assertion, that 'nothing sinks in the Dead Sea.' I swam a considerable distance from the shore, and about four yards from the beach I was beyond my depth; the water was the coldest I ever felt, and the taste of it most detestable: it was that of a solution of nitre mixed with an infusion of quassia. Its buoyancy I found to be far greater than that of any sea I ever swam in, not excepting the Euxine, which is extremely salt. I could lie like a log of wood on the surface without stirring hand or foot as long as I chose; and with a good deal of exertion I could just dive sufficiently deep to cover all my body, but I was again thrown on the surface, in spite of my endeavours to descend lower. On coming out, the wounds in my feet pained me excessively, the poisonous quality of the waters irritated the abraded skin, and ultimately made an ulcer of every wound, which confined me fifteen days in Jerusalem, and became so troublesome in Alexandria, that my medical attendant was apprehensive of gangrene.—*Madden's Travels.*

CHARACTER OF THE GERMANS.

All over Germany the natives are fond of flowers. The nursery of Mr Booth, a Scotsman by extraction, is famous for every variety of rose, and for an endless variety of plants and trees, collected from the Norwegian, Siberian,

and other hyperborean regions. It is situated at the distance of three German leagues from Hamburg, in the direction of Altona, and occupies a surface of 150 English acres. It is delightful to see the steps to the thresholds of the meanest houses gay with flowering plants, the small adjacent strips of land blushing with peonies and roses, whilst the honeysuckles and eternal creepers festoon the windows of the lowliest dwellings. There is a cleanliness of mind indicated in a taste for these embellishments, that savours of the golden age of innocence, rather than of these vivitated times. Sobriety and peace may be said to dwell where Flora reigns. In fact, after the changes of war, the devastations of revolutions, and the corrupting examples of treachery and treason attendant on unsettled politics, there is perhaps no nation in the world more pure, more sincere, and more well-disposed than the Germans.—*F. H. Standish.*

ANIMALCULE IN FLINT.

After their death, the accumulation of their shields, or hard outer coverings, mixed up with various earthy or flinty particles, produces layers of various earths and rocks. These become by time consolidated into clays, flints, and marbles, in which the shape of their shields and their characters are so clearly to be distinguished, that the very species can be determined. The hones on which razors, penknives, and other cutting instruments are sharpened, are made of a Turkish stone, which is a mass of the fossil covering of animalcules. Tripoli, or rottenstone, has long been well known in the arts, being used in the form of powder for polishing stones and metals. It consists almost entirely of an aggregate of animalcules, in widely extended layers without any connecting medium. A cubic inch of this substance would contain on an average about forty-one thousand millions of these *gaillonnea*, as they are termed, the shield of each one weighing about the one thousand one hundred and eighty-seventh millionth part of a grain. At every stroke that is made with this polishing powder, several millions, perhaps tens of millions, of perfect fossils are crushed to atoms!—*The Animalcule.*

INTEGRITY OF THE HEBREW TEXT.

The general integrity of the Hebrew text, and its freedom from any material corruption in the course of so many ages, is a wonderful fact, of which a combination of proofs from various quarters assures us. The deep veneration with which the Scriptures were viewed by all ranks of the nation of Israel; the peculiar constitution and observances appointed by their great legislator, and in all ages held sacred; the division of the people into separate tribes, under distinct rulers and heads; the priests and Levites settled in every quarter of the country; the various courts of justice, from the smallest to the greatest, appointed to try every offence, according to the divine law; the various assemblies where the Scriptures were publicly read and expounded; the division of the kingdom into two rival nations; their various sects; their academies and schools from early ages; their dispersion into various quarters of the world; their synagogues in every country, where the Hebrew Scriptures were read and interpreted; the mutual jealousy of Jews and Christians; the various translations and commentaries of the Scriptures in various languages; and, finally, the immense number of manuscripts which are found among nations very distant, and among people of very different characters and opinions—these, with many internal evidences, combine to show, that the Scriptures of the Old Testament have been preserved with the greatest care from any material vitiation.—*Dr M'Gill.*

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PEACE SOCIETIES.

CIVILIZED nations are evidently for a season tired of war. The universality of the change is scarce less remarkable than its suddenness. Half a century ago the trumpet's martial peal resounded in all quarters of the globe. British citizens in those days, rejoicing in the name of volunteers, girded themselves for battle with an alacrity which evinced anything rather than a dislike to the terrific pastime. To talk of patriotism is all very well—of being compelled to don harness in self-defence—of being summoned to the battle-field by the pleading cries of sisters, children, and wives. The truth is, we required very little prompting; the spirit of the age was decidedly warlike, and in the language of Mercutio, *a la stoccatta*, carried it away. How then has it come about, that within so short a period, a reaction so decidedly beneficial has taken place almost simultaneously in every quarter of the globe—that, in reference to this momentous subject, public feeling should have undergone a change at once so complete, desirable, and sudden? To say that it has been effected by the humanizing influence of Christianity alone would be going too far. Christianity has done much—the diffusion of information and the spread of knowledge more strictly secular in its nature may have done something—the experience of the national benefit consequent upon the commercial intercourse of countries at peace may have contributed its share—but the universality of the moral revolution must, we are afraid, be traced to a much more obvious, though far less gratifying cause than any other we could specify. The fact is, mankind in general have become tired of war, just for the same reason that we of these islands have got sick of poetry. Byron effected the latter change just as Napoleon accomplished the other. In both cases the thing was overdriven, and satiation has succeeded in begetting a temporary disgust. We will again, as in other years, request of poets the resumption of the pen—the harp shall again be taken down from the willows, and our bosoms shall yet acknowledge the subduing influence of song; and, left to themselves, men will again arouse to arms at the trumpet's call. Allow a few years to pass away, and, judging of the future by the past, a change will come over the spirit of the national dream; in the horoscope of Europe and the world the red orb of Mars will again resume its former ascendancy, and the clamour for war raised by a succeeding will probably be still more noisy than that which was set up by the generation which has just passed away.

This view of what we regard as the chief cause why men have so suddenly, from being lovers of war, become lovers

vail that, from the spread of political, scientific, or moral knowledge alone, men have become so much wiser and more humane than their fathers—that they *now detest war on its own account*—and you do nothing to render the change permanent; but once adopt the belief that the leviathan is not dead, but only sleeping, and though our pride in human nature and reason is less flattered, our Christian philanthropy is more roused. Tired of war, men are now cultivating the sciences, studying politics, reading books and periodicals in which useful information and harmless amusement are delightfully combined. This, however, will not of itself prevent them eventually from relapsing anew into the military mania of other days; the old spirit will come back upon the world unless something much more effective is accomplished than that which the mere politician, philosopher, or sage, can at any time achieve. But it is obvious that the same cause which at present facilitates the spread of merely secular, facilitates also the diffusion of that more important learning by means of which, men, by becoming wise for eternity, become wise also for time. What then is the immediate duty of all who wish well to the best interests of the human race? Is it to waste time in merely guessing at the causes which have contributed to the change so often already specified? This would not be wise; it would be at least a very questionable expenditure of talent and of time. True philosophy teaches us, previous to an investigation of their origin, to take advantage of circumstances as they are. Now, one thing is certain, mankind have recently become fervent in their praise of peace; they are inclined to listen with attentive patience to any one who will take the trouble of discoursing to them on the subject; and the man who, possessing the ability, does not avail himself of the opportunity which this state of things affords to advance the interests of humanity by a judicious advocacy of the ‘cause of peace,’ proves himself, if a Christian at all, to be less wise in his generation than thousands whose pretensions are far less high. After these observations it is scarcely necessary to announce the decided pleasure with which we have recently witnessed the advantage which, in many parts of the world, genuine philanthropists and Christian patriots are taking of the improved tone of public sentiment and feeling in reference to the evils of war and the advantages of peace, to inculcate doctrines and deliver maxims calculated, if sincerely imbibed and followed up, to render permanent a change which, but for this, will assuredly prove equally fallacious and temporary.

Peace societies, our readers are aware, have been in existence for upwards of thirty years. They started into organised being, both in America and our own country (and

after the battle of Waterloo. They have since arisen in some quarters of the Continent. Without attracting much notice, the members of these institutions prosecuted their philanthropic purpose for years; and they now have their reward: a tide of public approbation favourable to the grand object they are striving to promote, is fast setting in. That our readers may form some conception of what we mean, we shall take the liberty of giving the substance of an address delivered by Mr W. Smeal (a member of the Society of Friends), at a public meeting of the Glasgow Anti-war Society, held in the City Hall there, on 17th February last. Peace societies were projected simultaneously, yet without concert, in the Old and the New World. To the United States of America is due the honour of the actual formation of the first society, and to the city of New York must be awarded the priority in this noble cause. A peace society was formed there in the year 1815, as also in Massachusetts and Ohio. The London Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace, was formally established about midsummer 1816, exactly one year after the awful events at Waterloo. It had, however, been projected, and preliminary meetings had been held so early as 1814; but the continuance of the war, and the intoxication of national glory, appear to have impeded its public establishment. The meeting at which the formation of the London Society was resolved on, was held at the house of William Allen, the eminent philanthropist and philosopher, lately deceased, in Plough Court, in the city of London. It is not uninteresting to observe the names of the twelve men who were then first appointed as the committee of the infant society. The committee consisted of the venerable and venerated Thomas Clarkson, his brother John Clarkson, William Allen, William Crawford, Charles Stokes Dudley, Thomas Harper, minister, Robert Marsden, Joseph Tregellis Price, Evan Rees, John Scott, Frederick Smith, and Thomas Sturge. Since the formation of this society in the United Kingdom, numerous associations have been formed for the same object. The number of tracts and publications printed by the society to the present time, is about two millions; and these tracts have been circulated in various languages, and in all the quarters of the globe. But by far the most important labour of the society, was the summoning of a convention of its friends from various parts of the world, in London, in 1843. The object of this convention was to deliberate upon the best means of showing to the world the evils of war, and of promoting peace. The number of delegates appointed was 824, of whom 292 were from Great Britain and Ireland, 26 from the United States of America, and 6 from the Continent of Europe. The convention lasted three days, and was attended by about 150 of the delegates, besides a number of visitors, both ladies and gentlemen. The result of this convention has been to give an impetus to the cause greater than it ever before received. The friends of peace have been stimulated, and fresh energy is infused into their operations. The number of publications and periodicals has been extended; lectures have greatly increased; and new auxiliaries are constantly making their appearance.

While, however, much good may have resulted from the agency employed by such institutions to circulate tracts and periodicals favourable to their views, we cannot help thinking that one of the chief blessings society gains from them is the amount of influence exercised over the popular mind by the speeches delivered on occasion of their annual and other meetings. Tracts and magazines are all very well; we also decidedly approve of the advice given from so many quarters in reference to international addresses; but for producing a general sensation, there is nothing so effective as a good speech. Even the convention referred to, but for the eloquence of many of its public speakers, would have scarce achieved the triumphs it has subsequently gained. We anticipate similar results from the speeches recently delivered at the Glasgow meeting. These speeches are not mere declamatory harangues, holding up war to detestation by a mere exhibition of its horrors; nor do they advocate peace merely from the temporary blessing it is calculated to impart. Their ten-

dency is to exhibit how utterly at variance with the principles of the gospel of Christ are the exercise or cultivation of those feelings in which war originates. Now this is what all along we would be at. We may no doubt advance many reasons against war and in favour of peace; but why should believers in a revelation from God not just begin at the beginning? Why not speak out with fearlessness and fidelity? Why not say that men are by nature lovers of war—that though, from the influence of the same causes that render men for a time tired of anything, the civilised human family are at present disposed to vote war a nuisance, they, notwithstanding, when the mood comes round, will be as much inclined for it as ever? Why not confess that our outcry for peace originates in the same motive that gives existence to our outcry for prose? That both in reference to poetry and war we are in the transition state; that we have been regularly overdosed, and that as men will yet cry out for poets to sing for them, so will they, getting tired of the Luciuses, ‘whose thoughts, they must confess, are turned to peace,’ ruff in, when the hour comes round, the villainous Sempronius, whose voices are ‘still for war.’ What use, therefore, in going round about the bus on such an important question? If we are averse to war because we are better Christians than our forefathers, it is good; but if the feeling originate merely in being tired for a time of the game, it will not be lasting. Now, however, is the time for the Christian philanthropist to beseech himself. Christianity alone can render permanent a change which originated in a mere satiation of war as a trade. Let Christian ministers, therefore, bring the subject prominently before the minds of their hearers, giving distinct utterance to the truth, that, as the gospel of Christ recommends peace, so nothing but the same gospel can render peace permanent. A better moment than the present cannot be supposed for the inculcation of such doctrine, appalled and agonised as we have been by the recent sanguinary gazettes from the seat of war in India, and half dreading as we are a quarrel about the Oregon affair with our brethren in the west. Let therefore as many meetings as possible be got up for the purpose of bringing out the views of those who believe that mankind can only be kept from relapsing into their old martial propensities by the influence of genuine Christianity; for we cannot conceal a suspicion that too little stress has been laid upon this view of things. To judge from the language which many use, we might almost fancy that human nature is improving of itself—that men are becoming peaceful, just through the diffusion of science and literature. Leviathan, alas, is not to be so easily tamed! They have read history to little purpose who are not aware that men naturally love to go to war; that they must have something to do—something to excite them; and that the mania of war will never yield to the mere influence of Peace Societies unless they recognise Christianity as the only system that can ultimately regenerate mankind. This, we are glad to discover, the members of peace institutions are almost universally doing; and this being the case, we must, in the use of our influence, bid them God-speed. What so desirable as peace—what so terrific as war! And yet, after all our experience of these, there is a principle in human nature which, unless checked by the gospel of peace, will again plunge us into all its horrors. There is, we again repeat, a danger that at present we mistake the mere lull of the storm for a permanent calm; that because men are clamorous for peace now they will be so always. Nothing can render us secure but the eradication of the principles in which war originates. This can be achieved by Christianity alone. Let it therefore be distinctly announced that such is the fact. Shilly-shallying, while it does good at no time, is utterly ruinous here. While the enemy sleeps let us endeavour to eradicate the tares. ‘Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill to men!’ formed the burden of angelic song on the night of the birth of the Prince of Peace. The principles he taught, when universally embraced, will banish war from the earth; but nothing else will. Science, philosophy, art, may be cultivated while men are under the influence of a temporary sati-

tion of the game of war; but these will never eradicate the principle. The tendency to war has its origin in clemens with which the religion of Christ only can successfully grapple. This, we are glad to observe, is now distinctly recognised in the majority of the speeches delivered at Peace meetings, and especially, as we have already said, at the recent Glasgow one. In a subsequent number we shall enter more into detail; and we shall endeavour to furnish our readers with all the information, in reference to Peace Society movements, which may be necessary for inducing them to give attention to a subject vastly important at all times, but intensely so at the present moment.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LORD KAMES.

HENRY HOME, an eminent lawyer, and one of the most distinguished men that has adorned the Scottish bench, belonged to an honourable and ancient family, and was born at Kames, in the county of Berwick, in the year 1696. His father was a landholder; he was bred to no profession, and having a large family and an income much smaller than his style of living required, he so reduced his fortune, that when the subject of this sketch came to manhood, he found he had nothing to trust to for his future support but his own talents and exertions. Henry, at first, was much grieved at knowing that the family estate had been so curtailed as to prevent him from being 'the country gentleman,' as his ancestors had been; but he soon perceived that it was good for him that he had no fortune to depend upon; and to this, in after life, he uniformly ascribed his great eminence and success. He was persuaded that, had he been born to affluence, or even to competency, his name would never have obtained that high place in law and literature which it has long held, and which it will continue to hold in the records of distinguished Scotchmen.

We have little to tell regarding his early history. He was a smart lively boy; was educated at home under a private tutor of the name of Wingate, a man of high talent and acquirements; but, according to his pupil's testimony, a most severe disciplinarian. So rigid was he in Henry's estimation, that he remembered his severity till his death, and delighted in narrating how, many years after, he punished the tutor for the chastisements which he received when under his guardianship at Kames. Mr Wingate had purchased a small piece of land, and in order to guard against defects in the title-deeds he consulted Mr Home, then in the height of his reputation as a lawyer. After examining carefully the parchments, he addressed himself to Wingate, affecting to be much excited: 'Pray, sir, is your bargain finally concluded?' 'Not only so,' said Wingate, 'but the price is paid.' 'How unlucky!' said Mr Home, and here he began to point out numberless flaws which would lead to endless litigation, which made the sweat run in streams from the brow of the pedagogue; and after he had alarmed him for a little, he said, 'Mr Wingate, you may remember how you made me smart of yore for very small offences; now, I think our accounts are cleared, take up your parchments, and go home with an easy mind; your titles are excellent.'

After young Home had received all the education which it was supposed his hard tutor could give him, he entered the office of a writer to the signet in Edinburgh. His purpose then was to qualify himself for the profession of a solicitor before the Supreme Court; but a very trifling incident changed his mind, and led him to choose another and a better field for the development of his genius. 'One winter evening,' writes his biographer, 'his master sent him with some papers to the house of Sir Hew Dalrymple, then President of the Court of Session, who lived in a sort of suburban villa at the end of Bristo Street. He was shown into the parlour, a very elegant apartment, where a daughter of the president, a beautiful young lady, was performing a piece of music on the harpsichord, while the venerable judge sat by her with his book on the table. The music

was suspended, and a short conversation ensued on the business to which the papers related, in which the young man acquitted himself so much to the president's satisfaction, as to draw from him a very handsome compliment on his knowledge and proficiency in the law. The conversation then turned to general topics, and was prolonged with much pleasure, while the young lady made tea; and afterwards, at her father's desire, sung, and played some Scotch airs on the harpsichord. The youth was struck with every particular of the scene in which he had borne a part; and his ardent mind, as he was wont himself to relate, caught instant fire from the impression. 'Happy the man,' said he to himself, 'whose old age, crowned with honour and dignity, can thus repose itself after the labours of the day in the bosom of his family, amidst all the elegant enjoyments that affluence justly earned can command! Such are the fruits of eminence in the profession of the law.' From that moment Mr Home resolved to abandon the more limited occupation of a *writer*, and qualify himself for being an 'advocate before the Supreme Court.'

Having resolved to follow the profession of a barrister, he commenced a most laborious and extensive course of study, which he pursued with an ardour and enthusiasm rarely surpassed. The classics, mathematics, metaphysics, as well as the dry and uninteresting details of Scottish law, occupied his attention; and to his credit be it told, that in each of these branches he was eminent; and in each of them he was his own instructor.

In January, 1728, Mr Home was called to the bar. The Court of Session was then composed of men of high eminence, and the bar could boast of the most distinguished advocates that ever pled before bench. The celebrity of his compeers, whilst it kindled his emulation, was for a time a barrier to his prosperity, and therefore, for several years, he had few briefs and little pay. The following anecdote relating to this period is creditable to him, and shows us the early difficulties with which he had to struggle: 'During the first years of my attendance at the bar,' says he, 'when my finances were very slender, and quite unequal to that expensive style of living in which my companions had engaged me, I found, on summing up my accounts, that I had unawares contracted debts to the amount of £800. "What is to be done?" said I; "I must not burden my father with this—he cannot afford it." I withdrew at once from that society, and lived in the most private manner till I had cleared off the debt.' From this period better days dawned upon the young advocate, and an opportunity soon occurred to bring into view his shining talents, and to inspire him with some hope of future success. The case was an intricate competition among the creditors of a bankrupt. Having written an able paper on the subject, Lord Minto, on coming down from the bench, took him by the hand and said, 'Mr Home, I am glad to see your name at this paper, it is good reasoning, and closely to the point; you have done like an able mathematician, thrown out all the *useless quantities*, and given us only the *equations*.' This compliment from such a quarter was exceedingly gratifying to a young man who had been fighting his way for years at the bar, and who up to this period had received little patronage, and less remuneration. His career now became prosperous in a high degree. When the helpless barrister, he was the hard student; and, as a proof of his diligence, he published at this time a folio volume of 'Remarkable Decisions in the Court of Session, from 1718 to 1728,' a work which drew forth the commendations of judges, advocates, and the leading members of the legal profession. In 1732, he published 'Essays on Several Subjects in Law,' which excited universal admiration, stamped his character as a profound and scientific lawyer, and gained him such celebrity at the bar, that he was engaged as counsel in cases of the highest importance.

In 1741, Mr Home married Miss Agatha Drummond, a younger daughter of James Drummond, Esq. of Blair, in the county of Perth, a clever, kind, and amiable lady. As their income was not large, especially for the extensive circle of friends with whom they were associated, there was a ne-

cessity for considerable household economy, to which the young wife paid the most scrupulous attention. The only thing, it would seem, in which her husband thought her extravagant, was the purchasing of old china, of which she was passionately fond. To cure her of the propensity, he devised this expedient; he made a will bequeathing to her the whole china which should be found in his possession at his death; and this deed he immediately put into her hand. Having perused it, she saw at once for whose benefit the document had been prepared, smiled at the 'plot,' and like a prudent lady resolved to make no more purchases. But, with the exception of this little matter of the 'old china,' Mrs Home was every thing in the estimation of her husband; and the union, which was long continued, was of the happiest description.

Mr Home continued to prosecute his studies with his wonted ardour. He rose early—in summer about five, and in winter two hours before daybreak. He devoted the mornings to preparing for the court, and the evenings to study, unless engaged with business or with friends. As a proof of his diligent study and research, he published in this year, in two volumes folio, a 'Dictionary of Decisions of the Court of Session, from its first institution to the year 1740,' a work of much labour, and of the greatest utility to every practical lawyer. With him it was a rule never to be idle; and his time was so divided, and he was so careful in husbanding it, that it was no trivial matter which would make him break in upon the hours which he had set apart for reading and study. The result of this close application was, that he rose rapidly in public estimation, not merely as an advocate, but as a scholar; and as a further proof of his studious habits, as well as his high intellectual qualifications, he published in 1747 a 'Treatise on British Antiquities,' which gained him great celebrity as a writer. Indeed, by this time, his talents were appreciated not merely by his rivals at the bar, the judges on the bench, and the literati of the metropolis, but by learned men in various parts of the world, with whom he carried on a regular correspondence, and some of whom courted his suggestions and criticisms on their works, both before and after their publication. Among the rest were Dr Samuel Clarke, Bishop Butler, David Hume, and Benjamin Franklin.

Hitherto Mr Home had employed his pen on works of jurisprudence, or on subjects connected with it. But scarcely had his essays on 'British Antiquities' issued from the press, when he directed his acute and philosophical mind to metaphysical studies; and, notwithstanding the pressure of his professional employment, he, in 1751, gave to the world 'Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion.' The work was replete with ingenuity; full of clear, masterly reasoning. It excited general attention, gave rise to much controversy, and was extremely obnoxious to a great part of the Scottish nation. It was supposed by some to be infidel in its tendency; was severely criticised in many quarters; and the author being a member of the Church of Scotland, an attempt was made to have him censured for it at the bar of the General Assembly. But after the work was more carefully examined, and he had made certain explanations, and retracted a few of the more offensive expressions, the matter was quashed, and no censure was inflicted. And perhaps this was the best conclusion to which they could have come; for the question of 'Liberty and Necessity'—the question which caused all this debate—is one on which great and good men have long differed, and is attended with difficulties, whatever view is advocated. The language of an eminent writer who adopted Mr Home's sentiments, but who did not possess his religious principles, is very correct, and deserves the attention of both parties: 'These are mysteries which mere natural unassisted reason is very unfit to handle; and whatever system she embraces, she must find herself involved in inextricable difficulties, and even contradictions, at every step which she takes in regard to such subjects. To reconcile the indifference and the contingency of human action with pre-science, or to defend absolute decrees, and yet free the

Deity from being the author of sin, has been found hitherto to exceed all the power of philosophy—happy if she be thence sensible of her temerity when she pries into these sublime mysteries; and leaving a scene so full of obscurities and perplexities, return with suitable modesty to her true and proper province—the examination of common life—where she will find difficulties enough to employ her inquiries, without launching into so boundless an ocean of doubt and uncertainty.'

In 1752, Mr Home was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Session, and took his seat on the bench under the title of Lord Kames. The appointment gave universal satisfaction. Nor did he disappoint the expectations which were formed of him; for, with all his superiority of talent, literary attainments, and accurate and extensive acquaintance with the jurisprudence of his country, he was diffident and unassuming, and most courteous and respectful to those who were associated with him. Equally so was he to those who presided before him; 'he listened with patience and a becoming regard to the arguments of the senior counsel, from whom he expected light and information; and with a kind indulgence to those of the younger barristers, whose diligence he loved to animate by the urbanity of his demeanour, and whose early indications of ability he delighted to foster—a most engaging and amiable feature of his mind, which was not only conspicuous in his character as a judge, but attended him in every department of his private and public life.' With such a kind and gentlemanly bearing, with such professional and moral qualifications, Lord Kames was not long in his new situation till he was regarded as one of the greatest ornaments of the Scottish bench. An individual well qualified to judge (Adam Smith said, years after, 'We must every one of us acknowledge Kames for our master.'

Lord Kames was now in the zenith of his popularity; and, as a mark of the high esteem in which he was held by his country, he was associated with the board of trustees for the encouragement of the fisheries, arts and manufactures of Scotland, and chosen one of the commissioners for the management of the forfeited estates annexed to the crown, the rents of which were to be applied to the improvement of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. These appointments were important, the duties onerous, and yet, with all his professional labours, he was seldom absent from a meeting, generally officiating as chairman, and taking a principal part in all their proceedings. It is not too much to say, that to the stimulus thus given to husbandry and manufactures by his activity and public spirit, is to be ascribed much of that advancement which has since been made in these branches of national prosperity. He excited the emulation of many a landholder in reference to the improvement and cultivation of his property, and kindled the spirit of honourable rivalry in many departments of commercial enterprise. In carrying out the plans projected by him as a member of these important commissions, he showed the same deference to the opinions of others, the same kindness and courtesy to his associates, as well as to the poorer classes of the community, whose condition he wished to benefit, for which he had hitherto been distinguished. Dr John Walker, professor of natural history, narrated the following circumstance connected with these appointments, which is alike honourable to his lordship and his excellent lady. 'I have frequently,' said he, 'visited him on a morning; and his breakfast, which was at an early hour, was a very elegant one, and usually a sort of levee—those of his acquaintance who came to ask his advice or talk to him on matters that interested them; young lawyers who walked with him to the court (as the Patron were attended of old at Rome); and sometimes strangers who had been recommended to his attention and patronage; and I seldom missed finding in the lobby some tradesmen or countrymen who came to speak to him about applications they had made to the board of trustees for bounties, or premiums for new inventions, or to the commissioners of annexed estates; and all such applications he listened to with the utmost attention. To do Mrs Drummond justice, she never failed to remind him of those poor petitioners and

their claims, in which she took a very great interest. She was an admirable woman, and seconded all her husband's useful plans and intentions.'

But though his lordship was much occupied with these official appointments and his professional engagements, he devoted a portion of his time to study, and in 1757 he published a most useful and elaborate work, entitled, the 'Statute Law of Scotland, with Historical Notes.' Two years after, he published 'Historical Law Tracts,' fourteen in number, which have received the most unqualified praise from the most eminent writers on law-politics and morals, both in our own and other countries. The year following, he gave to the public a work entitled 'Principles of Equity,' which gives an excellent specimen of the fertility of his mind, as well as of his unwearied application. Scarcely had the last of these laborious and valuable publications issued from the press, than appeared his 'Art of Thinking,' a work originally intended for the instruction of his own family, but which, in consequence of its simplicity, and the beautiful stories and historical anecdotes with which it was interspersed, became a favourite with all who were devoting their attention to the education of the young. It was of this publication that the great Franklin spoke in one of his letters to his lordship: 'In your truly valuable book,' says he, 'you sow thick on the young mind the seeds of goodness concerning moral conduct. Permit me to say that I think I never saw more solid useful matter contained in so small a compass, and yet the method and expression so clear, that the brevity occasions no obscurity.' But valuable though this treatise was, a still more valuable and extraordinary production issued next year from his pen—his 'Elements of Criticism'—which put all former writers on the subject into the shade, and which is still regarded as one of the best treatises on the subject which our language contains.

In 1763 Lord Kames was appointed one of the Lords of Justiciary, an office which he held till his death, and the duties of which he discharged with great ability and rectitude. After his elevation to this honourable and responsible position, he did not, for a time, engage in any particular literary occupation, though he continued his habits of diligent study and patient research. He carried on his epistolary correspondence with several of the most eminent scholars of this and other countries, took an active share in the public boards to which we have referred, suggested a survey of the Western Islands, and made every possible exertion to introduce manufactures, and thereby improve the condition of that much neglected portion of our country. At that time Dr John Walker, the gentleman appointed to make the survey, informs us, that the most fertile lands were without cultivation; that the most valuable fisheries were without lines or nets; that the coasts were swarming with fishes, but that the people had not sufficient boats, and, what was worse, no salt, nor casks to preserve the fish; that the spinning-wheel had been introduced but was meeting with much opposition; that, though naturally an acute and sagacious people, they were perfectly idle, and, as a consequence, miserable. On receiving this report, his lordship left no stone unturned by which he might raise the inhabitants of these islands from their state of semi-barbarism; he urged the proprietors by every possible argument to bestir themselves in the matter; used his influence with the board to aid the inhabitants in procuring what was necessary for carrying on and extending their fishing operations, to introduce the arts, and to cultivate the soil; and he had the happiness, if not of seeing great improvements, at all events of beholding an auspicious commencement of a state of things, which but for him would not then have taken place.

In the year 1766 Lord Kames received a large addition to his income by the succession to the estate of Blairdrummond, which devolved on his wife by the death of her brother, George Drummond, Esq. Here he generally spent the vacation seasons, improving the estate, giving employment to the industrious, and extending his benevolence to the poor, and to those who were unfitted to work. One of the most remarkable of his projects was the re-

moval of the Moss of Kincardine, a level swamp of about four miles in length, and from one to two miles in breadth, situated between the rivers Forth and Teith, immediately above their confluence. It contained about 2000 Scots acres, of which 1500 belong to the estate of Blairdrummond; and his lordship's plan, which appeared to many chimerical, was to remove the body of the moss, from eight to nine feet deep, by floating it down the Forth by means of ditches, and to bring into cultivation the valuable subsoil. His lordship had the pleasure of seeing the plan successfully though partially executed, and his son, Mr Drummond Home, carried on the operations on a scale more extensive, which have now been brought to a termination. By his ingenuity, energy, and public spirit, he added much valuable land to his beautiful and delightful property; made the swamp a corn-field; erected upon it substantial and elegant buildings, and peopled it with hundreds of intelligent, industrious, and prosperous Scotchmen, where, less than a century before, there was not a human habitation. Had Lord Kames done nothing but improved Kincardine Moss,* he is entitled to the praise of his countrymen, and to be regarded as one of the greatest practical farmers, and most successful agriculturists that Scotland has produced.

The improvements which his lordship made on the estate of Blairdrummond, the capital which he expended in beautifying and adorning it, the encouragement which he gave to industry, both to agriculture and trade, attracted the attention of many of our Scottish landholders, and led them to seek his advice, and imitate his example. Indeed, so desirous was he to stimulate his countrymen, but especially the nobility, to encourage industry and give employment to their dependants, that for a time he did little else than ply dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, lords and ladies, with facts and arguments bearing on the subject of national improvement. His letters to these distinguished personages are written with such clearness and kindness, and contain such an amount of useful information, as well as sound morality, that they will richly repay a careful perusal. As a specimen, we give the following paragraph from one addressed to the Duchess of Gordon: 'The Duke of Gordon may justly be reckoned the greatest subject in Britain; not from the extent of his rent-roll, but from a much more valuable property—the number of people whom Providence has put under his government and protection. God forbid the duke should imbibe the sentiments of too many of his elevated rank, that these people are merely beasts of burden, and that it is allowable to squeeze out of them all that can be got. In point of morality, I consider that the people upon our estates are trusted by Providence to our care, and that we are accountable for our management of them to the great God, their Creator as well as ours.'

In 1766 Lord Kames published another folio volume of 'Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session from 1730 to 1752,' decisions which had occurred during his own practice at the bar. In 1773 he published, in two volumes, 'Sketches of the History of Man'—'the child of his grey hairs,' as he termed it—work which had long occupied his attention. It consists of a great variety of facts and observations regarding the nature of man; contains much useful and curious information, and is a most lively and entertaining production. Some of the views advanced are, to say the least of them, of a novel description; and the publication excited great attention, and called forth not a little controversy. Among those who condemned certain of his lordship's opinions, was Dr Doig, master of the grammar-school at Stirling; and as the author regarded him as the sturdiest opponent, as well as the most honourable, the following anecdote may not be uninteresting. The letters were written anonymously, dated Stirling, and addressed to him at Blairdrummond, and, being anxious to discover the author, he presented them to an intimate and accomplished

* An account of this great undertaking, of the process for clearing away the moss, and the machinery employed in it, are to be found in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, under the article *Moss*.

friend, Dr Graham Moir of Leckie, saying—‘ In the name of wonder, doctor, what prodigy of learning have you got in Stirling, who is capable of writing these letters, which I received a few days ago ? ’ The doctor, after glancing over a few pages, answered—‘ I think—I think I know him. There is but one man who is able to write these letters, and a most extraordinary man he is—David Doig, the master of our grammar-school.’ ‘ What ! ’ said Lord Kames, ‘ a genius of this kind within a few miles of my house, and I never to have heard of him ! —and a fine fellow, too ! He tells his mind roundly and plainly—I love him for that; he does not spare me—I respect him the more. You must make us acquainted, my good doctor. I will write him a card, and to-morrow, if you please, you shall bring him to dine with me.’ The meeting took place; the subject was discussed; and, though neither could boast of making a convert of his antagonist, a cordial friendship was formed, and a literary correspondence begun which was continued till his lordship’s death.

The improvement of agriculture in Scotland, as we have seen, was an object which had occupied much of Lord Kames’s attention; and, in order to its further advancement, when in his eightieth year, he published a work entitled the ‘ Gentleman Farmer, being an Attempt to Improve Agriculture by subjecting it to the Test of Rational Principles.’ At the time of its publication, it was regarded as an excellent treatise on husbandry, unequalled by any former production; and notwithstanding all the discoveries which have been made in science, and the improvements which have taken place in the cultivation of the soil, it is still a work which any practical farmer may peruse with much advantage. So excellent a treatise on a branch of industry then in its infancy in Scotland, and from the pen of one so high in station and eminent in talent, excited the attention of the landholders, and of the more intelligent of the farming population, and did much to stimulate them to increased energy and enterprise. The book became a favourite in high quarters; a copy of it was presented to his Majesty George III., for which he returned his thanks, with an expression of his esteem for the author, and his delight at knowing that agriculture was being patronised in the north by men of talent and attainments.

Lord Kames was now fourscore years, and it might have been supposed that he would now lay aside his pen, and crown ‘ a youth of labour with an age of ease.’ But his mental powers were still vigorous, his constitution little impaired, and he retained all his early vivacity, and studied as closely as at any former period of his history. As evidences of his intellectual vigour and unwearied application, he published ‘ Elucidation respecting the Common and Statute Law of Scotland,’ and shortly after another volume of ‘ Select Decisions of the Court of Session.’ From this time his faculties began to fail, though his mind was yet so strong that, in his eighty-fifth year, he published a volume, entitled ‘ Loose Hints upon Education, chiefly concerning the Culture of the Heart.’ This, in some respects, is the most remarkable of his productions, especially when we take into account his advanced age, and that it is an unfinished work; for, fearing his end was at hand, ‘ he was willing,’ he tells us, ‘ that it should appear in a loose attire, rather than that he should end his life under the painful regret that he had left anything undone which could benefit mankind.’ The plan recommended, the advices given, the ‘ loose hints’ thrown out, are all admirable; and, though the language is perhaps not so correct as in his former publications, yet it is pleasing to think that such a production should have closed the literary labours of this highly gifted man. When Lord Kames had nearly completed his eighty-sixth year, his health began greatly to decline, and he believed his death was not far off. He was residing at Blairdrummond, and his family thought that, by his removal to Edinburgh, the skill and attention of his medical friend, Dr Cullen, might be the means of recruiting him, and protracting his life. But he did not think so himself; and when his daughter-in-law hinted that a visit to the city might be attended with good results, he said, with an earnest and animated expression,

‘ My dear child, don’t talk of my disease; I have no disease but old age. I know that Mrs Drummond and my son are of a different opinion; but why should I distress them sooner than is necessary ? I know well that no physician on earth can do me the smallest service, for I feel that I am dying, and my mind is prepared for that event. I leave this world in peace and good will to all mankind. You know the dread I have had of outliving my faculties; of that, I trust, there is now no great probability, as my body decays so fast. My life has been a long one, and prosperous, on the whole, beyond my deserts; but I would fain indulge the hope that it has not been useless to my fellow-creatures. My last wish regarded my son and you, my dear child, and I have seen it accomplished. I am now ready to obey my Maker’s summons.’ He then poured forth a short but solemn and impressive prayer; and on leaving the garden, where this interview took place, he said, ‘ This is my last farewell to this place; I think I shall never see it more—I go to town chiefly to satisfy Mrs Drummond; but go where I will, I know I am in the hands of Almighty God.’ Indeed, his presentiment regarding the near approach of death was so strong, that he was displeased when his recovery was hinted at by any of the family; but, in order to gratify his beloved wife, he left Blairdrummond in the beginning of November, and took up his residence in Edinburgh. On the first day of the session, he took his seat on the bench; but finding his strength rapidly failing, he, after a few days, took a separate, affectionate, and solemn farewell of each of the judges. He said that he would never be in court or see them again, and he was right, for, on the 27th December, 1782, he died.

Thus closed a long, active, and useful life—a life of unceasing exertion for the public good. Industry and public spirit were the qualities for which he was distinguished; and these, in union with his high talents, gained for him the eminence he so long adorned. Few before him devoted so much time to advance trade and agriculture, or took such an active part in the making and repairing of turnpike roads, erecting bridges, building comfortable houses for the poor and industrious portion of the population, and procuring for them suitable and remunerating employment. Of all such patriotic schemes he was the zealous advocate, and he was ever ready to support them with his pen, his purse, or personal influence. Nor was it simply agricultural and manufacturing projects in which he took an interest. Of several of the literary and scientific institutions of the day he was the parent and the patron.

Lord Kames was a man of great uprightness; most conscientious in the discharge of the duties of every office to which he was appointed; sincere in his friendships; open in his manners; free from pride of rank; and devoid of everything like literary ostentation; and according to the testimony of an excellent clergyman, ‘ an eminently devout man.’ He was fond of conversation, but abhorred everything like gossip; was never known to whisper detraction, far less scandal; and when such a spirit was displayed in his presence, he invariably checked it. He was naturally amiable; studied all his life to give no man needless offence; and when offence was taken, he was much grieved, and was always ready to make an acknowledgment. A remarkable illustration we have of this feature of character in the case of Dr Blacklock, who was offended at his lordship on account of the following passage in his ‘ Sketches of Man’:—‘ Man, an imitative animal, is prone to copy others; and, by imitation, external behaviour is nearly uniform among those who study to be agreeable; witness people of fashion in France. I am acquainted with a *blind man*, who, without moving his feet, is constantly balancing from side to side, excited probably by some internal impulse. Had he been endowed with eye-sight, he would have imitated the manners of others.’ Having learned that the doctor was displeased with the above reference, he immediately addressed the following letter to a common friend:—‘ You did well to send me the letter relative to Dr Blacklock; and I must beg of you that you will immediately wait on that gentleman in my name, and assure him of my particular regard, and that I have ever

esteemed him as a man of genius, and a good man. He knows, indeed, that I have endeavoured to serve him by recommending young men to his care in attending their education. You may assure him, at the same time, that I heartily regret that I should involuntarily have given him any offence. I say involuntarily, for I would rather have put my manuscript into the fire, than I would knowingly have treated him ill, or any man of virtue. If you perceive that he is still any way disengaged or uneasy, you may assure him from me that the passage shall be struck out in any new edition of the book.'

In addition to the writings enumerated above, Lord Kames published various articles in the periodicals of the day, among which may be mentioned essays 'on Evaporation,' 'the Laws of Motion,' and 'the Advantages of Shallow Ploughing.' The most of his publications have had an extensive circulation; and though some of his opinions in morals and metaphysics have been keenly controverted, and regarded by some as erroneous and dangerous, yet all must admit that his writings are original and talented, showing the hand of a master in argumentation. His character as a writer has been thus delineated, and we think correctly: 'His disquisitions have much the air of a pleading or an oration; he generally speaks in the first person; makes frequent apostrophes as an orator to his audience; appeals to the judgment or the feelings of his reader; and from time to time arouses him by a direct call upon his attention, as if he suspected it to be wandering. He frequently supposes an antagonist pleading against him, and supporting with ingenuity the opposite side of the dispute; he puts a home question; presses a point conceded by his opponent; allows the weight of some of his arguments; corrects mistakes, as scorning to take an unfair advantage; but never fails in the end to claim a complete victory. This gives a sort of dramatic interest to his reasonings, which, even when employed on the most abstruse subjects, are seldom apt to fatigue his readers, but convey profound instruction without the formality and the dryness of a professed lecture. On the whole, if we cannot consistently with impartial criticism admit that Lord Kames is either an elegant, a pure, or a correct writer, we must allow that his composition is always clear and perspicuous, announcing his meaning with precision, simple in its structure, aiming at no ambitious ornaments; and that his manner possesses an agreeable animation and earnestness, which fixes the attention of the reader, while it convinces him that the author speaks from a firm persuasion of the truth of the doctrines he inculcates.'

In personal appearance, Lord Kames was extremely tall, but rather slender; when young, he was very erect, but in his latter years he had a considerable stoop in his gait. He had a large forehead, an expressive eye, and a countenance radiant with intelligence. We close this sketch with the following eulogy upon his character from the pen of one of the most distinguished men that Scotland has produced: 'It is difficult to say whether that worthy man was more eminent in active life or in speculation; very rare have been the instances where the talents of both have been united in so eminent a degree. His genius and industry in many different branches of literature, will, by his works, be known to posterity. His private virtues and public spirit—his assiduity through a long and laborious life in many honourable public offices with which he was intrusted—and his zeal to encourage every thing that tended to the improvement of his country in laws, literature, commerce, manufactures, and agriculture—are best known to his friends and cotemporaries.'

MY AUNT'S STORY; OR, THE REWARD OF COQUETRY.

BY A LADY OF MARYLAND.

It was a gloomy, cheerless evening. The rain had poured in torrents all day, and had now settled down to a dull drizzle. Our little parlour, however, presented a complete contrast to the discomfort without. A bright fire burned on

the hearth, the curtains were drawn, the little work-table stood between my aunt and myself, and on it were placed candles and various implements of feminine employment. I could not work, for the rain had prevented my attending a delightful party, and I was too unused to disappointment to bear even so trivial a one with philosophy. So I watched my aunt as she sat busily employed with her knitting, till I could bear it no longer. It really was very provoking to see her seated in her great arm-chair, knitting round after round, her composure not at all ruffled either by the miserable weather or by my demonstrations of uneasiness. Sauntering to the window I withdrew the curtain, and stood listening to the patterning of the rain, and musing on the selfishness of old maids. I was roused from my amiable reverie by my aunt's voice:

'Come here, my dear,' she said; 'I am sorry for your disappointment; but as it is inevitable, suppose I try to lighten the dulness of the evening by relating those incidents of my past life, which I know have excited your curiosity, and which have left me a melancholy, and but for you, Fanny, a desolate old maid.'

My conscience instantly smote me for having indulged in peevish thoughts of my kind relative; and as I looked at her wasted form, and marked the flush that mounted to her pale but still beautiful cheek, I felt that, in recurring to the past, she was making a most painful effort for my gratification, and I was half disposed to beg her to forego her intention. But curiosity prevailed; so I returned to the fire, and, taking up my work, prepared to listen to

MY AUNT'S STORY.

My father died while I was an infant, and my mother was left with a competent fortune, and only two children, both girls. My sister was several years older than myself, and was married while I was yet a child. Her residence was in a distant state, and my mother, thus left with nothing else to love, regarded me with a fondness almost amounting to idolatry, and her indulgence knew no bounds. The town in which we resided not affording the means of completing my education, I was sent, at the age of fifteen, to a fashionable boarding-school about forty miles distant from my home. At first, I felt the separation from my mother severely; but I was of a gay careless temper, and the society of my young companions soon reconciled me to my new abode. Among my schoolmates was one whose sweet and gentle manners won my regard almost immediately: and the undisguised expression of my feelings soon elicited similar ones in return. In a few months, our intimacy had ripened into inseparable friendship.

Helen Howard was about my own age, and though she had no pretensions to beauty, yet the soft intelligence of her countenance, and the peculiarly graceful and lady-like character of her person, rendered her appearance extremely prepossessing. Her disposition, too, though timid and somewhat reserved, was yet so amiable, and her manners so gentle, that she was a universal favourite, and I loved her with all the enthusiasm which was at that time a prominent feature of my character. Her father was an Episcopal clergyman in one of the southern states. He was a widower, and had no other child. Helen talked so fondly of her quiet and beautiful home, of the peaceful village in which her early days were passed, that she kindled in my mind an earnest desire to visit the scenes she so feelingly described. Accordingly, when, at the end of my second year at school, Helen was about returning home, I solicited and obtained from my indulgent parent (who, indeed, could refuse me nothing) permission to accompany her. We performed the journey under the protection of an elderly gentleman, a friend of Mr Howard, who was returning to the south, after a sojourn of several months in the city, in the neighbourhood of which our school was situated. We were within one day's journey of Mr Howard's residence, and Helen and I had retired for the night to our apartment at the hotel where we stopped, when she said to me in a hesitating voice—'Oh, Marion, I had forgot to tell you that you will see some one else at the parsonage besides my father. His health has not been

very good for some time, and he has been compelled to engage an assistant in his parochial duties.'

'And who is this person, who seems to be of so little importance that you never thought of him before? Do you not know him?'

'Oh, yes; he was a ward of my father, and the son of his most intimate friend. He has lived from childhood in our family, and was one of a small class of young men who were educated by my father. His name is Frederick Campbell.'

I did not pursue the subject, for I saw that Helen was embarrassed, and I suspected that her omission to speak of this young man arose from another cause than her having forgotten him.

About sunset on the following evening we arrived at the parsonage. It was a sweet spot, almost hidden by forest trees, and the porch, which extended along the entire front of the house, was completely covered with creeping plants. Mr Howard met us at the gate of the little domain. I had full leisure to observe him: for while he held his daughter in his arms, he seemed perfectly insensible of the presence of a stranger. He was a tall, venerable looking man, with an erect person, silver hair, and a countenance expressing much benevolence, and at that moment animated by the delight of meeting his long absent daughter. After a few minutes he released Helen from his embrace, and turning to me, bade me welcome with an air of parental kindness, and led the way to the house. In a little while I found myself in the apartment which Helen had so often described, and which we were to share together.

Hitherto, we had not seen Mr Campbell, but, on descending to tea, we found him in the parlour. He advanced to meet us, and saluted Helen with the frank affection of a brother. He was extremely interesting in appearance, and his manners, though reserved, were not ungraceful. I had little conversation with him, yet I thought I perceived that his mind was highly cultivated, and I was much pleased with the prospect of such an addition to the little circle in which I was now domesticated.

On the succeeding morning, I bestowed more than usual care on the adornment of my person, for I had a consciousness of beauty, and, almost unknown to myself, a desire to make its influence felt. I exerted myself therefore to please, and soon had the satisfaction of perceiving the timid reserve of Frederick Campbell's nature vanishing before my smiles. On a more intimate acquaintance, I was charmed with the variety of talent he displayed, and with the extreme refinement of his taste and feelings. Yet his character did not win my entire admiration; it wanted vigour—it was not masculine enough; and his mind, though enriched with all the treasures of classic lore, was not of that order which commands respect, and to which even the most gifted of the female sex are disposed to look up for guidance and support. Still there was much that was estimable in his character, and, whatever there might be of feebleness did not extend to his principles. He was benevolent and pious, and the most unselfish of human beings. And now, Fanny, the fatal error of my disposition began to develop itself. I was a coquette by nature, and my education had not eradicated the criminal propensity to gratify it. I did not hesitate to sacrifice the happiness of my friend, and to abuse the hospitality of her father. Frederick Campbell was the first person on whom I had an opportunity of trying my powers of fascination, and I could not resist the temptation of winning that heart which, but for my arts, would, I believe, have been given to my gentle friend, in requital of the unobtrusive but deep affection which she bore him. Without having any definite object in view, I insensibly adopted that line of conduct which I knew he would approve. I interested myself in the schools he had established in the village; I visited the poor, who were the especial objects of his care; and I subdued the exuberant vivacity of my spirits to a softness peculiarly attractive to a man of his character. Helen was not destitute of penetration. She saw my design, and gradually assumed a cold and reserved manner which pained me, and which my conscience told me I deserved. But I stifled its reproaches, and wilfully shut my eyes to the tale of suffering, which the increasing

palleness of Helen's cheek told but too legibly. By and by we became completely estranged. Helen busied herself in domestic affairs, and in attendance on her father, whose increasing infirmities confined him entirely to the house; and Frederick and I were left to take our rambles and pursue our plans, unaccompanied and unmolested. There were several places in the neighbourhood, beautiful in themselves, and interesting from the traditions connected with them. These we visited together, for, under Frederick's guidance, I had become an accomplished horsewoman. Together, too, we sought the cottages of the poor, and ministered to their necessities. This constant intercourse was not without its effect. Frederick Campbell learned to love me with all the fervour of his ardent and romantic nature; nor were my own feelings unmoved. It was scarcely possible, indeed, that I could be the constant and almost sole companion of this interesting young man—could listen to the bursts of eloquence which fell from his lips, when anything occurred to awaken that fervent imagination which was the predominating faculty of his mind—above all, that I could read in his eyes, his voice, his manner, the deep, ardent, devoted tenderness of which I felt myself the object, and yet remain insensible. This could not be; and thus, when Frederick Campbell confessed his love, and, with all the eloquence of genuine feeling, pleaded to be allowed to hope, he did not plead in vain. My fancy was interested, if not my heart; and I conceived that the sensations of which I was conscious were those of affection; the more likely I thought to be lasting, because there was nothing passionate or vehement in their character. I consented, therefore, to enter into a conditional engagement dependent upon my mother's consent, and not in any event to be ratified until I had attained my nineteenth year.

All this time Mr Howard was totally ignorant of what was passing between his ward and myself. His feeble health confined him frequently to his chamber, and prevented his attention to any subject other than those of immediate and pressing interest. I could not tell how far Helen was acquainted with our proceedings, for the reserve of her manner, and the consciousness on my part of treachery and ingratitude, made any confidential communications out of the question. I was not sorry, therefore, when, at the expiration of three months from the time of my arrival at the parsonage, an opportunity presented itself for my return home, of which I took advantage. On parting, it was settled that Frederick should visit me as soon as Mr Howard's improved health allowed him to leave the parsonage, and that in the mean time we should correspond regularly. Mr Howard took leave of me with his usual kindness of manner, and Helen with a cold, constrained civility, which I could not help feeling most painfully. For my own part, I experienced a sensation of relief, which, had I examined my heart, might have enlightened me as to the nature of my regard for Frederick Campbell. However, I did not analyse my feelings very closely. Indeed, so versatile was my nature, that, before I reached my destination, I had forgotten everything in the joy of again meeting my mother, and being restored to the home which I had only visited at transient intervals for more than two years.

My mother had taken advantage of my absence to visit her elder daughter, and had but just returned, accompanied by a young man, a distant relative of my brother-in-law. He had recently been admitted to the bar, and had already distinguished himself in his profession. His health, however, had been injured by his close application to study, and, being advised by his physicians to travel, he had returned home with my mother, hoping that, while he gave her the advantage of his protection, his health might be benefited by a temporary residence in our healthful climate. These details I learned from my mother, for I did not see Wilmot on the day I reached home, nor until the succeeding evening, when a party of young people had assembled at our house to welcome me on my return to my native place. Never shall I forget that evening. It was my first appearance in society, and, most becomingly arrayed, and glowing with the excitement of gratified vanity, I was standing in the centre of a little circle when Alfred Wilmot

entered the room. My eyes were directed to the door when he appeared, and I at once divined who he was, for never before or since have I beheld a form or face like his. That commanding presence, that noble countenance, expressive at once of deep feeling and of indomitable firmness, I have never seen equalled. I had but little time, however, for observation, for Wilmot immediately advanced to my mother, and, leading her to where I was standing, we were presented to each other. I could only bow; for almost the first time in my life I was confused and at a loss for words. The perfect ease of Wilmot's manner soon removed my embarrassment, and we entered into conversation. I cannot tell you what I said; I only know that, when we parted, I was completely fascinated; and my sleep that night was broken by visions of the stranger, who, while he interested my feelings, irresistibly commanded my respect.

I cannot dwell on this period of my life. Suffice it to tell you, that for many weeks Alfred Wilmot was a constant guest at our fireside, that every day added to my admiration of him, and deepened the impression he had made: that I learned at last to read my own heart aright, and to know, by what I now felt, that my love for Frederick Campbell was a mere idle fancy, which had its origin in gratified vanity, and was fostered by the romantic character of my lover, and by the lovely and beautiful scenes amid which it had its birth. I had not mentioned my engagement to my mother, and now, more than ever, I shrank from doing so. I lived but in the present—every thought, every faculty was absorbed by the new and engrossing passion of my soul. Did Alfred return my affection or not? that was the question on which my fate hung. I could not determine it; for while his general manner was kind, even affectionate, there was nothing in it to warrant the idea that he entertained for me more than the regard which, as a friend and connexion of our family, it was natural he should feel. Yet I did not despair, for I imagined that at times I read in his eyes an expression of feelings far warmer than those to which his lips gave utterance. I thought he was studying my character, and endeavouring to penetrate my sentiments before he declared his own.

Meantime, I heard regularly from Frederick Campbell. To some of his letters I returned brief and cold answers, and to some I did not reply at all. Yet so unsuspicuous was his nature, that he appeared not to have any idea of the change in my feelings. My silence he imputed to the irregularity of the mails, and the cold and reserved tone of my letters to a delicacy which made me unwilling to pour forth my feelings on paper. At length I received a letter from him, in which, after mentioning the improvement of Mr Howard's health, he announced the probability of his paying me a visit during the ensuing week. He dwelt fondly on the anticipated happiness of our meeting, and seemed not to entertain a doubt but that I shared in all his raptures. This letter roused me to the necessity of taking some decisive step. I felt that it was impossible I could ever become the wife of Campbell, and bitterly did I execrate the selfish vanity which had led me to engage his affections, and to alienate from me the heart of my gentle, affectionate Helen. There was, however, a necessity for immediate action, and I wrote at once to Frederick kindly, but most decisively. I implored him to think of our engagement only as a romantic folly. I told him I had mistaken the nature of my feelings, and that he had probably fallen into the same error; and at once and for ever to crush his hopes, I hinted that my affections were given to another. I did some violence to my own feelings in writing thus; for, now that I knew something of the inquietudes of love, I had learned to feel for others, and I could not but know that Frederick Campbell was not of a character to bear with philosophy a disappointment of this nature. I was far, however, from apprehending the fatal consequences to which my criminal vanity ultimately led. When my letter was sent, I felt relieved from an oppressive load, and I returned to the parlour where I had left my mother. I found Wilmot with her; but, soon after I entered, he went away, saying he would call on the morrow to bid us farewell. Pale and trembling, I could not speak, but turned to my

mother for an explanation of his words. She did not observe my emotion, but said very calmly, 'I am sorry Alfred is going, but I did not expect he could remain much longer with us, as he is dependant upon his own exertions even for a support. He has spoken very frankly to me of his situation, and I approve his going, though I regret the loss of his society.' I listened with breathless attention, hoping to hear that Alfred had spoken of his feelings towards me. I was mistaken, however, for my mother only said, that he had that day received a letter from a distinguished lawyer in one of our principal cities, offering him a partnership in a very lucrative practice, which he had resolved to accept without delay. On the ensuing day he left us; and though he went without declaring his feelings, yet the agitation which he vainly strove to hide as he bade me farewell, increased my hopes and augmented my passion. What he told my mother of his situation, I conceived to be intended for my ear, and I believed that his impoverished circumstances alone prevented his claiming my affection. I looked forward, therefore, with hope and confidence to the period when, his talents having rendered him independent, he should return, and our destinies be united for ever.

I will not detain you by narrating the occurrences of the next twelve months. I heard nothing of the Howards, nor of Frederick Campbell, nor did I hear from Wilmot. Occasionally I saw his name mentioned in the newspapers in terms of high commendation. He had entered the political arena, and already he had become distinguished. His speeches were referred to, his opinions quoted, and he seemed to be looked up to with the respectful deference which is only accorded to the master spirits of the age. The master passion of my nature was aroused—the vanity which I had once felt for myself I now felt for my idol. I was proud of his achievements, and in his absence I loved him with even more intense devotion than I had felt when he was with me. When, however, a year had nearly elapsed, and he neither came nor wrote, my spirits began to fail; I grew miserable and restless; I sought society not as a gratification, but as a relief from the feeling of hopelessness which was beginning to press upon my heart. I had many admirers, and I permitted their attentions only to disappoint their hopes, for I had a kind of bitter pleasure in inflicting on others a portion of the suffering under which I was myself writhing.

At length, and when anxiety had almost subsided into despair, Alfred Wilmot returned. Fanny, no words can describe the rapture, the almost painful transport with which I received him, and read in his no longer restrained manner the deep affection which filled his heart; nor was it long before his feelings found words, and he poured into my ear the story of his love: 'From the very first moment we met,' he said, 'I loved you, dearest Marion; but my situation forbade me to think of marriage, and I could not bear to take advantage of your youth, and of the opportunities your mother's kindness gave me, to entrap you into an engagement necessarily indefinite. I could not bear to become a pensioner on the bounty of your mother, or to deprive you, my love, of the elegances and comforts to which you have been accustomed. But I have succeeded beyond my expectations; and I am now able to offer my Marion, if not wealth, at least independence, and a heart whose every feeling has long been devoted to her.'

How eagerly my ear drank in every word he uttered, and how gratifying it was to my woman's pride to know that my attachment had not preceded his! My mother willingly gave her consent to our marriage, and it was settled that it should take place as soon as the necessary preparations could be completed. Several weeks passed, and my life was one unbroken dream of bliss—of happiness so perfect, that I have sometimes thought it was sufficient to compensate even for the wretchedness I have since suffered. But it was not destined to endure; my own hand had aimed the blow that was to crush me to the earth. One morning I was waiting for Alfred to accompany me in one of our accustomed rambles about the environs of the town; in his stead, however, I received a note, every word of which is engraven on my memory. Its contents were these:—

'I am prevented seeing my dearest Marion to-day, and some time may elapse before I shall be with her again. Late last night I received a letter from an old and very dear friend; he is dying of consumption, and implores me to hasten to him; his residence is at some distance, and the letter has been a considerable time on the road, having been forwarded to me from —. No time therefore is to be lost, and before you receive this I shall be many miles on my journey. I am sure, my love, that you will not blame me for leaving you, even at this time, when you learn that he to whom I go is the friend of my childhood, dear to me as a brother, and that he is probably on his deathbed. Lately I have been too selfishly engrossed with my own happiness to write to or even to think of him; I hasten to stoné for my negligence. Farewell, my best beloved, may God bless you! Pray for the friend of your devoted

A. WILMOT.'

I pass over the period that elapsed before the return of my lover! He had not named the place to which he was going, nor did he write during his absence. His return therefore was totally unexpected; but I heard his footsteps as he entered the hall door, and with a cry of joy I ran forward to meet him; he did not return my embrace, and my heart died within me as I noted his pale, sad countenance, and his altered manner. In silence, for I could not speak, I led the way to an unoccupied room, and, sinking on a sofa, waited for some word which should explain the fearful mystery of his looks and manner. He spoke at last, and his voice was so strange, so unlike the accents to which I loved to listen, that I started with a feeling of terror, and gazed as if to assure myself of his identity.

'Marion,' he said, 'I come to discharge a solemn trust—a promise given to the dead. I come to convey to you the blessing and forgiveness of Frederick Campbell, and to restore the letters you have written him.' He held a packet in his hand, which he handed to me as he ceased speaking. I did not faint, but I sat gasping for breath and wishing that the earth would open and conceal my shame. After a short pause Wilmot resumed: 'I know all; from my dying friend, and from that aged man who is now mourning over the declining health, the blasted hopes of his only child, I have learned all. It was not told in malice, for they knew not that I had ever seen you, but your name was the last word that trembled on the lips of Frederick Campbell, and prayers for your happiness mingled with every aspiration which arose from his broken heart.' After an interval, during which the working of his features and the convulsive heaving of his breast denoted the struggle of his feelings, he again spoke in a calmer voice: 'Marion,' he said, 'it is useless to prolong these miserable moments. You must feel that we cannot be to each other what we have been; wretched as you have made me, I cannot part from you in anger. Farewell for ever!'

He snatched me to his breast, held me there for an instant, then released me and was gone. I never saw him more. The next day, I received a letter containing a formal relinquishment of our engagement, and explaining more fully all the motives by which he had been actuated. He and Frederick Campbell had been friends from childhood, and had been educated together, under the care of Mr Howard, for whom, and for Helen Wilmot also, he entertained a most affectionate regard. At the period of my visit to the parsonage, Alfred had been absent for some years, and by some strange fatality his name had never been mentioned to me, nor had I ever heard him allude to the family of Mr Howard. Frederick Campbell, with a constitution naturally delicate, and a mind too feeble to offer any resistance to misfortune, had, upon receiving my last letter, fallen into a state of the most hopeless despondency; his health failed, and his life was finally terminated by consumption; in the last stages of which, feeling a longing desire for the society and sympathy of his early friend, he wrote the letter which Wilmot answered in person. He remained till all was over, and his feelings may be imagined when he learned that the woman whose falsehood had caused the death of his friend was his own affianced bride. To sink me, if possible, still lower in his esteem, he

heard how basely I had requited Helen's friendship and the hospitality of Mr Howard. Poor Helen! the agony of her mind when she learned that Frederick's death was inevitable threw her into a fever. In the delirium which ensued, she raved constantly of her false friend, and of the arts by which she had stolen the love of him to whom the poor sufferer's heart had been devoted from childhood. Alfred detailed all these circumstances without comment. He seemed to feel that I, as well as himself, must see that they formed an impassable barrier to our union. He wrote also to my mother, mentioning the dissolution of our engagement, and referring to me for an explanation of the cause.

And now, Fanny, my errors were punished and Helen's wrongs amply avenged; for I believe this earth never held a being so indescribably wretched, so utterly desolate as I was. I had but one wish, but one hope; it was that I might die, that the grave might close over my crushed and bleeding heart. I have lived to thank my God that my insane prayers were not granted—that time has been allotted me for repentance. My mother's illness first roused me from the selfish indulgence of my griefs; her sufferings were severe and protracted; but they had the effect of weaning her from the world, and her deathbed was a scene of calm and holy triumph. I saw the power of religion in smoothing my mother's passage to the grave, and I was gradually led to seek its blessed influences as a balm to my wounded spirit. By slow degrees I became resigned to my lonely destiny, and my mother's death having rendered me independent, I removed to this village, and endeavoured by acts of kindness and benevolence to make some amends for my former errors. Of Wilmot I have never heard; indeed, I have carefully avoided looking even at the newspapers, lest his name should meet my eye. Mr Howard has given up his parish, and removed with his daughter to Italy, hoping that its salubrious climate and the entire change of scene may restore her health. The premature death of my sister and her husband, by consigning you, my love, to my care, has given me once more an object of affection; and it is for your benefit, and to eradicate the seeds of coquetry, which I have sometimes feared were inherent in your disposition, that I have recalled the miseries and laid bare the errors of my past life.

Here my aunt concluded her story, and I have only to add, that the painful effort which she made in relating it has not been made in vain.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN.

THE secret springs and motives that actuate the conduct of individuals and communities, are perhaps essentially the same in every human heart, from the refined and cultivated Englishman, down to the grovelling inhabitant of Madagascar. There seems to be a dead water level of moral affections pervading the entire human race, that ebbs and flows with greater or less violence, according to the application of external causes, and in proportion to the depths and shallows of individual characters; and as the ocean, far from land, and where the unbroken influence of attraction is free to act upon it, rises in one vast billow and rolls along with irresistible fury; so in the untutored breast of the barbarian, whatever be the passion evoked, it hurries him along, until he himself is either destroyed by it, or it has spent itself in the ruin of those around him. But in civilised life, like the obstruction of islands and shores to the ocean-tide, the same ruling passion or excited affection is modified, checked, and broken up into a thousand fragments. The numberless instances of generosity, self-denial, and deep affection found among the most savage tribes, seem to testify that the education which nature alone bestows upon her children is more directed to the heart than to the head. The artificially educated European, having so much of his life devoted to the acquisition of certain moral theories and scientific attainments, and, above all, to the science of accumulating money, while perhaps better abstract principles may have been applied in his education than in that of nature's child, still the moral channel of his

character is, by this very process, necessarily much pre-occupied; while that of the latter, if perhaps not always filled with right feelings and affections, is yet for the most part the seat of these alone. Nevertheless, in all cases, and under all circumstances, the feelings of the heart respond to the magic influence of kindness, and flow forth at the touch of love. It is indeed too true also, that when an opposite influence is applied, the darker passions burst forth with a fury proportioned to the unilluminated depths of the heart of a savage.

Had these facts been borne in mind by many of our earlier settlers and colonists among savage tribes, there should not have been recorded one-third of the massacres and bloodshed that stain nearly all our early colonial annals. Revenge is never called forth without some real or imaginary cause, even in a barbarian. Nor does he, any more than his civilised neighbour, delight in bloodshed for its own sake. It is, therefore, peculiarly the duty as well as the interest of new settlers to abstain from all cause of provocation, while the very fact of their usurping the lands, and encroaching upon the immemorial territories of nature's denizens, cannot be looked upon in the most friendly spirit; yet how far even these prejudices may be overcome, and a friendly feeling established by a single act of generosity, the following incident may tend to illustrate:

About a century after the discovery of North America by Columbus, the crowd of Europeans who emigrated thither, almost entirely gained and defended their possessions by the strong hand, often too by perpetrating acts of the most revolting cruelty upon the unfortunate Indians. To the honour of the English character, however, one name stands out in agreeable relief from this dark picture, and that of William Penn shall ever be embalmed in the memory of his adopted countrymen. This benevolent man, having obtained from Charles II. of England possessions in that part of North America, which, from the denser nature of the forests and his own name, was afterwards called Pennsylvania, instead of establishing his authority as others had done, by the misery and oppression of his predecessors, had no other care than to alleviate their distresses, and with a humanity peculiar to himself, displayed in frequent acts of kindness, became at last the object of their admiration and love. At first, however, the distrust which these tribes entertained towards all Europeans, and the hostility they had sworn against them, neutralised his benevolent purpose, and being fiercely attacked, he was finally compelled to take up arms in self-defence. Having on one occasion gained a signal victory and taken many prisoners, there was brought before him a young woman of surpassing beauty and gracefulness of person. Drowned in tears, the beautiful girl sobbed forth the acknowledgement, that it was not her lost freedom alone which caused her so poignant sorrow, but another loss more overwhelming still. She had loved, and with such an ardour of affection as only an Indian can feel, a young warrior, of an age nearly equal to her own, and of almost equal personal attractions. By him, too, her love was no less ardently reciprocated. The day of their nuptials was already at hand, when the whirlwind of war, sweeping over the land, forcibly separated them, and now she had no longer any hope, not only of ever being united to her betrothed, but of ever again looking upon his loved countenance. More bitter than death too, was to her the fear that her lover had fallen a victim to the fury of the foe, for too well she knew his daring courage and impetuosity, and that, wherever the strife raged the most fiercely and bloodily, he would certainly be in the midst of it.

William Penn, having heard her complaint with that urbanity and sweetness of manner so peculiar to him, was endeavouring to comfort her, when suddenly a young American, covered with blood, and armed with a bow and quiver, threw himself into the midst of the astonished group. He rushed towards the fair prisoner, who, in her amazement, joy, and terror, uttered an exclamation, and fell half-dead into his arms. Having recalled her to reason, he threw at the feet of the conqueror his arms, and with a calm stern voice thus addressed him. 'May this armour,

this blood, and these wounds, testify that no base cowardice, or abandonment of my tribe, or even fear of the chains with which thy people would have fettered my limbs, cause me to come hither. Nothing should have ever made me fall alive into thy hands, had not the unequal fortune of war to-day snatched from me this girl, whilst I myself was separated from her by the fury of the contest, and unable to defend her. But know, proud conqueror, that dearer than liberty or life itself, is this girl to me, and that nought else could ever have induced me to quit the battle field alive. Think not, however, that I come to implore thee to restore her to my prayers. Such exalted generosity I dare not expect from the fierce nations, whom the unpropitious heavens have permitted to cross the sea and invade our possessions, for our punishment. Yet, one request I make, which even your cruelty may not deny me, that I may share along with her your cruel bondage.'

William Penn, astonished at the intrepid bearing and magnanimous resolution of the young warrior, embraced him, with paternal affection, and replied, 'Thou hast judged rashly, my son, of all Europeans from what thou hast perhaps but too truly heard and seen of the conduct of a few. It is not to violate your wives, to plunder your possessions, or to make yourselves slaves, that I came among you, but to live on terms of peace and amity with your tribes. Your own enmity and outrages have alone compelled me to assume these arms, and upon yourselves it depends whether I shall not immediately lay them down, upon conditions of peace and alliance being ratified between us. Instantly shall this young lady, whom victory has placed in my hands, be voluntarily surrendered to you; and you, as well as she, are equally at liberty, whenever it is your wish, to return to your tribe, and to your possessions. The other prisoners I shall also restore, when I perceive a discontinuance of your attacks and your devastations, and my people in security from your outrages.'

'Thou art indeed a god, then,' exclaimed the astonished American, or, at least, of another flesh and blood than those inhuman beings who have hitherto shown themselves so bloodthirsty among us. Behold me once more at thy feet, now vanquished by thy generosity, which I could never otherwise have been by thy arms. I fly to my people to show them this unexpected testimony of thy virtue, and speedily shall I return with conditions of peace, if only thou art sincere in thy wish.' Penn having kindly embraced him, replied, 'A more precious boon, and more acceptable, thou couldst not have conferred upon me. Go, let thy bride accompany thee, and speedy be thy return.'

Intoxicated with joy, regarding one another with the most tender affection, and pouring out grateful acknowledgments to their benefactor, the lovers departed, and arrived among their people. So eloquent were they in praise of that admirable man, his sweetness of disposition and pacific intentions, that the rest of the tribe speedily consented to send ambassadors to negotiate terms of peace; and among them came the same young warrior to lend his influence in putting an end to future contests, and to bind themselves by a mutual treaty. And in such harmony, and even brotherly affection, was the interview conducted, that in honour of the event, as is well known, the country received the name of Philadelphia; by which name the conqueror's city had formerly been called.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

From what we have stated in a previous number, it may be inferred that Sir Walter Scott was an early admirer of Christabel. Captain Basil Hall's account of his reading it on one occasion to a party of friends is very interesting:—'In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read Christabel; and upon some of us admitting with shame that we had never even seen it, he offered to read it, and took a chair in the midst of all the party in the library. He read the poem from end to end, with a wonderful pathos and variety of expression; in some parts his voice was deep and sonorous, at others loud and ani-

mated, but all most carefully appropriated and very sweetly modulated. In his hands, at all events, Christabel justified Lord Byron's often-quizzed character of it—"a wild and singularly original and beautiful poem." This was in 1825.

Byron's admiration of Christabel was such as at one time to lead him to attempt what Mr Moore has chosen to designate 'that rambling style of metre' in which it is composed. A few lines as a specimen will show the reader with what success he did this, and also indicate, whatever Mr Moore might think of it, the difficulty of the task. The lines were intended, as the noble poet stated in a note to Mr Murray, as an opening to the 'Siege of Corinth.' 'I had forgotten them,' he added, 'and am not sure but they had better be left out now; on that you and your synod can determine.' They were left out, and judiciously we think, but Mr Moore has given them in the Life, as 'too full of character and spirit to be lost':—

'In the year since Jesus died for men,
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land and sailing o'er sea,
Oh! but we went merrily!
We forded the river and clambered the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still:
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed,
Whether we couched on our rough capote,
Or the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or, stretched on the beach, our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
All our thoughts and words had scope,
We had heart and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds:—
Some were those who counted beads,' &c.

It may be asked, what is the drift or moral purpose of Christabel, or has it any? To this we would reply, that if it is not injustice to demand an *ostensible* moral purpose of such a work in every case, it is so obviously in this, when the work is incomplete. It should be remembered, too, that the most effective moral influence in a work of art of this sort is that which, transfused like an ethereal spirit throughout its whole substance and texture, operates in a great measure insensibly on the mind of the reader; and we have not read Christabel as we should have done if it has not produced this influence upon us.

What the poet may have meant by the verses appended to part second of Christabel, we cannot say. Nor can we perceive any law of sequence here, unless it be those chance associations which may be started by a word, at any remove from the thought in hand. If such and similar instances constitute that 'unexpectedness,' which is by one of Coleridge's fairest critics assigned as a high and peculiar merit of his poetry, we cannot here concur with him. To such wild starts and gyrations of fancy no felicity of imagery, and no music of verse can reconcile us.

Next to Christabel, both as an effusion of genius and a work of art, we are inclined to place the 'War Eclogue, Fire, Famine, and Slaughter.' The scene is laid in La Vendée during the French revolutionary war, and Fire, Famine, and Slaughter are introduced as speakers. We wish we could give it entire, but our space will not permit, and, besides, we rather doubt whether many of our readers might be prepared to receive such a composition in a fitting spirit; as it is in a strain that can safely be ventured on only by a hand combining power and delicacy in their highest measures, so a sympathy, at least, with such endowments as indispensable to its true appreciation and enjoyment. Where that is possessed, apology will be regarded as needless, if not impertinent; and where that is wanting even our author's eloquent, though as usual with him, only partially relevant one, will be unavailing. Two tests may be applied to satirical compositions of this sort, which, if they stand, they may be pronounced not only innocuous but of beneficial tendency. First, if they neither indicate on the part of the writer, nor induce in the mind of the reader, any malignant feeling towards the individuals who may be the subjects of them; and secondly, if so far from tending to blunt the moral sense, or misdirect its

exercise, they serve rather to quicken it, as well as, by their free and bold strokes, to produce a more vivid impression of the woes and calamities which the bad passions of men tend to inflict on their fellows. We are confident that the piece before us will stand the most rigid application of these tests; and this is saying much, when we consider that the most awful subjects are laid under contribution in order to give the highest dramatic effect to the brief colloquy of these terrible impersonations; and most successfully, for the speakers are not mere voices easily convertible into each other or into one, but characters sharply defined, and standing out in bold individual relief. The character of Fire, more especially, is caught with inimitable felicity; the concluding stroke is perhaps unmatched in the whole range of satiric composition. The speech of Famine, in which the following lines occur—

'I stood in a swampy field of battle,
With bones and skulls I made a rattle,
To frighten the wolf, and the carrion crow,
And the homeless dog, but they would not go—'

has very obviously suggested the celebrated passage in the Siege of Corinth beginning—

'And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival.'

But we must content ourselves with one sketch:

'Fire. Sisters! I from Ireland came!
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame!
I triumph'd o'er the setting sun!
And all the while the work was done,
On as I strode with my huge strides,
I flung back my head and I held my sides,
It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the swifter'd cattle run,
With uncouth gallop through the night,
Scared by the red and noisy light!
By the light of his own blazing oot,
Was many a naked rebel shot.'

We know of nothing we can compare so fitly to this as that terrible picture in Tam O'Shanter. By the way, that masterpiece of the Scottish poet's genius and the production under consideration possess a strong affinity; both are pitched on the same key, and, in both, pictures of a terrible sublimity are dashed off at a single stroke:—

'Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shew'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cul'd hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's bairns in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang wee unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape.'

A knife a father's throat had mangied;
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stuck to the heft.'

We have left out three lines, which we have always been of opinion only crowd the picture and tend to weaken its effect—a blemish which the poet would himself have doubtless removed had he been acquainted with the true laws of artistic effect.

The source of the peculiar harmony and sweetness which characterize these poems of Coleridge we pretend not to disclose. The music was in the poet's soul. We may, however, indicate one or two occasional elements or adjuncts. Elliptical forms are frequent, but far from producing the hiatus which jars on the ear so harshly in the Night Thoughts; they often give a charm to the verse it would not otherwise have possessed. Another thing is the occasional throwing in of a word of two short syllables in the place of one. Both are exemplified in those beautiful lines of Youth and Age:—

'Oh youth, for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone!'

The latter, again, in that line in Christabel,

'Can she the bodiless dead espy?'

Of the former, in the Ancient Mariner,

'The guests are met, the feast is set,
May'st hear the merry din.'

It may be that the versification of Christabel is irregular;

but where shall you find other irregular verse in the reading of which you never stumble, though the number of syllables in the line is continually changing—increasing and diminishing often with a strange celerity? We are inclined to attribute this very much to the principle indicated in the quotation given in our former paper from the preface, viz., that of keeping the number of accents in the line always the same.

From the Ancient Mariner we should gladly have given some quotations illustrative of its rugged wildness, its strange fable, and its abrupt and terrible sublimity. But as it is the best known of the productions of Coleridge, and as its merits are generally acknowledged, we shall pass it over to give a brief quotation from the Sybiline Leaves, amid which will be found, scattered here and there, some of the finest specimens of blank verse in the language:—

'Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast;
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.'

Or this, which has been often quoted, but cannot be too often:—

'Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owllet atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"'

This brief but graphic sketch is scarcely less remarkable than the more extended portraiture of atheism by Foster. There are, indeed, some points of resemblance in the literary and intellectual character of these two extraordinary men; we do not mean as that character is evinced in the prose of both, but in the poetry of the one and the prose of the other. Both have been loudly complained of as achieving less than their genius might have achieved. Of the most successful efforts of both it was true, that the execution far surpassed the promise of the subject. Both had their mists and obscurations; but when they did come forth it was with a force and splendour like the sun—it was with a freshness and glory peculiar to themselves. The language of both, in their happier effusions, was characterised by a rare combination of nerve and sweetness. Both too profound or ethereal for the book-skimming million, have a peculiar fascination for the few on whose eye thought lies like the shadow of eternity. But in some respects, too, the contrast was great. Coleridge was distinguished by a peculiar wildness of imagination, bodying forth its actings in strange and fitful forms. Foster is content with the actual world and its veritable relations; he never astounds us by strange and 'terrible creations,' but he goes from continent to continent, and from land to land, with a sounding-line deep as the bottoming of souls. The one was peculiarly the chosen poet, the other the philosopher of those whom

'Thoughts that lie too deep for tears'

have chastened into more ethereal tone. Their audience was therefore necessarily few. But from the neglect and inappreciation, as well as from the false judgment of contemporaries, both could appeal with a high confidence to the verdict of posterity. A noble independence of mere popular impressions and moods of feeling was characteristic of both. 'If any man expect in my poems,' says the one, 'the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written.' And we will not probably be far mistaken if we regard what the other puts into the mouth of his decisive man as describing his settled mental habitude: 'They will smile, they will laugh, will they? Much good may it do them. I have something else to do than trouble myself about their mirth. I do not care if the whole neighbourhood were to laugh in a chorus. I should indeed be sorry to see or hear such a number of fools, but pleased enough to find that they considered me

as an outlaw from their tribe. The good to result from my project will not be the less, because vain and shallow minds that cannot understand it are diverted at it and at me.'

The spirit with which Coleridge cultivated poetry is finely indicated in the concluding paragraph of the preface to his Juvenile Poems. Our object in penning the present article will be gained if it contribute at all to diffuse a taste for perusing them in a corresponding spirit, and with it all related advantages: 'I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward"; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

We have lingered in these enchanted gardens greatly insensible to the lapse of time; but we must leave. It may be complained of Coleridge that he has written but little poetry. True: of the three small volumes before us one is entirely occupied with the translation of Wallenstein, and the larger part of another with Remorse and Zapolya, of which it was not our purpose to speak, as, whatever may be their merits, they are not adapted to make any such impression as those pieces to which we have more particularly adverted. The remaining contents of these volumes is not large, and yet not a fifth part of them will produce any permanent effect on the minds of men. Reader, do not be prepared with a depreciatory exclamation. If you know what impressive or beautiful thought and imagery are, you will be satisfied that such a proportion were large. Of how many writers will it be found true, that even the fiftieth part of what they have written shall have taken hold of the mind of susceptible reader with the irresistible grasp of a great thought, a distinct originality! Think of this, and cease from the ineffable folly of measuring the productions of genius by the quantity of paper they may cover; another test will try their real amount as well as their effective value. Not only are we ready to admit that the original verse of Coleridge covers comparatively little space, but that much is absolutely unreadable, and that not a little baffles all attempts at resolution, being projected on stilts 'beyond the visible diurnal sphere.' A very small tome may contain all that posterity will care to remember of the poetry of Coleridge, but one which it will prize and treasure, as it has done in another department of art, the portraits of Titian or the cartoons of Raphael, to be studied and gazed on with increasing marvel and delight.

Of his character as the projector of a philosophical system it is not our purpose at present to speak, farther than to say, that we cannot accord to him the honour claimed for him by a few devoted and admiring disciples. On his poetry his fame must ultimately rest. During the latter portion of his life he appears to have been of a different opinion himself; but it is not the first time when an author and his readers have been at issue on such a question. On his poetry, we say, his fame must rest, and the basis in solid and sufficient. As the leader and expounder amongst us of a Germanised philosophy, he has already been deserted for Carlyle. Indeed, he was unfit to have been a leader even in a better cause, unless for a few minds of corresponding idiosyncrasy. His speculations and disquisitions are disjointed, fitful, and fragmentary to a singular degree; and ever and anon, in the midst of a profound or obscure discussion, he will fly off at a tangent on some verbal crotchet. Indeed, language with him often assumes the importance rightly attachable only to the things which it represents, if it do not sometimes threaten to supplant these altogether. In his prose works, however, there are isolated passages of great eloquence, much just criticism, and many weighty thoughts tersely and happily expressed.

It is matter of sincere congratulation that this singular man, amid much that was whimsical and erratic to the end, long before his death, gratefully recognised the highest truths of Christianity as the only resting-place of his troubled spirit. In these latter, and, as to the condition

of his moral and spiritual nature, by far the happiest years of his course, he was not ashamed to sing—

“ God's child in Christ adopted—Christ my all.
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee;
Eternal thou, and everlasting we.
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death;
In Christ I live—in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life! Let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! On my front I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its wo.
Is that a deathbed where a Christian lies?
Yes! but not his—'tis death itself there dies.”

THE CAVE OF DOONMIN ALLA, IN ERRIS.

SOME time ago we gave an extract from a volume lately published by Curry & Co. of Dublin, entitled ‘Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly,’ one of those indescribable gossiping sort of books, which, when the mind feels indisposed for reading of a more instructive description, somehow or other, although a dour-looking 12mo., always peers over the shoulder of the stately folio or the embossed and gilt 8vo. In one of these moods lately, we again laid our hands on the work, and as it may not be known to many of our readers, we feel tempted to transfer to our pages the following interesting description of a visit to the Cave of Doonminalla :

I had visited this cave on a former occasion, and under circumstances very different indeed from the present; it was then in the very worst period of the most inclement autumn that has been remembered in Ireland; and by the fortuitous circumstance of the wind blowing off the land, I was enabled, even in stormy weather, to get an entrance into this cave, whose accessibility had been denied to many that have sought it, and that for months together. I was now privileged to visit it again, under the most favourable circumstances, and I am glad that I was able to see the whole scene under such different aspects. Now the entrance was effected without any difficulty, in the midst of calm and sunshine, and we had an opportunity of admiring in this great cavity the magnificent contrast of light and shade, and the soft harmonious sigh of the sea, as it breathed out its gentleness along the distant recesses of this hall of Neptune: there was now nothing within that was alarming or repulsive. On a former occasion, the cormorant, driven in from the foaming sea, despairing of its supper, was flapping its dark wing, and uttering its uncouth shriek as our boat scared it from where it stood brooding. Now the nasty bird was far away, fishing; no sound was heard to break upon the ocean murmur, but the cooing of the pigeon, as it courted its mate on the ledges of the lofty dome. And then, what a look out! If ever any one wishes to look forth upon a glorious prospect, let him betake himself to a cave, stand back far from its entrance, and then observe. I wish I had some Turner with me now, not a mere draughtsman—black lead wont do, I must have a colourist—I must have one who can catch tints, and make the varying bloom and blushes of nature his own. What a glorious picture he might here create! The interior cavern, with its ledges, recesses, and buttresses, relieved or shaded; its swelling dome, decorated with the wild fretwork and fantastic tracery of nature, coloured with ochres, lichens, and marine parasites; and these, moreover, whitened and yellowed, and made to look similar in colour and form by the absence of light; here sparkles of crystal, there white masses of quartz rock; even the very exuviae of the sea-birds as they stained the strata, adding to the variety, and making a portion of the harmonious keeping of this great visible obscure; and then to look out from under the distant dark arch, it cutting on the serene azure of the sunny sky, the streak of the evening sun, a line of molten silver on the green ocean, the magnificent Stags of Broadhaven, seven in number, seen just at hand, the cavern acting as a sort of picture tube to bring them near and

from the water; the tops of marine mountains similar the reefs of M’Gillicuddy at Killarney, or the pins Benabola in Connemara, all so like and yet so different all exposing their manifold and contrasted stratification as they rise in different inclination from the sea level—is a white line of milk quartz, there a black streak of sh or basalt.

There are no sea rocks I have ever seen, and I believe have seen all around England, Ireland, and a great part of Scotland, to equal in beauty of form, elevation, and singularit of grouping, the Stags of Broadhaven. And to your boat a little to the right side of the cave, and you will catch a view of Kid Island, very elevated and varied in outline, and you may, on this rarely frequented and dangerous sea, observe the sun just sparkling on the rigging of a vessel so far off that its hull is down, and she knows has no business, no not in serene weather, near the ironbound coast. But enough of the Cave of Doonminalla I have seen it in weather rough and smooth, and compare it with every other sea-worn cavern, it is decidedly the grandest, because in height, breadth, and capacity, it more like the dome of a great temple.

Leaving the cave, we had time to look about the exterior of this great headland, which, as its name Doonminalla denotes, is a natural fortress that might be made even more impregnable than Gibraltar, and no doubt it was used a retreat in old times—a refuge and a rallying point of the Vikingr, or Sea Kings. In the year 1798, a Protestant gentleman, holding property in Erris, and fearing that was obnoxious to the people, retreated to this promontory which was accessible only at a single spot, and by a single person at a time; and he, not to say climbed, but scale what from below appears a perpendicular precipice. There he lifted his family; up here he hoisted some furniture and utensils; he made himself a sort of boathouse or shelter under the shelter of a rock, and here he remained for upwards of six weeks (it was well for him that the weather of that year was so invariably fine), a poor Roman Catholic schoolmaster, who was his fosterer, coming occasionally with provisions and news, and watching over his safety with all the devotedness that has so often marked the connexion, almost peculiar to Ireland, not of blood, but the human bosom.

This headland, besides being excavated by the large opening which I have just now attempted to describe, has more caverns, all which, it is probable, may in process of time be united. There is one called ‘The Kitchen,’ at the back of the ‘Grand Parlour,’ with which it is said there is already a communication. Having doubled this headland being desirous to ascend Benwee, the highest precipice that overhangs the ocean here, and after having taken up views from the sea-level, now see what a thousand feet higher would do for us. We pushed into a cove surrounded on all sides but one by precipices, and, dismissing our boat’s crew to return to Portnacloy, undertook to ascend the cliffs, and a pretty ascent it was, on a day the most broiling of any that had shone on Ireland for two years.

Reader, I wish you a good pair of lungs, as well as legs when you would climb an almost perpendicular cliff of five hundred feet elevation. I wish you also a good draught of sherry and water when you get half way up, and a still larger swig when you get to the top; for, rest assured, the not a small quantity of your animal liquids will bid you a farewell, in your exercise of hands, feet, and lungs, as you struggle upwards. But who would not waste a little of their animal moisture for the sake of seeing the whole north-western coast of Ireland? and this is the very point—the left shoulder-knot, if I may so say, of the island, and you can see the long range of coast southward, as well as what trends eastward and by north.

Well, we are landed on the rough beach, where huge granite, greenstone, and quartz rocks have undergone the rubbing process for thousands of years, and are almost as smooth and as round as marbles. Then here, as you approach the natural wall that rises in our face for two or three hundred feet, you see it sparkling with crystals, per-

sposed to linger here to strike off specimens, and bring me for the ladies some of the curiosities of Benwee. But whether successful or not, it is not my task to tell. So, we go clambering; and the mouth of a cave opened out eighty feet from the sea-beech, and we entered and it was curious, not for any beauty or for size—for it does not enter far in—but it runs like a perpendicular pipe upwards, some fifty or sixty feet, and the walls of it are all white, or rather cream-coloured, and it is full of a fine sand, the deposit of the decomposed quartz rock. In fact, it is only the vein of a soft portion of the surrounding calcareous formation, and the percolation of water has loosened and carried portions of it away, and so formed this cave in dry and warm weather a quiet and cool place to rest in, and look out on the magnificent and melancholy sea, and hear no sound but its solemn moan, except the passionate challenge of the eagle, as he stands on his rock-shrub, and, as it were, demands why his dominion is disputed.

But we are at the top, having stripped coat and waistcoat to grapple with it—and no water to be had—and it is the hottest sun that has shone on Ireland for two years! the ragged sheep are lying panting under the boggy banks of the mountain; the cliff-crow has his red bill open as he cackles, oppressed with this unusual sunbeam, on the ledges of the precipice, and he has his wings loose from his body, if it were to gather air around his beating heart. I scarcely ever felt the sun so powerful, or its intensity of light so great—for the rocks reflected it, the sea reflected it from every wavelet below, that answered to the gentle ruffle of passing air-stream, and became a mirror to reverberate upwards. All around, indeed, was in splendid repose. I had thought, when rowing along this sublime coast, that nothing could exceed the view upwards from the sea-level; and now I considered again, when on the top of the cliff, just at the place where we had reached the high land, that sight was finer; for here, in the centre of a crescent, of which Doonminnala formed the right horn and Benwee the left, was the whole semicircle between the two headlands, composed of the most shattered, broken-down, ruined cliffs that can possibly be imagined; just as if the mountain had been blown up with gunpowder, and masses of huge ruins of rock lay tumbling all around. Here crack behind crack, going back into the mountain, and presenting long parallel chasms, similar to what I had seen on Sieve Crohan, in Achill. Here a piece of the mountain had slipped down along the inclined plane of a smooth stratum, and what once formed an upper peak, was now some hundred feet half-way down, presenting most picturesquely its broken continuity. It is, indeed, a slip of singular interest and grandeur. Below, the green, pebbled, beryl sea, with its everlasting sigh, which comes up here in solemn cadence, a sea which is never seen to such advantage as from a great height, and especially as when here, many fathoms deep, its varied bottom can be observed, covered with its luxuriant vegetation.

But now we must ascend Benwee, the highest point of this cut-down mountain-range of North Mayo—and we did so. A glorious eminence it is, indeed! The face of the precipice, as you looked downwards, seemed perpendicular, except that here and there was a dark streak, denoting a ledge, on which you could see young eaglets on their nests, and the old birds either soaring or perching near at hand. I never saw so many of these birds at a time, except at Horn Head, in Donegal. Mr H—— said, that though eagles were, no doubt, a good accompaniment to a scene of such grandeur as that we were now looking out on, yet they were extremely mischievous. Not content with their exploits at sea, and along the bays and rivers, where they pounce on the mackerel or the salmon, they hunt the hares on the mountain-side, destroy the grouse, carry off the lambs, sometimes kill, and in collected numbers devour the sheep. In fact, they have rendered Erris, which to all appearance should be one of the finest districts for game in the British islands, one of the worst for the sportsman that can be imagined.

One of the men in our company, while we were looking

down on them, and making eagles the subject of our chat, observed, that they sometimes attacked 'Christians'; and he told of a woman near Mount Nephin, who not long ago went to dig potatoes in an adjoining field, and carried along with her the babe she was nursing; and preparatory to her work, she laid her child down on the sunny side of the ditch and there left it, as she thought, quite safe. But while engaged in her task, an eagle pounced on the little one; but luckily, instead of plunging its talons into its head, they struck through, and were entangled in its flannel frock; and thus fastened, though the bird had not power of wing to soar at once aloft, it would every now and then rise from the ground, and passing on a little would touch the earth again, and so the child was half-carried, half-dragged along. In this perilous predicament, the mother rushed across the potato ridges, and spade in hand (for what will not a mother do?) boldly attacked the spoiler, and not only succeeded in recovering her infant, but in killing the bird. This scene would be a fine subject for a picture. I should think there is an artist in Ireland that could with great fidelity of grouping, and force of colouring, depict a young Connaught woman, handsome, and yet fierce, in the severity of her maternal feelings, battling with the ravisher of her little one.

This fact of the Tyrawly woman gave rise to a conversation on eagles, and Mr Henri remarked, 'A few days ago, I saw a hare shot, and the gun was scarcely discharged, when an eagle suddenly appeared and seemed very much disposed to dispute the prize. Indeed the boldness,' said he, 'of these birds at times, when compared to their general wariness, is surprising, and I am almost disposed to believe that they not only know the effects of a gun, but that, by some sense, they ascertain whether it is loaded or not. My friend, Lieutenant Sterne, of Ballycastle, told me the following circumstance, which came lately within his knowledge. He had gone across Killala Bay to hold a court of inquiry at Pullackenny (county of Sligo), where he was shown a very large claw of an eagle, that was killed in the following manner: A young lad, whose father is a coast-guard-man, shot a sea-gull on the shore, and was on the point of picking it up, when, to his astonishment, an eagle disputed possession of it, and seized him by the arm with his talons. The young fellow then drew his knife from his pocket, opened it with one hand and his teeth, and succeeded in dispatching his assailant. And here's for another yarn on the subject, with this difference—it occurred at home. Having not long ago heard an extraordinary story of one Marcus McGrath, of Caryatye (a village near me), having caught two *full-grown eagles*, I sent my servant, Owen, to hear the *particulars*, which were as follows: McGrath, while on his way to Ballycastle, perceived on the mountain, inside Porturlin, two eagles fighting, who, after many struggles in the air, fell nearly exhausted close beside him. On perceiving him, the birds endeavoured to make off, but either through weakness or want of wind, they were unable to rise on the wing, and so, after a short race, he stunned one with a blow of his stick, and having secured it by throwing his coat over it, he pursued the other, and succeeded after a time in knocking it down also. He then attempted to carry his birds along, but finding it rather too tough a job, he pulled out their wing feathers, and left his prizes behind him, proceeding onwards to Ballycastle. On his return five days after his capture, strange to say, he fell in with his birds many miles asunder, and secured them. He sold them afterwards to a person of the name of Glennan, for five shillings, who sent them to his father, an eminent bird-preserved in Dublin, but either from starvation, or despair from having the feathers pulled out, by which alone they could soar on high, they died on their passage to Dublin. Perhaps this is a solitary instance of the capture of two full-grown eagles at the same time by one man. Shall I go on?' says Mr Henri; 'for I have other anecdotes.'

'Oh, by all means.'

'Well, here I go. When I first came to this country, a respectable old gentleman, then living, told me, and pledged his word to the truth of his statement, that for three weeks

he daily had a fresh herring for his breakfast, obtained in the following singular way: One of his tenants every morning watched an eagle's nest on the adjoining cliff, and immediately on observing the old ones leave the nest, he descended to the ledge where the young birds were, and tied a woollen string tight round the necks, and then hid himself. The old ones on returning with a fish, and observing their children unable to eat it, immediately flew away to get another, supposing that the young rascals were capricious, and they must indulge them with a herring more to their liking. On the soaring away of the old birds, the fish was taken away and the string removed, and so the old master got his fresh-herring breakfast.'

On hearing this I could not help smiling.

'Why do you smile?' said my friend.

'For the reason,' said I; 'did you ever read my "Sketches in the South of Ireland"?''

'No, indeed, I did not.'

'Perhaps it is well for your character, as a true story-teller, you did not; for therein it is related that the wife of O'Sullivan Bear, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was supported by a fosterer, who resorted to a trick of the very same nature to despoil the eaglets of their due, and convey it to his mistress.'

'Well,' says Mr Henri, 'both events may very well have occurred, but still there is a difference. What the Kerry fosterer did for necessity's sake, the Erris follower did out of curiosity, to have it to say that his master's breakfast was supplied by eagles. And really the more I have considered the habits of these birds, the more I am struck with their sagacity; and with respect to them and their doings, it is hard for me to draw the line between instinct and reason, both which qualities appear (to use a geological phrase) to pass into each other, and that so gradually, as to make it difficult to ascertain where one begins and the other ends. In proof of my assertion, I need only mention, that a servant of mine, a full-grown young woman, about twenty years of age, was some few years ago lying, face downwards, on the edge of a cliff, about six hundred feet in height, looking out for some lambs beneath, when, to make use of her own words, 'she thought that a cloud had suddenly fallen on her,' and, to her great dismay, found that her head was grasped by the talons of an eagle, that had cut her scalp deeply on either side, which, when she succeeded in driving off the bold bird, bled profusely. Now, as instinct would have taught the bird (I presume) what it could lift, and as it never could have been vain enough to think it could fly off with nine stones of bones, blood, and blue veins, it struck me at the time, that the feathered philosopher reasoned thus: 'Here's a tit bit poised nearly at her centre of gravity on the top of a cliff; and if I can only assist her, by alighting on and adding my weight to her head in getting to the bottom, what glorious pickings I shall have.' Now, sir, should you, or any other person, be disposed to differ with me on this subject, you may visit the same eminence at Cranbay, and observe, as you readily may, a brace of eagles cruising in company; then listen to their barking—see their sudden pouncings at the banks beneath, evidently intended to start their game; and when the hapless hare is driven by fright from its form in the sand-hills, just mind how knowingly one bird keeps in the rear to take advantage of the turn! and if you, or any other gentleman, are not converted to my opinion, I give up my position as untenable.'

CLIMATE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The more I travel the more reconciled I become to our own much-abused climate, both because it permits (as Charles the Second said) out-of-door exercise for more hours in the day and for more days in the year, on an average, than any other, but also because I feel sure that its temperate, moist character is more favourable to the production of a vigorous robust habit of body. If the superiority in breadth and depth of chest, strength of limb, and general development of muscle, which distinguishes the upper class in England from that of other countries were peculiar to that class, one might attribute it to the practice

of field-sports and other habits of life, which perhaps depend as much upon the structure of society as upon climate; but it certainly appears to me that the same difference in favour of England is observable among the commercial and labouring classes, the former of which must be equally the sedentary, the latter pretty equally the reverse, in all countries; or, at least, if there be a difference, that difference is attributable to climate, and may fairly be set down among its advantages. A very able and intelligent traveller, Mr Laing, who is well acquainted with continental Europe, remarks, that such men as form our household troops and the grenadier companies of our regiments of the line, hardy, muscular, broad-shouldered, well-limbed men, are hardly to be met with abroad; and my own observation, both there and in America, induces me to agree fully in his view. In America, particularly, no man who can help it ever walks to any distance, and very few ride on horseback. You see young men driving about in carriages and waggons everywhere, both in town and country, and nothing surprises them more than the proposal of a long walk, either for purposes of sport or exercise. In summer the weather is too hot and relaxing; in winter the cold is too great, and the snow is on the ground, which makes walking, except on beaten roads, disagreeable; and in spring the country is all cut up with rain and melting snow; so that the latter part of the autumn is the only season of the year which really suits for active exercise on foot.—*Godley.*

NATURAL HISTORY OF BRAZIL.

The Brazil-wood-tree, from which the country takes its name (*Cesalpinia Brasiliensis*), called by the natives *Jipianga*, is the same as the Sapan-wood of the East Indies. It is a government monopoly, and, owing to the improvident manner in which it has been cut down, is becoming scarce. Other species of trees yielding valuable dyes, forest-trees of all descriptions, some furnishing beautiful woods for cabinet work, others timber for shipbuilding, abound in the low lands. The prevailing character of the forests is a magnificence, arising from the infinite diversity, richness, and luxuriance of the vegetation, of which the untravelled European can have no conception. The various tints of a Brazilian forest are described as ranging from a light yellow green to one bordering on blue, mingled with red, brown, and deeper shades approaching to black. The silver-tree is of a brilliant white; the rose-wood-tree bears large golden blossoms, which beautifully contrast with the dark green of the double-feathered leaves; the Brazil-wood-tree puts forth large flowers of a purple hue; the head of the mangoa is brown; and here and there, the dark brown of a Chilian fir appears among the lighter foliage, like a stranger amid the natives of the tropics. The effect of the flowering parasitical plants, which entwine about the forest-trees, and sometimes form, by interlacing, an almost impenetrable barrier, is compared to that of gay parterres in the air. The flora of Brazil is peculiarly rich. Nor is the animal kingdom less distinguished by its variety and profusion. Butterflies, rivaling in splendour the colours of the rainbow; myriads of the most brilliant beetles, sparkling like jewels on the leaves and flowers; birds of the most splendid form and superb plumage; above all, the various species of humming-birds, rivaling in beauty and lustre, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires; lizards and serpents of scarcely less brilliant colours; squirrels and troops of gregarious monkeys, with a variety of the gallinaceous tribe, toucans, fly-catchers, wood-peckers, and different kinds of the melodious thrush, are among the winged or creeping tenants of the forests; and even the campos or mountain plains abound with birds, reptiles, insects, as well as deer, tapirs, and pecaries.—*Josiah Conder.*

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR.

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PRICE 1½d.

FIRE-SIDE MUSINGS.

We like a good fire in all its stages—in its infancy, its prime, and its decay. Preserve us from an apology for a fire, in the shape of half-a-dozen pieces of coal stuck on the top of a grate, on a chilly autumnal evening, in what is called a fire-basket—a sort of compromise the mistress of a mansion makes between her love of comfort and her horror of dust. Neither do we approve of a fire composed of one immense block of the jetty mineral, smothered up with dross, with a line of red peeping from under the lower bars of the grate—a fire which, the thrifty housewife remarks, ‘might be a good fire all day if people would only let it alone.’ Ay, that if! But in walks one of the lords of the creation, up goes the poker, smash goes the coal, and a crackling ensues that does one’s heart good. ‘Oh,’ cries the lady, ‘don’t raise such a dust, if you please; and don’t make such a noise—mind my poor head; the fire will do very well.’ We have only met with one gentleman, in the course of our experience, who seemed so far to resist the stirrings of humanity within him as never to touch a fire; it might go out before his eyes, but he would not think of noticing it. It could not proceed from motives of economy, for he was one of the most generous of philanthropists; neither could it be the result of good training, for he never had a wife who made the fire her special dominion and the poker a sceptre which none must wield but herself. We framed various theories on the subject, all of which were dismissed as unsatisfactory, when it occurred to us to ask an explanation of the anomaly; what before had been mysterious was now clear as noonday—he never felt cold.

Many are the trains of meditation into which we have been seduced by a habit of fire-gazing contracted in youth. When a fire gets a little sobered down, then it appears to us as a mirror of the past; in it the present assumes a softened aspect; nay, we even try to send through it an inquisitive glance into the future. We can trace in it countenances, some, alas! of which can only be the subjects for memory, and others which we fancy to be laughing at us for the long faces with which we regard them. Wordsworth has said, and most people have felt, ‘that there are thoughts too deep for words,’ so we could not, if we would, give an account of all the imaginings, pleasant and cheerful as a wedding party, or grave and solemn as a funeral procession, that have passed along the highway of our mind while studying the embers of a fire, which has assumed a shape not unlike the picturesque ruins of an ancient cathedral.

One night lately, while thus engaged, we fell in the course of our musings into a mood of comparison, so to

speak, of which Men and Coals formed the subject. At first sight it may appear that there are few points of resemblance between them, but a little consideration will show that it is otherwise. Both may be divided into two great classes, the good and the bad; and among the good of both bad individual members may be found, and so also with the bad classes of both. In coals, one bad piece will not only not burn itself, but will prevent the rest from giving forth their caloric. There the obnoxious piece lies; you may stir and smash it till your patience is exhausted, but unless you make an effort, and forcibly eject it, the fire will never burn to your satisfaction. It is the same among men. Some individuals, without intending it, operate upon society with the withering influence of what either is or used to be termed in Scotland ‘ghaists’ in fires. The friends of such persons may reason, threaten, and entreat by turns. It will be all in vain. The men, without being worse, are, however, stolid. Nothing but ejection will do; and when this is accomplished, you set matters to right. The bad piece removed, lay the coals properly together and they will burn clearly and steadily, giving a bright, cheerful light; and bring a number of good common sense men together, and they will plan and consult for their own and the general benefit, the result of their benevolent efforts soon making itself apparent. Some coals, however, though very good, require to be often broken and knocked up to make them burn, while others require only a gentle touch, and others again do best when left entirely to themselves. Thus it is with men. Some are very excellent men, and would wish to do all the good in their power, but then they are very diffident; they think anything they could do would have but little effect; they would willingly leave others to exert themselves who are more capable; or they are indolent, and it is so much trouble to attend meetings, and form societies, and make speeches, they would rather be excused—these require to be constantly stirred up, they need the influence of active spirits to keep them at their duty. Members of another class need only to be drawn out to bring all their powers to bear for the general good; while others, both from principle and temperament, are, independent of any extraneous impulse, always diligent in good works. Again, there are coals which blaze and crackle away delightfully, but it is soon over and they fall to ashes, while those which have promised little at first rapidly brighten up and manifest their sterling worth. Here also the analogy holds good. There are parrot men as well as parrot coals—those who enter on a course of action with a great deal of noise and bustle. You are continually hearing of what they have done, are doing, and intend to do; but when the force of the impulse which set them agoing is expended, they relapse immediately into a state of

apathy, and are heard of no more; while those who began the same course along with them, but who proceed quietly and make less ado, and are seldom before the public, are likely to do more good by steady perseverance 'in the even tenor of their way.' There are among coals portions that are altogether useless—dross that must be thrown aside. And is there no such thing as human dross? Men are apt sometimes to get proud when they recount the great names of past ages and the present time, whose attainments and achievements have shed a halo around them, and gotten them the world for a worshipper; when they think we are of the same nature as they, the same blood, the same family, they feel that humanity is elevated, and walk more erect and with a firmer step. But look, there is a wretch who shivers as he stands in rags and misery! Why does he live? He seems to exist on the earth only to pollute it. If life has an end with him at all, it is but to procure the means of intoxication until every sense is deadened, and he ultimately sinks the victim of the degrading vice. He, too, was a man. Alas for human pride! Will any one boast connexion with him? He belongs to the dross of society. But there is still another point of resemblance between men and coals. When consumed, coals are not annihilated, their grosser particles fall to the ground, while their ethereal part mounts to the skies. This is true with regard to man, and a most glorious and ennobling truth it is. When his course here is run, the earthly portion of his nature returns to mingle with its parent earth, while the immortal spirit soars upward, to be placed at the disposal of the God who gave it. 'Thus think and smoke tobacco,' was the injunction of a venerable name of the last century; and something similar would be our advice to resolute fire-gazers of modern times.

P O R T R A I T G A L L E R Y.

DR THOMAS BROWN.

A POPULAR miscellany is not the proper place for discussing metaphysical questions or for settling metaphysical claims. Nor do we design at present so much to enter on Dr Brown's character as a philosopher as to estimate his merits as an elegant and powerful author.

The literature of metaphysics is a very large and fertile theme. Indeed, when we remember how dry and austere the subject is generally reckoned, we are surprised that it has produced so many who have a claim to consideration even as writers. We need only refer to Spinoza, whose dangerous dogmas are expressed in diction the most succinct and precise; to Hobbes, whose style is crystal in its simplicity and clearness; to Locke, who, though cold, is admirably conversational in his exposition of metaphysical truth; to Berkeley, who, whatever his theme, is always elegant, expressing his sublime speculations in language chaste as that of Addison; to Godwin, whose thunderbolts were as polished as they were powerful; to Sir William Drummond, whose academical questions never fail of reaching eloquence even when they miss truth; to Dugald Stewart, whose sole claim indeed to be remembered is, we suspect, the beauty of his style; and to Dr Thomas Brown, who has sweetened the harshness of his speculations with the honey of eloquent words, beautiful figures, and rich frequent extracts from his favourite poets.

We do not know, in fact, if Dr Brown were not rather intended by nature for a philosophical poet than for a poetical philosopher. To this it is no valid objection that his verse is not equal to his prose. His poems were relaxations instead of trials of strength. They were studies not works. They were exercises of the fancy not efforts of the whole man. They were written, too, in an obsolete

and imitative style, and had he filled up the measure of his merely poetical ambition, it had only constituted him a second-hand and second-rate Pope. Accordingly, his Agnes, &c. have perished, and his *Paradise of Coquettes* was only ushered, by the plaudits it received, more triumphantly into the embrace of oblivion.

A poet, nevertheless, Brown was, if fire, fancy, imagination, and eloquence are elements in a poet's character. His vein is perpetually breaking out amid the driest discussion, like a well of water in the wilderness; and whenever unable or unwilling to use his own illustrative imagination, he has only to retreat amidst the stores of his richly furnished memory. It was, we have been told, quite a treat to hear him, in tones of gentle and tremulous earnestness repeating extracts from the poets. And a portion of the pleasure remains as a legacy to the reader of his lectures, who at every turning encounters, like 'old familiar faces, the most beautiful passages of Milton, Young, Cowper, and Akenside. Indeed, the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' by the latter, are transferred all but bodily into the lectures; and he who buys Brown may save himself the expense of buying Akenside.

Restless subtlety is unquestionably the leading feature of Brown's intellectual character. 'Compound Division' is his favourite rule. He refines on his own finest distinctions. He splits not only hairs but their shadows. His eye is microscopic, and differences almost invisible to others are to him gross, large, and palpable. The process he ridicules in his lecture on the Immortality of the Soul, by which, on the supposition of the mind being material, we might split up a joy into its constituent *joylings*, might dissect a doubt, and quarter (if not hang) a scruple, is a fac-simile of the action of his own mind. Intellect lies before him as a body before the scalpel of the anatomist, and its most delicate processes and intricate windings are to him distinct and traceable as is the blood in the branching veins. It is curious to mark the effect of this upon his manner of writing. Of almost all writers he requires a watchful reader. Slumber a moment, let fall the minutes link in the chain of the argument, and you have lost the whole. A reporter is said to have complained, that of all speakers Coleridge most effectually put him out, and this not by indistinctness or rapidity of utterance, but by unexpectedness; from the first part of his sentence he could never infer or conjecture the close. So with Brown. There is however this difference: Coleridge's unexpectedness is principally confined to the end of his periods; Brown's is incessant, meeting and startling you at every point and in every corner.

And to this we are in a great measure to ascribe that obscurity which has often been charged against our author's style. This springs from that excessive and almost diseased subtlety which actuated and controlled his intellect. His every clause is parenthetical, there are perpetually wheels within wheels, distinctions breathlessly running after and overtaking distinctions; and no wonder though language sometimes be a laggard in the rapid and impatient chase. Hall somewhere says, that he had often to gather the meaning of Brown's lectures from those brief recapitulations by which each is commenced. But even in these we see the actions of the same incessant delicacy and refinement of thought, and his very explanations require sometimes to be explained.

Apart from such characteristics as these, which might all be true of an acute and ingenious law-paper, his writings, need we say, glow with fervid eloquence, and often effervesce into pure and passionate poetry. Particularly, as he draws towards the close of his lucubrations, and seems to see his much-prized vacation in the distance, and closer at hand, like a triumphal arch of exit, the noble themes of Immortality and the Great Spirit waiting to be treated as he alone could treat them, his tone changes and his language begins to burn; his lectures, like a great poem, grow towards a climax, and the grand finale is the immortality of man. Acutely as he reasons, he is not able nor willing to reason himself out of this fundamental principle. Sharply as he dissects, he cannot cut out the spirit from the con-

stitution of humanity. In his severest crucible there remains no less important a residuum than the everlasting soul.

We remember reading these lectures at the same time with the latter books of the Night Thoughts. They were alike but different. In Brown you have the protest of the intellect against the dreary dogmas of annihilation. In Young you hear the soul itself rising up in its majesty, 'like thunder heard remote,' and spurning the thought that it can ever die. Brown is most felicitous in his exposition of the metaphysical; Young of the moral argument for immortality. Brown's reasoning sometimes blossoms into absolute poetry; Young's poetry often becomes a high and solemn argument, 'sounding on its way' in copious and eloquent measures. The two, taken together, constitute the finest and most forcible pleading ever put forth in this country, at least, for the immortality of the soul.

We have had the pleasure of hearing Professor Wilson lecture on the same absorbing topic. His lectures, avoiding the metaphysics of the subject entirely, seemed a supplement to the Night Thoughts. And as his eye kindled, and his breast heaved, and his brow flushed, in the progress of the 'great argument,' and as, with deep-drawn, long-lowering, slow-expiring tones, solemn as a cathedral chant, he uttered the memorable words, 'If Deity designed this earth to be at once the cradle and the grave of man, why did he hang it among the stars?' you were irresistibly impressed with the feeling that that spirit at least can never die. Such emotions and such eloquence proclaim death impossible, and the mind from which they spring a native of the depths of absolute and inextinguishable being.

Fuseli, when asked once whether he believed in the immortality of the soul, replied in language rather rough to be repeated verbatim—'I don't know whether you have a soul, but I am sure I have.' Such a sentence goes farther, we are sometimes tempted to suppose, than many elaborate argumentations to settle the question.

Along with the manly powers of Brown's mind, we find in him traces of feminine delicacy and elegance. As there was much, it is said, of the lady in his appearance and address, so a certain fastidiousness in his taste, a certain sweetness of tone, a certain trembling and sensitive refinement of manner, characteristic of the fair sex, adhere to all his writings. His works are redolent of the 'cup that cheers but not inebriates,' under whose influence they were composed, and transport us to the peaceful parlour of sympathising female relatives to whom they were at first read. The amiable philosopher, aspiring to revolutionise the metaphysics of his country, 'agreeing with no one if he could possibly differ from him,' pursuing the most daring and original speculations, had yet no greater pleasure than in laying their results at the feet of his mother and sisters; and a smile of approval from them was to him, for all his toil and mental travail, an 'exceeding great reward.' One is reminded of the parlour at Olney, where a kindred, though possibly superior spirit, was by fair fingers tuned to exertion, and with fair smiles thought himself richly rewarded for his immortal labours.

It were unpardonable, even in a rapid notice, to omit all mention of his darling production, his essay on the relations of Cause and Effect; a work of years, which he polished again and again, till it became what it is, one of the most complete, elegant, and ingenious of metaphysical treatises. Catching the pregnant hint, which dropped, as it chance, from the large, careless, overflowing mind of Hume, he has wrought it up into an entire and finished system. He has, at the same time, severed it from its surmised connexion with Atheism. He has, at great length, explained the formation of our ideas of the necessary connexion of cause and effect; and, in a note, rather ungratefully repaid his obligation to Hume by giving, on his own principles, the most satisfactory reply we have yet seen to his famous argument against miracles.

A lovely and distinguished person altogether was Dr Thomas Brown. Truly a 'mild spirit, peacefully prying into the universe, not insolently lording over it.' In his

keen yet gentle face you see a man occupied with some fine train of thought. He was a lover of all beautiful objects and of all elegant enjoyments. He spent his summers at Inver Inn, a romantic spot in the neighbourhood of Dunkeld. The author of this paper, in company with two other admirers of Dr Brown, some years ago, passed the spot. Yielding to a sudden and united impulse, we entered and asked for the room where the 'celebrated Dr Thomas Brown had studied;' they had never so much as heard of his name! We went in, however, ordered refreshments, pleased ourselves with the idea that the room around us was, after all, his sanctum sanctorum, and drank a bumper to the memory of the 'Prince of Scottish Philosophers, Dr Thomas Brown.'

PEACE SOCIETIES.

We promised another article on Peace Societies, and now sit down to redeem our pledge. And yet what more can we say than has been said already? All sober-thinking persons must assuredly fall into our views; a greater mistake than that which ascribes the 'rage for peace,' so peculiarly characteristic of modern times, to any loftier principle than that on which we have endeavoured to explain it, cannot be supposed. Ours is, at all hazards, a safe view of the subject. If Christianity has done much (and it has assuredly done most) in effecting the change, it has not done the whole, and never until men are governed by her benignant influence will wars cease to the ends of the earth. It is far from being our intention to become argumentative on a topic so exceedingly commonplace as the present. Our present object is, rather more to let others speak than to continue talking ourselves. Peace Societies, as we have already said, have been in existence for more than thirty years. Though they have owed their success to the principles on which we adventured to expatiate in our last article, it would be very unfair to insinuate that they owed their primary origin to any such cause. To the members of the Society of Friends is probably exclusively due the merit of adhering to the principle while all the world beside were 'wondering after the beast;' and while to them must be accorded the merit of having commenced, to them must be accorded also the praise of having, in all its stages, accelerated the movement by their calm, judicious, and strenuous advocacy of the principles upon which it is based.

Around the name of Thomas Clarkson associations cluster equally brilliant and sacred. We cannot trust ourselves by adventuring into the regions of eulogy; but the man who can peruse without emotion the following letter, transmitted recently by the venerable philanthropist to a friend, who had written him on the subject of peace, is certainly far from being a subject for our envy:—

'MY WORTHY FRIEND,

'I am too ill at the present moment to attempt a long letter in answer to yours; and am, moreover, nearly blind; and, being in the 86th year of my age, have no hope of being better. There is, I think, no request you could have made to me with which I could more readily and with greater pleasure comply, than that of signing the American Address. War is only fit for wild beasts, and is below the reason and dignity of man. I really do think that the addresses which you propose will greatly soften American prejudices, and lead to a happy result. You will perceive by the above how blind I am; not being able to see when the lines end.—Yours truly,

THOMAS CLARKSON.'

The reference here made to the American address naturally leads us to take notice of the vast efforts which, across the Atlantic, the friends of peace are now mak-

ing in promotion of the cause, the idea of advancing which originated in our own country. Nothing, however, can be conceived as more cordial than the responses it has, in a variety of quarters in the States, immediately called out. It is perhaps better to state definitely, that to Manchester is due the honour of originating the advice; Liverpool immediately gave answer to the call; since then it has been received with approbation in many districts of Britain. Out of several hundred names which might be given we quote the following:—Lord Radnor, Lord Morpeth, Richard Cobden, M.P., John Bright, M.P., John Bowring, M.P., T. M. Gibson, M.P., Edward P. Bouvierie, M.P., Thomas Thorneley, M.P., William Brown, Laurence Heyworth, Richard Rathbone, George Wilson, John Brooks, William Rawson, Henry Ashworth, Joseph Sturge, J. S. Buckingham, Douglas Jerrold, James Montgomery, Theobald Mathew, and the venerable Thomas Clarkson. Nothing, however, has more contributed to promote the success of the movement than the late American oration of Mr Sumner; had not some of the recent Glasgow addresses rather staggered us, we should have called it by far the best that has been delivered on the subject. It was spoken, according to its title-page, before the authorities of the city of Boston, United States, on the 8th of July, 1845. While its eloquence must be admired by all, greater praise still is probably due to its statistics. In giving the reader a conception of the mere pecuniary expenses which the last war occasioned, the details are really astounding. We take, for example, the following in reference to what is requisite to support the standing army of Europe alone:

'According to the most recent tables to which I have had access, the public debt of the different European States, so far as it is known, amounts to the terrific sum of 6,887,000,000 dollars (£1,330,625,000), all of this the growth of war! It is said that there are throughout these states 17,900,000 paupers, or persons subsisting at the expense of the country, without contributing to its resources. If these millions of the public debt, forming only a part of what has been wasted in war, could be apportioned among these poor, it would give to each of them 875 dollars (£78 : 2 : 6d.), a sum which would place all above want, and which is about equal to the average value of the property of each inhabitant of Massachusetts. The public debt of Great Britain amounted in 1839 to 4,265,000,000 dollars (£888,541,666), all of this growth of war since 1888! This amount is much larger than that of all the precious metals which at this moment form the circulating medium of the world! It is said rashly by some persons, who have given little attention to this subject, that all this expenditure was good for the people; but these persons do not bear in mind, that it was not bestowed on any *useful* object. It was wasted. The aggregate capital of all the joint-stock companies in England, of which there was any known record in 1842, embracing canals, docks, bridges, insurance companies, banks, gas-lights, water, mines, railways, and other miscellaneous objects, was about 835,000,000 dollars (nearly £174,000,000); a sum which has been devoted to the welfare of the people, but how much less in amount than the war debt! For the six years ending in 1836, the average payment for the interest on this debt was about 140,000,000 dollars (upwards of £29,000,000) annually. If we add to this sum, 60,000,000 dollars (£12,500,000), during this same period, paid to the army, navy, and ordnance, we shall have 200,000,000 dollars (more than £41,600,000), as the annual tax on the English people, to pay for former wars, and to prepare for new. During this same period, there was an annual appropriation of only 20,000,000 dollars (say £4,166,000) for all the civil purposes of the government. It thus appears that war absorbed ninety cents of every dollar (18s. of every pound sterling) that was pressed by heavy taxation from

the English people, who almost seem to sweat blood! The remaining ten cents (or 2s. of the 20s.) sufficed to maintain the splendour of the throne, the administration of justice, and the diplomatic relations with foreign powers; in short, all the proper objects of a Christian State. Let us now look exclusively at the *preparations for war in time of peace*. It is one of the miseries of war, that, even in peace, its evils continue to be felt by the world, beyond any other evils by which poor suffering humanity is oppressed. At this moment the Christian nations, worshipping a symbol of common brotherhood, live as if in intrenched camps, in which they keep armed watch, to prevent surprise from each other. The number of soldiers now keeping the peace of European Christendom, as a *standing army*, without counting the navy, is upwards of two millions. Some estimate place it as high as three millions. The army of Great Britain exceeds 800,000 men; that of France 350,000; that of Russia 730,000, and is reckoned by some as high as 1,000,000; that of Austria about 275,000; that of Prussia 150,000. Taking the smaller number, suppose these two millions to require for their annual support an average sum of only 150 dollars (£31 : 5s.) each, the result would be 300,000,000 dollars (£62,500,000) for their sustenance alone; and reckoning one officer to ten soldiers, and allowing to each of the latter an English shilling a-day, or 87 dollars (£18 : 2 : 6d.) a-year for wages, and to the former an average salary of 500 dollars (£104 : 8 : 4d.) a-year, we should have for the pay of the whole no less than 256,000,000 dollars (upwards of £58,800,000), or an appalling sum total for both sustenance and pay of 556,000,000 dollars (£115,833,000). If the same calculation be made, supposing the forces to amount to three millions, the sum total will be 885,000,000 dollars (nearly £174,000,000)! But to this enormous sum, another still more enormous must be added, on account of the loss sustained by the withdrawal of two millions of hardy, healthy men, in the bloom of life, from useful, productive labour. It has been supposed that it costs an average of 500 dollars (£104 : 8 : 4d.) to rear a soldier; and that the value of his labour, if devoted to useful objects, would be 150 dollars (£31 : 5s.) a-year. The Christian powers, therefore, in setting apart two millions of men, as soldiers, sustain a loss of 1,000,000,000 dollars (£208,833,000), on account of their training; and 800,000,000 dollars (£62,500,000) annually, on account of their labour. So much for the cost of the standing army of European Christendom in time of peace.'

This calculation, our readers will perceive, embraces exclusively the standing armies of Europe. Statements less startling are made respecting the naval expenditure. We give only one other extract from these gloomy statistics, assuring our readers that a perusal of this part of Mr Sumner's oration will satisfy them that its expensiveness alone proves it to be, irrespective of the other evils of war,

'A game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.'

'Enormous as are the expenses of this character in Europe, those in our country are still greater in proportion to the other expenditures of the federal government. It appears that the average expenditures of the federal government for the six years ending with 1840, exclusive of payments on account of debt, were 26,474,892 dollars (about £5,515,000); of this sum, the average appropriation each year for military and naval purposes amounted to 21,828,903 dollars (£4,448,521), being 80 per cent. of the whole amount! Yet; of all the income which was received by the federal government, 80 cents of every dollar (£80 in every £100) was applied in this useless way. The remaining 20 cents sufficed to maintain the government, the administration of justice, our relations with foreign nations, the lighthouses which shed their cheerful signals over the rough waves which beat upon our long and indented coast, from the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the Mississippi. Let us observe the relative expenditures of the United States, in the scale of the nations, for military preparations, in time of peace, exclusive of payments on account of the debts

These expenditures are in proportion to the whole expenditure of government:—In Austria, as 88 per cent.; in France, as 88 per cent.; in Prussia, as 44 per cent.; in Great Britain, as 74 per cent.; in the United States, as 80 per cent. By a table of the expenditures of the United States, exclusive of payments on account of the public debt, it appears, that in the fifty-three years from the formation of our present government in 1789, down to 1848, there has been spent the enormous sum of *seventeen hundred and thirty-five millions* of dollars (£861,458,838), a sum beyond the conception of human faculties, sunk under the sanction of the government of the United States in mere *peaceful preparations for war*; more than *seven times* as much as was dedicated by the government during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever.

Mr Sumners, however, is something more than a cold, dry statist. He is eloquent, some will think, even to a fault, and his oration contains many passages of brilliant declamation. We have seldom read a more vivid description of the atrocities and horrors of war than the following:—

'The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the two nations and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries, the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive of peace, would be driven from the sea, or turned from their proper purposes to be ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse, which have become woven into a thick web, would be suddenly snapped asunder; friend could no longer communicate with friend; the twenty thousand letters, which each fortnight are speeded, from this port alone, across the sea, could no longer be sent, and the human affections and desires, of which these are the precious expression, would seek in vain for utterance. Tell me, you who have friends and kindred abroad, or who are bound to foreigners by the more worldly relations of commerce, are you prepared for this rude separation? But this is little compared with what must follow. The horrors of these reddens every page of history; while, to the disgrace of humanity, the historian has rarely applied to their brutal authors the condemnation they deserve. A popular writer, in our own day, dazzled by those false ideas of greatness at which reason and Christianity blush, does not hesitate to dwell on them with terms of rapture and eulogy. At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless—men and women, grey hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age—were butchered by the infuriated troops in one night; and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses were inundated with blood: and yet this is called a 'glorious exploit.' This was a conquest by the French. At a later day, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when there ensued, in the license of victory, a frightful scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides fearfully intermingled with the groans of the wounded. The churches were desecrated; the cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged; fire was wantonly applied to different parts of the city, and brutal intoxication spread in every direction. It was only when the drunken men dropped from excess, or fell asleep, that any degree of order was restored; and yet the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is pronounced 'one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army.' This exploit was followed by the storming of Badajoz, in which the same scenes were enacted again, with added atrocities. Let the story be told in the words of a partial historian: 'Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and pitiful lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fire bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the report of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult

rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded were then looked to—the dead disposed of.' The same terrible war affords another instance of the horrors of a siege, which cries to heaven for judgment. For weeks before the surrender of Saragossa, the deaths were from four to five hundred daily; the living were unable to bury the dead, and thousands of carcasses, scattered about the streets and courtyards, or piled in heaps at the doors of churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption, or to be licked up by the flames of the burning houses. The city was shaken to its foundation by sixteen thousand shells thrown during the bombardment, and the explosion of forty-five thousand pounds of powder in the mines, while the bones of forty thousand persons, of every age, and both sexes, bore dreadful testimony to the unutterable atrocity of war. These might be supposed to be pictures from the age of Alaric, Scourge of God, or of Attila, whose boast was, that grass did not grow where his horse had set his foot; but no, they belong to our own times. They are portions of the wonderful but wicked career of him who stands out as the foremost representative of worldly grandeur. The heart aches as we follow him and his marshals from field to field of glory. At Albuera, in Spain, we see the horrid piles of carcasses, while all the night the rain pours down; and the river, and the hills, and the woods on each side, resound with the dismal clamours and groans of dying men. At Salamanca, long after the battle, we behold the ground still blanched by the skeletons of those who fell, and strewn with the fragments of casques and cuirasses. We follow in the dismal traces of his Russian campaign: At Valencia we see the soldiers black with powder; their bayonets bent with the violence of the encounter; the earth ploughed with cannon-shot; the trees torn and mutilated; the field covered with broken carriages, wounded horses, and mangled bodies; while disease—sad attendant on military suffering—sweeps thousands from the great hospitals of the army; and the multitude of amputated limbs, which there is not time to destroy, accumulate in bloody heaps, filling the air with corruption. What tongue, what pen, can describe the horrors of the field of Borodino, where, between the rise and set of a single sun, more than one hundred thousand of our fellow-men, equalling in number the population of this whole city, sank to the earth dead or wounded! Fifty days after the battle, no less than twenty thousand are found lying where they have fallen; and the whole plain is strewn with half-buried carcasses of men and horses, intermingled with garments dyed in blood, and bones gnawed by dogs and vultures. Who can follow the French army in their dismal retreat, avoiding the pursuing spear of the Cossack, only to sink under the sharper frost and ice, in a temperature below zero, on foot, without a shelter for their bodies, and famishing on horse-flesh and a miserable compound of rye and snow-water? Still later, we behold him with a fresh army, contending against new forces under the walls of Dresden; and as the Emperor rides over the field of battle, having supped with the King of Saxony the night before, ghastly traces of the contest of the preceding day are to be seen on all sides. Out of the newly-made graves hands and arms are projecting, stark and stiff above the earth. And shortly afterwards, when shelter is needed for the troops, direction is given to occupy the hospitals of the insane, with the order—'Turn out the mad.' But wasted lands, ruined and famished cities, and slaughtered armies are only a part of the 'purple testament of bleeding war.' Every soldier is connected, as all of you, by dear ties of kindred, love, and friendship. He has been sternly summoned from the warm embraces of his family. To him, there is, perhaps, an aged mother, who has fondly hoped to lean her decaying frame upon his more youthful form; perhaps a wife, whose life has been just entwined inseparably with his, now condemned to wasting despair; perhaps brothers, sisters. As he falls on the field of battle, must not all these rush with his blood? But who can measure the distress that radiates as from a bloody sun, penetrating innumerable homes? Who can give the gauge and dimensions of this incalculable sorrow? Tell me, ye

who have felt the bitterness of parting with dear friends and kindred, whom you have watched tenderly till the last golden sands have run out, and the great hour-glass is turned, what is the measure of your anguish? Your friend has departed, soothed by kindness, and in the arms of love; the soldier gasps out his life with no friend near, while the scowl of hate darkens all that he beholds—darkens his own departing soul.'

We take leave for the present of the subject of Peace Societies. We wish them all success. We shall watch their progress with interest, believing that they may prove valuable auxiliaries in accomplishing the beautiful and glowing prediction of Scripture: 'They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'

THE HOTTENTOTS.

THE Hottentots are a race of small people, seldom exceeding five feet three or four inches. They are thin and attenuated, their skin, even in the younger ones, being shrivelled and rough. They have square countenances, high cheek-bones, a flat nose deeply sunk within the facial line, small eyes not at all prominent, a large wide mouth, with the under lip generally thick. Their teeth are dark, often decayed and irregular. Their heads are not at all intellectual. Their feet and hands, however, are small and beautifully formed.

When first met on the coast, they evidently had been in the habit of occasionally communicating with ships. They invariably possessed a steel, although they had no foreign weapons.

On first visiting them on shore, they received us with looks of the greatest apathy and indifference, evidently waiting for the first advances to be made: they were in a sitting posture, the weight of the thighs resting on the legs above the heel. It is somewhat singular that this is the manner and attitude in which a New Zealander invariably receives strangers, considering it a mark of respect towards them. On approaching and shaking hands with them they soon seemed at ease, quickly asking for water and tobacco. They had no weapons with them, having, as was afterwards discovered, hid them amongst the rocks; they always have a great number of dogs. Their women never appeared, and, during all our intercourse with them, they were rarely seen. Whether this proceeded from a natural timidity, or arose from former ill-treatment, it was difficult to determine. It is, however, believed to have been from the latter cause. They seem to be capable of taking in at once a week's provision. When first met with two of them were brought to the vessel, and it certainly seemed as if it was impossible to satisfy them with food; and the complacency with which they patted their stomachs, extended in a most extraordinary manner, showed how much they seemed to enjoy their feed. They were very fond of smoking, and often asked for tobacco. When first met with they used a wiry sort of grass, but invariably preferred tobacco.

Having one day, when two of the men were on board, observed some others amongst the rocks at a distance inland, and supposing them to be women, who, at this time, had not been seen, the men were accompanied on shore, from which they did not seem inclined to start. On walking about, however, the recent foot-print of a child was discovered, which, when pointed out to them, seemed to agitate them considerably. Determined, if possible, to see their dwelling, the foot-prints were followed, the natives also coming, but evidently displeased. About one mile from the beach two rude huts were seen, with all their weapons and property. The women and children, however, were gone, which seemed as much to astonish the natives as to disappoint us. One of them ran at once to the place where the fire had been, pushed his hand amongst the ashes, and, feeling no heat, seemed at once overwhelmed by passion and disappointment. After many apparent violent expres-

sions and gestures he quietly sat down, filled his pipe with a wiry-looking dried grass from a skin bag suspended from his neck, and, smoking a few seconds, became quite excited, presenting exactly the same appearance as an opium-smoker. After the excitement, his eyes, at first rolling about like those of a maniac, became fixed, and he tumbled over on the ground, lying for some time as if dead.

Their language is exactly similar in sound to the Chinese, being produced by the same clacking sound of the tongue against the roof of the mouth. They, in their constant intercourse with the crews of the vessels, during two years, did not make much progress in acquiring English. One rather intelligent fellow, who went by the English cognomen of Pease-soup, was most easily understood by words, signs, and expression; but they are certainly as much behind the South Sea Islanders in mental as in physical qualifications. The same Pease-soup was the musician of the party, having an instrument composed of a piece of wood about three feet long, a piece of sinew string, going from one end to the other, having near one end a piece of nicely scraped sinew about a quarter of an inch broad. This string being tightened to the proper tension, he applied his lips to the piece of sinew, and apparently with considerable exertion produced a few notes similar to the low notes of the French horn. When listening to the music on board he seemed much delighted, and, on one of the sailors commencing to dance a hornpipe, he immediately joined and kept most excellent time.

Their clothing consists simply of a skin mantle, composed of the skins of various wild animals; it is tied around the neck, and hangs loosely over the shoulders. They have invariably a piece of skin about a foot square suspended by a string tied round the loins. They generally had a sort of skull-cap of skin on their heads, which have only a little woolly hair. At times, when prepared for a journey, they have a sort of mocassin or skin boot.

Their weapons are bows and arrows and spears. The bow is made of wood, about four feet in length. The arrow is of bamboo, feathered at the inner end. At the outer end a piece of sharpened bone fits into the bamboo, one end of the bone being clear, the other poisoned with a black pitchy-looking substance. Their quiver generally contained about forty to fifty arrows. Their spear is about seven feet long, the handle made of wood, the head invariably of steel, of native workmanship. They possess considerable dexterity in the use of these weapons. When asked where they got them, they invariably replied, a long way off, where there were plenty of people. They carry their supply of water in ostrich eggs, having a small hole in one end. They had also a supply of a red ochre-looking substance, with which and grease they occasionally smeared their bodies. They are extremely filthy in their persons, never washing their bodies. They seem to trust on the coast entirely to supplies derived from it—young seals, birds, and shell-fish being the only food they seemed to use. They are, no doubt, induced to live on the coast from the chance of meeting with vessels. However often they were clothed from the vessels, they always appeared the following day in the kaross, and must have hid the clothes away, perhaps for the purpose of carrying with them when they rejoin their tribe. Three or four of them went away to the interior, travelling to the southeastward, and returned after an absence of four months. They had then with them a few roots, the remains of what they appeared to have subsisted on on the journey, something similar in appearance to the mandioca root.

The Hottentots do not appear to have any religion, at least no observances of any were ever noticed among them. Their ideas on the subject could not be ascertained from a want of the requisite knowledge of their language.

They are extremely quiet and respectful in their demeanour, never attempting to touch or take anything not given to them. No instance of dishonesty was known on the part of any of them; and when hungry and thirsty they have never made the least attempt to assist themselves, until asked, although the table was covered with food before them. On showing Pease-soup over the steamer

Thunderbolt, he seemed highly delighted with everything, particularly the pictures, looking-glasses, and various native weapons in Captain Brodie's cabin. On being taken into the engine-room, however, the sight seemed completely to astonish him; he gave a long peculiar whistle, gazing on the machinery some time without speaking.—*The African Guano Trade.*

THE TWO SISTERS.

In the year 1792, when the threatening proclamations and advance of the allied aroused the military fervour of the French to the highest pitch, Jean Herou, a simple villager of Normandy, responding to the call 'the country is in danger,' hastened to join the army of the frontier. Jean left few behind, in his native village, to lament his departure; yet there was one, a warm-hearted country girl, to whom he had been betrothed for some time, and who shed many bitter tears. With equal grief and vows of fidelity, Jean bade farewell to his beloved Catherine, and hastened to take his place among that enthusiastic soldiery who were destined in a few short years to become the dictators of Europe. He thus became a sharer in the toils and dangers of those extraordinary campaigns, in which the raw levies of the republic, without proper clothing, barefooted, and often without bread, vanquished the veteran and well-appointed armies of the allies, and threw the lustre of military renown over the fearful atrocities which disgraced the interior of the country. France has never been at a loss for soldiers, and Jean Herou, along with many amiable qualities, fully inherited the national spirit in this respect.

After having distinguished himself on many occasions, Jean returned to Paris, and was appointed one of the guard of the Directory. Faithful to his promise, he now sent for Catherine Lebas and married her. In a short time, he again set out for conquest, but returned at the conclusion of the peace of Amiens. On the coronation of Napoleon he joined as a subaltern the Imperial Guard, and in exchange for the sword which had been awarded to him by the republic, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The peace was not of long duration. England formed a third coalition with Russia and Sweden against France. It was necessary anew to set out. Leaving his wife and two daughters, Jean Herou returned to the army, to take his share of glory in the war of the time. His advancement was rapid; but Catherine Lebas was only informed of it by learning that the lieutenant of the guard, Jean Herou, had been killed in a brilliant charge, which had partly decided the great victory of Austerlitz. The poor wife was deeply afflicted by this sad event; she resolved to leave Paris and return with her fatherless children to her own country and people. But Napoleon, who compensated the bravery of his followers even in the persons of their widows and children, ordered suitable pension to be settled on Catherine Lebas, and that one of her daughters should be placed in a boarding-school at the expense of the state. The latter favour was a fresh subject of grief for the poor mother; she must separate from one of her dear children, who were now her only consolation. The eldest, named Maria, could alone profit by the kindness of the emperor; Louisa, the youngest, being under the age required.

The parting day from Maria was to poor Catherine a sorrowful one. She was her first born; then she resembled her poor father so much—she had his decided character—his frankness—a little even of his bluntness. It was certain that Catherine had an equal attachment for both her daughters; but at the moment of separation, it always seems to the heart of a mother, that the child she is going to part with is the one she loves most; and it was only after a severe struggle that the interests of this beloved daughter triumphed over maternal weakness. Maria was conducted to the appointed boarding-school, where the pleasures of change, the novelty of her situation, and of the scenes she saw, left little time for long-continued regrets on her part. She was very soon consoled, when she found herself well dressed and kindly

treated, with many companions, most of whom were about her own age. Maria soon got accustomed to the elegance of her new situation. Meanwhile her mother, with a heavy heart, returned with Louisa to her old home and friends; her cares, formerly divided between her two children, were now centered on Louisa. Having bought a small cottage and a few acres of land, she again betook herself to the industrious and retired life she had led before her marriage. The cares of her little housekeeping and the field work occupied the greatest part of her time; the rest of it was devoted to teaching Louisa the little she herself knew—that is to say, reading, writing, counting, sewing, knitting, spinning, and to be a good housekeeper. But Maria, who is to have most of our attention, received a more accomplished education, and profited by it, for, in addition to excellent abilities, she possessed a large amount of self-esteem. She would have felt greatly annoyed if she had not frequently obtained the medal of her class, and if her name had not been announced as first amongst her rivals. This ambition, praiseworthy in its results, did not, unfortunately, proceed from a desire for information, but from a constant aspiring at superiority, which was manifested in every action of her life. Brought up with young ladies of noble families, almost every one of them bearing distinguished names, Maria wished to surpass them, and to conceal, by the superiority of her attainments, what she regarded as the humility of her origin. She frequently received letters from her mother, but she carefully concealed them from her schoolfellows; for the good widow Herou was none of the best of spellers, and Maria would have blushed if any of her companions had known this. This vanity, which her rapid progress in knowledge could not by any means excuse, increased with her years. She heard her companions boast of the luxury and magnificence of their parents' houses—of the titles their fathers bore, and the honours with which they were adorned. She observed with a feeling of envy the splendid carriages which were sent to take her fortunate companions to visit their friends; and involuntarily she thought of the humble condition of her relatives as a very heavy misfortune. It may be easily imagined, that the vain Maria did not tell her companions what was her mother's position in society: self-love and pride led to falsehood in this case, as, alas, it does in so many similar cases; and the daughter of the humble and virtuous Catherine Lebas, when she was obliged to talk of her family, which was very seldom, gave to it a social position very far from the true one. But how could she speak of simple farmers and labourers, her uncles and aunts, to those whose relations were counts and barons? how could she speak of her mother's lowly cottage to those whose fathers dwelt in castles? It would lower her pride too much to confess frankly that her mother was only a simple country woman. But Maria did not think of the moment when her vain falsehoods were to be unveiled, as was speedily the case.

It was now a long time since the affectionate Catherine had seen her much loved daughter Maria, though she frequently received letters from her; she heard of the progress she was making in her education, and all that she heard increased her desire to see her once more—to fold her to her loving heart; for Catherine also had pride, but it was a mother's pride, which is only, as it were, an increase of pure affection, an overflow of love, a legitimate pride, if we may so speak, which a child ought to be happy in inspiring. The widow Herou lived with so much industry and frugality in her modest cottage, that, thanks to her small pension as the widow of an officer, and the products of her little farm, she had by this time been able to save a little money, which she intended for her daughters; for all her cares were for them, and the good mother voluntarily denied herself many enjoyments, in order to augment the little treasure she was gathering for them. Nevertheless, she could not resist the strong desire she felt to see her dear Maria once more; and she resolved to be at the expense of a journey to Paris. Louisa, who was now a tall young woman, would have been delighted to have gone along with her mother, but some one was required to look

after the house and the farm; she therefore contented herself with making an enormous cake for her sister. And now behold the good mother on her way to the capital, charged by all her acquaintances to carry their love and good wishes to Maria. Delighted was the simple Catherine, in thinking of the happiness the surprise of seeing her so unexpectedly would yield her daughter.

It was during one of the hours of recreation that Maria was informed that some one in the drawing-room wanted to see her. Much surprised, she went into the room, and as she was looking about in all directions in the large apartment, to find out the person who had inquired for her, she quickly perceived a very fat country woman, who with extended arms ran forward to embrace her. We must confess that the first movement of Maria was to throw herself into her mother's arms; but unfortunately there were several of her companions present, whose mothers, dressed in the most elegant and fashionable manner, formed such a contrast to the plain country woman, with her large round bonnet, and camlet dress and apron, that the comparison very quickly repelled the kindly feeling with which at the first moment she felt inclined to welcome her mother.

The latter, struck with admiration, and full of delight at seeing Maria so tall, beautiful, and elegantly dressed, did not perceive her embarrassment. Large tears of joy ran down her cheeks; she looked at Maria with astonishment, then throwing her arms round her neck, she covered her with kisses. When this first emotion was past, and the joy which overcame the good mother permitted her to speak, she cried out, 'Maria, Maria, can this indeed be you that I see once more!' This exclamation, which came from the heart, pronounced in the high tone in which country people generally speak, made Maria tremble, and she hastily said to her mother in a low voice—

'A little lower, pray, mamma; there are other people here, and we will disturb them.'

'You are right, my child. Oh! if you only knew how happy I am to see you—and, bless you, Maria, how beautiful you have become! Your sister, Louisa, is a fine slip of a girl too, but the poor child is somewhat dark, for, you know, working out of doors doesn't improve faces.'

'Lower, pray, mamma; and my sister Louisa, how is she?'

'Oh! she is growing like a mushroom; she is an active working lass, and is a great assistance to me.'

'Come to this side of the room, mamma; we will be better here.' Maria tried thus to get her mother to a distance from the place where some of her teasing schoolfellows were trying to listen to their conversation.

'But speaking of your sister,' replied the widow Herou, 'makes me remember that I have here a fine cake which she has baked expressly for you.' And drawing it out of a large bag, in which it was carefully wrapped up in a coloured handkerchief, she presented to Maria the enormous heavy cake which Louisa had baked for her. Maria blushed, for she perceived her companions receiving small delicate sweetmeats and cakes. 'I have also to give thee love and good wishes from all thy friends. Thy uncle Nicholas, the cattle-dealer'—

'Do speak lower, if you please, mamma.'

'He is proposing to come and see you when he is on his next journey. You will give him a warm reception, Maria, won't you? He is a good man, and loves you much, and he intends to leave you and Louisa some money.'

'I am very much occupied with my lessons, mamma, and have so little leisure time, that I am afraid his visit might be in vain; do, mamma, tell him not to give himself so much trouble.'

'Oh! he will come, for he is very determined, is your uncle Nicholas.'

Then the anxious and warm-hearted mother renewed her caresses, wished to know all that her child was doing, and especially if she was kindly treated. In short, she put all those questions, which, though they appear trifling, a kind and anxious mother generally asks her child. The hour of recreation was at last spent, and it was necessary to return to lessons. We regret to be obliged to say, that

Maria was not sorry at it. She regarded herself as relieved from a painful restraint; and the moment of separation, which wrung the heart of her simple mother, filled hers with satisfaction. Indeed, it was with a feeling of pleasure that she returned to the schoolroom, while her mother left the house weeping. During the hours of study, Maria had nothing to fear from the curiosity of her associates; but with the play-hour in the evening came the questions—'Was it your maid, or your nurse, Maria, who brought you that very large cake to-day?' asked her companions on all sides.

'It was undoubtedly one of your mamma's farmer's wives,' said others.

Maria, pressed with questions, embarrassed, ashamed, replied in a low tone, 'It was my nurse.' Thanks to this equivocation, she was at once spared all jokes about the enormous cake and fat country woman. Soon it was no more thought of; but her vanity was speedily to be severely punished.

Some months after the visit of the widow Herou, there presented himself at the boarding-school one forenoon, at the recreation-hour, a great stout countryman, dressed in a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat with turned-up brim, iron-shod shoes and white cotton gaiters, and holding a stout stick in his hand.

'Beg pardon,' said he; 'can I see Maria Herou, my niece, daughter of Catherine Lebas and the deceased Jean Herou?'

The servant immediately conducted him to the drawing-room, laughing a little at his singular appearance and manner; he was asked to sit down, and wait while they told his niece of his arrival.

Uncle Nicholas, for it was he, having acquired a tolerable appetite from his long walk, immediately after having seated himself in a very conspicuous part of the room, drew out of his pocket a large piece of brown bread and some apples, and, taking his knife, began to eat without seeming to be at all discomposed at finding himself in the midst of a numerous and fashionable company. When Maria came into the drawing-room, and saw her uncle Nicholas, she looked as if she had seen a ghost—her colour rose, and she became greatly agitated.

'Jarnicoton!' exclaimed uncle Nicholas, with a stentorian voice; 'is this really possible! how, art thou really the daughter of Catherine Lebas, our sister? Thy mother indeed told us how pretty and genteel thou hadst become; but, jarnicoton, I never expected to see thee looking so well.' And putting his bread, apples, and knife into his pocket, uncle Nicholas put his arms round Maria's neck, and gave her two hearty kisses on the cheeks.

Maria was more dead than alive; the suppressed laughter of several of those who were present went to her heart like so many daggers, and she felt herself unable to articulate a single word.

'But, jarnicoton, why don't ye speak to me?' said uncle Nicholas. 'Do you not know who I am? I am thy uncle Nicholas Lebas, the cattle-dealer; I have come to Paris to sell some of my beasts, and I could upon no account go away without coming to see thee.'

Maria, who had now recovered herself a little, tried to make him lower his voice, but she soon found that uncle Nicholas was not quite so docile as her good mother; and the unfortunate jarnicoton, which was the commencement of every sentence, redoubled the mirth of the spectators of this ridiculous *tête-a-tête*. In the hope of forcing him into silence, Maria began to relate to him, with much volubility, all that she was learning. But whenever she mentioned any new science, uncle Nicholas exclaimed afresh—'Jarnicoton, truly these are fine things they are teaching thee here! Now,' cried he, with eagerness, 'history! ay, what is this history?'

'It is the narration of events worthy of being commemorated, uncle.'

'Oh! that is good, no doubt; and geography, what then is this geography thou art learning?'

'It is the knowledge of the situation of all the different countries in the world.'

'Good, too; that will be very useful to thee, and make thee know whereabouts thy mother's bit of land lies.'

'I am also learning music, uncle.'

'Music, jarnicoton! I am right glad to hear that, for our fiddler is so old now that he is hardly able to play of an evening or a holiday to our young folks; but when thou comest home, Maria, thou wilt fill his place bravely.'

Each of the reflections of uncle Nicholas increased the mirth of the company and the distress of his mortified niece. The much-desired ringing of the bell at last relieved her, and forced uncle Nicholas to make his retreat, which he did after taking a hearty farewell of Maria, and bowing with his hand to the gay and merry company. It may be easily imagined in what a state he left his proud young friend, and what she must have suffered after, as well as during, a scene so trying for her foolish vanity. There was no means of deceiving any one on this occasion; twenty of her companions had witnessed what had taken place; what was she to say, what to do?—she thought her silly head would turn. At the play-hour, in the evening, she tried to remain alone, to avoid the annoying questions which she was well aware all her companions would put to her; but the malicious boarders had been too highly delighted with the comical scene in the middle of the day to allow this opportunity of mortifying one, whose vanity had occasioned her many enemies, to pass by unimproved.

'Jarnicoton, Maria,' said one to her, 'your uncle Nicholas Lebas, the cattle-dealer, is certainly a very genteel man.'

'Jarnicoton,' said another, 'when your uncle Nicholas writes to you, you must show me his letter; indeed, Maria, you must, for, jarnicoton, I am very anxious to see his style of writing.'

'Is your uncle Nicholas unmarried?' said a third; 'jarnicoton, Maria, if he is, I wish you would recommend me to him as a wife.'

In short, there was nothing talked of that evening but uncle Nicholas—not one spoke to poor Maria without beginning with a jarnicoton, pronounced in the same way as uncle Nicholas had done. If Maria had taken the thing as a joke, it is very likely that in a few days no one would have thought or spoken any more about it; but her self-love was wounded; she became very angry with her companions, and the more she seemed annoyed, the more they delighted in teasing her, until at last she went constantly by the nickname of Jarnicoton. This was too much for her; she could not support so much persecution and annoyance; her feelings were so severely hurt that at last her health began to suffer in consequence, and a tedious illness was the result. When she recovered from it, they ceased to trouble her any more on the subject; they were making preparations for a great event which made everything else be forgotten in the boarding-school. The Emperor, who wished to examine into everything himself, was coming to visit the school, in which he had placed several children of his most distinguished officers to be educated. They were every day expecting his arrival; each one was in hopes of receiving some remark or notice from the great man. At last he came, and all the pupils were presented to him, one after another. The name of their father was the first question Napoleon asked each of them. When it came to Maria's turn to pass before him, she was pointed out as one of the most diligent scholars.

'What is your father's name?' said the Emperor to her in a brief tone.

Maria, much intimidated, after having just heard several illustrious and noble names pronounced, replied in a low voice, 'Sire, he was called Jean Herou.'

'Herou!' exclaimed the Emperor, 'I knew him well, he was in my guard; he was a brave man, who would very quickly have risen to a high rank; but the cannon respects no one;' and Napoleon wiped away a tear, adding, 'I will not forget you, my child.'

These words, coming from such an illustrious man, filled Maria with all her former pride and vanity; she threw

back her head in a haughty manner, and cast upon her companions a look of gratified vanity. She seemed to say to them, you see that if my father had not been removed by death I should have had titles and fortune as well as you; and in that single look she felt herself amply avenged for all the annoyance to which she had so long been subjected. Napoleon's words became deeply impressed upon her mind—'Your father was a brave man, he would have risen to a high rank.' How often did she spend her time in useless regrets at having been thus prevented from possessing rank and fortune; but, thought she at last, the daughter of a brave man, who would have risen to a high rank if he had lived, may yet, by a fortunate marriage, attain to that rank of which she was unfortunately deprived by the fate of war. This thought became more and more a hope or rather persuasion in Maria's mind during the last two years she remained at school, and it no doubt greatly increased her application and ardour in pursuit of her studies, as, according to her plan, it was to be owing to her superior accomplishments that she expected ere long to place herself as the equal of the noble and wealthy.

The period at which she was to leave the boarding-school and return to her friends at last arrived. It was a mournful day that for Maria when she entered for the first time the humble dwelling of peace and contentment which was henceforward to be her home; when she found herself surrounded by her kind but simple-minded relations, whose rustic cordial manners so severely wounded all her foolish vain notions. Here her talents and accomplishments were of very little use to her, and she found herself completely ignorant of every thing that would have been useful to herself and others. Instead, however, of seeking to be instructed in any of her new duties, she behaved in such an arrogant and haughty manner, that she soon disgusted all her kind friends and new acquaintances, and became as much detested by them for her pride as she had formerly been by her companions at school. Her mother alone, her good indulgent mother, was full of love and admiration of her; a love which, alas, met with a miserable return. A circumstance which happened at this time exposed still more the cold-hearted vanity of the unhappy Maria. Her sister Louisa was asked in marriage by the son of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood. On hearing of this, Maria was very angry, and said that such a low marriage would be a disgrace to the memory of their father; that the daughter of a man whom the great Napoleon had so highly honoured ought certainly to aspire to a superior rank than that of a poor labourer's wife. Notwithstanding the opposition and earnest remonstrances of the foolish girl, the marriage took place, all the acquaintances and relations having united in representing to Catherine what an advantageous connexion it was; and especially because the kind-hearted Louisa, who was a perfect stranger to any of that ambition which troubled her sister so much, had confessed to her mother that this marriage, suitable in every respect, was alone wanting to complete her happiness. On the marriage day, the tiresome Maria pretended to be very unwell, so that she might not require to be present at the *rout*, as she called it. This unkind conduct deeply grieved the poor mother, and made all her acquaintances despise Maria more and more; while, on the contrary, her amiable sister was becoming every day dearer to all who witnessed her kindness and forbearance to her selfish sister. So far indeed did Louisa carry her generous feelings, that she tried to defend her ungrateful sister, and seemed anxious that their acquaintances should think that Maria was really indisposed, though, with all her charity, she could hardly believe it herself. After her marriage, Louisa left the pleasant cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, where she had been her good mother's warm-hearted companion and active assistant, and went with her excellent husband to her new home—a well-furnished comfortable farm-house.

The widow Herou was now left alone with Maria, to whose cold selfish heart no joy was imparted in witnessing the happiness of the young wife. Of how many sweet enjoyments do the selfish and unkind voluntarily deprive

themselves! Catherine Lebas now felt more deeply than ever the difference between her two daughters. Maria, despising all household matters as things quite beneath her notice, was not of the least use to her; but an indulgent mother is always willing to find or invent excuses for the faults and imperfections of her children. Far from complaining of Maria, the widow Herou sometimes spoke of her happiness in having her daughter once more at home, though there was no one in the village willing to give her credit for speaking the truth when she said so. We should here tell of a noble action of Louisa, which will give some idea of the excellence of her disposition.

The widow Herou, thanks to her excellent management, unweared industry, and frugality, and with the assistance of Louisa, had, as we have already mentioned, saved a small sum of money which she intended for her daughters. The death of several of her relations, who left her small legacies, still more augmented her little treasure, which was also increased by the accumulated interest of some years; so that at the marriage of Louisa the widow Herou found herself possessed of a goodly sum of money. Equally attached to both her children, she wished to give Louisa the share which so justly belonged to her; but Louisa, whose disinterestedness equalled her kindness and affection to her unhappy sister, whom she sincerely pitied, replied—‘No, mother, Maria has been brought up as a lady, and she must keep up the rank of one; reserve all the money you have for her; he who is about to marry me has never known about this dowry, and Providence has so richly blessed him that he does not require it.’ Catherine, with tears in her eyes, embraced her generous daughter, and blinded by her affection for the unworthy Maria, and without consulting any of her friends, accepted Louisa’s proposal.

Maria had not renounced her ambitious projects; she still wished to shine and to excel. A family of rank resided in a castle in the neighbourhood; by some means or other the report of the accomplishments and talents of Maria reached the ears of the young ladies, and she was invited to visit them occasionally, her elegant manners and lively conversation making her a welcome visiter in a family whose reduced fortune prevented their receiving gayer and nobler friends. It was only at the castle that Maria appeared happy and at home. Though all the people of sense and discernment in the village despised her for her pride and want of heart, there were nevertheless several young men who, charmed with her beauty and elegant figure, dared to aspire to her hand. Some of them, and those the richest in the place, asked her in marriage; but the infatuated girl would hardly deign to answer her mother when she pressed her to accept any of these offers.

Just about this time there came on a visit to the castle the Count de Saint Maurice, a young spendthrift, who had already dissipated all the fortune that his family had been able to save out of the ruins of their large estates at the time of the Revolution. This young man had now nothing left to him except his empty title and many debts. On seeing Maria, he was much struck with her beauty and elegance, he eagerly inquired regarding her, and learned that she was likely to have a tolerably round sum for a dowry, the possession of which would enable him to silence his creditors, whose severity had forced him to ask for hospitality at the castle. True, it would be a low marriage for him; but then, thought he, Maria is beautiful, she has received a very accomplished education, and possesses excellent talents; besides, un pitying necessity told him, in loud terms, that notwithstanding his title of count he could not expect to make a more suitable marriage, and he therefore determined to pay his addresses to the daughter of Jean Herou.

To an ambitious mind, we may imagine how delightful would be the thoughts of becoming a countess—what a fine title! Would not this be realising what the Emperor had said to her; would not this be mounting at once to the position on his way to which her father had been arrested by a cannon-ball? Thus you may easily imagine the joy of Maria when she became aware that the Count de Saint

Maurice was indeed her devoted admirer, and the satisfaction with which she listened to his proposals for an immediate marriage. She spoke to her mother in the most exaggerated manner about the advantages of the proposed union.

The poor widow, blinded by her strong attachment to her daughter, dazzled by the fine title of countess, and influenced especially by the ascendancy her child had acquired over her mind, opposed only a few weak objections to the marriage, which were quickly answered by Mari. Alas for widow Herou, who neither calculated the consequences nor the dangers of this foolish union! Accustomed as she had been to look upon Maria as very superior to all her relations, she easily yielded to her species reasonings. In short, she consented to every thing; and the Count de Saint Maurice being in haste to have the dowry, the marriage day was speedily fixed. But even before she became a countess, Maria was punished for her ambition. At the castle the poor daughter of the humble widow Herou was received with kindness, they praised her accomplishments, they enjoyed her intelligent conversation, but as soon as they perceived that she was likely, by an unequal marriage, to become the equal of her patrons, they treated her with the utmost coldness; they liked her well enough as the lowly born girl, they despised her as the upstart countess; they made cutting remarks on the folly of people in the humble ranks of society trying to become noble by getting into distinguished families; they forgot all her merit, they saw in her only a person full of artifice and manoeuvre, and at last they would no longer receive her at the castle. On the other hand, her own relations, justly offended at the haughtiness of the count, who wished Maria to have henceforward no communication with her family, disapproved very much of the connexion, so that Maria found herself repulsed by every one.

The great day arrived at last; the count, hitherto very amiable, had little difficulty in convincing his bride that the marriage ought to be conducted in the most private manner, without noise or bustle. This was the custom in the fashionable world, he said, and Maria, who was enjoying beforehand the delight of taking her place in this fashionable world, of which as yet she knew nothing except by hearsay, allowed herself to be very easily persuaded. Poor Maria! she was soon, very soon, to have all her castles in the air totally demolished. The count, whose father and mother were dead, considered himself at liberty to do what he pleased; but his relations, all the more proud that they had been ruined at the Revolution, were very much offended at his marriage. The Count de Saint Maurice, the son of one of the most ancient families in France, to marry the daughter of a common labourer, as they called the widow Herou—it was scandalous! When Maria, at her own request, was introduced to her new connexions, she was received by them with a coldness bordering on contempt; they were still willing to receive the count at their houses, but they determined to treat his wife as an utter stranger. This kind of reception, so different from what she had expected, saddened her heart. She was still more distressed and alarmed when she saw that her husband seemed to agree with his relations in their opinion of her. Now that, with her dowry, he had silenced his most clamorous creditors, the count began to perceive that many families, where he was formerly well received, shut their houses against him; he saw in his unfortunate wife an obstacle to his pleasures and success, and carelessness and neglect of her were the natural consequences. But this was not all; shortly after this the Bourbon family was restored to the ancient throne of France; the family of Saint Maurice saw now a favourable opportunity of regaining its former situation at court; the young count was speedily endowed with the brilliant sinecures which his illustrious ancestors had formerly held. This fortunate change, had the count treated her with the kindness of a husband, would have completely crowned Maria's proudest desire, but instead of adding to her happiness, it quickly overwhelmed her in misery. The

count was now more displeased than ever with himself on account of the foolish and unhappy marriage he had made. All his relations were presented at court, and he felt that it was impossible for him to claim this honour for his low-born countess. Besides, his feelings towards her had now changed from careless indifference into decided dislike. What was he to do? It seemed to him that but one alternative was left to him, and that was to banish the unhappy Maria, to conceal her from every one, and thus he trusted to be spared many annoyances and mortifications on her account. The unprincipled Count de Saint Maurice did not hesitate long about taking this cruel proceeding. Maria was removed to a country house which belonged to him, situated a great way from Paris, and she was strictly commanded upon no account to leave it until she obtained his permission. Ah! it was then that the wretched Maria, in her loneliness and misfortune, repulsed by her husband's haughty and unfeeling family, abandoned by himself, and not daring to communicate her dismal situation to her own friends, mourned over her fatal ambition; then looking back to the peaceful hours of her childhood, she remembered the tender care of her good mother, and all that attentive love which she had repaid with such base ingratitude; then, but unfortunately not till then, she comprehended how cruelly deceptive is ambition. What could she do in the midst of a family who seemed determined to tread her under their feet; and her own family so loving, so forbearing, but from whom she had voluntarily separated herself, and from whom she thought she must ask a humiliating pardon ere she could return? During these painful reflections, and a continual combat between her sad convictions and remaining pride and self-love, the brilliant visions which had hitherto dazzled her melted completely away, and left nothing behind but sober saddening truth. Those brilliant accomplishments of which she had been so proud, remained unknown, unvalued, and useless in the exile to which she was now condemned.

While Maria was thus suffering the severe punishment of her pride, her husband had resumed his former luxurious and expensive habits; he had become more and more extravagant, and large though his revenues now were, they were not large enough to satisfy his prodigality. New and numerous creditors succeeded his former ones; all he possessed had been already mortgaged, and his ruin was already consummated, when he lost his life in a duel; and thus the unfortunate Maria became a widow. Banished from her last asylum by her husband's exasperated creditors, the Countess de Saint Maurice, without resources, and without support, preserved still somewhat of that pride which had already proved her ruin. She could not submit to the thought of going back to her family as a poor dependent; she did not like to confess to others, what she so often repeated to herself, that her foolish vanity had led her far astray. She therefore determined to go to Paris, to endeavour by teaching to gain a livelihood, without becoming a burden to her friends. This hope of being able to provide for herself, of owing her means of existence to her own talents, cheered her proud independent mind, and sustained her in her long and painful struggle. But in that immense city, where so many ambitious minds are found, where merit and ability are so common, if we may so say, and where so much eager competition is constantly going on, poor Maria was unsuccessful, for she was unknown, without recommendations, and without, what is most essential, some one to patronise her. In every attempt she was repulsed; in every quarter she met with a cool reception, which wounded her feelings, and at last completely dispirited her. Her small resources were quickly diminished, and at last, finding herself entirely destitute, she gave way to a mournful despair.

One morning, while walking rapidly through one of the streets of the city, not knowing to what she could now betake herself, in attempting to cross a street, she felt herself forced to stand still till a carriage passed. She saw no one, but a voice, which immediately went to her heart—a voice which she had not heard for a long time, cried out

astonishment, and a comely fresh looking young woman sprung from an open curriole, and quickly threw her arms round her neck. 'Maria!' cried she, 'my own dearest sister, do I indeed see you once more?' Poor Maria, whose melancholy had brought a sort of stupidity over her, looked fixedly upon Louisa, without at first recognising her; but soon the well known voice convinced her heart, and throwing herself into the arms of her who called her by the sweet name of sister, she exclaimed, 'Louisa, oh, my good kind Louisa, it is indeed you!' and in that dear embrace poor Maria for a moment forgot all her misfortunes. In another minute she was beside her happy sister in the curriole, and Louisa began immediately to tell her how distressed all her friends had been at having for a long time lost all trace of her. They knew that she had been treated with the utmost unkindness by her husband and his relations; but all their efforts to discover where she was had hitherto proved unavailing. A sad tale was that which Maria had now to hear; her mother, her good mother, who had loved her so much, notwithstanding all her ingratitude, had not been able to support the idea of what her beloved child might be suffering. This anxiety and grief had at last broken her heart. On hearing this melancholy intelligence, Maria felt more fully than ever the enormity of her faults in the severity of their punishment. Louisa would not allow Maria to leave her.

'Though I am the youngest of the two,' said she, 'yet, since Providence has blessed me with abundance, you must allow me to be henceforth your support. Come and live with us. We are not great, it is true, but we have competence, and plain and simple tastes; you will find with us a peaceful, happy home.'

Maria wept while listening to these kind words, and she now understood how superior in all respects was her humble sister to herself, though she had formerly looked upon her as an inferior. With heartfelt gratitude she accepted this kind invitation.

The two sisters quickly left Paris, and we need hardly state how happy Maria was at finding herself once more amongst her hospitable and affectionate friends. The severe lessons of affliction through which she had passed, were indeed beneficial to her: she was now humble and attentive to every one, and was soon beloved by all who knew her. Maria now found that the happiness of a woman's life does not consist in ambition, but in a peaceful, loving, humble mind.

THE WORD-O M E T E R .

'MOISTURE and heat, gas and steam, time and tide, all have their *OMETERS*,' said Eliza Perceval, as she sat pensively arranging and disarranging the contents of the grate, and reviewing the occurrences of a lively evening just concluded. 'I wish there were a *Word-ometer*! If one were invented, that would weigh the exact value of speeches, how useful it would be to distinguish empty compliment and cold civility, from sincere and hearty affection. How easily might I then ascertain what Henry T. meant this evening, when he answered so emphatically my apology for his trouble in picking up my fan—'Nothing is troublesome that is done for you, Miss Perceval!'

Now, whether the gentle Eliza found a solution of her doubts and perplexities in the perfumed billet which was laid the next morning on her dressing table, or not, I take not on me to decide. I am not about to indulge my fair readers with a tale of soft sighs and interesting difficulties, terminated by the regular quota of blushes, favours, and congratulations. These things are becoming somewhat stale, and they must be young indeed in this elderly world, who can still call the recorders of such tender details *novel* writers. But I would take occasion to observe, that in wishing she could obtain an accurate measurer of the relative value of the same language, as uttered through different channels, and under varying circumstances, this young

lady's desire was by no means singular, or original. I have often sighed for a Word-ometer myself; and on more important occasions than Eliza alluded to, its value would be immense. When the King of Bantam, during his memorable visit to the British metropolis, took a kind friend at his word, and because he had begged him to 'consider his house as his own,' actually began to knock down a portion of its walls, to prepare for the alterations which he contemplated—he might have been spared the unpleasant discovery of his misinterpreting simplicity, had he previously possessed such an instrument. And if I had one this morning, I would certainly save myself the fatigue of a second walk to Moray Place. It is rather a long distance there from my quarters on the Calton Hill; and though I would willingly traverse it, in the hope of seeing my amiable friends at No. —, before I depart for my long sojourn in the country; yet, having received an answer in the negative form to my inquiry, 'whether the Misses G. were at home,' when I presented myself at their door this morning, and having every reason to suppose it was a false though fashionable reply, why should I commit the indiscretion of encountering its freezing duplicity a second time? A Word-ometer would settle satisfactorily my undecided mind in this matter; but alas! the needful invention yet lies behind the rapidly advancing tide of intellectual development.

Now, if the ingenuous should really turn their thoughts to the production of this moral and scientific desideratum, I must suggest that it ought to be brought within the reach of all ranks of society. The commercial and operative classes will find advantages in its use, equally striking and important as the benefits to be conferred on the opulent and aristocratical. If the value of such phrases as—'excellent article'—'most superior quality'—'curious and unequalled fabric'—'prices twenty per cent. under prime cost,' &c. have a chance of sinking many degrees in the auditor's estimation by the application of the proposed scrutinising test, surely that worthy man sitting so patiently in Lady B.'s vestibule, and looking so well pleased, to be told at last that her ladyship will call 'in a few days,' and settle his long standing account, ought no less to have the privilege of estimating words at their due value, and of regulating his expectations accordingly!

It might be curious to ascertain (should Word-ometers be brought to perfection), how many thousand syllables of fashionable froth would equal the indicated worth of one sentence, enriched with sterling conversational ore; whether ungentele epithets pronounced in grave assemblies of representative wisdom, or hereditary honour, would raise the index to a mark indicating good sense and right judgment, while they would sink in any other atmosphere to their natural level of 'coarse,' and 'unbecoming.'

Nor would it be less worth while to investigate how far the privileged air of a council chamber had sensible effects on the previous *calibre* of Scripture precepts (such, for instance, as 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy'), for we might then determine whether in such situations their weight were so diminished, as to justify their being discarded as insufficient and obsolete.

How surprised might we be in pursuing our experiments with our infallible speech-measurer, should we behold professions of inviolable regard tried, and found wanting, and the rounded periods of sugared flattery sinking rapidly in the comparative scale of this rhetorical balancer?

Then, again, what might not a series of accurate observations with the Word-ometer accomplish, in cases where it is as difficult as it is desirable to translate professions and pledges into the plain English of intentions and principles. No Election Committee would refuse to subscribe for an assistant so invaluable; and we might hope ere long to approximate to a decision, which are most intrinsically valuable, the energetic *noes* of the movement, the faint *adjourns* of the wavers, or the sturdy *ayes* of the conservatives! But, without such aid, who can undertake the task?

But these few hints need not be greatly enlarged. I merely throw them out, for those better versed in the higher mechanics than I profess myself to be. Should such an

invention as I have discussed be really completed, who can doubt that its patrons would be many, its usefulness great? Wise adjustments, not even alluded to here, might be provided for by its general adoption, and when in universal use, like railroads and gas lights, the multitude would wonder how it was ever possible for their ancestors to proceed comfortably without it. In the mean time, I have been thinking it would be no bad thing, as a temporary expedient, to be a little more accurate and diligent than we usually are in applying the means we already possess of appreciating, according to their true worth, both our own words and the words of others. Although an accurate mechanical calculator of moral and comparative excellence in words and sentences be as yet unstained, an infallible, though antiquated standard does exist, which in a multitude of cases would present a safe and ready guide in our decisions, were we but disposed more frequently to refer to it. Had we each a Word-ometer, and it were to indicate 'Storm, Tempest, Destruction,' when a pretty mouth had just opened to give egress to some popular tale of scandal, should we look gravely and reprovingly on the graceful speaker? Why not, then, remember that it is already marked in the code of truth, to which I refer, that 'the words of a talebearer are as wounds.' And why not take thence also the useful hint, that 'as the north wind driveth away rain, so should the word of reproof, or the disapproving eye, repel the backbiting tongue?' Should we glance with dismay at the supposed index, marking 'unhealthy and variable,' as the true description of that breath from the marshes of insincerity, which the world designates as elegantly turned compliment? and shall we disregard our old one, when, on similar occasions, it expressively points to these words, 'he that flattereth his neighbour, layeth a net for his soul'? If we would but accord equal influence to the less modern instructor with that which novelty might affix to the new one, the 'rebuke of the wise' would, I am well assured, become far more precious to us than the commendations of the frivolous. Our 'pleasant words' would not be chiefly or exclusively those which pass away with the passing hour, but rather we should esteem, and cherish, and delight in those which are sweet to the soul in the time of affliction, and 'health to the bones,' when of outward ease they are painfully deprived.

We should receive that instruction as silver, and that knowledge as better than choice gold, which brought us peace and holy fortitude under every trial; while from sin enticing words, scoffing jests, and sceptical quibbles, we should turn as from the instruction that causeth to err—from the speech that destroyeth as the piercings of a sword.

Yes! I do think, were these and such like other old-fashioned rules thoroughly attended to, the world might certainly do for a *little* while longer, without adding even one more to her already numerous ometers!

THE NEW TIMON.

For some time past there has been a great outcry among certain classes of *litterateurs* for a new Poet. The last generation of poets has almost passed away; and though a few of that bright band still remain upon the stage, they seem to have spoken out their parts, and are only lingering for a while upon the scene, ere bidding it a final adieu. The early part of the century was rich in poetical works of all kinds, and of the highest excellence; and now that we are nearly arrived at the middle of this illustrious nineteenth century, an opinion has been pretty generally expressed that we *ought* to have a new poet. And after all, when we consider the number of really great poets of which the past or passing generation could boast, the demand for *one* true poet of the present age seems comparatively moderate. Yet, again, when we consider the vast quantity of excellent poetry which is allowed to repose unread upon the shelves of the libraries, we may perhaps justly suspect that the cry for a new poet is only one of the many phases or results of the morbid craving for novelty which is one of the besetting sins of the present generation. But, be this as it may, it is perfectly certain that

in some quarters the desire for a new poet does exist; and accordingly when a poem of very considerable power, such as that of which we are about to speak,* makes its appearance anonymously, the question naturally occurs, 'Is this the coming man?'

Before hinting at the answer to this query, we shall take a cursory glance at the poem itself; and as it may not have fallen in the way of some of our readers, we trust that a short account of its nature and merits may not be uninteresting or unacceptable.

The work was published in four successive parts, the last of which was issued a few weeks ago. A short series of acutely-drawn pen-and-ink portraits of certain celebrated political personages seems to have first attracted the attention of a critic in one of the leading London journals (*the Examiner*), and the very favourable opinion of the general merits of the first part expressed by that high authority, at once directed a degree of general attention to the book which it might not otherwise have so speedily received. It is entitled 'The New Timon, a Romance of London,' the scene being chiefly laid in the great metropolis.

The New Timon, the hero of the tale, bears the name of Morvale. Born in the East, his father was 'the offspring of an Indian maid and English chief'; in other words, a half-caste, who

'Carved with his sword a charter from disgrace,
Assumed the father's name, the Christian's life,
And his sins cursed him with an English wife.'

The lady is not thus disrespectfully spoken of without reason, for when her husband died she married again (but this time with one of her own race), and being again widowed, fled to England with the fair daughter which she had borne to her second husband, heartlessly abandoning to his fate the swarthy son, who was the only fruit of her first 'abhorred nuptials.'

The boy thus deserted led the life of an uneducated savage, yet sometimes missed the fair face of his mother, even though she had looked coldly on him, and still oftener thought with regret upon the sweet companionship he had once enjoyed with his gentle sister. 'One day,' however, a rich old friend of his father dies, and, in the last caprice of wealth, leaves a million of money to the young demi-savage, who plunges at once into all the wild pleasures of so-called civilised life, but everywhere finds, or imagines that he finds, the curse of his fate clinging to him in his dusky skin, and therefore conceives himself a perfect Ishmael—'among men all estranged.' Having at length exhausted the circle of fashionable and unfashionable follies, and seen all varieties and conditions of life, the New Timon takes a fancy to find out his mother. The search, however, at first proves fruitless, for she carefully eludes him, till, on her deathbed, conscience, aided by a fear for the unprotected condition of her daughter, induces her to write to her son, consigning to his care 'the lorn Calantha.' He, finding that he has still an object in life—a subject for love, and a motive for exertion—speeds to England, but has all the bitterness of his soul again stirred up within him upon finding that his sister does not receive him with open heart and arms, but rather seems to shun and fear him. They are living together, in this uncomfortable state of non-sympathy, in a fine London mansion, when the poem opens, the preceding narrative being gathered from later portions of it. The following are the opening lines—

'O'er royal London, in luxuriant May,
While lamps yet twinkled, dawning crept the day,
Home from the hell the pale-eyed gamester steals;
Home from the ball flash jaded beauty's wheels;
The lean grimalkin, who, since night began,
Hath hymn'd to love amidst the wrath of man,
Scared from his raptures by the morning star,
Flits finely by, and threads the aera bar;
From fields suburban rolls the early cart;
As rests the revel, so awakes the mart.
Transfusing Mocha from the beans within,
Bright by the crossing gleams the alchemic tin.
There hails the craftsman; there, with envious sigh,
The houseless vagrant looks, and limps foot-weary by.'

* *The New Timon; a Romance of London.* London: Henry Colburn.

Well, it appears that Morvale, among his other eccentricities, had been in the habit of indulging in nocturnal rambles through the city, and it is on one of these excursions that he is introduced to the reader. At daybreak then, on a May morning, as already described, he discovers a beautiful girl sitting desolately on a door-step, and, attracted by her appearance, stops to speak to her. A good specimen of the forcible descriptiveness and dramatic turn of the poem is found in the picture of Morvale, as he stands beside the homeless sufferer, and in the way that he addressed her:—

'With orient suns his cheek was swarth and grim,
And low the form, though lightly shaped the limb;
Yet life glowed vigorous in that deep set eye,
With a calm force that dared you to defy;
And the small foot was planted on the stone
Firm as a gnome's upon his mountain throne;
Simple his garb, yet what the wealthy wear,
And conscious power gave lordship to his air.
Lone in the Babel thus the maid and man;
Long he gazed silent, and at last began:—
'Poor homeless outcast, dost thou see me stand
Close by thy side, yet beg not? Stretch thy hand.'
The voice was stern, abrupt, yet full and deep;
The outcast heard, and started as from sleep,
And meekly rose, and stretch'd the hand, and sought
To murmur thanks—the murmur fail'd the thought.
He took the slight thin hand within his own:—
'This hand hath nought of honest labour known;
And yet methinks thou'rt honest!—speak, my child.
And his face broke to beauty as it smiled.'

She attempts to answer, but the words perish upon her lips. He then asks if she has a mother, and, in replying that she has not, she bursts into tears. Morvale raises her and bids her follow him, and

'On, with passive feet,
Ghost-like, she follow'd through the death-like street.
They paused at last a stately pile before;
The drawsy porter oped the noiseless door;
The girl stood wistful still without. The pause
The guide divined, and thus rebuked the cause:—
'Enter, no tempter let thy penury fear,
We have a sister, and her home is here.'

Of course it is natural that the reader should wish to know who is the person whom Morvale thus, with somewhat questionable benevolence, takes home to become the companion of his delicate and mysteriously melancholy sister; and the author so far gratifies his curiosity. We are told that she was said to be 'a child of love'—

'So ran the rumour; if the rumour lied,
The humble mother wept, but not denied.'

She had been brought up in poverty but in virtue, and educated by her mother in a manner which showed that she had once moved in a very different sphere. Her mother had died a few days previous to her interview with Morvale, and left Lucy nothing but some slight tokens, which she said would enable her to recognise her father, and convey to him her mother's forgiveness should she ever chance to meet with him. The poor mother having been buried by 'the parish,' the daughter is left homeless and destitute. Happy for her that she did not fall into worse hands than those of the wild but generous Morvale.

For some weeks Lucy had lived in Morvale's house as the nurse and companion of his sister, over whose illness and melancholy a strange mystery hangs. Her gentle manners and affectionate disposition soothe the suffering invalid, and even work a charm upon the iron nature of Morvale himself. One day Lucy, delighted at a favourable turn in Calantha's illness, seeks Morvale throughout the gloomy rooms of his great mansion, to convey to him this welcome intelligence of his sister, in whose welfare he had always manifested the deepest interest. While wandering through the various rooms her attention is arrested by some of the strange instruments of eastern warfare which adorn the walls, and while she stays to examine some of them, Morvale joins her. She starts to find him so suddenly beside her, blushes, tells her news confusedly, and lingeringly turns to depart; Morvale desires her to stay, and question him at will about the curious articles which have arrested her attention. Their interview is very finely given. The describing of the curiosities leads Morvale

into tales of his youth, and he thus concludes his narrative :

" In the far lands, where first I breathed the air—
Smile if thou wilt—this rugged form was fair,
For the swift foot, strong arm, bold heart give grace
To man, when danger girds man's dwelling-place ;
Thou seest the daughter of my mother, now,
Shrinks from the outcast branded on my brow ;
My boyhood tamed the lion in his den ;
The wild beast feels men's kindness more than men.
Like with its like, they say, will intertwine;
I have not tamed one human heart to mine !"
He paused abruptly. Thrice his listener sought
To shape consoling speech from soothing thought,
But thrice she fail'd, and thrice the colour came
And went, as tenderness was check'd by shame.
At length her dove-like eyes to his she raised,
And all the comfort words forbade, she gazed ;
Moved by her child-like pity, but too dark,
In hopeless thought than pity more to mark,
" Infant, he murmur'd, ' not for other flow
The tears the wise, how hard soe'er, must know ;
As yet the Eden of a guileless breast
Opens a frank home to every angel guest.
Soft Eve, look round !—The world in which thou art
Distrusts the angel, nor unlocks the heart—
Thy time will come ! "

He spoke, and from her side

Was gone : the heart his wisdom wronged replied !

In short, the fair and happy Lucy is deeply in love with the dark and moody Morvale, and he, for his part, is beginning to be in love with her without being himself aware of it.

A new character is now introduced. Arden, the Earl of Arden, has long been absent from England, but, lately returned, becomes the talk and admiration of town, on account of his wealth, his titles, and his courtly demeanour. Morvale and he became acquainted, and ride about together, musing and moralising. On one of these occasions, Lord Arden related his early history to Morvale. He had been a *roué*—a fashionable young sinner—a gay Lothario, who boasted of his shameful conquests then, and only smiled at them now. At last, however, he fancied that he really had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, who is named Mary, the daughter of a quiet country parson, and gets introduced to her father in the character of a student. He induces Mary to consent to a secret marriage, and will not, to the very last, allow her to acknowledge the fact of the marriage even to her own father, because, forsooth, all his prospects in life depend upon the good will of a certain uncle, a hard-hearted man of the world, who would not scruple to disown his promising nephew, if he knew that he had joined himself to a woman destitute of title, influence, or fortune. Shortly afterwards, the said uncle procures for him a high appointment at a foreign court, for which he sets out, but not before he must undergo an interview with his wife's father, who, suspecting his daughter's condition and its cause, comes to endeavour to make Arden acknowledge the marriage. The wretch refuses to ease the old man's mind, nor does he release poor Mary from her promise of secrecy. In his new place of abode, he receives frequent letters from her, the last of which hints to him that he is about to become a father. Alarmed at not receiving more, he feigns an excuse to return to England, obtains leave of absence, and rushes home to find his wife's father dead of a broken heart—broken under the insupportable anguish of his daughter's supposed shame—and the cottage deserted, with no trace of either mother or child. A nurse and a neighbouring parson, however, inform him that Mary's father had traced out the friend who had arranged for Arden his marriage with Mary. This friend, it appears, had 'loved' Arden 'in his own dark way,' and thinking to save him from the *disgrace* of a *low* marriage, had, unknown to him, procured a mock priest to perform false rites, so that the marriage was no marriage at all. The intelligence broke the poor old parson's heart.

We really cannot proceed with the rest of the poem till we have entered a protest against the way in which the portrait of Clanablin is drawn :

" My smooth Clanablin !—shrewd, if smooth, was he.
His soul was prudent, though his life was free ;
Scapin to serve, and Machiavel to plot,
Red-haired, thin-lipp'd, sly, supple—and a Scot ;—

as if the fact of his being a native of our noble country was at once the climax and the explanation of his villainy. Such paltry spitefulness and vulgar prejudice are unworthy of one who considers himself so acute as evidently does the author of 'The New Timon'; and we think it shows no small amount of magnanimity on our part to be able to pass over such a bitter national denunciation, and give praise to him from whom it proceeds, even where he deserves it !

But to continue the narrative. Arden discovers that Mary, too, sought out the villainous friend, Clanablin, and that worthy gentleman seems to have added to his former villainies, by giving her to understand that Arden had been a conscious and willing party to the fraud. Thereupon Mary denounced the deceiver in words glowing with just anger, and declared that he should never more behold her upon earth; and, accordingly, Arden had never afterwards been able to see her.

Such is Arden's tale; and the coldness of heart which its recital disclosed, seems to have somewhat lessened Morvale's liking for him. The better nature of Morvale causes him thus to remark upon the story of his worldly-minded companion :—

" True was the preface to thy gloomy tale ;
Pity can soothe not—counsel not avail,
Said Morvale, moodily. ' What bliss forgone !
What years of rich life wasted ! What a thron'e
In the arch heaven abandon'd ! And for what ?
Darkness and gold !—the slave's most slavish lot !
Thy choice forsook the light—the day divine—
God's loving air—for bondage and the mine !
O ! what delight to struggle side by side
With one loved soother :—up the steep to guide
Her faithful steps, unshrinking from the thorn ;
And front, with manly breast, the biting winds of scorn !
And when stout will and gallant heart had won
The hill-top opening to the stelefast sun,
Look o'er the perils of the vanquish'd way,
And bless the toil through which the victory lay,
And murmur— Which the sweeter fate, to dare
With thee the evil, or with thee to share
The good ? "

For some time after this, the two friends met less frequently. Arden had left London, on some fancied clue, in search of his lost Mary, and Morvale had begun to find a better companion at home in the gentle Lucy. The scene in which the mutual love of these two apparently contrasting natures is declared and sealed, is beautifully managed, and not less fine is the description of the light which thenceforth shone through the formerly gloomy dwelling :

" Changed the abode, of late so stern and drear,
How doth the change speak ?—' Love hath entered here !
How lightly sounds the footfall on the floor !
How jocund rings sweet laughter, hush'd no more !
Wide, from two hearts made happy, wide and far,
Circles the light in which they breathe and are :
Liberal as noon tide streams the ambient ray,
And fills each crevice in the world with day !
And changed is Lucy ! where the downcast eye,
And the meek fear, when that dark man was by ?
Lo ! as young Una thrall'd the forest-king,
She leads the savage in her silken string ;
Plays with the strength to her in service shown,
And mounts with infant whin the woman's throne !
Charm'd from his lonely moods and brooding mind,
And bound by one to union with his kind,
No more the wild man thirsted for the waste ;
No more, 'mid joy, a joyless one, misplaced ;
His very form assumed unwanted grace,
And biles gave more than beauty to his face.
Let but delighted thought from all things cull
Sweet food and fair, hiving the Beautiful,
And lo ! the form shall brighten with the soul ! "

But a cloud comes over the sun, and its threatening shadow falls upon all this happiness. Arden returned one night from his hopeless search, and

" Found some lines, stern, brief, in Morvale's hand—
Brief with dark meaning—stern with rude command—
Bidding his instant presence. Arden weigh'd
Each word : some threat was in each word convey'd :
A chill shot through his heart—foreboding he obey'd."

The cause of this strange missive is thus explained. In one of their love conferences, Lucy begs Morvale to inform her what is the reason of Calantha's melancholy and sorrow. He accordingly tells that Calantha's character had been injured in the eyes of the world, by her having been

deserted, when on the eve of marriage, by the man to whom she was about to be united. When Morvale first knew this he had vowed terrible vengeance, but, at the solicitation of his sister, who yet loved him who had injured her reputation, had promised not to fulfil them, nor even to seek to know the name of him who had abandoned her. He was still in this state of constrained ignorance. In return for this revelation of his own affairs, Morvale asks Lucy about her parentage and early life. She tells him that mystery clouds her birth, but places in his hands the tokens given her by her dying mother, and leaves him to examine them. They consist of a miniature and a small scroll of paper. Morvale is thunderstruck by the fact which these memorials disclose—namely, that his friend Arden is the father of Lucy, whose mother was none other than the injured Mary! He stands gazing in astonishment at the portrait of Arden, when a shriek from Calantha, who had unexpectedly come in and glanced at the miniature, startles him from his abstraction. At once the truth flashes upon him—Arden is the man who had trifled with the fair fame of his sister. Here then is a fine complication of troubles. Morvale had unwittingly been on friendly terms with his sworn enemy, and was deeply in love with his daughter.

The shock of disclosure and the pain of explanation was too much for the weak frame of Calantha—she dies; and it is after her death that Morvale sent the threatening note to Arden. Arden obeys the summons, and finds Morvale beside the couch on which reclines the dead body of his sister. After some angry words from both parties, Morvale, maddened by delayed revenge, and his eastern blood boiling with fury, attempts to assassinate Arden (whose natural courage somewhat quailed before the stern visage of the Indian, and the cold reproachful face of the dead), when a fair arm interposes between the uplifted knife and its victim. Lucy stood between her affianced husband, Morvale, and her father, Arden, who gazed in breathless wonder on what he deemed the spirit of his lost Mary.

This is one of the most unnatural and melo-dramatic scenes in the poem, but yet it is powerfully managed. Of course Morvale cannot now marry Lucy; he therefore resigns her to her father, and retires within himself to mourn over his strange fate.

One of Arden's first acts, after the recovery of his daughter, was to remove the remains of her mother from among the crowded city graves to the quiet churchyard of her native village, which seems to have been only a short distance from London, for we are told that Arden often wandered thither in his sad and lonely walks. Sad and lonely he was, for he found that his child Lucy could not love him, or give to him more than calm obedience and submission.

Meanwhile Morvale, after the first heavings of his soul had subsided, had also begun to indulge in his old rambles through the neighbouring country. Straying by the way-side, he chanced to overhear an aged pastor explaining to a youth some of the principal doctrines of the Christian religion. His interest excited by the exposition of purer and higher principles of thought and action than he was yet acquainted with, he too became a pupil of the good old man, and the result is his complete conversion to the purifying and benign doctrines of Christianity. And the strength of his newly adopted principles was soon to be severely tried. On a very stormy night he and Arden happen to meet for the first time since the fearful meeting beside Calantha's deathbed. They meet now in still more trying and perilous circumstances. On a frail bridge over a swollen stream stand together the Indian and his foe; Arden is blown over into the water, and Morvale has the choice of allowing him to perish, or of risking his own life in attempting to save that of his foe. After a moment's hesitation, however, the good spirit prevails—Arden is saved, and is nursed by the changed and now forgiving Morvale, till Lucy relieves him of the charge. When she arrives, Morvale, afraid to trust his heart to the trial of her presence, quits the cottage which had afforded temporary shelter to Arden, and shortly afterwards seeks relief and change of scene in foreign lands.

unentailed property. A flaw in the will, however, entitles the heir-at-law to claim all, and Lucy, thus rendered penniless, finds shelter among the friends of her mother's father. Morvale, after a considerable interval, learns these occurrences, hurries home, and chances to meet Lucy at the grave in which her parents now sleep together. He declares that there is now no bar to their union, and the rich Morvale supplicates at the feet of the destitute Lucy. He says—

No Arden now calls up the wrong'd and lost:
Lo, in this grave appeased the upbraiding ghost!
Orphan, I am thy father now!—Bereft
Of all beside, this heart at least is left.
Forgive, forgive—Oh, canst thou yet bestow
One thought on him to whom thou'rt all below?
Who could desert but to remember more?
Canst thou the Heaven, the exile lost, restore?
Canst thou—

The orphan bow'd her angel head;
Breath blent with breath—her soul her silence said;
Eye unto eye, and heart to heart reveal'd;
And lip on lip the eternal nuptials seal'd!

Softly she stole from his embrace; apart
Strove with the happy fullness of her heart,
Then murmuring said:—

Two years ago this day,
Dost thou remember?—twas a morn of May—
An outcast in the city sate and wept!
That day, the birthday of her son, he kept!
That day, thy stranger hand outstretch'd to save,
Thy home the roof, thy heart the shelter gave,
And from that day sun never rose nor set,
But, with one prayer—nay, hush, and hear me yet—
This morn light smiled to earth but not to me,
The fair world saddened with one want of *THEIR*!
All, as when first thou camest to comfort, drear;
For earth day fades, for me day comes! Thou'rt here! •
Oh, if my prayer be heard!—O bliss divine
If Heaven this grateful life devotes, at last, to thine!
Sudden rose up, above the funeral yews,
The moon; her beams the funeral shade suffuse!
Thus in that light the tender accents cease,
And by the grave was Love, and o'er creation Peace! •

Such is an outline of 'The New Timon,' and we have occupied so much space with the mere story, that we have little room remaining for our critical remarks. From the extracts given in the course of the narrative, our readers will distinguish the general style of the poem. In versification the author seems to be an imitator of Pope, though he has more of the roughness of Crabbe than of the melodious flow of 'the bard of Twickenham.' Indeed, if we might be allowed to perpetrate a bad pun, we should say that the style of the poem is *Crabbish*, and its spirit *crabbed*. A kind of gloomy, satirical, and morbid false-philosophy pervades it, and constitutes its greatest blemish. Its tone is not generally clear and healthy. The story (which, though not in itself very complicated, is unnecessarily involved) is, on the whole, clumsily unfolded, though many individual scenes are managed with great skill and effect. The characters are well and powerfully drawn, and they are also natural and life-like. The picture of Lucy is very fine, and contrasts favourably with many namby-pamby poetical heroines. The character of Morvale is also well delineated, but the author is mistaken in calling him a New Timon. He is not placed in the circumstances, nor has he any very prominent features of the original Timon. His origin is much more recent; he bears a far stronger family resemblance to some of the heroes of Byron and Bulwer than to any character that Shakspeare ever created.

We are not inclined to think that the author of 'The New Timon' is to be *the new great poet* for whom some folks sigh. He wants, at least in its full measure, that fine and impalpable quality, that indescribable attribute, which distinguishes the true poet, and which enables him to infuse beauty (often unconsciously) into everything he touches. We do allow that, to a certain degree, 'The New Timon' displays this happy power, and perhaps time and experience may nourish it into luxuriance. At all events, the anonymous author, whoever he may be, has attracted sufficient attention to make him a marked object of interest in the world of letters. If he be a young author, his future productions will be carefully watched, to see if they fulfil the promise of his first. But we are rather inclined

quial expression), who is trying his powers in a new line of literature. We may mention in conclusion, that the work has been attributed to Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, but, as he has publicly denied being its author, of course we must believe his declaration.

ALIMENTS.

Some very extraordinary experiments as to the comparative digestibility of different sorts of food were made some years ago, in one of the hospitals of Paris. One of the patients, a soldier, had received a wound which left an opening to the stomach from the exterior, and it was found that substances could be introduced into it by this artificial opening, without occasioning any serious derangement. Portions of different kinds of food, tied with silk, were successfully introduced, and notes were carefully made of the quantity dissolved of each within the same given period of time. Mutton, venison, partridge, and some other sorts of game, were dissolved more rapidly than beef; beef more rapidly than veal and the white flesh of domestic poultry; and these latter were digested quicker than pork. Ham and bacon remained almost entire at the end of the time during which mutton was almost wholly dissolved. These experiments, though not entirely conclusive, as they were made only upon a single individual, go very far to confirm the received notions as to what are called digestible and indigestible aliments. There are, however, many idiosyncrasies to which no general rule can be applied. Some persons are seriously inconvenienced by the use of fruits, while others derive great benefit from them. One man will eat a large quantity of nuts without inconvenience, whilst another will have an acute attack of indigestion from taking a very small quantity; some will digest pork with facility, and find difficulty in digesting those meats which are generally most rapid in their passage through the system. The celebrated Dr Gall could not take mutton in any form; and indeed the very appearance of it on a table would bring on, with him, a sensation of sickness. On one occasion some medical friends with whom he was dining, and who concluded that the imagination had much to do with this repugnance, had a dish of mutton so disguised in the cooking that it was impossible to discover it. The doctor, having no suspicion, partook of it: but he had not taken two mouthfuls when he fell from his chair, and remained for some time seriously indisposed. An instance is mentioned, by a medical writer, of a gentleman who could not take a single oyster in its raw state without having an attack of indigestion, but could eat them cooked in any way without inconvenience, although they might become almost as hard as leather.—*Morle's Domestic Dictionary*.

THE ASSES OF THE ALPS.

The manner in which asses descend the precipices of the Alps or the Andes is truly extraordinary. In the passes of these mountains there are often on the one side lofty eminences and on the other frightful abysses; and as these generally follow the direction of the mountain, the road, instead of lying on a level, forms, at every little distance, steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses; and the animals themselves seem sensible of the danger by the caution which they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempts to spur them on, they continue immovable. They seem all this time ruminating on the peril that lies before them, and preparing themselves for the encounter. They not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having prepared for their descent, they place their fore-feet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hinder-feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast in the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must unavoidably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is

truly wonderful; for in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the road, as if they had previously settled in their minds the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety. In this journey the natives, who are placed along the sides of the mountains, and hold themselves by the roots of the trees, animate the beasts with shouts, and encourage them to perseverance. Some asses, after being long used to these journeys, acquire a kind of reputation for their safety and skill; and their value rises in proportion to their fame.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

The long, long night and the dreary day
Has pass'd, like a dream of youth, away;
The hoar-frost too, and the flaky snow,
Give place to the summer's sunny glow;
Again we see in this land of ours
The sweet little race of gentle flowers.

Gems of love, come away, come away,
While the bright sunbeams and the shadows play;
The pearly dew'll drop on your breast,
And charm each blade to its evening rest,
While zephyrs glide through your lovely bower,
To wake up the race of gentle flowers.

The way of the soft south wind is told
In the bend of the rose and marigold;
And the waving thistle feels the sigh,
As the light breeze sweetly dances by;
While the rainbow rides i' the sunny showers
That fall in the lap of gentle flowers.

The maidens gather your blossoms now,
And they plait your fibres round their brow;
Your smell will be in their golden hair,
Like the breath of an angel sing'ring there;
But kindly say that a change is ours,
That she must pass like the gentle flowers.

Ye tell of the years now long away,
When ours was the joyous summer day;
Ye light up the look of many an eye
That blooms in the bliss of eternity;
Ye fade, while the speed of passing hours
Withers our cheek like the gentle flowers.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A mother teaching her child to pray is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companions of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministrations we are incited to good and restrained from evil. The image of the mother becomes associated in his infant mind with the invocation she taught him to his 'Father who is in heaven.' When the seductions of the world assail his youthful mind, that well remembered prayer to his 'Father who is in heaven,' will strengthen him to resist evil. When in riper years he mingles with mankind and encounters fraud under the mask of honesty; when he sees confiding goodness betrayed, generosity ridiculed as weakness, unbridled hatred, and the coldness of interested friendship, he may indeed be tempted to despise his fellow-men, but he will remember his 'Father who is in heaven.' Should he, on the contrary, abandon himself to the world, and allow the seeds of self-love to spring up and flourish in his heart, he will, notwithstanding, sometimes hear a warning voice in the depths of his soul, severely tender as those maternal lips which instructed him to pray to his 'Father who is in heaven.' But when the trials of life are over, and he may be extended on the bed of death, with no other consolation than the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to his 'Father who is in heaven.'

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THE TRIFLERS.

In this world of ours no one can safely or comfortably be idle. Those who must make their way in it by their own efforts, know that it is a scene of thoroughly earnest exertion, in which much real work must be done in very limited time. That class, even, whose fortunate infancy, rejoicing in hereditary silver spoons, promised nothing but a life of ease and enjoyment, find real pleasure, or indeed pleasure of any kind, to be unattainable without a good deal of hard labour. No one has either time or strength to throw away. And thus, however we may regret that men so exclusively devote that time and strength to merely material objects, we need not be greatly surprised at it. It is exactly in the nature of things that society should present an aspect of toil, and bustle, and anxiety. But the puzzling thing is, that the very busiest of the busy throng, absolutely the most toil-worn of human beings, are often those who do nothing, and seem to have nothing to do. This may perhaps appear to be rather an anomalous sort of statement. Many may be disposed to doubt, and others to deny it altogether. We make it, however, quite advisedly. Facts are, all the world over, facts and a thing may not be the less true, though it takes us somewhat by surprise.

The family of the Triflers are an ancient and far-spread generation. They are to be found in all the highways and byways of life, though it sometimes requires a good deal of discrimination to detect them. This arises from the ingenious deceptions they are in the habit of practising, not only on others, but also on themselves. Your Trifler never suspects himself; he invariably denies his relationship, and takes fire immediately at any insinuations on the subject. The legitimate members of the family have no sympathy with the rustic philosopher, who thought supreme felicity consisted in swinging all day long on a five-barred gate. On the contrary, they are in their own way a most industrious class of persons. To take their word for it, the mass of important business they have always on hand is perfectly overwhelming. Human life is too short for the work they have to do, the questions they have to settle, the stories they have to tell. From 'morn till dewy eve' their heads or hands are in perpetual motion. A host of curious tasks fall on their shoulders, which never trouble other men. To be sure, these may be very far out of the way of their particular business, or they may relate to matters quite insignificant in the eyes of the world, or they may be of a nature which nobody but themselves can understand. Well, others don't see things as they see them; that's all. They are not understood. If they do not make fortunes for themselves, or benefit their friends or society, it is no fault of theirs; they have done, and thought, and said more than

thousands who have. There may be some who make much ado about nothing, but they have always had something to take up their attention. And thus, while the world perhaps laughs in its sleeve, and grave people hint about time and talents uselessly thrown away, the Trifler runs on like the squirrel in its miniature tread-mill, mistaking motion for progression, and mere frivolities for serious occupations.

It was some time before I suspected the true character of my neighbour, Mr Frank Fritter. He is an active-looking little man, very silent, methodical in his habits, scrupulously clean, and always well-dressed. My landlady, who speaks of him with great admiration, declared that he seems always 'fresh out of a box.' He is perhaps about fifty, well to do in the world, having a comfortable sum in the funds, and no one to care for but himself. Well, Mr Fritter, with all his personal neatness and regularity, is a thorough trifler, who spends his time laboriously doing nothing. All the forenoon you may hear him rumbling about his apartments, with his old housekeeper at his heels, creating a hideous din of drawing, pushing, and hammering. He is incessantly shifting and replacing his furniture, of which he has far more than he needs; his books, which he never dreams of reading, he is continually arranging and classifying; his pictures, though otherwise little esteemed, are seldom allowed to hang for two days in the same place. Somehow, he can never get things put to rights. He cannot take it coolly; his labours are never-ending, still beginning. He is at a loss to comprehend how the time slips through his fingers, and he complains that he can ill spare the two or three hours necessary to dress himself and take a stroll in the afternoon. He is a very harmless person, no doubt, if he would only make less noise next door. A Trifler of this kind, indeed, when he happens to be a bachelor, cannot do much harm to anybody, however he may fret and torment himself. If Mr Fritter will just have the goodness to shift his residence at the next term, I shall never say another word against him.

Mr Solomon Dubious is a Trifler of another kind. He is much more a man of the world, is married, and the father of a family. To be sure, he too is continually shifting, arranging, and deranging, drawing and shoving all day long; but the process takes place, not in his house but in his head. He does with his ideas what my neighbour does with his furniture, and when he lays hold of you, is by far the most troublesome customer of the two. On the simplest matter, he conjures up a host of questions and doubts, and is continually affirming and denying, not from malice or ill-nature, but from sheer indecision and want of reflection. He is continually contradicting and debating with himself; he cannot make a statement without insinuating something to the contrary; and has always two quite opposite opi-

nions on the same subject. No sooner does he seem settled at one extreme, than off he jumps to the other; and never seems so happy as when weighing with scrupulous nicety the pro and con, the why and wherefore of the most microscopic questions. He absolutely luxuriates in perplexity and doubt. Every morning in the world he keeps himself and family in suspense with the most frivolous cogitations. Shall he, or shall he not take a walk before breakfast? Yes or no? No or yes? Is it not too early? Is it not too late? What says the weather-glass—will it rain? Then his dress is a constant source of perplexity. This suit is too good for everyday wear—that he is ashamed to be seen in. A coloured cravat is too glaring, a black one too sombre. He has half a mind to stay at home—but then, business must be attended to—though perhaps he would not be missed for a day—and yet he has appointments which it would be uncivil not to keep. At last he gets up, wonders if he has forgotten anything, sits down again, rummages his pockets, turns on his heel, walks round the room; and finally rushes into the street, hat and gloves in hand, in despair at the intenness of the hour. Mr Soloman Dubious is an amiable man, with the best intentions; his talents are respectable, and might be turned to good account either for his family or society; but he is feeble, loitering, and irresolute—in short, he is a Trifler.

At this season of the year I have commonly a good deal of business on hand. The other morning I sat down to my desk to write to a correspondent in London, and felt anxious not to miss the post. I had only, however, set down the date and the single word 'Sir,' when my acquaintance Paul Chatterbox walked into the room, wiping his brow with his handkerchief. He seemed from his excited air to have some important news to communicate; but as he was apparently in a hurry, I consoled myself with the hope that I should soon get rid of him. But I quickly found out my mistake. Having deposited his hat on a chair, and hung his cane on the back of it, my visitor gazed on me with a face of most important gravity, and said, 'You wont guess what news I have for you?'

I professed my inability to do so.

'Well, it is hardly possible you can. You are the first person I have spoken to on the subject.'

'Indeed,' said I.

'Fact, depend upon it; but you shall now hear the whole affair.'

'I am all attention,' I replied, in a tone of resignation.

'You will be astonished, I suspect.'

'What is it then?'

'Something so unexpected, that I can hardly credit it myself.'

'I hope,' said I, 'no misfortune has happened.'

'Oh, quite the reverse, as you shall judge. That is to say, not exactly the reverse neither, for indeed the thing is neither what you might call fortunate nor unfortunate.'

I felt that I was done for. I cast a glance of despair on my unfinished letter, and passively submitted to my fate. Chatterbox seemed partly to comprehend me, for he now condescended to come little nearer the point—that is, to the beginning of his story.

'You must understand, my dear sir,' said he, 'that this morning as we sat down to breakfast—it was just about half-past ten—you know we generally breakfast at ten, but to-day my wife was rather late in getting up. We had been at a ball last night, from which we did not get away till long after twelve—we were too late, far too late.'

I mended my pen, but in vain.

'We had a fine dish of finnan haddocks—a present from my father-in-law; my wife is very fond of them. 'My dear,' said I, 'let me assist you.' 'By the by, Paul' says she, 'Thursday next is a holiday with you, is it not?—how shall we spend the day?'—little thinking, as it turned out, what was going to happen; but, as the proverb says, Man proposes and Heaven disposes. An admirable proverb, by the way, with a very good moral, which is more than can be said for all of them. I was just spreading my bread, when all at once I says to Mrs Chatterbox—'Eliza,' says I, 'there is a ring at the bell.'—'I didn't hear it,' said she; 'I

don't think it can be our bell.'—'I am quite sure of it,' said I; and at the same instant the bell rang a second time. 'Confound it,' said I, 'we should excuse ourselves to visitors at this time of the morning.'—It is time enough yet, perhaps,' replied she; and she called Mary—you mind our servant Mary—an active girl; but Mary had already answered. Well, who was it, think you? Why, just my old friend Tom Racket—you know Tom—I think you met him at dinner in our house last Christmas. Tom and I were old college chums, and many a droll spree we have had together. 'Paul,' says he, for we have always been on the most familiar terms, 'I have a proposal to make, to you. You know my uncle George has a tolerable estate in the Highlands—a lucky fellow is Tom, I can tell you, for you must know that estate will be his own whenever the old chap slips away.'—'Well,' says he, 'the worthy old cock has thought proper to send me a lot of the most beautiful game you ever clapped your eyes on—venison, hares, grouse—I don't know all what. The fact is, Tom often gets these presents from his uncle, and seldom forgets his friends when he does. You remember—no, you can't remember, to be sure, for you wasn't there;—but, at any rate, some of us had a jolly night of it at Tom's lodging, on—let me see—ay, just Tuesday was a year—I mind it well, indeed I can hardly forget it, for the day before my wife had gone to visit her aunt in Perth, as she generally does once a year, so that I was in some sort a bachelor for the time being. But that wasn't the case just now; and I wondered what the rogue Tom was after, for he has always some frolic or another in his head—in fact, he can't live without it, as Perkins said once to me, when we were waiting on the omnibus the day we had the excursion to Habbie's How last summer. I saw Tom had some scheme in his noddle, and so I thought did Eliza, though, of course, I said nothing to her nor she to me; when Tom got out with it at once, for he is never long in coming to the point, and has no notion of keeping you in suspense, as many people like to do. 'So,' says he, 'as this is more than a bachelor like me can manage, I just thought if Mrs Chatterbox would take the trouble of getting up a small party, I would put the whole into her hands, with a dozen of old port to wash it down, and we should have a jolly afternoon of it.' Here was a project to be sure! My wife looked at me, and I looked at her—I knew there was no woman better at getting up a small snug party than herself, and she had a great notion of Tom'—&c. &c. &c.

I looked my watch, and saw that I had only a quarter of an hour left to write my letter. 'And so,' said I, desperately, 'you both agreed to accept Mr Racket's proposal?'

'You shall hear, you shall hear,' returned my tormentor. And in point of fact I was remorselessly dragged through all the interminable preliminaries of the agreement, then his deliberations with his wife, then the surprise of the servant Mary, then the preparations resolved on for the dinner, the settling of the day and hour, who were to be invited, and all the reasons for preferring one person to another. The hour of post had long passed away; and so little did I feel consoled for my disappointment by finding that I was to form one of the party on Thursday next, that, though very fond of venison, I half resolved to neglect the invitation.

Mr Paul Chatterbox is a wordy Trifler—he trifles with his tongue.

Generally speaking, Triflers are a good-natured well-disposed sort of animals, not void of knowledge or intelligence; and they would form valuable members of society if they could only learn to distinguish between the frivolous and the important. Many of them are full of fact and anecdote, and can give you the exact dates of all the wet summers, the rigorous winters, the comets, eclipses, festivals, births, deaths, and other events that have happened in their time. These are a kind of living memorandum-books, and would be of no small service occasionally, if, instead of pitching their information at people's heads when it is not wanted, and interlarding it with details of no importance, they would wait till they are consulted, and then speak to the

point. But no sooner is an occurrence alluded to in their presence, than they will give you day and date for it, recall in regular succession all the other remarkable circumstances which took place the same year, tell you where they were themselves at the time, what they were doing, and what they were thinking about, till the original subject of conversation is smothered beneath a mass of matters for which nobody cares a straw. When you are entangled with one of this class, the wisest plan is to let him alone, till he fairly runs himself out. If you venture to question any of his assertions, the chance is that he will run you into such a labyrinth of proofs and collateral illustrations as will make you wish you had held your tongue. You need not try to improve him—the disease is incurable.

This, in fact, is the case with the whole family of Triflers when the habit has become confirmed; and society loses more useful members in this way than is generally suspected. But as some philosopher has said, there is a good and a bad side to every thing. Others may learn from the example of the Trifler to estimate the value of time, the necessity of viewing things in their true proportions, the importance of well-timed application to useful pursuits, and of directness and perspicuity in thought, word, and action. Above all, the Trifler compels us practically to cultivate the virtue of patience.

THE COLD WATER CURE.

Our readers must be aware, that of late a great deal has both been said and written on what is now technically termed the 'Cold Water Cure.' The system, like every similar one in its infancy, or indeed like any thing which threatens innovation, has met with considerable opposition from the sturdy 'defenders of things as they are.' While its foes have injured it by their reckless opposition, many of its friends have done it equal injury by an injudicious advocacy, and by holding it up to public notice as a cure, equally certain and sudden, for all the ills to which 'flesh is heir.' While we disapprove, however, of such extravagant views of its merits, there are too many convincing proofs of its efficacy in cases of long confirmed disease, not originating in organic causes, to allow us to regard it with indifference. The length of the following epistle must be our excuse for brevity in reference to prefatory notice—nor, in good truth, is much required. When an old favourite appears upon the stage who in his senses would venture to try the patience of the applauding spectators by the 'tedious prattle' of a formal eulogistic address about his well known merits? When Harriet Martineau defends mesmerism, or Lytton Bulwer the water cure, in their own matchless style, in letters written with the specific intention, it is not likely that officious reviewers, when they preface the production by making references to the former works of such persons—when they praise of Pelham, or talk about the Crofton Boys—would fare much better than the person in the case supposed. Taking it for granted, therefore, that our readers know already all about Lytton Bulwer that can be known, we shall permit them at once to sit down to what, if they do not confess it 'good,' they are scarce the readers we fancied, or scarce the judges of what is rich, racy, and sparkling in writing, that we have occasionally ventured in secret to guess. One word, however, since we have unconsciously committed the very blunder we have been deprecating, must be allowed us ere we part. We always guessed, even when ignorant of Sir Edward's personal history, that in reference to health he was scarce very well. His description of the horrors consequent upon having dined too eagerly on mutton chops—the blue pills which during his visit to the country to get health had to be swallowed by Pelham—

the reason assigned (at least a reason) why Paul Clifford would not renounce the 'stand and deliver' system of his times, namely, the health he gained by spurring at a hard gallop over wide extended heaths—all united to convince us that Sir Edward knew the meaning of dyspepsia. We had no idea, however, until he told us, that things were so bad with him. His style now, however, has got as vigorous and healthy as his person; may the cure be lasting. Poor Ferguson, indeed, praised long before the merits of 'Caller water'—a liquid, which to his own, and probably his country's loss, he used too sparingly. But Sir Edward follows up his preachings anent the fluid by suitable practice. Burns's praise of Scotch drink will scarce do after this; but let Sir Edward speak

CONFESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

I have been a workman in my day. I began to write and to toil, and to win some kind of a name, which I had the ambition to improve, while yet little more than a boy. With strong love for study in books—with yet greater desire to accomplish myself in the knowledge of men, for sixteen years I can conceive no life to have been more filled by occupation than mine. What time was not given to action was given to study; what time not given to study, to action—labour in both! To a constitution naturally far from strong, I allowed no pause or respite. The wear and tear went on without intermission—the whirl of the wheel never ceased. Sometimes, indeed, thoroughly overpowered and exhausted, I sought for escape. The physicians said 'Travel,' and I travelled; 'Go into the country,' and I went. But in such attempts at repose all my ailments gathered round me—made themselves far more palpable and felt. I had no resource but to fly from myself—to fly into the other world of books, or thought, or reverie—to live in some state of being less painful than my own. As long as I was always at work it seemed that I had no leisure to be ill. Quiet was my hell.

At length the frame thus long neglected—patched up for a while by drugs and doctors—put off and trifled with as an intrusive dun—like a dun who is in his rights—brought in its arrears—crushing and terrible, accumulated through long years. Worn out and wasted, the constitution seemed wholly inadequate to meet the demand. The exhaustion of toil and study had been completed by great anxiety and grief. I had watched with alternate hope and fear the lingering and mournful deathbed of my nearest relation and dearest friend—of the person around whom was entwined the strongest affection my life had known—and when all was over, seemed scarcely to live myself.

At this time, about the January of 1844, I was thoroughly shattered. The least attempt at exercise exhausted me. The nerves gave way at the most ordinary excitement—a chronic irritation of that vast surface we call the mucous membrane, which had defied for years all medical skill, rendered me continually liable to acute attacks, which from their repetition and the increased feebleness of my frame, might at any time be fatal. Though free from any organic disease of the heart, its action was morbidly restless and painful. My sleep was without refreshment. At morning I rose more weary than I laid down to rest.

Without fatiguing you and your readers further with the *longa cohors* of my complaints, I pass on to record my struggle to resist them. I have always had a great belief in the power of the will. What a man determines to do—that in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred I hold that he succeeds in doing. I determined to have some insight into a knowledge I had never attained since manhood—the knowledge of health.

I resolutely put away books and study, sought the airs which the physicians esteemed the most healthful, and adopted the strict regimen on which all the children of *Aesculapius* so wisely insist. In short, I maintained the same general habits as to hours, diet (with the exception of wine, which in moderate quantities seemed to me indis-

pensable), and, so far as my strength would allow, of exercise, as I found afterwards instituted at hydropathic establishments. I dwell on this to forestall in some manner the common remark of persons not well acquainted with the medical agencies of water—that it is to the regular life which water-patients lead, and not to the element itself, that they owe their recovery. Nevertheless, I found that these changes, however salutary in theory, produced little if any practical amelioration in my health. All invalids know, perhaps, how difficult, under ordinary circumstances, is the alteration of habits from bad to good. The early rising, the walk before breakfast, so delicious in the feelings of freshness and vigour which they bestow upon the strong, often become punishments to the valetudinarian. Head-ach, languor, a sense of weariness over the eyes, a sinking of the whole system towards noon, which seemed imperiously to demand the dangerous aid of stimulants, was all that I obtained by the morning breeze and the languid stroll by the sea-shore. The suspension from study only afflicted with intolerable *cnnui*, and added to the profound dejection of the spirits. The brain, so long accustomed to morbid activity, was but withdrawn from its usual occupations to invent horrors and chimeras. Over the pillow, vainly sought two hours before midnight, hovered no golden sleep. The absence of excitement, however unhealthy, only aggravated the symptoms of ill health.

It was at this time that I met by chance, in the library at St Leonard's, with Captain Claridge's work on the 'Water Cure,' as practised by Priessnitz at Gräfenberg. Making allowance for certain exaggerations therein, which appeared evident to my common sense, enough still remained not only to captivate the imagination and flatter the hopes of an invalid, but to appeal with favour to his sober judgment. Till then, perfectly ignorant of the subject and the system, except by some such vague stories and good jests as had reached my ears in Germany, I resolved at least to read what more could be said in favour of the *ariston udon*, and examine dispassionately into its merits as a medicament. I was then under the advice of one of the first physicians of our age. I had consulted half the faculty. I had every reason to be grateful for the attention, and to be confident in the skill, of those whose prescriptions had, from time to time, flattered my hopes and enriched the chemist. But the truth must be spoken—far from being better, I was sinking fast. Little remained to me to try in the great volume of the herbal. Seek what I would next, even if a quackery, it certainly might expedite my grave, but it could scarcely render life—at least the external life—more unjoyous. Accordingly I examined, with such grave thought as a sick man brings to bear upon his case, all the grounds upon which to justify to myself—an excursion to the snows of Silesia. But I own that in proportion as I found my faith in the system strengthen, I shrank from the terrors of this long journey to the rugged region in which the probable lodging would be a labourer's cottage, and in which the Babel of a hundred languages (so agreeable to the healthful delight in novelty—so appalling to the sickly despondency of a hypochondriac) would murmur and growl over a public table spread with no tempting condiments. Could I hope to find healing in my own land, and not too far from my own doctors in case of failure, I might indeed solicit the watery gods—but the journey! I who scarcely lived through a day without leech or potion—the long gelid journey to Gräfenberg—I should be sure to fall ill by the way—to be clutched and mismanaged by some German doctor—to deposit my bones in some dismal churchyard on the banks of the Father Rhine.

While thus perplexed, I fell in with one of the pamphlets written by Dr Wilson of Malvern, and my doubts were solved. Here was an English doctor, who had himself known more than my own sufferings, who, like myself, had found the pharmacopeia in vain—who had spent ten months at Gräfenberg, and left all his complaints behind him—who fraught with the experience he had acquired, not only in his own person, but from scientific examination of the cases under his eye, had transported the system to our

native shores, and who proffered the proverbial salubrity of Malvern air and its holy springs to those who, like me, had ranged in vain from simple to mineral, and who had become bold by despair—bold enough to try if health, like truth, lay at the bottom of a well.

I was not then aware that other institutions had been established in England of more or less fame. I saw in Dr Wilson the first transporter—at least as a physician—of the Silesian system, and did not pause to look out for other and later pupils of this innovating German school.

I resolved then to betake myself to Malvern. On my way through town I paused, in the innocence of my heart, to inquire of some of the faculty if they thought the water cure would suit my case. With one exception, they were unanimous in the vehemence of their denunciations. Granting even that in some cases, especially of rheumatism, hydrotherapy had produced a cure—to my complaints it was worse than inapplicable—it was highly dangerous—it would probably be fatal. I had not stamina for the treatment—it would fix chronic ailments into organic disease—surely it would be much better to try what I had not yet tried. What I had not yet tried! A course of prussic acid! Nothing was better for gastric irritation, which was no doubt the main cause of my suffering! If, however, I were obstinately bent upon so mad an experiment, Dr Wilson was the last person I should go to. I was not deterred by all these intimidations, nor seduced by the salubrious allurements of the prussic acid under its scientific appellation of hydrocyanic. A little reflection taught me that the members of a learned profession are naturally the very persons least disposed to favour innovation upon the practices which custom and prescription have rendered sacred in their eyes. A lawyer is not the person to consult upon bold reforms in jurisprudence. A physician can scarcely be expected to own that a Silesian peasant will cure with water the diseases which resist an armament of phials. And with regard to the peculiar objections to Dr Wilson, I had read in his own pamphlet attacks upon the orthodox practice sufficient to account for—perhaps to justify—the disposition to depreciate him in return.

Still my friends were anxious and fearful: to please them I continued to inquire, though not of physicians but of patients. I sought out some of those who had gone through the process. I sifted some of the cases of cure cited by Dr Wilson. I found the account of the patients so encouraging, the cases quoted so authentic, that I grew impatient of delay. I threw physic to the dogs, and went to Malvern.

It is not my intention to detail the course I underwent. The different resources of water as a medicament are to be found in many works easily to be obtained, and well worth the study. In this letter I suppose myself to be addressing those as thoroughly acquainted with the system as myself was at the first, and I deal therefore only in generals.

The first point which impressed and struck me was the extreme and utter innocence of the water cure in skilful hands—in any hands indeed not thoroughly new to the system. Certainly, when I went, I believed it to be a kill or cure system. I fancied that it must be a very violent remedy—that it doubtless might effect great and magical cures—but that if it failed it might be fatal. Now, I speak not alone of my own case, but of the immense number of cases I have seen—patients of all ages—all species and genera of disease—all kinds and conditions of constitution, when I declare, upon my honour, that I never witnessed one dangerous symptom produced by the water cure, whether at Dr Wilson's or the other hydroopathic institutions which I afterwards visited. And though unquestionably fatal consequences might occur from gross mismanagement, and as unquestionably have so occurred at various establishments, I am yet convinced that water in itself is so friendly to the human body, that it requires a very extraordinary degree of bungling, of ignorance and presumption, to produce results really dangerous; that a regular practitioner does more frequent mischief from the misapplication of even the simplest drugs than a water doctor of very moderate experience does, or can do, by the misapplication of his baths and friction. And here I must

observe, that those portions of the treatment which appear to the uninitiated as the most perilous, are really the safest, and can be applied with the most impunity to the weakest constitutions; whereas those which appear, from our greater familiarity with them, the least startling and most innocuous, are those which require the greatest knowledge of general pathology and the individual constitution. I shall revert to this part of my subject before I conclude.

The next thing that struck me was the extraordinary ease with which, under this system, good habits are acquired and bad habits relinquished. The difficulty with which, under orthodox medical treatment, stimulants are abandoned, is here not witnessed. Patients accustomed for half a century to live hard and high, wine-drinkers, spirit-bibbers, whom the regular physicians have sought in vain to reduce to a daily pint of sherry, here voluntarily resign all strong potations, after a day or two cease to feel the want of them, and reconcile themselves to water as if they had drunk nothing else all their lives. Others, who have had recourse for years and years to medicine—their potion in the morning, their cordial at noon, their pill before dinner, their narcotic at bedtime, cease to require these aids to life as if by a charm. Nor this alone. Men to whom mental labour has been a necessary—who have existed on the excitement of the passions and the stir of the intellect—who have felt, these withdrawn, the prostration of the whole system—the lock to the wheel of the entire machine—return at once to the careless spirits of the boy in his first holiday.

Here lies a great secret; water thus skilfully administered is in itself a wonderful excitement: it supplies the place of all others—it operates powerfully and rapidly upon the nerves, sometimes to calm them, sometimes to irritate, but always to occupy. Hence follows a consequence which all patients have remarked—the complete repose of the passions during the early stages of the cure; they seem laid asleep as if by enchantment. The intellect shares the same rest; after a short time mental exertions become impossible; even the memory grows far less tenacious of its painful impressions, cares and griefs are forgotten; the sense of the present absorbs the past and future; there is a certain freshness and youth which pervade the spirits, and live upon the enjoyment of the actual hour. Thus the great agents of our mortal wear and tear—the passions and the mind—calmed into strange rest—nature seems to leave the body to its instinctive tendency, which is always towards recovery. All that interests and amuses is of a healthful character; exercise, instead of being an unwilling drudgery, becomes the inevitable impulse of the frame braced and invigorated by the element. A series of reactions is always going on—the willing exercise produces refreshing rest, and refreshing rest willing exercise. The extraordinary effect which water taken early in the morning produces on the appetite is well known amongst those who have tried it, even before the water cure was thought of—an appetite it should be the care of the skilful doctor to check into moderate gratification; the powers of nutrition become singularly strengthened, the blood grows rich and pure—the constitution is not only amended—it undergoes a change.

The safety of the system, then, struck me first—its power of replacing, by healthful stimulants, the morbid ones it withdrew, whether physical or moral, surprised me next. That which thirdly impressed me was no less contrary to all my pre-conceived notions. I had fancied that whether good or bad, the system must be one of great hardship, extremely repugnant and disagreeable. I wondered at myself to find how soon it became so associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings, as to dwell upon the mind among the happiest passages of existence. For my own part, despite all my ailments, or whatever may have been my cares, I have ever found exquisite pleasure in that sense of *being*, which is, as it were the conscience, the mirror of the soul. I have known hours of as much and as vivid happiness as perhaps can fall to the lot of man; but among all my most brilliant recollections, I can recall no periods of enjoyment at once more hilarious and serene than the

hours spent on the lonely hills of Malvern—none in which nature was so thoroughly possessed and appreciated. The rise from a sleep as sound as childhood's—the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh and the birds first sang—the sense of an unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made so light of the steep ascent to the holy spring—the delicious sparkle of that morning draught—the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below—the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, now but exhilarating the blood, and lifting the spirits into religious joy; and this keen sentiment of present pleasure rounded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all that I witnessed in others—that that very present was but the step, the threshold, into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigour—a disease and a care dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride.

I staid some nine or ten weeks at Malvern, and business, from which I could not escape, obliging me then to be in the neighbourhood of town, I continued the system seven weeks longer, under Dr Weiss of Petersham; during this latter period the agreeable phenomena which had characterised the former, the cheerfulness, the *bien être*, the consciousness of returning health vanished, and were succeeded by great irritation of the nerves, extreme fretfulness, and the usual characteristics of the constitutional disturbance to which I have referred. I had every reason, however, to be satisfied with the care and skill of Dr Weiss, who fully deserves the reputation he has acquired, and the attachment entertained for him by his patients; nor did my judgment ever despond or doubt of the ultimate benefits of the process. I emerged at last from these operations in no very portly condition. I was blanched and emaciated—washed out like a thrifty housewife's gown; but neither the bleaching nor the loss of weight had in the least impaired my strength; on the contrary, all the muscles had grown as hard as iron, and I was become capable of great exercise without fatigue; my cure was not effected, but I was compelled to go into Germany. On my return homewards, I was seized with a severe cold, which rapidly passed into high fever. Fortunately I was within reach of Doctor Schmidt's magnificent hydropathic establishment at Boppard. Thither I caused myself to be conveyed: and now I had occasion to experience the wonderful effect of the water cure in acute cases. Slow in chronic disease, its beneficial operation in acute is immediate. In twenty-four hours all fever had subsided, and on the third day I resumed my journey, relieved from every symptom that had before prognosticated a tedious and perhaps alarming illness. And now came gradually, yet perceptibly, the good effects of the system I had undergone; flesh and weight returned; the sense of health became conscious and steady; I had every reason to bless the hour when I first sought the springs of Malvern. And here I must observe, that it often happens that the patient makes but slight apparent improvement when under the cure, compared with that which occurs subsequently. A water-doctor of repute at Brussels, indeed, said frankly to a grumbling patient, 'I do not expect you to be well while here; it is only on leaving me that you will know if I have cured you.'

It is as the frame recovers from the agitation it undergoes, that it gathers round it power utterly unknown to it before—as the plant watered by the rains of one season, betrays in the next the effect of the grateful dews.

I had always suffered so severely in winter, that the severity of our last one gave me apprehensions, and I resolved to seek shelter from my fears at my beloved Malvern. I here passed the most inclement period of the winter, not only perfectly free from the colds, rheum, and catarrhs, which had hitherto visited me with the snows, but in the enjoyment of excellent health. And I am persuaded, that for those who are delicate, and who suffer much during the winter, there is no place where the cold is so little felt as at a water cure establishment. I am persuaded also, and in this I am borne out by the experience of most water-doctors, that the cure is most rapid and effectual

during the cold season—from autumn through the winter. I am thoroughly convinced that consumption in its earliest stages can be more easily cured, and the predisposition more permanently eradicated by a winter spent at Malvern, under the care of Doctor Wilson, than by the timorous flight to Pisa or Madeira. It is by hardening, rather than defending the tissues, that we best secure them from disease.

And now, to sum up, and to dismiss my egotistical revelations, I desire in no way to overcolour my own case: I do not say that when I first went to the water-cure I was affected with a disease immediately menacing to life; I say only that I was in that prolonged and chronic state of ill health, which made life at the best extremely precarious—I do not say that I had any malady of which the faculty had failed to cure me. I do not even now affect to boast of a perfect and complete deliverance from all my ailments—I cannot declare that a constitution naturally delicate has been rendered Herculean, or that the wear and tear of a whole manhood have been thoroughly repaired. What might have been the case had I not taken the cure at intervals—had I remained at it steadily for six or eight months without interruption, I cannot do more than conjecture; but so strong is my belief that the result would have been completely successful, that I promise myself, whenever I can spare the leisure, a long renewal of the system. These admissions made, what have I gained meanwhile to justify my eulogies and my gratitude?—an immense accumulation of the *capital of health*. Formerly it was my favourite and querulous question to those who saw much of me, ‘Did you ever know me twelve hours without pain or illness?’ Now, instead of these being my constant companions, they are but my occasional visitors. I compare my old state and my present, to the poverty of a man who has a shilling in his pocket, and whose poverty is therefore a struggle for life, with the occasional distresses of a man of £5000 a-year, who sees but an appendage endangered or a luxury abridged. All the good that I have gained, is wholly unlike what I have ever derived either from medicine or the German mineral baths: in the first place, it does not relieve a single malady alone, it pervades the whole frame; in the second place, far from subsiding, it seems to increase by time, so that I may reasonably hope that the latter part of my life, instead of being more infirm than the former, will become, so far as freedom from suffering, and the calm enjoyment of external life are concerned, my real, my younger youth. And it is this profound conviction which has induced me to volunteer these details, in the hope (I trust a pure and kindly one) to induce those, who more or less have suffered as I have done, to fly to the same rich and bountiful resources. We ransack the ends of the earth for drugs and minerals—we extract our potions from the deadliest poisons—but around us and about us, Nature, the great mother, proffers the Hygeian fount, unsealed and accessible to all. Wherever the stream glides pure, wherever the spring sparkles fresh, there, for the vast proportion of the maladies which Art produces, Nature yields the benignant healing.

The remedy is *not* desperate; it is simpler, I do not say than any *dose*, but than any *course* of medicine—it is infinitely more agreeable—it admits no remedies for the complaint which are imimical to the constitution. It bequeathes none of the maladies consequent on blue pill and mercury—on purgatives and drastics—on iodine and aconite—on leeches and the lancet. If it cures your complaint, it will assuredly strengthen your whole frame; if it fails to cure your complaint, it can scarcely fail to improve your general system. As it acts, or ought, scientifically treated, to act, first on the system, lastly on the complaint, placing nature herself in the way to throw off the disease, so it constantly happens that the disorder for which they came is not removed, but that in all other respects their health is better than they ever remember it to have been. Thus, I would not only recommend it to those who are sufferers from some grave disease, but to those who require merely the filip, the alterative, or the bracing which they now often seek in vain in country air or a watering-place. For such,

three weeks at Malvern will do more than three months at Brighton or Boulogne; for at the water cure the whole life is one remedy; the hours, the habits, the discipline—not incompatible with gaiety and cheerfulness (the spirits of hydropathists are astounding, and in high spirits all things are amusement)—tend perforce to train the body to the highest state of health of which it is capable.

The water cure as yet has had this evident injustice—the patients resorting to it have mostly been desperate cases. So strong a notion prevails that it is a desperate remedy, that they only who have found all else fail have dragged themselves to the Bethesda Pools. That all, thus not only abandoned by hope and the college, but weakened and poisoned by the violent medicines absorbed into their system for a score or so of years—that all should not recover is not surprising! The wonder is that the number of recoveries should be so great—that every now and then we should be surprised by the man whose untimely grave we predicted when we last saw him, meeting us in the streets ruddy and stalwart, fresh from the springs of Gräfenberg, Boppard, Petersham, or Malvern.

Here then, O brothers, O afflicted ones, I bid you farewell. I wish you one of the most blessed friendships man ever made—the familiar intimacy with Water. Not Undine in her virgin existence more sportive and bewitching, not Undine in her wedded state more tender and faithful than the element of which she is the type. In health may you find it the joyous playmate, in sickness the genial restorer and soft assuager. Round the healing spring still literally dwell the jocund nymphs in whom the Greek poetry personified Mirth and Ease. No drink, whether compounded of the gums and resin of the old Falernian, or the alcohol and acid of modern wine, gives the animal spirits which rejoice the water-drinker. Let him who has to go through severe bodily fatigue try first whatever—wine, spirits, porter, beer—he may conceive most generous and supporting; let him then go through the same toil with no draughts but from the crystal lymph, and if he does not acknowledge that there is no beverage which man concocts so strengthening and animating as that which God pours forth to all the children of nature, I throw up my brief. Finally, as health depends upon healthful habits, let those who desire easily and luxuriously to glide into the courses most agreeable to the human frame, to enjoy the morning breeze, to grow epicure in the simple regimen, to become cased in armour against the vicissitudes of our changeful skies—to feel, and to shake off, light sleep as a blessed daw, let them, while the organs are yet sound, and the nerves yet unshattered, devote an autumn to the water cure.

And you, O parents! who, too indolent, too much slaves to custom, to endure change for yourselves, to renounce for a while your artificial natures, but who still covet for your children hardy constitutions, pure tastes, and abstemious habits—who wish to see them grow up with a manly disdain to luxury—with a vigorous indifference to climate—with a full sense of the value of health, not alone for itself, but for the powers it elicits, and the virtues with which it is intimately connected—the serene unfretful temper—the pleasures in innocent delights—the well-being that, content with self, expands in benevolence to others—you I adjure not to scorn the facile process of which I solicit the experiment. Dip your young heroes in the spring, and hold them not back by the heel. May my exhortations find believing listeners, and may some, now unknown to me, write me a word from the green hills of Malvern, or the groves of Petersham, ‘We have hearkened to you—not in vain.’ Adieu, the ghost returns to silence.

E. L. BULWER.

THE ANCIENT MEXICANS.

In some recent articles we gave an account of the life of Columbus and the discovery of the western continent, till his time severed from civilisation by the waves of the Atlantic, or known only to a few wandering freebooters of the north. We now propose to trace the history of another brilliant incident in the progress of Spanish discovery, and to record

the fortunes of a man whose adventures perhaps exceed in romantic interest even those of the celebrated Genoese mariner. This is Hernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, the richest and most remarkable of those kingdoms that flourished in the western continent before the arrival of Europeans, and that in which civilisation had made the most extended progress. As the subject is exceedingly interesting in itself, we intend in this paper to give a short sketch of the ancient kingdom of Mexico, and the manners, customs, and religion of its inhabitants, as an introduction to our account of its overthrow and subjugation by the Spaniards. In doing this we shall be principally guided by the most recent of its historians, Prescott, the author of the History of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the Conquest of Mexico.

The present republic of Mexico extends over the southern part of North America, from the gulf of the same name to the Pacific Ocean. Geographers estimate its extent at nearly nine hundred thousand square miles, or ten times the extent of Great Britain. Only about a fourth of this vast territory was, however, included in the ancient kingdom, whose boundaries are very imperfectly ascertained. In this part of America the chain of the Andes, which had sunk down to a low level in the isthmus of Panama, again rises and spreads out into a wide plateau, whose mean height is estimated by Humboldt at about 7500 feet. Above this rise many volcanic mountains, whose summits range from east to west, and consequently in a direction different from that of the Cordilleras. Their summits are clothed in perpetual snow, while the low grounds near the sea have a temperature little inferior to that of the equatorial regions of Southern America. In this limited tract, therefore, almost every climate may be found, and all the productions of the globe flourish luxuriantly. So well marked are these zones of vegetation, that even the unobservant natives distinguish them by various names. The first is the *tierra caliente* or hot region, lying along the shores of the Atlantic, with a mean temperature of 80 degrees, rising in summer to 86 or occasionally higher. Here sandy plains are mingled with tracts of exuberant fertility, where aromatic shrubs and flowers spring up below majestic forest trees. But the warmth of the climate produces a malignant malaria, the source of the vomito, a kind of bilious fever, which rages with fatal virulence during the summer months. This region extends about sixty or eighty miles into the interior, when the ground rises and the traveller enters a new zone, where the air is cooler, the vegetation less luxuriant, and moisture more abundant. This is the *tierra templada* or temperate region, where many of the productions of the inferior zone have vanished, as the vanilla, indigo, and cocoa trees; but others, as the sugar-cane and glossy leaved banana, still grow. This region rises to about 4000 feet, when wheat and other kinds of European produce begin to mingle with the maize or Indian corn, and oaks and pines constitute an important portion of the forests. This is the *tierra fria* or cold region, the last of the great natural divisions of the country, whose climate, however, resembles that of the finest parts of Italy. Near Mexico, the mean of the whole year is about 62 degrees, corresponding to that of Lisbon or Naples; whilst the winter is only 55, and the summer 66 degrees, being thus far more uniform and temperate than in these European cities. Above the plain rise various volcanic peaks, of which Orizaba and Popocatepetl reach an elevation of 18,000 feet or more above the sea. Their summits are clothed in perpetual snow, only dissolved by the warm vapours rising from the ever active fires within.

In the middle of the plateau lies the celebrated valley of Mexico, of an oval form, and about 280 miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a range of lofty mountains of igneous rock, and in the lower parts occupied by several lakes, on whose shores stood the cities of Mexico and Tezcuco, the capitals of two ancient kingdoms. These lakes were, at the time of the invasion, much larger in extent than subsequently, when the indiscriminate destruction of the thick forests that once covered the land had

diminished the rain and increased evaporation. This valley was then inhabited by several tribes, whose history is involved in mysterious obscurity, rendered only more striking by the legendary fragments handed down by the conquerors, which serve to excite curiosity without satisfying it. The first race was the Toltecs, who, coming from the north, in the seventh century, fixed their capital at Tula, on the northern side of the Mexican valley, and are reported to have been well instructed in agriculture, the arts, and architecture. For four centuries they ruled the land, when famine, pestilence, and war carried them away, and a race of rude barbarians from the north-west occupied their habitations. Then other civilised races followed, among them the Aztecs or Mexicans, and the Acolhuans, also named Tezcucans from their chief city on the great lake. The latter seem to have been a mild and gentle race, who not only preserved the remains of Toltec civilisation, but communicated them to the barbarous tribes among whom they had settled. The Mexicans, with whom we are more immediately concerned, also arrived in this valley in the beginning of the thirteenth century, from the north, the fruitful source of migrating nations both in the Old and New World. For more than a century they continued their wandering life, sometimes free, sometimes in bondage, till in 1325 they fixed their abode by the shore of the central lake. Their choice was determined by observing a royal eagle, of singular size and beauty, seated on a cactus or prickly pear springing from a crevice in a rock washed by the waters, holding a serpent in his talons, and spreading his broad wings to the rising sun. Accepting this as a favourable omen, they built their city—rude huts of reeds raised on piles above the water—and supported themselves on fish and water-fowl. Such was the origin of Mexico, so named from their war-god Mexitli, but known to its founders by another title, from its legendary origin, which has also been commemorated by the eagle and cactus, the emblem of the present Mexican republic. For a time, internal dissensions limited them to their island home, but in the beginning of the fifteenth century they formed a league with some of the other tribes in the vicinity, and not only conquered the whole of the surrounding basin, but, before the arrival of the Spaniards, had extended their empire from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and even south into Guatemala and Nicaragua.

This wide-expanded empire was the work of the able and warlike sovereigns who ruled the state. The monarchs were nearly absolute in authority, and elected by the nobles from a particular family, their choice being determined by the military talents of the candidates. The monarch was installed with many religious ceremonies, when, in a victorious campaign, he had secured a sufficient number of captives to sacrifice to their bloody gods. He lived with much barbaric pomp, surrounded by his body-guard, his councillors, and nobility, who seem to have held large tracts of land by a kind of feudal tenure being bound to follow the monarch in war, and to render him various other services in peace. The administration of justice was, in important cases, reserved to judges appointed by the king in the various districts; less important matters were decided by magistrates elected by the people themselves. In the allied kingdom of Tezcuco, a more artificial gradation of courts was established, at the head of which was a general assembly, meeting in the capital, and presided over by the king himself. The judges held their office for life, were paid from the crown lands, and when convicted of receiving a present or bribe, were punished with death. The proceedings in each case were recorded in hieroglyphic paintings, which were sometimes produced as testimony in suits respecting real property, even under the Spaniards. In these paintings the laws also were recorded, and the punishment of various crimes announced. Murder, adultery, and certain cases of theft were capital, and intemperance in the young was visited with the same penalty, in the old by loss of rank and property. Marriage was celebrated with much formality, and divorces only authorised by the sentence of a particular court. Captives, criminals, and debtors might be reduced to slavery but their condi-

tion was alleviated by mild regulations, and all the children were free. By a peculiarity which it would have been well for Christian states to have imitated, no one could be born to slavery in Mexico. Continual wars produced an abundant supply of slaves and victims for sacrifice.

The royal revenue was derived partly from the crown lands, partly from a portion of the produce rendered by the people; whilst various services were performed by persons living in the vicinity of the court. Manufacturers also contributed a portion of their goods, and tax-gatherers collected the various articles with much rigour. War was, however, the chief aim of the Mexican institutions, and on its followers the highest honours of the state were lavished. Their king, we have seen, must be a warrior; their tutelar deity was the god of war, on whose altars hecatombs of captives were sacrificed; and death in battle was a sure passport to the realms of bliss and the bright mansions of the sun. Their higher warriors were clad in quilted cotton, often covered with gorgeous feather-work or plates of gold, which is beautifully described in Southey's *Mardon* :—

The mail, if mail it may be called, was woven
Of vegetable down, like finest flax,
Blessed to the whiteness of new fallen snow.

Others, of higher office, were arrayed
In feathered breast-plates, of more gorgeous hue
Than the gay plumage of the mountain cock,
Than the pheasant's glittering pride. But what were these,
Or what the thin gold hanberk, when opposed
To arms like ours in battle?

The religious faith of the Mexicans was so anomalous as to lead some historians to ascribe it to two independent sources. They recognised the existence of one supreme God, the Creator and Lord of the universe, and in their prayers addressed him as 'the God by whom we live, omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts, and giveth all gifts without whom man is as nothing, who is invisible, incorporeal, of perfect perfection and purity, under whose wings we find repose and a sure defence.' But this pure faith was too simple, too sublime, for their savage minds; and they added thirteen principal and above two hundred inferior deities, presiding over the elements and the fortunes of men. At the head was the god of war, the patron deity of the nation, whose fantastic image, loaded with costly ornaments, was enshrined in stately temples, whose altars reeked with the blood of human victims. Another was the god of the air, who resided for a time on earth, and taught the use of metals, agriculture, and the arts of government. Then was the golden age of Anahuac, when the earth teemed with fruits and flowers, and the air was filled with sweet perfumes and the melody of birds; but a more powerful hostile deity compelled him to leave the earth, and the celestial stranger—described as tall in stature, with a white skin, long dark hair, and a flowing beard—set sail on the Mexican Gulf, promising again to revisit the land. The whole legend would almost induce us to believe that some wanderer from the eastern hemisphere had reached their shores, taught the people certain religious truths and a few of the arts of civilisation, and then set sail for his home, which he had never reached.

According to their mythology, the earth had undergone several revolutions, in which the race of men had been destroyed and afterwards renewed. They also believed in a future world, in which the wicked were punished in everlasting darkness; another class lived in indolent contentment; and the heroes who fell in battle passed to the presence of the sun, whom they followed in his course round the heavens, or animated the clouds or singing birds of beautiful plumage that dwelt in the gardens of paradise. The dead were buried after ceremonies not unlike those of the Catholic church, and a throng of slaves were sacrificed at the obsequies of the rich and powerful. When a child was named, its lips and bosom were sprinkled with water, and 'the Lord was implored to permit the holy drops to wash away the sin that was given to it before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be born anew.' Many of their moral precepts also bear a strong resemblance to Christianity, and would almost induce us to

believe that either they had been derived from this source before the arrival of the Spaniards, or that Catholic historians have interpreted the rude rites and language of heathenism in conformity with their own ideas. The priests were very numerous, more than 5000 being attached to the principal temple in the capital; each had his particular deity, in whose temple he resided, at least when actively employed. Besides religious duties, they had also charge of the education of youth, and preserved the hieroglyphical paintings and oral traditions. They were presided over by two high priests, the chief councillors of the king. Their temples were very numerous, and were generally solid masses of earth cased with brick or stone, and rising in a succession of terraces in a kind of pyramidal form. On the top was a broad area on which stood one or two towers containing the images of the gods, and before them the stone of sacrifice, with two lofty altars, on which the fire was never extinguished.

Many of their ceremonies were of a light and joyous nature, consisting of songs and dances. But they had rites of a darker aspect. Not only were animals sacrificed to their deities, but for 200 years before the conquest human sacrifices prevailed to a great extent. The intended victim was often selected a year before, and in the interval treated with all manner of indulgence, arrayed in a splendid dress, and, when he went abroad, attended by a train of royal pages. But the fatal day arrived, he was led to the temple, and as he ascended its winding steps, cast aside his chaplets and ornaments; five priests held him stretched on the sacred stone, whilst a sixth opened his breast with a sharp razor of volcanic glass, and tearing out the beating heart, held it up to the sun. The body of the victim was then handed over to the warrior who had taken him in battle, by whom it was dressed and served up as an entertainment to his friends. In this way, some authors affirm, that 20,000 to 50,000 victims were sacrificed every year; but there is probably some truth in the remark of Las Casas, that this is the estimate of brigands, who wished to find an apology for their own atrocities.

From these horrid rites, which show the depths to which the human mind, when left to itself, will sink, we gladly turn to their science and civilisation. As the basis of this we may consider their system of hieroglyphics or picture-writing, by which the memory of past events was preserved for posterity. In this real objects were represented by their image, and abstract notions by symbols, often of a very fanciful kind. Thus, a 'serpent' was chosen to represent time, a 'tongue' denoted speaking, a 'foot-print' travelling, a 'man sitting on the ground' an earthquake. Slight changes in the form and position of an object often materially altered its signification, and rendered this method of conveying knowledge imperfect and difficult. For the names of persons and places, the hieroglyphics were often used simply as marking sounds, though in this they had attained to less perfection than the ancient Egyptians. In these rude signs the Aztecs recorded the annals of their race, their laws, and religious ritual. Their manuscripts were inscribed on a kind of paper made from the leaves of the American aloe, and immense quantities of them were in existence on the arrival of the Spaniards. But these people looked on them as magic scrolls, and the first archbishop of Mexico, collecting them from all quarters, reduced the 'mountain heap,' as it was called, to ashes. Some remnants alone escaped, and are preserved in various European libraries, but the key to interpret them is lost probably for ever.

The Mexicans had a system of arithmetical notation of considerable complexity. Their year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, and five supplementary days were added, which belonged to no month, and were thought peculiarly unlucky. They had also a week of five days, the last being the market day. They had another intercalation of twelve or thirteen days every fifty-two years, by which the calendar was adjusted to true time with wonderful exactness. The priests had a peculiar system of chronology, by which they regulated the occurrence of the religious festivals, and which they used for

calculating nativities and for other astrological purposes. In 1790 a dial or circular block of carved stone was dug up in the great square of Mexico, which has been held to show that the ancient Aztecs had the means of fixing with precision the hours of the day, of which they counted sixteen, the periods of the solstices and equinoxes, and that of the transit of the sun across the zenith of Mexico. In many respects their astronomical system bears a strong analogy to that of Eastern Asia, and as it seems too scientific in its details to have been the invention of a barbarous nation, philosophers have inclined to the belief that it was borrowed by some unknown means from the Old World.

In agriculture the Mexicans had made considerable advances; it was held in high respect, and formed the chief occupation of a great part of the people. The banana, the cacao, whose fruit produces the chocolate, the vanilla, and the maize or Indian corn, grew in abundance. But the most remarkable production was the *maguey* or great Mexican aloe, 'whose clustering pyramids of flowers, towering above their dark coronals of leaves, were seen sprinkled over many a broad acre of the table land; from its juice was produced an intoxicating beverage, *pulque*, still highly esteemed by the natives; its roots formed a palatable and nutritious food; its leaves were used to cover their dwellings, or made into thread, cords, cloth, or paper; whilst the thorns at the extremities were employed as pins or needles. Such were the varied uses of the agave, of which it is doubtful whether there are more species than the one now common both in Europe and the United States.'

Gold, silver, lead, tin, and copper were abundant; but though iron ores were profusely scattered through the land, the use of that metal was unknown. For it they employed a kind of bronze or alloy of tin and copper. With this they carved vessels of gold and silver into the most curious forms, and even contrived to polish many of the precious stones. For this purpose they also used obsidian or volcanic glass, which they fashioned into various cutting instruments. A fine dye was procured from the cochineal insect, fed on plantations of cactus. Their garments of feather-work also employed many of the people, and were remarkable for the skill and beauty with which the various tints were blended. Gold dust, bits of tin, and bags of cacao served for money. They had no shops, but regular markets, and their merchants travelled over the whole country and even into distant lands.

Marriage, as formerly stated, was sanctioned by various ceremonies, and only annulled by the decision of a legal court. Polygamy was, however, permitted, but does not seem to have produced its usual effects of degrading the character of the females, who were permitted to share the social intercourse and festivities of the men. These were very frequent, and, among the higher classes, exhibited much luxury and profusion. Among the most esteemed dishes was a slave sacrificed on purpose, and elaborately cooked. Chocolate and pulque were the favourite beverages, and dancing and music usually closed the festivities.

In the allied kingdom of Tezcuco, civilisation had reached even a higher limit, and the people appear of a more refined and gentle character. Its leading features were, however, so similar, that we shall not describe them. The origin of this civilisation is a most interesting question, but one on which little light can be thrown. Modern researches have rather proved that it existed, than shown how it arose or whence it came. Many pious authors lead a colony of Jews, a portion of the lost ten tribes, into this remote land. A migration of Mongols, who, crossing at Behring's Straits or the Aleutian islands, journeyed down from the north to settle in this fertile land, has been adopted by others. Though more probable than the former, it is less so than the opinion supported by other authors, who seek for the origin of this civilisation from abroad, that some European sailors, driven from their course by the winds, or seeking adventure in the unknown ocean, may have reached that distant shore. Southey, in his poem of Madoc, has given popularity to the old Welsh tradition of a prince who, flying from the Saxon invader, found a home in a western land. Perhaps, however, the civilisation was

of native growth, and its similarity to that of other lands arose simply from the unity of human nature producing like fruits in like conditions.

Not less singular is the completeness with which this civilisation has disappeared from among their descendants. The modern Mexican Indian has lost the highest lineaments of his ancestors, without acquiring any compensation from his European conquerors. As Prescott well remarks, 'The American Indian has something peculiarly sensitive in his nature. He shrinks instinctively from the rude touch of a foreign hand. Even when this foreign influence comes in the form of civilisation, he seems to sink and pine away beneath it. It has been so with the Mexicans. Under the Spanish domination, their numbers have silently melted away. Their energies are broken. They no longer tread their mountain plains with the conscious independence of their ancestors. In their faltering step, and meek and melancholy aspect, we read the sad characters of the conquered race. The cause of humanity indeed has gained. They live under a better system of laws, a more assured tranquillity, a purer faith. But all does not avail. Their civilisation was of the hardy character which belongs to the wilderness. The fierce virtues of the Aztec were all his own. They refused to submit to European culture—to be grafted on a foreign stock. His outward form, his complexion, his lineaments, are substantially the same; but the moral characteristics of the nation, all that constituted its individuality as a race, are effaced for ever.'

FLYNTHEY HARTE; OR, THE HARDENING PROCESS.

[The following story is from the pen of JOSEPH C. NEAL, an American author, and, judging from the pleasure it has given ourselves, must, we should imagine, prove universally acceptable; but, though the story is well told, the amusement it yields is not to be regarded as its only or even chief recommendation. It points a decided moral. It attaches to the mode in which too many children are trained, all the subsequent immoralities that stain their riper years. But let the story speak for itself.]

'I'll knock your head off!' accompanied by an effort, partially at least, to carry the threat into execution, formed the earliest outpouring of maternal tenderness that little Flyntey Harte could bring to mind; and it made an impression, both mental and physical, which time has been unable to efface.

'I'll knock your head off!' exclaimed Mrs Flyntey Harte—a good enough woman in her way, everybody said; but, as the good enough family often are, quite unused to self-restraint, innocent altogether of the theory and practice of self-government, and wofully addicted, when provoked or vexed, to extravagances of speech and redundancies of action. Such was particularly the case in the present instance. The young Flyntey being affected with a crossness and a perversity, at a moment when the good lady aforesaid had no temper for the endurance—these stages of condition always happen out of time—the young Flyntey was of course forthwith accommodated with a sonorous box of the ear, intended mainly to soothe his perturbed spirit; while it likewise served all the purposes of an orrrory to his as yet unenlightened understanding. Flyntey saw quite as many stars, in galaxy or in constellation, as ever became apparent to the astronomer; but unfortunately for Mrs Flyntey Harte, the remedial means resorted to rather tended to aggravate than to counteract the disorder; and little Flyntey, who had given offence in the first place by the expression of his uneasiness, having now an increase to his uneasiness, set himself to work at an increased expression and with renewed offence. Consequently, there was quite a 'bawl' at Mrs Flyntey Harte's, with more of music in it than was agreeable or diverting, inducing several other demonstrations, knockingly, at little Flyntey's head, to allay the storm which had been caused by knocks.

'Wont you hush?'—and as Flyntey gave no token of acquiescence, but, on the contrary, expanded his mouth still wider, he was 'taken and shaken,' to the variation, though perhaps not to the improvement of his vocal strain.

The resources of genius, as regards the administration of nursery affairs, appeared at last to be exhausted. Mrs Flyntey Harte sat down to rock herself, in all the energy of despair; and little Flyntey Harte roared away as lustily as ever, over the griefs, known and unknown, which disturbed his mental tranquillity. But a new idea suddenly flashed into the maternal mind, like one of those strategic inspirations which often gain the day when the battle is seemingly lost.

'I'll give you something to cry for!' screamed the lady, again taking up the controversy, on the assumption that like cures like; and it must be confessed that she was fully equal to her word. Little Flyntey was immediately furnished with something to cry for, in addition to that which he had received already, and being thus furnished, under a belief that by this species of urging he would the sooner be induced to cry himself out, he took ample occasion to demonstrate the soundness and endurance of the lungs with which he was gifted, and perversely afforded no prospect whatever of being cried out in any reasonable space of time.

'That boy will be the death of me,' thundered paternity, in the shape of Mr Flyntey Harte, who had come ravening homeward for his dinner, and whose acerbities were therefore in a high state of activity. 'My dear, why don't you hush him up at once?' added he, giving force to the idea by a 'dumb motion,' pantomimic of the spank.

'He can't be hushed up, as you call it,' replied Mrs Flyntey Harte. 'I'm sure it's not my fault—no mother pays more attention to her children than I do—I've been slapping him and shaking him, off and on, for the whole blessed morning,' and she immediately offered a few samples of both methods of operation; 'but in spite of all I can do he is as bad as bad can be yet. I can't think, for my part, what the brat would have.'

'Pshaw!' retorted old Mr Flyntey Harte; 'you women never know how to manage a child—let me at him a minute!' and Flyntey went at him with a zeal probably deserving of better success; but little Flyntey Harte continued, notwithstanding all the parental care lavished upon him, to roar and to whine alternately, until he fell fast asleep through weariness and exhaustion.

Thus ended one day in the life of little Flyntey Harte, this one day exposing with clearness the principle on which his domestic education was conducted, and perhaps, likewise, affording a glimpse of the results to which it led. His parents had no other method of training intellect and of forming character than that which may be described as the system of terrorism; and, with the best intentions in the world, to 'terrorism' they resorted upon all occasions of difficulty. It seemed to simplify the problem so, and to condense, as it were, all the perplexing theories of youthful cultivation into a plain and practical doctrine, capable of being applied on the instant, and under any circumstances whatever. There was a saving, too, of time, and care, and thought, in coming to the comfortable conclusion that the wisest way of bringing little Flyntey up was to knock little Flyntey down. It levelled the difficulty at once, besides being so wholesome and pleasant to the instructor, who, in this view of the subject, is under no obligation to suppress wrath, or to restrain the emotions of impatience. On the contrary, it seems to be a permission to slap away, right and left, killing two birds with one stone, by at once gratifying your own pugnacity, and giving your pupil an impulse forward in the walks of useful knowledge. But it must be confessed, however, unfortunately both for the theory here alluded to, and for little Flyntey Harte himself, that while no boy ever had more 'pains' bestowed upon him in the processes of education, it is also true that no boy ever yielded more 'pains' in return—as if it were on a principle of poetical justice that caused the sowing and the reaping to be somewhat similar in kind. Flyntey was 'corrected' every day of his existence—sometimes

twice if not thrice a-day—and yet popular report set him down proverbially as the worst lad in the neighbourhood. Was it not strange that such should be the discouraging result of so much toil of arm and expenditure of strap, and that the only advantage derived by either of the parties should be merely deducible from the exercise?

Not an hour passed that it was not announced to little Flyntey, formally or informally, that his wickedness was beyond all other wickedness; and little Flyntey took it as a matter of course, that he was wicked, that he must be wicked, and wicked he therefore was to all intents and purposes; no good being expected from him, which, we take it, in a stout constitution, either for evil or its opposite, is as sure a way as any of making it certain that no good will come.

'Might just as well enjoy myself,' said little Flyntey; 'they don't expect any better from me.'

It was astonishing to both father and mother that Flyntey had no instinctive notions about *mecum* and *tuum*; and that he should have come into the world so surprisingly ignorant of the fundamental principles of the social compact, as to lay his unhallowed hands on whatever he wanted; and we are constrained to admit that a knowledge of the rights of property was not spontaneous in his infant mind; so that if he desired to have a thing, it was most likely, if occasion served, that he would take that very thing, putting it either into his mouth or into his pocket, with no very serious visitations of remorse, for having gone contrary to the statutes. We cannot well account for it, but there is no contending against the fact, made apparent so frequently, that Flyntey's propensities, appetites, and inclinations, were developed in advance of his reasoning and restraining powers. Was he not a wicked one, the little Flyntey, not to comprehend, as soon as his eyes were open, that people on this earth are not to do exactly as they like; and what are we to expect from that childhood, like Flyntey's, which could not at once anticipate the wisdom gathered by years? Of course, there was but one recipe for expediting his intellectual progress, and many chastisements were invoked to ripen conscience, and to expand causality.

'Let that alone, you Flyntey!'

'And why must I let it alone? I want that—I will have that!'

'Because, if you dont let it alone, I'll whip you within an inch of your life—I will, you thief!'

The reasoning, perhaps, may be regarded as sound—there is no doubt whatever that the whipping to which it pointed was, in general, sound enough—but yet little Flyntey Harte could only understand from this admonition, not so much that it was his duty and his best interest to resist the impulses of his acquisitiveness, as that it was his policy so to regulate them as to 'scape whipping.' He saw nothing more than the arbitrary will of another and a stronger, based upon barefaced power, arraying itself against the cravings of his own individual will, and condescending to no kindly explanations of its conduct; and little Flyntey, unconvinced, called in the flexibilities of insincerity and cunning, to enable him to creep round obstacles that he could not directly surmount. The petty larceny, in consequence, bloomed into one of his choicest accomplishments. Nay, even when detection was inevitable, he weighed and balanced the good with the evil. If the pleasure of attaining his end seemed to transcend the torment of the penalty, he enjoyed the one at the cost of the other, and looked upon himself as a gainer by the bargain.

Another singular result soon manifested itself. Little Flyntey Harte, though himself fresh, as it were, from the sorrows of affliction, and from the griefs of infliction, proved to be a tyrant and an oppressor—very cruel and very barbarous to all who were unable to defend themselves—he moved a terror to the smaller children, and a horror to the cats and dogs. He had, somehow or other—can you imagine how?—gathered one generalisation into his magazine of maxims, that pain of a corporeal nature is the great actuating impulse of the world, and that it should be em-

ployed as a means of procuring amusement as freely as for any other purpose whatever. 'If you are not hurt yourself,' thought Flyntey, 'it's prime sport to hurt other people,' and, accordingly, none were safe from his machinations in that respect; and direful were the complaints on this score against little Flyntey Harte. But here again—what is to be done in such a case?—the precepts of humanity, so industriously flogged into him, answered no other end than that of increasing the evil, by rendering it the more guarded and the more difficult to avoid. Even the mollifying influences of rattan, cow-skin, or horse-whip, were impotent in imparting the lessons of kindness, charity, and love. They rather aggravated the treacherousness and malignity which they were intended to eradicate.

There had been an endeavour, likewise, according to the canons of flagellation, to place young Flyntey Harte *en rapport* with veracity, that he might, in the way of forming a creditable acquaintance, sometimes have to do with the truth. But, by his own sinister mode of reasoning, our hero came to peculiar conclusions.

'Flyntey, did you take that sugar or smoke them cigars?' inquired his father, as he gave significant pliancy to a rod; 'come, tell the truth now.'

'If I do tell the truth,' mused Flyntey, eying the rod askance, and estimating from long experience its capacity for mischief; 'if I do tell the truth, there is no mistake about it, I shall be whaled, sartin; but if I don't tell the truth, may be I'll get off clear; them's the chances; and I go for the chances.'

'No, sir; it wasn't me,' replied Flyntey, with an iron countenance and with that steady front of denial which practice in deceit is sure to give; and it depended upon the chances aforesaid whether he should be chastised or not; but if, unluckily, the evidences of the deed, or the accidental exasperations of paternal temper were against him, Flyntey Harte would be corrected *in extenso*. In that event, the result was still the same as before hinted at.

'I'll teach you to steal sugar!' and the lesson did teach him, not so much that the felonious appropriation of forbidden sweets was improper and unjustifiable, but that it should be done, Spartanlike, in a way to preclude the possibility of being discovered. The deficiency was made up in sand.

'I'll teach you to tell falsehoods!' and the teaching—which played lively enough about the back, but came not near the heart—did induce the patient to exercise more ingenuity in the getting up of denials, subterfuges, and evasions, than had been his preceding practice.

'They talk to me a good deal about the truth,' soliloquised Flyntey, 'and they say truth is a pretty nice sort of thing; but I don't believe a word of it. Own up, must I, whenever I've had a bit of fun to myself? I shant! owning up is always a pair of boxed ears—I don't like that—and as for the truth, why that is a thunderin' big hiding every time. They ask me for the truth; and when I tell it, they always switch me; and if I don't tell the truth, then they switch me to make me tell it; and after I have told it, they switch me again, because I told it. Whenever I hear of the truth, it's as sure as can be, that switching is not far off. They always go together; and I'll do my best to keep out of such disagreeable company. If they want to know who it was that broke the closet window, and took the preserves, let 'em find it out by their learning. It's just as easy to say no, as it is to say yes; and it's cheaper considerable. And now I'll go and enjoy myself. Catch me telling the truth, to get a flogging.'

'Fun! yes, there's going to be fun this afternoon,' muttered little Flyntey Harte, as he skulked about a house at the corner, now loitering at the pump, and anon gazing idly into the shop windows, giving, from time to time, a short peculiar whistle, as a subdued signal to some desired companion. It could scarcely be said that Flyntey's countenance wore a smile—the hardening process and its deceitful consequences had long ago swept smiles for ever from his face, and had left instead a joyless contortion of feature that had nothing of mirthfulness about it, even

when the cordage of his physiognomy pulled hard to open the gates for laughter. Flyntey had no laughter in him—there was none of the joyousness of youth about his hard and careworn look, with its premature expression of depravity; and when he would be merry, it was awkward, ungainly, and unpractised, dashed, too, with a tinge of malice and revenge, as if it were but an ambush for the stealthy approach of trick and enmity. But, in the instance now referred to, it was evident that Flyntey had a thought within which was pleasant to himself at least—whatever it might prove to others.

'Fun for two!' again ejaculated he, with a gleam of stony delight; and there was a cold sparkle in his eye, coupled with a compression of the lip, that spoke of mischief.

'Fun!' said he?—Fun needs to be defined. Many things are honoured with the name of fun, which are eventually discovered to be anything but fun. The funny man is too often a sad fellow; and the frog is in the right of it, who decided that fun to me might be death to him. When such folks as Flyntey Harte thus rub their hands together, anticipating glee, the fun in contemplation is to be a monopoly, leaving one of the parties to the affair as far from realising the fun as can well be imagined. Ringing people's bells, considered in juvenility, is fun in some sort, as you thought once, and ran in joy away; but it is a shrewd question with the philosopher, whether rheumatic and wearied Sally, after a hard day's work, is alive to a full appreciation of the fun which calls her, by tintinnabulation and these eccentric campanologist performances, from the deep recess of the kitchen, or from sweet repose in garrets, to find none but nobody at the street door. Do you not—most funny one—now hear her growling in retreat? Yes, Sally grumbles, ay, and Juba, too, to be disturbed in this your funny fashion. The whole department of hoaxing and of practical jokery is of the same description of one-sided fun; and though it be set down as fun to throw eggs into a crowd, still, it is not often that the recipient thereof is overwhelmed with gratitude at the favour so liberally bestowed. A snowball in one's bed, or freezing water in a boot, often convulses the performer of the deed with deepest bursts of laughter; yet it will be observed as a general rule, that the effect upon the person for whom all this trouble has been taken, is for the most part, and in the majority of instances, widely different; as indeed will also show itself to be the case when a trap is left upon the stairs, to cause the unwary to go through a certain series of ground and lofty tumbling, for the amusement of those who are in the secret, and who listen for the clatter. Thus, too, when the chair upon which you propose to deposit yourself is suddenly withdrawn, and your descent is considerably greater and more rapid than you had reason to anticipate; it is within the scope of likelihood, that your usually placid brow will be corrugated with frowns, and that the few words you do speak, in answer to the mirth of bystanders, will embody more of the force than of the graces of our language.

Flyntey's look, therefore, indicated some species of fun of this restricted nature—the sport to be all here—the annoyance and the suffering all there; and he now awaited the approach of an accomplice, one Badde Feller, who, without the intensity of character and the powers of invention that so eminently distinguished Flyntey Harte, and made him instinctively a leader, had yet the faculty of following in another's trail, and of admiring the imprint of a broader footprint than his own.

'Fun! where?' inquired Badde Feller, with his usual sneaking smirk, being then in process of an errand, with a bottle in one hand and a shilling in the other.

'Here!' growled Flyntey, tapping upon the breast of his jacket, with an air of lofty superiority. 'Peep in there, and tell me what you think of that?'

'Why, if it isn't a pistol—an 'orse pistol! Is it borrer'd?'

'Hook'd, you goose,' replied Flyntey, with a smile; 'hook'd round at Jones's—leave me alone for that—baby was at the door, and I tumbled it off the steps for fun; but then, thinks I to myself, thinks I, now's the time; so I pick'd baby Jones up in my arms, gave baby Jones a

pinch or two to make it squeal the louder, and carried it into the shop, poor little Jones! the folks all came running to see what was the matter, gave me two cents for being a good boy, and, as I came out, I hook'd the pistol! ho! ho!

'And shot off too, I guess, ha, ha!' jocularly and delightedly added Badde Feller. 'It takes you, Flyntey, to do good things—I'd never thought of that 'ere—never.'

'I guess not—but now we've got the pistol, what else is to be done?'

'Shoot something, mustn't we?' added Badde Feller, with an innocent smile. 'Kill somebody's dog, wont we?'

'Ay; but where's the powder, and the shot, and the bullets? Get them, and we'll shoot Jones's pet cat to begin with. Stop—I have it—keep that bottle and sell it—give me the shilling to get the powder, and afterwards you can tell your old man that you fell down and spilt the whisky—that's the plan. You'd never have thought of that neither, it takes me.'

Badde Feller demurred, lacking nerve for the crisis; but at length his fears were overcome; and the plans against Jones's cat were pushed from abstract theory into the full flush of glorious practice. Jones's cat perished, yielding up at least one of its nine lives; but the murder had a witness in the dowager Mrs Jones. It was 'My Grandmother's Cat,' and thereby hangs a tale, though that the cat be dead by the remorseless hands of Flyntey Harte.

This affair proved to be catastrophic as well, or as ill, to Flyntey Harte as to Jones's unhappy cat. Investigation was instituted—the evidence being direct, not circumstantial, left not a hinge or loop to hang a doubt on—the larceny of the pistol—the death of the pussy—and the deluding of Badde Feller, who played innocence on the occasion, and 'owned up' as state's evidence, under the plea of having been cajoled into disappointing his father in regard to the bottle and the shilling—relative to which, however, we do not believe one word—all formed a terrific array of criminal fact against young Flyntey Harte; and a conviction and a punishment came down upon him, after the manner to which he had been long accustomed. Flyntey Harte, the elder, with a nerve worthy of the first Brutus, made a last effort to scourge his precious offspring into that wholesome appreciation of the beauties of honesty, humanity, and truthfulness, which as yet seemed to be a sealed book to his perverted eyes. The result, however, was as 'striking' as the means employed; for young Flyntey Harte beat a retreat in the middle of the night, after breaking whatever was breakable, silently, about the house. His own clothes went with him, added to other choice selections in the way of apparel; and he took as much of the paternal cash as became available in the opening of desks and drawers. Nay, he had even made well intended arrangements for a domiciliary conflagration, which failed through mischance; and the words 'Gone to See,' were scrawled in charcoal upon the wall of his chamber, in such equivocal orthography, that none could tell whether he had embarked his fortunes on the ocean wave, or had merely set forth to 'see' the world in a more earthly way. But whatever be the way chosen by young Flyntey Harte—on the waters or on the dry land—it is a way which will in all probability lead to prisons, and, if so, it is left to consideration where the blame and responsibility should rest for all Flyntey Harte's mischances and misdeeds. The theme may be found worthy of serious thought, in its connexion with the varied systems of youthful training with which our age abounds.

LIFE IN THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

The increasing importance of our commercial relations with Borneo and Singapore, and the Dutch settlements in the East India islands, has tended to invest with more than ordinary interest any authentic work relating to this quarter of the world. Accordingly we are not surprised at the notice which has been attracted to a late book of travels, by a gentleman who seems possessed of special

capabilities for the examination of the subject.* The author, Mr Davidson, is a traveller of no common order. He informs us that he has 'crossed the ocean in forty different square-rigged vessels; trod the plains of Hindostan, the wilds of Sumatra, and the mountains of Java; had many a gallop amidst the forests and plains of Australia; passed through the labyrinth of reefs forming Torres Straits; and visited the far-famed Celestial Empire.' What the actuating motive was to encounter the dangers of these extensive voyages we are not informed—probably nothing more than the desire to see the world, or it might be to take advantage of any favourable opening in mercantile life which presented itself. Of this there can be little doubt, that Mr Davidson's record of his experiences in the distant regions to which his book refers, and his comments on the condition of the trade and commerce of these countries, form altogether one of the most valuable volumes of the kind which have recently issued from the press. Into the portion of his work, however, which will probably be most prized—namely, that relating to the exports and imports, and commercial policy of the various states which the author visited—it is not our intention to enter, our purpose being mainly to present before the reader a few of the lighter sketches of life and scenery with which Mr Davidson has pleasantly diversified the more serious matter of his book.

The first quarter described by our author is the island of Java, where the lamented Leyden met his death in 1806. In allusion to this event, Sir Walter Scott writes in 'The Lord of the Isles'—

'A deadly and a distant shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.'

but Mr Davidson is of opinion that, with common precautions against colds, and 'eschewing in *toto* the vile habit of drinking gin and water whenever one feels thirsty,' Europeans may live as long and as healthily in Batavia as they would in any part of the world. The system of 'posting' in Java is one which might be advantageously copied by many states:—

'One great and invaluable advantage over all our eastern colonies, Batavia, in common with every part of Java, possesses, in the facilities that exist for travelling from one part of the island to another. Throughout Java, there are excellent roads, and on every road a post establishment is kept up; so that the traveller has only to apply to the postmaster of Batavia, pointing out the road he wishes to travel, and to pay his money according to the number of miles; he obtains, with a passport, an order for four horses all along his intended line of route, and may perform the journey at his leisure, the horses, coachmen, &c., being at his command night or day, till he accomplishes the distance agreed for. Thus, a party going overland from Batavia to Samarang, a distance of three hundred miles, may either perform the journey in three days, or extend it to three weeks, should they wish to look about them, and to halt a day or two at various places as they go along. In no part of British India is there anything approaching to such admirable and cheap facilities for travelling. And what an inestimable blessing they are to the Batavian invalid, who can thus, in a few hours, be transported, with perfect ease and comfort, into the cool and delightful mountainous regions of Java, where he may choose his climate, by fixing himself at a height varying from one thousand to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea! Java, from east to west and from north to south, is a favourite region with me, and, I believe, with

* Trade and Travel in the Far East; or Recollections of Twenty-one Years passed in Java, Singapore, Australia, and China. By G. F. DAVIDSON. London: Madden & Malcolm. 1846.

every Englishman who ever visited it. Gin and brandy have killed five-sixths of all the Europeans who have died in Batavia within the last twenty years; but with pleasure I can add, that this destructive habit has almost entirely disappeared: hence the diminished number of deaths, and the more robust and ruddy appearance of the European inhabitants. The surrounding country is both salubrious and beautiful, rising gradually as you proceed inland, till you reach Buytenzorg, forty miles S.E. of Batavia, where the Governor-General of Netherlands India generally resides, in a splendid palace, surrounded with extensive and magnificent gardens. The climate is cool and pleasant, more particularly in the mornings and evenings, and the ground is kept moist by daily showers; for it is a singular fact, that scarcely a day in the year passes without a shower in this beautiful neighbourhood.'

While on a visit to the town of Samarang, on the north coast of Java, the author was present at a somewhat novel spectacle—a tiger fight, which is thus described:—

'The exhibition took place on an extensive plain near the town, just after daybreak. A square of men, armed with the native spear, was formed three deep, and one hundred yards across. Inside this square was placed a box resembling in shape a coffin, but much larger, containing a royal tiger fresh from his native forests, which had been brought to town the day previously for this express purpose. Imagine everything ready, the square formed, the box in its centre, and a silent multitude looking on—some perched on trees, some on the coach-boxes of the numerous carriages, others on horseback, and thousands on foot; whilst the native chief of the district, with his friends, and the European officials of the place, occupied a gay pavilion, placed in an advantageous situation for viewing the coming strife. A native Javan, in full dress, is now seen advancing into the square, followed by two coolies or porters, one carrying a bundle of straw, the other a lighted torch. The straw is thrown over the box, and the torch-bearer stands ready to set fire to it at the end where the tiger's head is, the box being too narrow to permit his turning round in it. The leading native then lifts a sliding door at the other extremity of the box, carefully covering the opening thus made with mats, to prevent the light from penetrating, and inducing his royal highness to back out too soon. This operation completed, the straw is set on fire. The native and his two coolies now retire slowly, keeping time to Javanese music as they make their way outside the square. By this time, the fire has got fair hold of the box, filling it with smoke, and the tiger begins his retreat, his berth becoming rather warm. Presently, his hind quarters appear issuing through the sliding doorway, its covering of mat readily yielding to the pressure; by degrees, his hind feet gain firm footing outside, and his whole body is soon displayed. On appearing, he seemed rather confused for a few seconds, and, laying himself quietly down, looked all round upon his foes, and gave a roar that made the welkin ring, and my young heart quake a little. He then rose, deliberately shook himself, turned towards the rising sun, set off first at a walk, then at a trot, which he gradually increased to a smart canter, till within a few yards of the points of the spears pointed at him; he then came to the charge, and made a spring that surprised me, and, I fancy, every one present. I am afraid to say how high he leaped, but he was on the *descent* before a single spear touched him. This leap was evidently made with the intention of getting clear over the heads of the men and their spears too; and he most certainly would have accomplished it, had he not leaped too soon, and fallen within the square, the height of the spring being quite sufficient for the purpose. As it was, when on the descent, the spears of the six men nearest him being pointed at his breast, one of them inflicted a frightful wound. On reaching the ground, the noble beast struggled hard for his liberty; but, finding his efforts of no avail, he ultimately started off at full gallop to the opposite side of the square, where he renewed his exertions, though with less vigour than that displayed on his first

attempt, and with no better success. He then galloped twice round the square, just at the point of the spears. Not a man advanced to touch him, it being the rule, that the tiger must come within the range of the spears before they can be used. He was ultimately killed while making a third attempt to escape; and thus ended the sport. His first charge was very brilliant and exciting; his second much less so; his third and last was very feeble. Immediately after the tiger's death, the same ceremonies were gone through with a leopard, who took the spearmen rather by surprise, and, instead of trying to leap over their heads, darted in under their spears, got among their feet, and effected his retreat, to the no small consternation of the surrounding multitude, who soon scattered in all directions. He was, however, pursued by the men he had baffled, and was killed under a bridge in the immediate neighbourhood.'

Mr Davidson justly concludes:—

'These are cruel pastimes, though they may be thought not more so than dog-fighting and cock-fighting, which were formerly so much practised in Britain, and not so barbarous as a pugilistic combat between two hired brutes called prize-fighters.'

The following should teach a lesson to elephant-teasers. At a town in Java, the sultan kept three of these noble animals, 'each under a separate shed. I went, with three other visitors, to see those animals, and we passed some time amusing ourselves by giving them fruit and other dainties. We did not remark, however, that one of our friends had been for some time teasing one of them, by offering him a plantain, and constantly withdrawing it, just as the poor animal was laying hold of it with his trunk. We had not gone twenty yards from the spot, when the elephant's keeper approached, and gave him a couple of coco-nuts—(minus the husk, but with the shells)—part of his daily food, I presume. The elephant took one of these, and, with a wicked look at the gentleman who had been teasing him, threw the nut at him with great force. Fortunately he missed his aim. The nut struck a post within six inches of the teaser's head, and was literally smashed: had it struck where doubtless it was meant to do, it would certainly have proved as fatal as an eighteen-pound shot. So much for teasing elephants. We beat a speedy retreat, not choosing to risk a second shot.'

Delicious as the climate of Java is said to be, the country is not without drawbacks which are apt to horrify the European:—

'The forests of Java are inhabited by the rhinoceros, tiger, black tiger, leopard, tiger-cat, boa-constrictor, and a variety of animals of milder natures. The elephant is not found in its wild state in these woods, though numerous in those of the neighbouring island. I am not aware of any other animal that may be called dangerous to man in these unrivalled forests; nor is there much to be apprehended from occasionally coming in contact with either of those above-named, though accidents happen now and then. I have known a carriage and four attacked on the main road between Batavia and Samarang by a tiger, and one of the ponies killed by the fierce onset. This, however, is a rare occurrence, and can happen only when the tiger is hard pressed for food; which is seldom the case in the woods of Java, overrun as they are with deer, wild-hog, and other royal game. The boa is harmless to man, unless his path is crossed, when a speedy retreat is advisable. A friend of mine in Samarang once kept one of these monsters as a *pet*, and used to let him crawl all over the garden: it measured exactly nineteen feet. It was regularly fed twice a month, viz. on the first and the fifteenth. On the first day of the month, a moderate-sized goat was put into his house. The poor animal would scream, and exhibit every symptom of extreme terror, but was not kept long in suspense; for the snake, after eyeing his victim keenly, would spring on it with the rapidity of thought, coil three turns round the body, and in an instant every bone in the goat's skin was broken. The next process was, to stretch the

carcass to as great a length as he could before uncoiling himself; then to lick it all over; and he commenced his feast by succeeding, after some severe exertion, in getting the goat's head within his mouth. In the course of twenty minutes, the whole animal was swallowed: the snake would then lie down, and remain perfectly dormant for three or four days. His lunch (as I may call it) on the fifteenth of the month, used to consist of a duck. This snake was given, in 1815, to Lord Amherst, on his return from China, and reached the Cape in safety: there it was over-fed to gratify the curious visitors, and died in consequence before the ship reached St. Helena. While on the subject of wild animals, I may mention a leopard that was kept by an English officer in Samarang, during our occupation of the Dutch colonies. This animal had its liberty, and used to run all over the house after its master. One morning, after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right hand, and the hookah-snake in his left, when he felt a slight pain in the left hand, and, on attempting to raise it, was checked by a low angry growl from his pet leopard: on looking down, he saw the animal had been licking the back of his hand, and had by degrees drawn a little blood. The leopard would not suffer the removal of the hand, but continued licking it with great apparent relish, which did not much please his master, who, with great presence of mind, without attempting again to disturb the pet in his proceeding, called to his servant to bring him a pistol, with which he shot the animal dead on the spot. Such pets as snakes nineteen feet long and full-grown leopards are not to be trifled with. The largest snake I ever saw was twenty-five feet long, and eight inches in diameter. I have heard of sixty-feet snakes, but cannot vouch for the truth of the tale. In my enumeration of animals dangerous to man, I omitted the alligator, which infests every river and muddy creek in Java, and grows to a very large size. At the mouth of the Batavia river, they are very numerous and dangerous, particularly to Europeans. It strikes one as extraordinary, to see the copper-coloured natives bathing in the river within view of a large alligator: they never seem to give the animal a thought, or to anticipate injury from his proximity. Yet were a European to enter the water by the side of the natives, his minutes in this world would be few. I recollect an instance that occurred on the occasion of a party of troops embarking at Batavia for the eastward, during the Java war. The men had all gone off, with the exception of three serjeants, who were to follow in the ship's jolly-boat, which was waiting for them at the wharf: two of them stepped into the boat; but the third, in following, missed his footing, and fell with his leg in the water, and his body over the gunwale of the boat. In less than an instant, an alligator darted from under the wharf, and seized the unfortunate man by the leg, while his companions in the boat laid hold of his shoulders. The poor fellow called out to his friends—'Pull—hold on; don't let go,' but their utmost exertions were unavailing. The alligator proved the strongest, and carried off his prize. The scene was described to me by a bystander, who said he could trace the monster's course all the way down the river with his victim in his immense mouth.'

In connexion with this subject, a gentleman who resided in Java has related to us the following anecdote:—An Irish surveyor, who was engaged in the levelling of roads in Java, was one day pursuing his occupation about eight miles from the town of Batavia. He had with him a favourite dog, which was playfully gambolling a few yards in advance. Suddenly an immense tiger bounded from the forest, and in an instant had the dog in his mouth. The surveyor, who was cautious enough to carry loaded pistols, immediately pulled and presented at the animal. But on a second thought, he drew back his arm, knowing well that unless he shot the tiger dead, his own life would be the forfeit. The tiger gave the trembling Irishman one glance with his fiery eyes, and then bounded off into the

woods. It may be believed that the surveyor felt considerable relief on seeing that his voracious friend was so easily satisfied.

Mr Davidson satisfactorily disposes of the famous Upas-tree fiction. He states that the only noxious quality possessed by this tree is contained in a certain gum or resin which may be extracted from it, and which the natives use to poison their war-weapons. In order to test its 'deadly' influences, a friend of the author is stated to have ascended one of these trees, and passed two hours amongst its branches, where he ate his lunch and quietly smoked a cigar!—thus contemptuously setting at defiance this venerable fiction of the poets.

The next quarter visited by Mr Davidson was the island of Singapore. He awards all due praise to Sir Stamford Raffles for his enlightened exertions in establishing this emporium of British trade. Singapore is a free port, vessels of all kinds and of all nations coming and going without tax of any kind, and it is of course no matter of surprise that the port should be a flourishing one. Mr Davidson is of opinion, however, that in consequence of the establishment of the British colony of Hong Kong, and the opening of the northern ports on the coasts of China, the commerce of Singapore must receive a severe check. The result of the perfect freedom of trade at Singapore has been the congregation in that town of men of all creeds and all nations:

'Here may be seen, besides Europeans of different nations, and Americans, the Jew, the Armenian, the Persian, the Parsee, the Arab, the Bengalee, the Malabar, the China-man, the Malay, the Javanese, the Siamese, the Cochinchinese, with the native of Borneo, of Macassar, and of every island of the Eastern Archipelago; all in the costumes of their respective countries, and forming motley groups that can nowhere be surpassed. With the exception of the Europeans, Americans, and Armenians, each class occupies a distinct quarter of the town, mixing but little with the rest, except in business hours, when one and all may be seen in eager converse on the all-important subject of money-making.'

The Singaporeans, however, like their brethren of Java, have, it seems, troublesome neighbours.

'I allude to the tigers of a large size which abound here, and which, having cleared the jungles of wild-hog and jackalls, and nearly so of deer, have lately commenced preying on man, to whom they have become a most formidable and dreaded foe. Were I to set down the number of unfortunate individuals who have, since 1839, been killed by these lords of the forests, I should scarcely expect to be credited. Let any one look over the newspapers of the Island for the last five or six years, and they will tell him a tale of horror that will make his blood freeze. Many of the more distant gambia-plantations have been deserted by their proprietors in consequence of the ravages of these monsters. Government, in the hope of remedying or mitigating the evil, offered a reward of one hundred dollars for every tiger brought in alive or dead; but so dense are the jungles in which they seek shelter, that their pursuers have hitherto been far from successful. One is brought in now and then, for which the captor receives his reward, and sells the flesh for some forty dollars more; for the reader must know, that the flesh of a tiger is readily purchased, and eagerly eaten by the Chinese, under the notion that some of the courage of the animal will be thereby instilled into them. Some time before I left the island, a Malay fell in with two tiger cubs in the woods, and captured one of them: next day he went back, like a fool, alone, in search of the other, when the dam captured and made a meal of him; a lesson to his countrymen, which has effectually cured them of meddling with tiger-whelps. On another occasion, a China-man, having set a trap in

tigers, took a walk out about midnight to see if his plan had been successful. He paid dearly for his temerity, being carried off by some prowling monster; and his mangled body was found near the place a few days afterwards.'

Passing over the author's visit to the Dutch settlements in the Archipelago, as well as Malacca and Penang, we will introduce the reader to him entering the Hooghly, on his first approach to Calcutta.'

'The feeling I experienced on first making the land at the mouth of the Hooghly, was extreme disappointment. To a stranger coming, as I did, from Java, Singapore, and Penang, nothing can have a more dreary and desolate appearance than the land above and below Kedgeree. The very sight is almost enough to bring on the ague; and the abominably filthy water of the holy stream heightens the feeling of disgust. From Kedgeree to Diamond Harbour, the view on the low banks of the river improves but little. Above Diamond Harbour, the river banks are somewhat higher, buildings are more numerous, and the country appears more cleared and brought under cultivation. On arriving at Garden Reach, the stranger may begin to imagine that not wholly without reason Calcutta has acquired the proud title of the 'City of Palaces.' From the lower part of this Reach, on the right, the river bank is laid out in large gardens, each with a handsome mansion in its centre; and the whole scene speaks of opulence and splendour. Of late years, these magnificent residences have been much neglected, and what was once the most fashionable part of the suburbs has been nearly deserted by the great folk. The reason assigned for this is, that the river, in very wet seasons, overflows its banks, breeding malaria and fever, from which, at the time of my second visit, the inhabitants suffered not a little. For a year or two, these mansions stood empty; but when I last saw them, in 1840, they were nearly all occupied by mercantile men, who find them pleasant retreats from the bustle of the city, and seem willing to brave the chance of fever. On approaching the head of Garden Reach, the stranger all at once beholds Fort William and the town of Calcutta spread out before him; and a splendid view it is. Should he arrive in the month of November or December, he will behold, perhaps, the finest fleet of merchant shipping the world could produce. Here are seen, besides the flag of Old England, those of America, France, Holland, Spain, Portugal, and Arabia. I must not forget to mention the floating taverns or large passenger ships, which carry home from twenty to forty passengers every voyage; and besides the fleet of large ships, the river presents steamers, pleasure-boats, and native craft of all sorts and sizes, from the gay *budgerow*, to the wretched and more than half-rotten *dhingy*. The scene has, however, its drawbacks. The stranger is shocked and disgusted at the sight of some half-dozen dead bodies floating down the river, in all stages of decomposition, some with a vulture perched on them, gorging himself as he floats down the stream on his hideous raft. Government has placed people above the town, for the express purpose of sinking dead bodies and similar nuisances; but they have not succeeded in effecting their object. The last time I went up the river, four human corpses passed my boat between Kradd's Dock and Colvin's Grant, a distance of two miles.'

Nothing strikes the stranger, on landing for the first time in Calcutta, so much as the extraordinary aggregation of palaces and mansions, ordinary dwelling-houses, warehouses, shops, bazaars, stables, huts, and hovels, all mingled together in glorious confusion, a few streets forming the only exception. This is a great eye-sore even to the old resident. I know no part of the world where society is divided into so many ranks and classes as it is here, nor where pride and pomp hold their heads higher. To hear some of the great ones of this city talk, you would think they had sprung from a long line of princely, or, at least, of noble ancestors. It is often observed, however, that they seldom or never mention their immediate progenitors, nor the whereabouts of their birthplace, which,

in nine cases out of ten, would be found to be some humble cottage on the bank of a modest brook in England, or burn in Scotland. The more obscure or lowly their origin, the more difficult of access they are generally found. The real gentleman is easily discovered by his superior breeding and genuine urbanity.

'One of the most remarkable objects in or near Calcutta, is the celebrated Banian-tree in the East India Company's Botanical Garden, on the banks of the Hooghly, immediately opposite Garden Reach. This tree is, without exception, the most splendid vegetable production I ever saw: and its immense size and great age may be judged of, when I mention, that a friend in whom I place the utmost confidence, told me he measured the circumference of the space it shaded at noonday, and found that, allowing eighteen inches square per man, there was sufficient room for eighteen thousand men to stand under the shade of this venerable patriarch of the forest. This could be effected, however, only by removing the many stems of the tree which now occupy nearly the whole space covered by the branches, and are so numerous and thick, that it is impossible to trace the parent one. It is a mighty tree, and worthy of the proud place it occupies in the first botanical garden in the world.'

Mr Davidson next proceeded to Australia, and established himself as a settler on the banks of the Paterson river, where he resided about three years. The portion of his work descriptive of bush-life in Australia is extremely interesting, and the result seemingly of exact and extensive information. But on this ground space forbids us to enter. We must content ourselves with calling attention to it, and the volume generally, as the production of an active, intelligent, and impartial mind, and as such deserving of a thorough perusal by all interested in the countries described.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

DAYLIGHT was fast fading from the sky, on a cold and lowering evening in November, when a poor woman, leading a little boy by the hand, rang at the door of a handsome house, in the outskirts of the pleasant town of W——. The girl who answered the bell soon returned and told the lady that a poor woman was at the door, begging a night's lodging. The lady cast a troubled look at the dead leaves that were whirling in eddies along the streets, and then at the dark clouds that were drifting together overhead, and sighed. Her husband had a nervous dislike to admitting unknown persons into his house, and had often charged his family not to suffer any such to cross his threshold. She therefore arose with a heavy heart, and went to the door where the stranger stood holding the hand of a pale, sad-looking little boy, about six years of age. The woman, dejected and care-worn, seemed ready to sink with fatigue. The lady kindly inquired into her situation, and heard the following account: Several years ago she had emigrated to the West with her husband and five children, in hopes of bettering their condition. Their hopes had been disappointed—sickness had entered their cabin—the husband and father was carried off by one of the fevers of the climate, and the children, one by one, had followed; the poor feeble boy which she held by the hand, alone remained. When all was over, she sold the little property that was left, and, with the boy, began on foot their melancholy journey back to their native place. That evening, for the first time, she found herself obliged to ask charity, but it was so hard to bring her feelings to it, that she had passed through the whole town without having courage to stop at a door, until she made her first application at that house. 'But,' said she, 'we do not want food, nor clothes, nor money; we only ask for shelter for the night.' The lady felt that this was a case in which she ought rather to risk the displeasure of her husband than to send the strangers away. Accordingly, she led them into the house, and, while the bed was preparing, she urged them to eat, but they both refused

food, and when their bed was ready they retired and soon fell asleep.

When the master of the house returned and heard what had happened, he exclaimed, angrily: 'They shall not stay here. My father never would harbour any vagrants, neither will I.'

'But, my dear,' said the lady, 'they are now asleep—you cannot send them away now; it is very dark, and what harm can they do here?'

'They will get up when we are asleep and rob the house, and be off before we know anything about it. It is all a pretence to get inside of the house; but they must be up and off.'

'Oh, pray, do not turn them out this dark, cold night,' said the lady. 'If you are afraid of their robbing the house, I will sit up and watch them: but they are worn out and unable to go any farther.'

'We will soon see how that is,' said he; and going into the small room where they slept, he called out in a loud voice, 'Come, get up and be off—you cannot stay here—I cannot have you here.'

The woman raised her eyes with a look of silent despair; but the boy, with a nervous agitation, painfully different from the motions of a happy, healthy child, sprang from the bed, and clasping his hands together, fell on his knees and cried out, in a shrill, imploring tone, 'Oh, sir! don't turn us out this dark night! We are tired almost to death. Oh, do let us stay till daylight!'

The gentleman relented at the appeal, and turning to his wife said, 'If you choose to give up your night's rest for the sake of their staying, I have no objections; but you must watch them all the while.'

The lady willingly consented, and soothing the boy, sent him back to bed. She then took a seat in the neighbouring room, and prepared to fulfil her promise, by watching them all night.

The strangers slept heavily, but not quietly. The poor woman groaned often, and murmured in her sleep of many sorrows. Once or twice she said, with a deep sigh, 'Well, well! my heart is breaking, but the Lord is good.'

In after years, that lady was called to endure loss after loss, and trial after trial, until her heart was almost crushed within her; but often, when she was ready to sink with despair, the sleeping words of that unknown widow came home to her heart and brought strength and comfort, and she felt herself richly repaid for a sleepless night when she had learned to say, 'Well, well! my heart is breaking, but the Lord is good!'

Poor unknown woman! if you are still an inhabitant of this world—if the Physician has healed your breaking heart, know that your words, unconsciously spoken, have often strengthened the spirit of a widow almost as desolate as yourself, and in return she now longs to tell you what she has since learned. If we truly know and acknowledge that the Lord is good, our hearts will never break, but grow stronger and stronger under trials.

GENIUS UNDISTURBED BY TUMULT.

The greatest works of our sacred eloquence were constructed in the stormiest seasons of our history. It was not in the cloistered seclusion of a college that Taylor, and Hall, and Hammond, and many other masters in Israel, built up those monuments of religion and learning which they have bequeathed to the veneration of future ages. A tempest of civil commotion raged through the land. During that night of terror and gloom, Peace sat by the hearths of these servants of truth; and a light shone through their habitations, to guide and cheer the Christian traveller, amid all his sadness and danger. The power that seems to belong to genius, when purified and exalted by a spirit greater than its own, of retiring from the world without into the world within, preserved their understandings in calmness and vigour. No enchanter of Arabian story ever dwelt more serenely within the crystal walls of his palace than these famous men within their sacred con-

templations. Gate of pearl, or column of jasper, or chamber radiant with the gold of Ophir, never lighted up the gloom of an idolatrous shrine with so rich a splendour streaming upon their souls from the treasures of the Gospel: whatever is magnificent in prophecy, or affecting a milder dispensation; whatever is picturesque in the pomp of ancient mythology, or pleasing in the notes classic poetry, was applied to the decoration of their off-
ings to religion.—*Willmott.*

THE HUM OF THE BEE.

Oh! the hum of the bee, the hum of the bee,
Is the sweetest music on earth to me;
For it tells of the glorious summer time,
When the radiant flowers are in their prime,
When the air is rich with their sweet perfume
And the earth is gemm'd with their varied bloom;
When the butterfly waves his rainbow wing,
And the 'daughters of music' sweetly sing:

Oh! the hum of the bee, the hum of the bee,
Is the sweetest music on earth to me;
For it tells of fruits as well as flowers—
Of strawberry feasts in rustic towers,
Where the eyes of the maidens shine as bright
As morning dewdrops or stars at night;
And their flute-like voices, so soft and clear,
Like music, fall on the ravish'd ear.

Oh! the hum of the bee, the hum of the bee,
Is the sweetest music on earth to me;
For it tells of long, bright, sunny days,
Of cloudless skies, and pleasant ways—
Of happy waters, that sing as they flow—
Of wild flowers that on their margin grow:
Their fair forms mirror'd in the stream,
Like former joys in some dear dream.

Oh! the hum of the bee, the hum of the bee,
Is the sweetest music on earth to me;
For it tells of childhood's rosebud hours,
When I chased the bee 'mong the sunny flowers,
When I gazed at the bow in the azure sky,
And wish'd for the wings of the dove, to fly
To its bower of light, where, I fondly thought,
All the loveliest things of earth were brought.

W. L.

PATRICK'S COLT.

A gentleman (says the *Manchester American*) who favours us with some reminiscences respecting the early settlement of this place—formerly old Derryfield—related the following anecdote: 'When my grandfather resided at Goffetown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day, soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out into the field and catch the colt. "Don't come without him," said the old gentleman. Patrick started and was gone some time, but at last returned minus the bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched, as though he had received bad treatment. "Why, Patrick, what is the matter—what in the name of wonder ails you?" "An' isn't it myself, yer honer, that never'll catch the ould black colt again? Bad luck to him! An' didn't he all scratch my eyes out o' me head? An' faith, as thrue as I'm spakin to you, I had to climb up a tree after the coult." "Climb up after him! Nonsense! Where is the beast?" "An' it's tied to the three he is, to be sure, yer honer." We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field we found, to our no small amusement, that he had been chasing a young black bear, which he had succeeded in catching, after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied with the bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long while, and was ever after known as "Patrick's colt."

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BUILDING SOCIETIES.

WITHIN the last few years there have arisen in this country several societies bearing the above title, based on what we conceive important principles, and promising advantages which, if they can be realised, must render such institutions of great importance to the industrious classes of the community. In the southern parts of the kingdom indeed, they have already secured a large amount of public approbation and support. One of these societies has recently been established in this city; and attaching considerable importance to the movement, we have taken some pains to collect, from various sources, the methods by which other similar bodies have sought to accomplish the end they have in view. This information, along with an outline of their general character and objects, and the advantages and disadvantages they possess, considered apart from any particular mode of conducting them, we now lay before our readers.

In order that we may be the more easily followed, we shall first state generally the nature and objects of such societies. This is the more necessary, as the name by which they have been designated is calculated to occasion misapprehension and mistake. The selection of the name has been unfortunate for another reason, from having caused them to be confounded with the building societies of a former period, which were properly so called, and which, as their name indicated, were joint-stock building companies, intended by the capital of their shareholders to erect houses, the rents derived from which were expected to yield a per centage on the capital embarked. These societies, from various circumstances, having unfortunately failed, a prejudice is apt to be entertained against those now under consideration, but which is undeserved, inasmuch as between the two schemes there appears to be nothing in common but the name.

The modern building societies are constructed to continue for a specified term of years, during which periodical (generally monthly) subscriptions are paid by the members. From the fund thus formed advances are made, in a prescribed order, to individual members, to enable them to purchase one or more dwelling-houses, which are secured to the society until the amount advanced is repaid, along with interest for the loan. To such members as do not take an advance a sum is paid at the termination of the society, according to the number of shares held by them, equal to the amount of their subscription, together with such a rate of interest as has been charged to the members who have borrowed. Members are generally allowed to subscribe for as many shares as they choose, and between the amount of which and the subscriptions payable

thereon there must, it is obvious, be a relation, regulated by the length of time the society is intended to continue and the interest charged on advances; as, for instance, if sixpence per week be the subscription for one share, payable for fourteen years, five per cent. would increase the sum to £26; if the interest be less, a correspondingly higher subscription would become necessary, and *vice versa*.

The advantage of the society, then, consists mainly in this, that a member obtaining an advance is enabled to purchase the house which otherwise he would only have rented, and that too, it is possible, for a sum not exceeding what he would otherwise have paid as rent during the period for which the society may continue. In the meantime, the house is so secured to the society that if the payment of subscriptions and interest are withheld for a specified time, it can be sold, and the proceeds applied to the liquidation of the society's claims.

Should, however, the proceeds of such a sale be inadequate to the discharge of these claims, a corresponding loss would be sustained by the society; and this forms one of the objections to which building societies are liable. It has not, however, so much weight as at first sight it would appear to have, as the society will not, or at least should not, advance more money on a house than a competent judge would think safe; and supposing the value of house property to become depreciated, the amount of depreciation, unless it were very considerable, would be compensated for by the payment on the part of the member previous to his being thus in default, of the excess, if any, of subscriptions and interest over what would have been paid as rent for the same property, and also the feu-duty and other burdens, which would have had to be borne by the society had they stood to the house in the relation of land lord.

We may here notice another objection of a more serious character than that just alluded to, and which has reference to the legal expenses attendant on the transaction. The ordinary legal expenses attending the purchase of a house of the value of £100 are about £8. This of course has to be borne by individuals purchasing by means of building societies, as well as by those who purchase in the usual way. But in addition to this sum, and it is this which forms the objection, the expense of securing the house to the society, which may be another £8, and of conveying it to the member, after all his instalments are paid up, and which may amount to £4 more, has to be borne by individuals purchasing in this way. There is thus a sum of £12 over and above what is payable under an ordinary purchase, which has to be paid by members of building societies. The amount of legal expenses here stated is at the ordinary rate of charges by professional

men, and which, we believe, would in individual cases of a similar description not be under what is here given. It might be practicable, however, we think, for the directors of a building society to enter into such a contract with a professional gentleman as would very materially reduce the legal expenses incurred by the transaction. Indeed we have reason to believe that the whole expense might be so reduced as not to exceed £10, which would be very little above the unavoidable expense incurred by purchasing in the ordinary way, and which, when counterbalanced by the advantage of repaying the loan, by small instalments, spread over a long period of time, would remove the objection altogether.

We have hitherto spoken of the general features of building societies, irrespective of any particular mode which may be adopted to give them effect and success: and we propose now to make some remarks on the relation which should exist between the amount of subscription payable by members, and the rate of interest charged on advances, and which, if not properly balanced, may lead to great inequality in the benefits to be reaped by different members. Thus, for instance, if the subscription be too high, and the rate of interest charged correspondingly too low, the member who borrows will be unduly benefited; while, if the error is the other way, the borrower will be exorbitantly taxed, and the members who allow their money to lie till the termination of the society, will obtain an unreasonably high per centage on their deposits. Some of the English societies appear to have fallen into the error of charging too high an interest from their borrowers, thus to a great extent nullifying the advantages proposed to be reaped, by enabling individuals to become proprietors of their houses. The societies to which we allude propose to last for ten years: the yearly subscription being £6 per share, the value of which at the termination is to become £120. Now, supposing the whole subscriptions for the entire period were paid into the society at the beginning of the first year, and allowed to accumulate at the rate of five per cent. compound interest, about fourteen years would be required before the sum of £120 could be realised. If it be sought then to realise this sum of £120 in ten years, by a yearly payment of £6, it can be done, but only by charging an extravagant rate of interest from those members who borrow from the society. The deficiency in the subscriptions must be made up in the increased interest, which in the case under consideration raises it to about fourteen per cent., by which the advantage of the loan becomes entirely dissipated.

To pursue this further would be needless; the impropriety of placing the borrower under such a disadvantage must be at once apparent; and we will now proceed to notice the distinctive features of the society which has been formed in Edinburgh, under the name of the 'Edinburgh Property Investment Company.' In this society, the rate of interest which borrowers will have to pay for loans, is five per cent. per annum. The amount of one share is £25; and as it is proposed that the society shall last for fourteen years (though it may terminate at a shorter period), it becomes necessary that the subscription for one share be 26s. per annum, which is the sum fixed on by the society, payable in fortnightly instalments. It will be perceived that this subscription of 26s. per annum, will, in fourteen years, amount to £18 : 4s., which with five per cent. compound interest, makes a sum a little above £26, the dif-

ference between which and the amount of one share is allowed for management.

We observe that there is a provision in the laws for enabling the society to get rid of its surplus funds, when there are no borrowers, should such a case arise. By this means the society is certain of always obtaining five per cent. on its capital, which, with the rate of subscription already alluded to, will of course enable it to pay every share in full, within the prescribed period.

The society advances money to its members in the following manner: Once a quarter, the amount of funds which has been accumulated is submitted to competition among the members, and allotted to whoever will give the highest premium for it in addition to the fixed interest. The member who thus gets the right to an advance, gives notice, according to a prescribed form, of the property intended by him as security for the sum to be advanced. When the directors are satisfied that the security is sufficient, the member executes a bond and disposition in security of the premises in favour of the trustees, which is deposited, along with all other writings relating thereto, in the society's box; after which, the person who has sold the property gets an order on the society's bankers for the payment, and the purchase is completed.

As a member, immediately on receiving the right to an advance, becomes chargeable with interest thereon, it is clearly his interest to be prepared with his security with as little delay thereafter as possible; indeed, he should be prepared before bidding; though we perceive a provision is made for making the interest considerably lighter during the interval which may elapse between the time when the money was allotted to the member and the completion of the transaction, by the property being secured to the society. The interest is charged upon the full amount of shares advanced, without making any deduction for the premium which may have been given for it. Thus, if four shares, value £100, have been allotted to a member, for which he may have given a premium of 10s. per share, he would only receive £98, while he would be charged interest on £100. Upon this latter sum he pays interest to the end of the society, the tables being so constructed that, instead of reducing the interest on the sum he borrowed, in proportion as it is repaid by his subscriptions, interest at the same rate is allowed on his subscriptions. By this means a twofold advantage is obtained: the member gets in advance not only the full amount of his fourteen years' subscription, but also the interest which would have accumulated thereon, and a degree of uniformity is gained conducive to simplicity and accuracy.

We had intended making a few remarks, contrasting the operation of the different methods which have been adopted in giving advances; but as this article already exceeds its limits, we can only enumerate them, contenting ourselves with the remark, that in our judgment, the method adopted by the Edinburgh Society will be found most suitable to the different circumstances of the members, and most advantageous to the society. The various methods are the ballot, supplying members by rotation, in the order they apply, and giving the preference to the highest bidders.

We have thus presented a general view of the objects and working of such societies, and we cannot take leave of the question without saying, that we think it worthy of fair and attentive consideration. It was to be expected that

into the construction of the earlier societies, defects might find admission, which could be corrected only by experience. In the first excitement attending the appearance of a new scheme, which seems certain to benefit its promoters, extravagant and overstrained notions are apt to be entertained of its merits, and there is a tendency to seek a shorter road to the full realisation of its advantages than is offered by the progressive stages and patient plodding which are indispensable to the accomplishment of that end. Though such has been the case with some of the building societies now in existence, the one to which we have more particularly directed attention seems to be constructed on moderate and safe principles, which will not suffer from a closer inspection, and which we think, on the whole, calculated to effect the objects which its projectors have had in view. We would recommend parties who contemplate instituting similar societies, to procure a copy of the laws of the Edinburgh Society, in which, we feel assured, much will be found worthy of imitation.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.

The author of the *Night Thoughts* was born in June, 1681, at Upham, near Winchester, Hampshire, his father being rector of the former place. His grandfather is said to have been a *gentleman* in Berkshire. While Young was yet in his infancy, his father was promoted to the prebendal stall at Gillingham Minor, in the church of Sarum; a situation the important duties of which he discharged with honour, and he was so fortunate as to obtain the favour of Bishop Sprat, before whom he preached a Latin sermon of great excellence when that dignitary visited Sarum in 1686.

In 1702, the father of the poet dedicated two volumes of sermons to Lord Bradford, and through his influence was appointed chaplain to William and Mary; and he subsequently became Dean of Sarum. One of the Dean's contemporaries informs us, that he was chaplain and clerk of the closet to the Princess Anne, and that she showed her esteem for the father by standing godmother to his son.

Edward was first sent to Winchester College, where he continued till he was eighteen years of age; and on the 18th of October, 1708, he was entered as an independent member of New College. It was arranged, upon economical grounds, that he should become an inmate of the warden's lodgings, and continue to reside with him until he became qualified to stand for a fellowship in All Souls, Oxford. The warden of New College was an intimate friend of Young's father, and, from regard for the Dean, he received his son into his house, but he died a few months afterwards; and, at the invitation of the president of Corpus College, Edward removed to that seminary, thereby lessening his expenses. Young's father died in 1706, in the sixty-third year of his age, leaving a daughter, who was united to a gentleman named Harris, and his son, yet at college. While the economy observed in Young's educational expenses bears evidence of his father's poverty, the degree of attention and patronage bestowed upon him bear equal evidence to his honourable ambition that his son should rise. Nor was he disappointed. In 1708, Edward Young was nominated to a fellowship at All Souls, by Archbishop Tennison. On the 23d of April, 1714, he took the degree of bachelor of civil law, and on the 10th of June, 1719, that of doctor.

It has been said that Young did not discover in his youth that respect for religion and morality which he afterwards displayed. This has been denied by his friends. Tindal, the sceptic, speaks of him as a decided opponent of his infidel doctrines, and as one who could meet him most successfully in argument. He says, 'The other boys I can always answer, but that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own.' He attended the university without evincing any particular bias for

the clerical profession, and his conduct was no more reprehensible than that of the other young laymen who were his companions. But the indiscretions and follies of youth were brought as an evidence of insincerity against the aged priest. This, however, is always the case with successful merit. If you are poor, dependent, and spiritless, there are persons who will pity and assist you, but if you step beyond them on the path to honour and affluence, they will remember your most trivial fault, and overlook the probity and decorum of your riper years. Pope's estimate of him was possibly the justest. 'Young,' says he, 'had much of a sublime genius, though without common sense; so that his genius, having no guide, was perpetually degenerating into bombast. This made him pass a *foolish youth*, the sport of peers and poets, but, having a very good heart, enabled him to support the clerical character when he assumed it first with decency and afterwards with honour.' One vice has been laid to the charge of Young, which the incidents of his life and the loftiness of his poetical allusions seem sternly to refute. We mean sycophancy. He who could ask

'Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,
Earth's highest stations end in "Here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song—'

is scarce likely to have begun life with a determination to attain wealth and eminence without any particular scruples about the means.

Young began his career as a poet in the year 1712. His first essay was 'An Epistle to the Right Honourable George Lord Lansdowne,' in which the eulogistic powers of the bard were exuberantly developed. In the following year he wrote some commendatory verses for Addison's *Cato*, and published, about the same period, his poem on the *Last Day*, although it had been written three years before. This last piece was dedicated to the queen, and the dedication contains some acknowledgments of favours received, which favours are supposed to have been those received at his baptism. It was suspected that Young was employed by the court as a paid writer—a surmise so completely destitute of proof, that it would be unworthy of notice, save for the allusion that Swift makes to it in his 'Rhapsody on Poetry,' when he says—

' whence Gay was banished in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face,
Where Y— must torture his invention,
To flatter knaves or lose his pension.'

In 1714, he published a poem on the death of Queen Anne, and extravagantly eulogised George I. ere he had well begun to reign. In 1716, he was appointed to deliver a Latin oration at the opening of the Codrington Library; an English translation of which he dedicated to the ladies of the Codrington family.

The origin of Young's connexion with the family of the notorious Duke of Wharton is involved in obscurity. His father, it seems, was well acquainted with Lady Wharton, the first wife of Sir Thomas, who eulogised the divine in some verses, and took a lively interest in his fortunes. The attachment which was shown to the father was continued to the son. Sir Thomas was ennobled, and his power and influence were consequently increased to Young's advantage. His successor, the 'infamous duke, the scorn and wonder of his days,' also became the patron of the poet, and conferred upon him many substantial marks of his esteem; and on his visit to Ireland, in 1717, Young accompanied him. Two years afterwards he became tutor to Lord Burleigh; but he had scarcely entered on his duties, when he threw up his engagement, although offered a salary of £100 per annum to continue his services; and he once more attached himself to the Duke of Wharton, on that nobleman engaging to provide for him in a more ample manner. His grace granted him two annuities about this period; the first of these grants bore the following clause: 'Considering that the public good is advanced by the encouragement of learning and polite arts, and being pleased therein with the attempts of Dr Young, in consideration thereof, and the love I bear him.' His grace also granted him a bond for £600, in order to defray

the expenses of an election for Cirencester, which Young contested in the interest of the duke.

About the same date with these political transactions, his tragedy 'The Revenge' came out, in the dedication of which the author attributed the suggestion of some of the most beautiful passages to his patron, the Duke of Wharton. Young subsequently suppressed this acknowledgement of poetical as well as pecuniary obligation, and sought by every means to conceal his connexion with the man. After Wharton's death, a trial in the Court of Chancery, before Lord Hardwicke, took place, and this legal tribunal decided against the validity of the bonds, which should have secured to Young his annuities, and gave publicity to the whole affair.

The industry and resources of Young's intellect are remarkable, and he seems to have preserved the elasticity and vigour of his mind unimpaired, despite of the disappointments he encountered. In 1725, he began his satires, which he published under the name of the 'Universal Passion,' and they continued to appear in succession until they were finished in 1728, when he collected and issued them in one volume, and, in the preface, advocated the philosophy of laughing at the follies of humanity instead of weeping over them. Such a sentiment is in itself a satire upon the stern morality and melancholy grandeur of his 'Night Thoughts,' and perhaps the poet meant it as such, when he printed it in the volume along with that splendid effort of his genius. His satires became very popular, and he received for them no less a sum than £3000. After the accession of George II., Young was appointed chaplain to the king, having, shortly before his appointment, entered into orders. At this time he had a tragedy, 'the Brothers,' at rehearsal, but deeming the profession of a dramatist incompatible with the grave and devout character of a clergyman, he withdrew the piece.

A story is told of him applying to Pope, previous to his taking orders, for instructions relative to the best method of studying divinity, and the bard of Twickenham is said to have slyly recommended him to study Thomas Aquinas. Young, believing Pope to be serious, hired an obscure lodging in a suburban part of London, and six months afterwards was discovered by the latter just in time to prevent the wreck of his reason. This is, to say the least of it, a very improbable story. Young could scarcely be so ignorant of theology, and even supposing he had, the idea of his consulting Pope in the dilemma is almost ludicrous. Besides, his literary productions were so numerous, that it is incredible he should have devoted six months to such close and harassing study.

In 1728, Young published in prose 'A Free Estimate of Human Life,' and two years afterwards he addressed two epistles to Pope, concerning the authors of the age. About this time he seemed approaching the goal on which he had set his eyes at the outset of his career. The rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, was awarded to him; and after he was secured in his benefice, he soon attained to great popularity. His style of oratory was grand, and sometimes impassioned; his method of delivery earnest and effective; his church was crowded to overflowing; and so celebrated did he become as a preacher, that it is said the prime minister of the day endeavoured to reap some political advantage from his oratorical powers. It does not appear how this was to be effected, nor does it appear that Young lent himself to the purpose of the minister. An anecdote, illustrative of our poet's sincerity of purpose and earnestness in his calling, is recorded. Preaching in St James's on some special occasion, and observing that the audience were not so attentive to his discourse as they should have been, he sat back in the pulpit and burst into tears.

In May, 1731, being now fifty years of age, he formed a matrimonial union with Lady Elizabeth Lee, the earl of Lichfield's daughter, and widow of Colonel Lee. The connexion thus formed resulted from the intimacy of Young's family with that of Lady Anne Wharton, who was heiress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchly, Oxfordshire. His oldest son was born in 1738, and so highly was Young esteemed at the time, that the Prince of Wales stood godfather to the

boy, and allowed him to be called after himself. Young was more fortunate in this alliance than the generality of persons are who marry those above them in worldly rank. His wife and he were strongly attached to each other; and his domestic life, through the influence of mutual love, seems to have been rendered almost perfect. The first serious grief experienced by Young was on the occasion of his stepdaughter's death. She was greatly beloved both by Young and her mother, and seems to have reciprocated their attachment. She was married to Mr Temple, the son of Lord Palmerston, who also was an especial favourite with the poet. This young lady fell into declining health, and the climate of Italy being recommended as a restorative, she set out to the balmy south, accompanied by her husband, her stepfather, and her mother. Change of air did no good to the lady, whose constitution was worn out; and she died at Nice in 1736, and was buried amidst the scenes which the poet has so passionately described. This circumstance produced a great effect upon the sensitive bard, and being followed by the death of Mr Temple, four years afterwards, and of Lady Elizabeth, his wife, within another year, these combined calamities so operated upon him that they almost unhinged his mind. We can mourn with the warm-hearted old man over his bereavement, but our admiration of his genius and mental vigour knows no limits, when we reflect that his 'Night Thoughts' were created by his grief, and that they are the emanations of one who had numbered sixty years. He is supposed to refer to his sorrows in the following lines:—

'Insatiate archer! could not one suffice ?

'Thy shaft flew thrice : and thrice my peace was slain,

'And thrice, ere thrice you moon had fill'd her horn.'

The shortness of space which he has allowed to intervene between the specification of his sorrows, is a fictitious creation for poetical effect. The sorrows themselves were undergone during a space of five years. The composition of his great poem was begun immediately after the death of his wife; and the first part was published in 1742. In the preface, he informed his readers that the incidents mentioned in the poem were real, and consequently, the originals of his characters have been sought for amongst his most intimate friends. Narcissa is supposed to represent his stepdaughter, Mrs Temple. Philander is regarded as a delineation of her husband; and Lorenza and Young's own son have been identified. For a proof of the absurdity of the last supposition, we refer the reader to the date of his son's birth. When the poem was begun, he was only eight years of age, and at the period of its completion, he was only eleven.

Young lived in elegant retirement at Welwyn, and all who knew him bore testimony to his insinuating and pleasing address. A foreigner who, from admiration of his genius, visited him, was perfectly captivated. 'Every thing about him,' said his visitor, 'shows the man; each individual being placed by rule. All is neat, without art. He is very pleasant in conversation, and very polite.' Mrs Montague adds her testimony to that of Pitt, in commendation of his charming conversational powers, which are said to have so influenced his hearers, that

'He drew his audience upward to the sky.'

Young seems to have desired preferment in the church, even though he was advanced in years, and had sternly denounced, in such language as the following, a love of wealth:—

'The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store?
'Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.'

But neither his genius, solicitations, nor the friendship of Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, availed him anything. It has been supposed, that those who had the power to elevate him, had taken offence at his combination of the clerical and poetic avocations; and that the king had turned against him, because of his attaching himself to the Prince of Wales, and preaching an obnoxious sermon at St James's. Every application to the king in his behalf was silenced by the observation, that Young was pensioned; and so hopeless was Secker of serving him, that he was afraid to speak in his behalf, lest his interference might hurt his own

interest. With the design of adding one thousand pounds to the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Young allowed his tragedy of the 'Brothers' to be again brought forward; but the sum paid for it being below what he anticipated, he made up the difference from his own private purse.

Young addressed a letter to Richardson, the author of *Pameia*, in 1759, entitled, 'Conjectures on Original Composition,' one of the most entertaining of his prose works. The object of this work was to exemplify the vigour and originality of genius, and to expose the weakness of imitation. The essay is admirable, both as a piece of lucid writing and judicious criticism; and is a wonderful composition, considering that its author had well nigh reached fourscore years. Three years after the publication of this letter, Young composed his last poem, entitled 'Resignation.' It was written at the request of a lady, to console a friend who had lost her husband, and was not intended to be published. Some portions had been surreptitiously printed in the newspapers, and met with no gentle treatment from the critics; and Young, who had only printed a few copies for distribution amongst his friends, was thus compelled to give to the world the entire poem. At this time, Richardson, who was both printer and author, died, and Young introduces a beautiful allusion to this event. The whole work teems with a spirit of sincere and exalted piety, mingled with a tone of much pathos, evincing the softened feelings of a man, the sun of whose life was setting. As his earthly pilgrimage was closing, he applied himself to the compilation of those works which he wished to survive him, and waft his name to posterity. Dedications, which were merely of an ephemeral character, he did not give a place in the collected edition of his works; and so careful was he of his posthumous reputation, that he enjoined his executors to burn all his papers and manuscripts, except his account book. His order was strictly complied with, and the only works of his which exist were published under his own superintendence. The irregularities of the poet's son, Frederick, were a source of grief to the aged father, and tended to embitter his declining years. The young man, however, changed his habits, but his father, nevertheless, refused to see him on his deathbed. His heart relented before he finally closed his eyes, and he left to his son his forgiveness, and bequeathed to him all his property, saving a legacy of £1000 to his servant, and one to a tradesman in London. Towards the close of his life, he did not officiate at church, but devoted himself to his literary labours and the cultivation of his garden, which was a model of tasteful beauty. He died in April, 1765, aged eighty-four, and was buried under the communion-table of the parish church of Welwyn. His son erected a marble slab over the spot, and caused an epitaph to be inscribed to the memory of both his parents. It was the desire of the poet to be known as the author of 'Night Thoughts,' and posterity has fully answered that desire. Some of its passages have clung to the memory of generations, and become the familiar language of rebuke, apostrophe, and admonition. He has been stigmatised as the most encomiastic writer of his time, whose fulsome laudations of power overshot the very mark at which they were aimed; who panegyrised every one whom he supposed could advance his worldly interest. Yet he was singularly unfortunate in obtaining patrons, though abundantly favoured of the muses; and if he could eulogise the titled great, he knew, and scrupled not to canonise a superior nobility, when he says—

'Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.'

Young's reputation in his private capacity has never been impugned, after he arrived at the years of discretion. In the lighter and more transitory breathings of his muse, he paid court to those who possessed the keys to worldly ferment. Perhaps the times and atmosphere in which he lived were favourable to the production of extravagantly laudatory dedications. We know that patronage was more

necessary to a wit and scholar a hundred years ago, than now; and that the name of some high-born patron upon the dedication page of a book, was a surer passport to fashionable perusal than the genius of its author. But in the works that are to preserve his name, there is a spirit of commanding energy and pious adjuration, that instead of giving colour to the accusation of his being a parasite, exalts him into the position of an uncompromising moralist and sincere Christian.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THERE is a poetry of sound, susceptibility to which is wholly independent of science. Taste for this exquisite pleasure may be cultivated to the highest degree by those who have no musical skill, and are ignorant even of the vocabulary of the art. Perhaps, indeed, music is felt by none so much as those to whom it is a sweet mystery, a luxury never analysed, an unexplored avenue, leading at once, and by a process too enchanting to examine, into the happy precincts of the ideal world. To such minds the vagueness of music is one of its greatest charms. To them it occasions no surprise to remember that musicians were anciently deemed seers; and that even Christians followed an idolatrous example, and canonized Cecilia when the muses were no more. They can sympathise with the monk of Catania, whose dying request it was, to be buried beneath the organ whose harmonies had so long blessed him. Like the opium-eater, they love to 'construct out of the raw material of organic sound, an elaborate intellectual pleasure.' They delight to lose, or rather quicken their consciousness in the inspiring atmosphere of song. 'Succession,' says Burke, 'gives the idea of continuing on to infinity.' Perhaps this accounts for the spell which music exerts over imaginative spirits. It is a magic river, down which they float to the verge of the infinite. Without the definiteness of sculpture and painting, music is, for that very reason, far more suggestive. Like Milton's Eve, an outline, an impulse is furnished, and the imagination does the rest. Anticipation, that mighty principle of happiness, is called into immediate action. Expectancy is constantly aroused. 'The essence of musical feeling,' says an ingenious writer, 'consists in this—that we endeavour, from a sense of pleasure, to dwell on and even to perpetuate in our minds some kind of emotion of a joyful or painful nature.' Music thus seems the prelude to that perfect satisfaction, that entire expression of itself, for which the heart is ever aspiring:—

‘The golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.’

Viewed in this light, as a mental excitement, an element and a means of spiritual life, it is difficult to overrate the importance and interest attached to music. Although Condillac pushed the idea to absurdity, it is very evident that sensation is the grand medium of universal impression. Through this, let abstract philosophers argue as they may, men are to be most surely reached and powerfully affected. The delicate structure of the nervous system, a branch of physiology which still baffles scientific research, proves its agency to be most subtle and extensive. Explain it as we may, a martial strain will urge a man into the front ranks of battle sooner than an argument, and a fine anthem excite his devotion more certainly than a logical discourse. Even Dr Johnson acknowledged the effect produced upon his mental mood by riding in a post-chaise. Schiller was indebted to champagne, and Shelley to magnetism. Coleridge was addicted to opium, and Milton loved a pipe. Far more intellectual as a solace and pure as an excitement is music. Could we penetrate farther into the facts of nature, perhaps it would be discovered that the most ethereal of physical influences is sound, and that music is the element in which matter and spirit most nearly assimilate. A more refined sense and a deeper sensibility would doubtless reveal more of the poetry of sound than we can now imagine. It has been suggested that as the telescope enables us to see stars otherwise invisible, so auditory tubes might be constructed

by which we could hear the music of the spheres. Nature's music falls upon insatiate ears. The wind awakens harmonies innumerable and too various to be transcribed. The ocean is an infinite organ of sound. Forests are mighty harps; and every brook 'makes music with the enamelled stones.' Yet how rare is the auditor, who, like Beethoven, could sit on a stile out in the summer noon-tide, and gather up the blending music of creation, to repeat in new combinations or more striking forms:

'While mellow warble, sprightly trill
The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.'

There is perhaps no better definition of music than—the language of the soul. Thus regarded, it is a curious and pleasing speculation to trace its effects upon man, and note how it minglest with the experience of those distinguished by eminent gifts or rare achievements. Wherever the poetic temperament obtains, wherever human nature is discussed by a master-spirit, we find the poetry of sound recognised as the true dialect of emotion, and adopted, as it were, spontaneously, as a medium of expression, a profound solace, a rich stimulus or a graceful diversion. As a language, then, consider its universality. The Spanish mulatto chants the ballads of his country amid her lonely hills; beneath her palaces is heard the tinkle of the guitar, and in her fields the clink of castanets. The Savoyards carry over the world their mountain songs. The German waltzes enliven the saloons of civilised Europe. The shrill bagpipe wakes the echoes of the Highlands, and Paganini's violin filled the concert-room of St Petersburg. Amid the ruins of Rome, at Christmas, the savage Calabrian plays his wild reeds; and the streets of Paris resound with the Marseillaise. A London audience hail the national anthem, and the American Indians have their war-whoop and death-song. From the time that Tubal picked up the tortoise shell and found it a lyre, to Donizetti's last opera, how perfectly has music represented man! Italy is emphatically the land of music, and the phenomena the art there presents, afford ample evidence that its true origin and object is feeling. Public enthusiasm sustains and exalts music. An appreciating and devoted audience there awaits the children of song. In Naples, a musical plagiarism is at once detected at the theatre; and in all the principal cities, the artist is confident that every public effort of his genius will meet with instant and grateful recognition. The opera has, indeed, been often censured as an artificial institution; and it certainly requires little wit to place its incongruities in a ridiculous light. To objections of this kind it is useless to reply. There is, happily, a large, and by no means an inferior part of our nature, which thrives upon something more mystical than the *rational* of life; and we are willing to admit with a distinguishing critic, that 'this fairy world is not peopled by real men, but by a singular kind of singing creatures.' The opera, notwithstanding, is founded in nature. The glad faces of the peasantry who fill the *parterre* on the evening of a festival, is proof enough of this. 'The Romantic,' says Schlegel, 'delights in indissoluble mixtures;' and every individual in the friendly obscurity of an opera box, is free to yield his spirit to such of the rich and inspiring impressions as are most congenial to his character or awakening to his associations. A not less striking indication of the powerful hold this diversion has upon the popular mind in Italy, is the facility with which the artisans adopt favourite airs, and the skill with which a casual band of night strollers strike spontaneously into a new chorus. The honours lavished upon the *prima donna* are equally significant. The well-timed applause, the shower of wreaths, the torch-bearing procession, and the more private tokens of admiration bestowed upon these queens of song, render their triumphs, though brief, the most brilliant of modern times. When Malibran was passing through Arezzo, the inhabitants secreted her horses, and, assembling in the principal piazza, beneath the hotel windows, refused to allow her to proceed, until she had gratified them with a favourite air. Their town was too small for a large theatre, and they adopted this course in

despair of ever hearing, in any other way, the voice with whose fame all Italy rung. Farinelli purchased a duchy, Pasta's residence on the banks of Lake Como, is a beautiful evidence of her success, and the cultivated friends around her still keep alive the consideration her splendid career excited. Catalani, at the age of sixty, lives in honoured retirement in one of the most delightful villas in the neighbourhood of Florencia. Bellini's memory is cherished in Sicily, as the redeeming genius of that unhappy island. In the old world, music is the subtle language through which restricted talent finds scope—the cheering atmosphere in which poverty seeks refreshment—the elevating element in which even the victims of despotism breathe freely. The *bravi*, who were hired to dispatch Stradella, abandoned the meditated crime with horror after hearing him sing. Keller, a poor perfume-maker, received the still poorer Haydn into his house, merely from having enjoyed his voice at the cathedral.

It is worthy of remark, that the productions of composers are finished as soon as imagined. No medium of human expression is so fresh, so directly the offspring of sentiment. That it has to do with the very depths of our nature is evident from the melancholy which characterises all impassioned music. It addresses the memory with singular power. How often it breaks up at once the deep of the affections, and conjures back all that is beautiful and dear in the domain of the past!

Anecdotes of celebrated composers are full of interest. Haydn imagined a little romance, and then wrote it out in music. Gluck kindled his fancy by sitting at the piano in the midst of a beautiful meadow. One composer could only invent with a diamond ring upon his finger, the donative of an illustrious friend; and another read one of Petrarch's sonnets to awaken his 'fine frenzy.' Many of the fragments which Bellini left are so marked as to show they were written under the influence of feelings resulting from personal experience. It was his custom to incorporate these fruits of private sentiment into his operas. Hence, doubtless, their reality of style and truth of expression.

Even the physical effects of music are but very partially explored. The beautiful story of David's consoling strains, so finely embodied in Alfieri's Saul, is probably but faintly typical of the power of harmony in cases of mental malady. 'The devil is of a melancholy cast,' says Luther, 'and music soon drives him away.' Invalids of nervous temperament may raise their tone of health to an astonishing degree by frequenting musical entertainments. Haydn's biographer declared himself cured of a fever by a fine mass. Philip V. of Spain, when a confirmed hypochondriac, was alive to nothing but music. Whoever has witnessed the tranquil state sometimes induced by melody, in cases of violent insanity, or traced the world of meaning which the blind realise in cultivating sound, will appreciate the undiscovered efficacy of music as a resource and a restorative. In this country we are scarcely aware of the capabilities of the human voice. Prevented by the vicissitudes of our climate from living much in the open air, accustomed to small rooms, and often educated in social restraint, the voice is unnaturally subdued and rarely cultivated with freedom and science.

The occasions of the art are as various as the exigencies and aspects of human life. Our triumphs would indeed prove dull, and our wants wasting, were not this sweet resource provided. Miriam celebrated with her timbrel the escape of her people from bondage, and Jephthah's daughter went out to meet him with a song. The morning stars sang together at the dawn of creation, and the melody of angels hailed the rising star of Bethlehem. The fame of the moon of Spain has found its best echo in legendary songs; and Byron sums up the woes of Venice in one line, when he tells us that

'Songless rows the silent gondolier.'
The lover soothes his impatient heart, and the loved plumes the wings of her affection, as the serenade floats through the moonlit air. The infant falls asleep upon its mother's bosom to the lulling strain of a nursery song; and the aged man, who has died in honour, is laid in his grave

with the solemn harmony of the dirge. The grace of festivity is the banquet song; and the tears of repentance become sublime amid the solemn pathos of the miseries. The bitterness of bondage passes from the slave's heart as his chant accompanies the plashing oar; and the fear of death is lost in valorous resolves, as the trumpet's onset falls on the ear of the soldier. The nun forgets the world she regrets, when joining in the vesper hymn; and the belle is, for a moment, redeemed from the thrall of fashion, when alone with her harp. Blind and maimed though he be, the strolling musician smiles blandly as he plays; and the peasant thinks the world his own, as his reed welcomes the sunset hour.

How nobly music mingles with the lives of the good and great! In early youth the author of the Reformation endeavoured to support himself by singing in the streets. This he quaintly calls 'bread music.' In later years his heroic spirit found scope in hymns of devotion, and when his great work was finished, these sacred melodies were sung by the tearful multitude that clustered around his coffin. What a sublime picture does Milton present seated at his organ, raising those sightless orbs, whose darkness only made the light within more bright, while his aspirations found a response in the solemn strain. Haydn was wont to muse upon God's goodness until the 'fire burned,' and then he penned those devotional compositions which have kindled a like flame in countless hearts. Mary Stuart's captivity was cheered by her lute; and Galileo turned from the abstruse researches of science, to the refreshment of music. It is related of Maria Antoinette that, when standing before her inhuman judges, she thrummed the bar with her fingers, as if it were a piano, and seemed endeavouring to support her courage by wandering in fancy through some remembered melody. The wild fancy of Salvator expatiated in the boundless domain of sound, not less than amid the forest scenes of the Apennines. Mozart, we are told, was a king at the piano, though inadequate elsewhere. His love for Constance Weber found splendid expression in an opera; while the shadow of death lost its gloom in the fervour of soul with which he composed his mysterious requiem. Old Walton, while at his favourite pastime, cheered by the singing of the birds, was wont to ejaculate, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!' How characteristic of Thomson, that he loved to lean out of the window at Richmond, and listen to the nightingales, through the long summer nights; and what a genial resource proved Goldsmith's flute, in his wanderings over the Continent!

The effects that consecrate music are chiefly chronicled by the poets. They have cherished the influence and celebrated the triumphs of the art, as kindred to their own. Indeed, the susceptibility essential to poetic power, is equally alive to the spell of harmony. Moore says he is no poet apart from the sensation of music. Dante, in his *Paradise*, speaks of the melody that

' Sounds sweetest here
And draws the spirit most unto itself.'

thus recognizing one of the striking metaphysical results of the art. Petrarch poured forth his verses to the sound of the lute, which he bequeathes to a friend. His voice was sweet and of great compass. Alferi sought at the grand opera the inspiration under which his dramas were composed. Dryden has left a noble record of his sense of the power of music in Alexander's Feast. Wordsworth says of Lucy, in his beautiful poem of that name:—

' The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.'

Keats speaks of 'music yearning like a god in pain,' and in the *Eve of St Agnes*, alluding to the consoling influence of church music, exquisitely says, it

' Flattered to tears the aged man and poor.'

Shelley's description of music, of which he was passion-

ately fond, and to whose every inspiration he was singularly susceptible, is equally fanciful and characteristic:

' The silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild,
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother Care, like a weary child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.'

Milton's deep sense of the beautiful in sound, is expressed in many instances with his usual power and felicity. To him music was an immense consolation. Pleasure at one sense 'quite shut out,' the other overflowed with enjoyment. In Comus, the poet recorded, in language too grand and musical ever to be forgotten, his estimation of the 'soft and solemn breathing sound'

' At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled.'

Can the utmost familiarity ever rob that passage of its charm? But of all the poets, Shakspere has most perfectly suggested the philosophy of music. When suspicion has blighted the affection of the Moorish warrior, he bids a solemn farewell to the 'shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, and the ear-piercing fife.' The charm they once possessed is dispelled with love's departed melody. Richard III. can find no pleasure in the art, save as a rude minister to his testy ambition, a sound to drown the railings of his bereaved accuser. 'Strike up, I say,' is a command, with the attendant circumstances, singularly illustrative of his tyrannical character. Sir Toby Belch talks of rousing 'the night owl with a catch'; and Jacques declares he 'can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.' What significance in Ossian's objection to Cassius—'he hears no music.' What an effective touch of description, bringing into view all the delicacy and tenderness of the female character, in Lear's observation of Cordelia:—

' Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.'

Desdemona's baffled heart seeks a relief in the willow song, accordant with her gentle nature. Ophelia's madness finds an expression in her pensive strains most appropriate to her fanciful temperament. It comports with the ideal character of the Tempest, that Ariel's melody should draw Ferdinand to Miranda; and how finely has the poet portrayed a lover's yearning for pathetic music, in the Duke's command to his page, in *Twelfth Night*:—

' Now, good Cesario, that piece of song—
That old and antique song we heard last night—
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollect'd terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times;—
Come, but one verse.'

' It is old and plain;
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Did use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of woe
Like the old age.'

From the tender strain which gives 'an echo to the seat where love is throned,' to the 'sweet thunder' of the Spartan hounds; from the mysterious harmony of invisible spirits, to the hearty carolings of conviviality, Shakspere has introduced and depicted music with a marvellous truth to human nature. How exquisitely is Cleopatra's fond caprice displayed, in this brief colloquy after Antony's departure:

Cleo. Give me some music; music, meody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attendant. The music, ho!
Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards;
Come, Charmian.

The proud queen, even in reference to an art, whose 'voluptuous swell' was so adapted to her luxurious tastes, is still described as—

' Variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made.'

In the Merchant of Venice, we have, as it were, an epitome of our subject. The power of music, its association with the deep things of the heart, its divine accordance with the bright serenity of nature, its sweet response to the bliss of

reciprocated affection, the comfort it affords the sorrowful, all its meaning and its truth, are here casually but vividly sketched. When viewed in relation to the respective scenes and persons, these touches of the poet, if faithfully conned, are more significant than a whole volume of comments on the poetry of sound.

A STORY OF A WEIR-WOLF.

By Mrs Crowe, authoress of 'Susan Hopley,' &c.

It was on a fine bright summer's morning, in the year 1596, that two young girls were seen sitting at the door of a pretty cottage, in a small village that lay buried amidst the mountains of Auvergne. The house belonged to Ludovicus Thierry, a tolerably prosperous builder; one of the girls was his daughter Manon, and the other his niece, Francoise, the daughter of his brother-in-law, Michael Thilouze, a physician.

The mother of Francoise had been some years dead, and Michael, a strange old man, learned in all the mystical lore of the middle ages, had educated his daughter after his own fancy; teaching her some things useless and futile, but others beautiful and true. He not only instructed her to glean information from books, but he led her into the fields, taught her to name each herb and flower, making her acquainted with their properties; and, directing her attention 'to the brave o'erhanging firmament,' he had told her all that was known of the golden spheres that were rolling above her head.

But Michael was also an alchemist, and he had for years been wasting his health in nightly vigils over crucibles, and his means in expensive experiments; and now, alas! he was nearly seventy years of age, and his lovely Francoise seventeen, and neither the elixir vita nor the philosopher's stone had yet rewarded his labours. It was just at this crisis, when his means were failing and his hopes expiring, that he received a letter from Paris, informing him that the grand secret was at length discovered by an Italian, who had lately arrived there. Upon this intelligence, Michael thought the most prudent thing he could do was to waste no more time and money by groping in the dark himself, but to have recourse to the fountain of light at once; so sending Francoise to spend the interval with her cousin Manon, he himself started for Paris to visit the successful philosopher. Although she sincerely loved her father, the change was by no means unpleasant to Francoise. The village of Loques, in which Manon resided, humble as it was, was yet more cheerful than the lonely dwelling of the physician; and the conversation of the young girl more amusing than the dreamy speculations of the old alchemist. Manon, too, was rather a gainer by her cousin's arrival; for as she held her head a little high, on account of her father being the richest man in the village, she was somewhat nice about admitting the neighbouring damsels to her intimacy; and a visiter so unexceptionable as Francoise was by no means unwelcome. Thus both parties were pleased, and the young girls were anticipating a couple of months of pleasant companionship at the moment we have introduced them to our readers, seated at the front of the cottage.

'The heat of the sun is insupportable, Manon,' said Francoise; 'I really must go in.'

'Do,' said Manon.

'But won't you come in too?' asked Francoise.

'No,' I don't mind the heat,' replied the other.

Francoise took up her work and entered the house, but as Manon still remained without, the desire for conversation soon overcame the fear of the heat, and she approached the door again, where, standing partly in the shade, she could continue to discourse. As nobody appeared disposed to brave the heat but Manon, the little street was both empty and silent, so that the sound of a horse's foot crossing the drawbridge, which stood at the entrance of the village, was heard some time before the animal or his rider were in sight. Francoise put out her head to look in the direction of the sound, and, seeing no one, drew it in again; whilst Manon, after casting an almost imperceptible glance

the same way, hung hers over her work, as if very intent on what she was doing; but could Francoise have seen her cousin's face, the blush that first overspread it, and the paleness that succeeded, might have awakened a suspicion that Manon was not exposing her complexion to the sun for nothing.

When the horse drew near, the rider was seen to be a gay and handsome cavalier, attired in the perfection of fashion, whilst the rich embroidery of the small cloak that hung gracefully over his left shoulder, sparkling in the sun, testified no less than his distinguished air to his high rank and condition. Francoise, who had never seen anything so bright and beautiful before, was so entirely absorbed in contemplating the pleasing spectacle, that forgetting to be shy or to hide her own pretty face, she continued to gaze on him as he approached with dilated eyes and lips apart, wholly unconscious that the surprise was mutual. It was not till she saw him lift his bonnet from his head, and, with a reverential bow, do homage to her charms, that her eye fell and the blood rushed to her young cheek. Involuntarily, she made step backwards into the passage; but when the horse and his rider had passed the door, she almost as involuntarily resumed her position, and protruded her head to look after him. He too had turned round on his horse and was 'riding with his eyes behind,' and the moment he beheld her he lifted his bonnet again, and then rode slowly forward.

'Upon my word, Mam'selle Francoise,' said Manon, with flushed cheeks and angry eyes, 'this is rather remarkable, I think! I was not aware of your acquaintance with Monsieur de Varde's!'

'With whom?' said Francoise. 'Is that Monsieur de Varde's?'

'To be sure it is,' replied Manon; 'do you pretend to say you did not know it?'

'Indeed, I did not,' answered Francoise. 'I never saw him in my life before.'

'Oh, I dare say,' responded Manon, with an incredulous laugh. 'Do you suppose I'm such a fool as to believe you?'

'What nonsense, Manon! How should I know Monsieur de Varde's? But do tell me about him? Does he live at the Chateau?'

'He has been living there lately,' replied Manon,亟ly.

'And where did he live before?' inquired Francoise.

'He has been travelling, I believe,' said Manon.

This was true. Victor de Varde had been making the tour of Europe, visiting foreign courts, jousting in tournois, and winning fair ladies' hearts, and was but now returned to inhabit his father's chateau; who, thinking it high time he should be married, had summoned him home for the purpose of paying his addresses to Clemence de Montmorenci, one of the richest heiresses in France.

Victor, who had left home very young, had been what is commonly called in love a dozen times, but his heart had in reality never been touched. His loves had been mere boyish fancies, 'dead ere they were born,' one putting out the fire of another before it had had time to hurt himself or any body else; so that when he heard that he was to marry Clemence de Montmorenci, he felt no aversion to the match, and prepared himself to obey his father's behest without a murmur. On being introduced to the lady, he was by no means struck with her. She appeared amiable, sensible, and gentle; but she was decidedly plain and dressed ill. Victor felt no disposition whatever to love her; but, on the other hand, he had no dislike to her; and as his heart was unoccupied, he expressed himself perfectly ready to comply with the wishes of his family and hers, by whom this alliance had been arranged from motives of mutual interest and accommodation.

So he commenced his course of love; which consisted in riding daily to the chateau of his intended father-in-law, where, if there was company, and he found amusement, he frequently remained great part of the morning. Now, it happened that his road lay through the village of Loques, where Manon lived, and happening one day to see her at the door, with the gallantry of a gay cavalier, he had salut-

ed her. Manon, who was fully as vain as she was pretty, liked this homage to her beauty so well that she thereafter never neglected an opportunity of throwing herself in the way of enjoying it; and the salutation thus accidentally begun had, from almost daily repetition, ripened into a sort of silent flirtation. The young count smiled, she blushed and half smiled too; and whilst he in reality thought nothing about her, she had brought herself to believe he was actually in love with her, and that it was for her sake he so often appeared riding past her door.

But, on the present occasion, the sight of Francoise's beautiful face had startled the young man out of his good manners. It is difficult to say why a gentleman, who looks upon the features of one pretty girl with indifference, should be 'frightened from his propriety' by the sight of another, in whom the world in general see nothing superior; but such is the case, and so it was with Victor. His heart seemed taken by storm; he could not drive the beautiful features from his brain; and although he laughed at himself for being thus enslaved by a low-born beauty, he could not laugh himself out of the impatience he felt to mount his horse and ride back again in the hope of once more beholding her. But this time Manon alone was visible; and although he lingered, and allowed his eyes to wander over the house and glance in at the windows, no vestige of the lovely vision could he descry.

'Perhaps she did not live there—she was probably but a visitor to the other girl?' He would have given the world to ask the question of Manon; but he had never spoken to her, and to commence with such an interrogation was impossible, at least Victor felt it so, for his consciousness already made him shrink from betraying the motives of the inquiry. So he saluted Manon and rode on; but the wandering anxious eyes, the relaxed pace, and the cold salutation, were not lost upon her. Besides, he had returned from the Chateau de Montmorenci before the usual time, and the mortified damsel did not fail to discern the motive of this deviation from his habits.

Manon was such a woman as you might live with well enough as long as you steered clear of her vanity, but once come in collision with that, the strongest passion of her nature, and you aroused a latent venom that was sure to make you smart. Without having ever vowed eternal friendship, or pretending to any remarkable affection, the girls had been hitherto very good friends. Manon was aware that Francoise was possessed of a great deal of knowledge of which she was utterly destitute; but as she did not value the knowledge, and had not the slightest conception of what it was worth, she was not mortified by the want of it nor envious of the advantage; she did not consider that it was one. But in the matter of beauty the case was different. She had always persuaded herself that she was much the handsomer of the two. She had black shining hair and dark flashing eyes; and she honestly thought the soft blue eyes and auburn hair of her cousin tame and ineffective.

But the too evident *saisissement* of the young count had shown her a rival where she had not suspected one, and her vexation was as great as her surprise. Then she was so puzzled what to do. If she abstained from sitting at the door herself, she should not see Monsieur de Varde, and if she did sit there her cousin would assuredly do the same. It was extremely perplexing; but Francoise settled the question by seating herself at the door of her own accord. Seeing this, Manon came too to watch her, but she was sulky and snappish, and when Victor not only distinguished Francoise as before, but took an opportunity of alighting from his horse to tighten his girths, just opposite the door, she could scarcely control her passion.

It would be tedious to detail how, for the two months that ensued, this sort of silent courtship was carried on. Suffice it to say, that by the end of Francoise's visit to Loques she was in complete possession of Victor's heart, and he of hers, although they had never spoken a word to each other; and when she was summoned home to Cabanis to meet her father, she was completely divided betwixt the joy of once more seeing the dear old man and the grief

of losing, as she supposed, all chance of beholding again the first love of her young heart.

But here her fears deceived her. Victor's passion had by this time overcome his diffidence, and he had contrived to learn all he required to know about her from the blacksmith of the village, one day when his horse very opportunely lost a shoe; and as Cabanis was not a great way from the Chateau de Montmorenci, he took an early opportunity of calling on the old physician, under pretence of needing his advice. At first he did not succeed in seeing Francoise, but perseverance brought him better success; and when they became acquainted, he was as much charmed and surprised by the cultivation of her mind as he had been by the beauty of her person. It was not difficult for Victor to win the heart of the alchemist, for the young man really felt, without having occasion to feign, an interest and curiosity with respect to the occult researches so prevalent at that period; and thus, gradually, larger and larger portions of his time were subtracted from the Chateau de Montmorenci to be spent at the physician's. Then, in the green glades of that wide domain which extended many miles around, Victor and Francoise strolled together arm in arm; he vowing eternal affection, and declaring that this rich inheritance of the Montmorenci should never tempt him to forswear his love.

But though thus happy, 'the world forgetting,' they were not 'by the world forgot.' From the day of Victor's first salutation to Francoise, Manon had become her implacable enemy. Her pride made her conceal as much as possible the cause of her aversion; and Francoise, who learned from herself that she had no acquaintance with Victor, hardly knew how to attribute her daily increasing coldness to jealousy. But by the time they parted the alienation was complete, and as, after Francoise went home, all communication ceased between them, it was some time before Manon heard of Victor's visits to Cabanis. But this blissful ignorance was not destined to continue. There was a young man in the service of the Montmorenci family called Jacques Renard; he was a great favourite with the marquis, who had undertaken to provide for him, when in his early years he was left destitute by the death of his parents, who were old tenants on the estate. Jacques, now filling the office of private secretary to his patron, was extremely in love with the alchemist's daughter; and Francoise, who had seen too little of the world to have much discrimination, had not wholly discouraged his advances. Her heart, in fact, was quite untouched; but very young girls do not know their own hearts; and when Francoise became acquainted with Victor de Varde, she first learned what love is, and made the discovery that she entertained no such sentiment for Jacques Renard. The small encouragement she had given him was therefore withdrawn, to the extreme mortification of the disappointed suitor, who naturally suspected a rival, and was extremely curious to learn who that rival could be; nor was it long before he obtained the information he desired.

Though Francoise and her lover cautiously kept far away from that part of the estate which was likely to be frequented by the Montmorenci family, and thus avoided any inconvenient rencontre with them, they could not with equal success elude the watchfulness of the foresters attached to the domain; and some time before the heiress or Manon suspected how Victor was passing his time, these men were well aware of the hours the young people spent together, either in the woods or at the alchemist's house, which was on their borders. Now the chief forester, Pierre Bloui, was a suitor for Manon's hand. He was an excellent huntsman, but being a weak, ignorant, ill-mannered fellow, she had a great contempt for him, and had repeatedly declined his proposals. But Pierre, whose dullness rendered his sensibilities little acute, had never been reduced to despair. He knew that his situation rendered him, in a pecuniary point of view, an excellent match, and that old Thierry, Manon's father, was his friend; so he persevered in his attentions, and seldom came into Loques without paying her a visit. It was from him she first learned what was going on at Cabanis.

'Ay,' said Pierre, who had not the slightest suspicion of the jealous feelings he was exciting; 'ay, there'll be a precious blow up by and by, when it comes to the ears of the family! What will the Marquis and the old Count de Vardes say, when they find that, instead of making love to Mam'selle Clemence, he spends all his time with Francoise Thilouze?'

'But is not Mam'selle Clemence angry already that he is not more with her?' inquired Manon.

'I don't know,' replied Pierre; 'but that's what I was thinking of asking Jacques Renard, the first time he comes shooting with me.'

'I'm sure I would not put up with it if I were she!' exclaimed Manon, with a toss of the head; 'and I think you would do very right to mention it to Jacques Renard. Besides, it can come to no good for Francoise; for of course the count would never think of marrying *her*.'

'I don't know that,' answered Pierre; 'Margot, their maid, told me another story.'

'You don't mean that the count is going to marry Francoise Thilouze!' exclaimed Manon, with unfeigned astonishment.

'Margot says he is,' answered Pierre.

'Well, then, all I can say is,' cried Manon, her face crimsoning with passion—'all I can say is, that they must have bewitched him, between them; she and that old conjuror, my uncle!'

'Well, I should not wonder,' said Pierre. 'I've often thought old Michael knew more than he should do.'

Now, Manon in reality entertained no such idea, but under the influence of the evil passions that were raging within her at the moment, she nodded her head as significantly as if she were thoroughly convinced of the fact—in short, as if she knew more than she chose to say; and thus sent away the weak superstitious Pierre possessed with a notion that he lost no time in communicating to his brother huntsmen; nor was it long before Victor's attentions to Francoise were made known to Jacques Renard, accompanied with certain suggestions, that Michael Thilouze and his daughter were perhaps what the Scotch call, *no canny*; a persuasion that the foresters themselves found little difficulty in admitting.

In the meanwhile, Clemence de Montmorenci had not been unconscious of Victor's daily declining attentions. He had certainly never pressed his suit with great earnestness; but now he did not press it at all. Never was so lax a lover! But as the alliance was one planned by the parents of the young people, not by the election of their own hearts, she contemplated his alienation with more surprise than pain. The elder members of the two families, however, were far from equally indifferent; and when they learned from the irritated, jealous Jacques Renard the cause of the dereliction, their indignation knew no bounds. It was particularly desirable that the estates of Montmorenci and De Vardes should be united, and that the lowly Francoise Thilouze, the daughter of a poor physician, who probably did not know who his grandfather was, should step in to the place designed for the heiress of a hundred quarterings, and mingle her blood with the pure stream that flowed through the veins of the proud De Vardes, was a thing not to be endured. The strongest expositions and representations were first tried with Victor, but in vain. 'He was in love, and pleased with ruin.' These failing, other measures must be resorted to; and as in those days, pride of blood, contempt for the rights of the people, ignorance, and superstition, were at their climax, there was little scruple as to the means, so that the end was accomplished.

It is highly probable that these great people themselves believed in witchcraft; the learned, as well as the ignorant, believed in it at that period; and so unaccountable a perversion of the senses as Victor's admiration of Francoise naturally appeared to persons who could discern no merit unadorned by rank, would seem to justify the worst suspicions; so that when Jacques hinted the notion prevailing amongst the foresters with respect to old Michael and his daughter, the idea was seized on with avidity.

Whether Jacques believed in his own allegation it is difficult to say; most likely not; but it gratified his spite and served his turn; and his little scrupulous nature sought no further. The marquis shook his head ominously, looked very dignified and very grave, said that the thing must be investigated, and desired that the foresters, and those who had the best opportunities for observation, should keep an attentive eye on the alchemist and his daughter, and endeavour to obtain some proof of their malpractices, whilst he considered what was best to be done in such an emergency.

The wishes and opinions of the great have at all times a strange omnipotence; and this influence in 1588 was a great deal more potent than it is now. No sooner was it known that the Marquis de Montmorenci and the Count de Vardes entertained an ill will against Michael and Francoise, than every body became suddenly aware of their delinquency, and proofs of it poured in from all quarters. Amongst other stories, there was one which sprung from nobody knew where—probably from some hasty word, or slight coincidence, which flew like wildfire amongst the people, and caused an immense sensation. It was asserted that the Montmorenci huntsmen had frequently met Victor and Francoise walking together, in remote parts of the domain; but that when they drew near, she suddenly changed herself into a wolf and ran off. It was a favourite trick of witches to transform themselves into wolves, cats, and hares, and *weir-wolves* were the terror of the rustics: and as just at that period there happened to be one particularly large wolf, that had almost miraculously escaped the forester's guns, she was fixed upon as the representative of the metamorphosed Francoise.

Whilst this storm had been brewing, the old man, absorbed in his studies, which had received a fresh impetus from his late journey to Paris, and the young girl, wrapt in the entrancing pleasures of a first love, remained wholly unconscious of the dangers that were gathering around them. Margot, the maid, had indeed not only heard, but had *felt* the effects of the rising prejudice against her employers. When she went to Loques for her weekly marketings, she found herself coldly received by some of her old familiars; whilst by those more friendly, she was seriously advised to separate her fortunes from that of persons addicted to such unholy arts. But Margot, who had nursed Francoise in her infancy, was deaf to their insinuations. She knew what they said was false; and feeling assured that if the young count married her mistress, the calumny would soon die away, she did not choose to disturb the peace of the family, and the smooth current of the courtship, by communicating those disagreeable rumours.

In the mean time, Pierre Bloui, who potently believed 'the mischief that himself had made,' was extremely eager to play some distinguished part in the drama of witch-finding. He knew that he should obtain the favour of his employers if he could bring about the conviction of Francoise; and he also thought that he should gratify his mistress. The source of her enmity he did not know, nor care to inquire; but enmity he perceived there was; and he concluded that the destruction of the object of it would be an agreeable sacrifice to the offended Manon. Moreover, he had no compunction, for the conscience of his superiors was his conscience; and Jacques Renard had so entirely confirmed his belief in the witch story, that his superstitious terrors, as well as his interests, prompted him to take an active part in the affair. Still he felt some reluctance to shoot the wolf, even could he succeed in so doing, from the thorough conviction that it was in reality not a wolf, but a human being he would be aiming at; but he thought if he could entrap her, it would not only save his own feelings, but answer the purpose much better; and accordingly he placed numerous snares, well baited, in that part of the domain most frequented by the lovers; and expected every day, when he visited them, to find Francoise, either in one shape or the other, fast by the leg. He was for some time disappointed; but at length he found in one of the traps, not the wolf or Francoise, but a wolf's

foot. An animal had evidently been caught, and in the violence of its struggles for freedom had left its foot behind it. Pierre carried away the foot and baited his trap again.

About a week had elapsed since the occurrence of this circumstance, when one of the servants of the chateau, having met with a slight accident, went to the apothecary's at Loques, for the purpose of purchasing some medicaments; and there met Margot, who had arrived from Cabanis for the same purpose. Maman'selle Francoise, it appeared, had so seriously hurt one of her hands, that her father had been under the necessity of amputating it. As all gossip about the Thilouze family was just then very acceptable at home, the man did not fail to relate what he had heard; and the news, ere long, reached the ears of Pierre Bloui.

It would have been difficult to decide whether horror or triumph prevailed in the countenance of the astonished huntsman at this communication. His face first flushed with joy, and then became pale with affright. It was thus all true! The thing was clear, and he the man destined to produce the proof! It had been Francoise that was caught in the trap; and she had released herself at the expense of one of her hands, which, divided from herself, was no longer under the power of her incantations; and had therefore retained the form she had given it, when she resumed her own.

Here was a discovery! Pierre Bloui actually felt himself so overwhelmed by its magnitude, that he was obliged to swallow a glass of cognac to restore his equilibrium, before he could present himself before Jacques Renard to detail this stupendous mystery and exhibit the wolf's foot.

How much Jacques Renard, or the marquis, when he heard it, believed of this strange story, can never be known. Certain it is, however, that within a few hours after this communication had been made to them, the *commissaire du quartier*, followed by a mob from Loques, arrived at Cabanis, and straightway carried away Michael Thilouze and his daughter, on a charge of witchcraft. The influence of their powerful enemies hurried on the judicial process, by courtesy called a trial, where the advantages were all on one side, and the disadvantages all on the other, and poor, terrified, and unaided, the physician and his daughter were, with little delay, found guilty, and condemned to die at the stake. In vain they pleaded their innocence; the wolf's foot was produced in court, and, combined with the circumstance that Francoise Thilouze had really lost her left hand, was considered evidence incontrovertible.

But where was her lover the while? Alas, he was in Paris, where, shortly before these late events, his father had on some pretext sent him; the real object being to remove him from the neighbourhood of Cabanis.

Now, when Manon saw the fruits of her folly and spite, she became extremely sorry for what she had done, for she knew very well that it was with herself the report had originated. But though powerful to harm, she was weak to save. When she found that her uncle and cousin were to lose their lives and die a dreadful death on account of the idle words dropped from her own foolish tongue, her remorse became agonising. But what could she do? Where look for assistance? Nowhere, unless in Victor de Varde, and he was far away. She had no jealousy now; glad, glad would she have been, to be preparing to witness her cousin's wedding instead of her execution! But those were not the days of fleet posts—if they had been, Manon would have doubtless known how to write. As it was, she could neither write a letter to the count, nor have sent it when written. And yet, in Victor lay her only hope. In this strait she summoned Pierre Bloui, and asked him if he would go to Paris for her, and inform the young count of the impending misfortune. But it was not easy to persuade Pierre to so rash an enterprise. He was afraid of bringing himself into trouble with the Montmorencis. But Manon's heart was in the cause. She represented to him, that if he lost one employer he would get another, for that the young count would assuredly become his best friend; and when she found that this was not enough to win him

to her purpose, she bravely resolved to sacrifice herself to save her friends.

'If you will hasten to Paris,' she said, 'stopping neither night nor day, and tell Monsieur de Varde of the danger my uncle and cousin are in, when you come back I will marry you.'

The bribe succeeded, and Pierre consented to go, owning that he was the more willing to do so, because he had privately changed his own opinion with respect to the guilt of the accused parties. 'For,' said he, 'I saw the wolf last night under the chestnut trees, and as she was very lame, I could have shot her, but I feared my lord and lady would be displeased.'

'Then, how can you be foolish enough to think it's my cousin,' said Manon, 'when you know she is in prison?'

'That's what I said to Jacques Renard,' replied Pierre; 'but he bade me not meddle with what did not concern me.'

In fine, love and conscience triumphed over fear and servility, and as soon as the sun set behind the hills, Pierre Bloui started for Paris.

How eagerly now did Manon reckon the days and hours that were to elapse before Victor could arrive. She had so imperfect an idea of the distance to be traversed, that after the third day she began hourly to expect him; but sun after sun rose and set, and no Victor appeared; and in the mean time, before the very windows of the house she dwelt in, she beheld preparations making day by day for the fatal ceremony. From early morn to dewy eve, the voices of the workmen, the hammering of the scaffolding, and the hum of the curious and excited spectators, who watched its progress, resounded in the ears of the unhappy Manon; for a witch-burning was a sort of *cavalcade*, like the burning of a heretic, and was anticipated as a grand spectacle, alike pleasing to gods and men, especially in the little town of Loques, where exciting scenes of any kind were very rare.

Thus time crept on, and still no signs of rescue; whilst the anguish and remorse of the repentant sinner became unbearable.

Now, Manon was not only a girl of strong passions but of a fearless spirit. Indeed the latter was somewhat the offspring of the former; for when her feelings were excited, not only justice and charity, as we have seen, were apt to be forgotten, but personal danger and feminine fears were equally overlooked in the tempest that assailed her. On the present occasion, her better feelings were in full activity. Her whole nature was aroused, self was not thought of, and to save the lives she had endangered by her folly, she would have gladly laid down her own. 'For why live,' thought she, 'if my uncle and cousin die? I can never be happy again; besides, I must keep my promise and marry Pierre Bloui; and I had better lose my life in trying to expiate my fault than live to be miserable.'

Manon had a brother called Alexis, who was now at the wars; often and often, in this great strait, she had wished him at home; for she knew that he would have undertaken the mission to Paris for her, and so have saved her the sacrifice she had made in order to win Pierre to her purpose. Now, when Alexis lived at home, and the feuds between the king and the grand seigneurs had brought the battle to the very doors of the peasants of Auvergne, Manon had many a time braved danger in order to bring this much loved brother refreshments on his night watch; and he had, moreover, as an accomplishment which might be some time needed for her own defence, taught her to carry a gun and shoot at a mark. In those days of civil broil and bloodshed, country maidens were not unfrequently adepts in such exercises. This acquirement she now determined to make available; and when the eve of the day appointed for the execution arrived without any tidings from Paris, she prepared to put her plan in practice. This was no other than to shoot the wolf herself, and, by producing it, to prove the falsity of the accusation. For this purpose, she provided herself with a young pig, which she slung in a sack over her shoulder, and with her brother's gun on the other, and disguised in his

habiliments, when the shadows of twilight fell upon the earth, the brave girl went forth into the forest on her bold enterprise alone.

She knew that the moon would rise ere she reached her destination, and on this she reckoned for success. With a beating heart she traversed the broad glades, and crept through the narrow paths that intersected the wide woods till she reached the chestnut avenue where Pierre said he had seen the lame wolf. She was aware that old or disabled animals, who are rendered unfit to hunt their prey, will be attracted a long distance by the scent of food; so having hung her sack with the pig in it to the lower branch of a tree, she herself ascended another close to it, and then presenting the muzzle of her gun straight in the direction of the bag, she sat still as a statue; and there, for the present, we must leave her, whilst we take a peep into the prison of Loques, and see how the unfortunate victims of malice and superstition are supporting their captivity and prospect of approaching death.

Poor Michael Thilouze and his daughter had had a rude awakening from the joyous dreams in which they had both been wrapt. The old man's journey to Paris had led to what he believed would prove the most glorious results. It was true that report had as usual exaggerated the success of his fellow-labourer there. The Italian Alascer had not actually found the philosopher's stone—but he was on the eve of finding it—one single obstacle stood in his way, and had for a considerable time arrested his progress; and as he was a wretched man, worn out by anxious thought and unremitting labour, who could scarcely hope to enjoy his own discovery, he consented to disclose to Michael not only all he knew, but also what was the insurmountable difficulty that had delayed his triumph. This precious stone, he had ascertained, which was not only to ensure to the fortunate possessor illimitable wealth, but perennial youth, could not be procured without the aid of a virgin, innocent, perfect, and pure; and, moreover, capable of inviolably keeping the secret which must necessarily be imparted to her.

'Now,' said the Italian, 'virgins are to be had in plenty; but the second condition I find it impossible to fulfil; for they invariably confide what I tell them to some friend or lover; and thus the whole process becomes vitiated, and I am arrested on the very threshold of success.'

Great was the joy of Michael on hearing this; for he well knew that Francoise, his pure, innocent, beautiful Francoise, could keep a secret; he had often had occasion to prove her fidelity; so bidding the Italian keep himself alive but for a little space, when he, in gratitude for what he had taught him, would return with the long sought for treasure, and restore him to health, wealth, and vigorous youth, the glad old man hurried back to Cabanis, and 'set himself about it like the sea.'

It was in performing the operation required of her that Francoise had so injured her hand that amputation had become unavoidable; and great as had been the joy of Michael, he was now his grief. Not only had his beloved daughter lost her hand, but the hopes he had built on her co-operation were for ever annihilated; maimed and dismembered, she was no longer eligible to assist in the sublime process. But how much greater was his despair, when he learned the suspicions to which this strange coincidence had subjected her, and beheld the innocent, and till now happy girl, led by his side to a dungeon. For himself he cared nothing; for her everything. He was old and disappointed, and to die was little to him—but his Francoise, his young and beautiful Francoise, cut off in her bloom of years, and by so cruel and ignominious a death! And here they were in prison alone, helpless and forsaken! Absorbed in his studies, the poor physician had lived a solitary life; and his daughter, holding a rank a little above the peasantry and below the gentry, had had no companion but Manon, and she was now her bitterest foe; this at least they were told.

How sadly and slowly, and yet how much too fleetly, passed the days that were to intervene betwixt the sentence and the execution. And where was Victor? Where

were his vows of love and eternal faith? All, all forgotten. So thought Francoise, who, ignorant of his absence from the Chateau de Vardes, supposed him well acquainted with her distress.

Thus believing themselves abandoned by the world, the poor father and daughter, in tears, and prayers, and attempts at mutual consolation, spent this sad interval; till at length the morning dawned that was to witness the accomplishment of their dreadful fate. During the preceding night old Michael had never closed his eyes; but Francoise had fallen asleep shortly before sunrise, and was dreaming that it was her wedding day; and that, followed by the cheers of the villagers, Victor, the still beloved Victor, was leading her to the altar. The cheers awoke her, and with the smile of joy still upon her lips, she turned her face to her father. He was stretched upon the floor overcome by a burst of uncontrollable anguish at the sounds that had aroused her from her slumbers; for the sounds were real. The voices of the populace, crowding in from the adjacent country and villages to witness the spectacle, had pierced the thick walls of the prison and reached the ears and the hearts of the captives. Whilst the old man threw himself at her feet, and, pouring blessings on her fair young head, besought her pardon, Francoise almost forgot her own misery in his; and when the assistants came to lead them forth to execution, she not only exhorted him to patience, but supported with her arm the feeble frame that, wasted by age and grief, could furnish but little fuel for the flames that awaited them.

Nobody would have imagined that in this thinly peopled neighbourhood so many persons could have been brought together as were assembled in the market-place of Loques to witness the deaths of Michael Thilouze and his daughter. A scaffolding had been erected all round the square for the spectators—that designed for the gentry being adorned with tapestry and garlands of flowers. There sat, amongst others, the families of Montmorenci and De Vardes—all except the Lady Clemence, whose heart recoiled from beholding the death of her rival; although, no more enlightened than her age, she did not doubt the justice of the sentence that had condemned her. In the centre of the area was a pile of faggots, and near it stood the assistant executioners and several members of the church-priests and friars in their robes of black and grey.

The prisoners, accompanied by a procession which was headed by the judge and terminated by the chief executioner of the law, were first marched round the square several times, in order that the whole of the assembly might be gratified with the sight of them; and then being placed in front of the pile, the bishop of the district, who attended in his full canons, commenced a mass for the souls of the unhappy persons about to depart this life under such painful circumstances, after which he pronounced a somewhat lengthy oration on the enormity of their crime, ending with an exhortation to confession and repentance.

These, which constituted the whole of the preliminary ceremonies, being concluded, and the judge having read the sentence, to the effect, that, being found guilty of abominable and devilish magic arts, Michael and Francoise Thilouze were condemned to be burnt, especially for that the said Francoise, by her own arts, and those of her father, had bewitched the Count Victor de Vardes, and had sundry times visibly transformed herself into the shape of a wolf, and being caught in a trap, had thereby lost her hand, &c., the prisoners were delivered to the executioner, who prepared to bind them previously to their being placed on the pile. Then Michael fell upon his knees, and crying aloud to the multitude, besought them to spare his daughter, and to let him die alone; and the hearts of some amongst the people were moved. But from that part of the area where the nobility were seated, there issued a voice of authority, bidding the executioner proceed; so the old man and the young girl were placed upon the pile, and the assistants, with torches in their hands, drew near to set it alight, when a murmur arose from afar, then a hum of voices, a movement in the assembled crowd, which be-

gan to sway to and fro like the swing of vast waters. Then there was a cry of 'Make way! make way! open a path! let her advance!' and the crowd divided, and a path was opened, and there came forward, slowly and with difficulty, pale, dishevelled, with clothes torn and stained with blood, Manon Thierry, dragging behind her a dead wolf. The crowd closed in as she advanced, and when she reached the centre of the arena, there was straightway a dead silence. She stood for a moment looking around, and when she saw where the persons in authority sat, she fell upon her knees and essayed to speak; but her voice was choked by emotion, no word escaped her lips; she could only point to the wolf, and plead for mercy by her looks; where her present anguish of soul, and the danger and terror she had lately encountered, were legibly engraved.

The appeal was understood, and gradually the voices of the people rose again—there was a reaction. They who had been so eager for the spectacle, were now ready to supplicate for the victims—the young girl's heroism had conquered their sympathies. 'Pardon! pardon!' was the cry, and a hope awoke in the hearts of the captives. But the interest of the Montmorencis was too strong for that of the populace—the nobility stood by their order, and stern voices commanded silence, and that the ceremony should proceed; and once more the assistants brandished their torches and advanced to the pile; and then Manon, exhausted with grief, terror, and loss of blood, fell upon her face to the ground.

But now, again, there is a sound from afar, and all voices are hushed, and all ears are strained—it is the echo of a horse's foot galloping over the drawbridge; it approaches; and again, like the surface of a stormy sea, the dense crowd is in motion; and then a path is opened, and a horse, covered with foam, is seen advancing, and thousands of voices burst forth into 'Viva! Viva!' The air rings with acclamations. The rider was Victor de Varde, bearing in his hand the king's order for arrest of execution.

Pierre Blouï had faithfully performed his embassy; and the brave Henry IV., moved by the prayers and representations of the ardent lover, had hastily furnished him with a mandate commanding respite till further investigation.

Kings were all-powerful in those days; and it was no sooner known that Henry was favourable to the lovers, than the harmlessness of Michael and his daughter was generally acknowledged; the production of the wolf wanting a foot being now considered as satisfactory a proof of their innocence, as the production of the foot wanting the wolf had formerly been of their guilt.

Strange human passions, subject to such excesses and to such revulsions! Michael Thilouze and his daughter happily escaped; and under the king's countenance and protection, the young couple were married; but we need not remind such of our readers as are learned in the annals of witchcraft, how many unfortunate persons have died at the stake for crimes imputed to them, on no better evidence than this.

As for the heiress of Montmorenci, she bore her loss with considerable philosophy. She would have married the young Count de Varde without repugnance, but he had been too cold a lover to touch her heart or occasion regret; but poor Manon was the sacrifice for her own error. What manner of contest she had had with the wolf was never known, for she never sufficiently recovered from the state of exhaustion in which she had fallen to the earth, to be able to describe what had passed. Alone she had vanquished the savage animal, alone dragged it through the forest and the village, to the market square, where every human being able to stir, for miles round, was assembled; so that all other places were wholly deserted. The wolf had been shot, but not mortally; its death had evidently been accelerated by other wounds. Manon herself was much torn and lacerated; and on the spot where the creature had apparently been slain, was found her gun, a knife, and a pool of blood, in which lay several fragments of her dress. Though unable to give any connected account of her own perilous adventure, she was conscious of the happy result of her generous devotion; and before she died received the

heartfelt forgiveness and earnest thanks of her uncle and cousin, the former of whom soon followed her to the grave. Despairing now of ever succeeding in his darling object, what was the world to him! He loved his daughter tenderly, but he was possessed with an idea, which it had been the aim and hope of his life to work out. She was safe and happy, and needed him no more; and the hope being dead, life seemed to ooze out with it.

By the loss of that maiden's hand, who can tell what we have missed! For doubtless it is the difficulty of fulfilling the last condition named by the Italian, which has been the real impediment in the way of all philosophers who have been engaged in alchemical pursuits; and we may reasonably hope, that when women shall have learned to hold their tongues, the philosopher's stone will be discovered, and poverty and wrinkles thereafter cease to deform the earth.

For long years after these strange events, over the portcullis of the old chateau of the De Varde, till it fell into utter ruin, might be discerned the figure of a wolf, carved in stone, wanting one of its fore-feet; and underneath it the following inscription—*'In perpetuum rei memoriam.'*

ITALY CONSIDERED AS A PLACE OF RESIDENCE FOR INVALIDS.

It has been long the generally received opinion, not only among the unprofessional part of the community but even among the most celebrated physicians, that Italy is a country adapted by its climate and the beauty of its scenery for the resort of invalids, whether their disease be of a nature that threatens fatal consequences if the patient remain in a cold climate, or only of such a kind as requires recreation and activity for its removal. So universal is this opinion, that from all the northern countries of Europe are travellers to be met with in Italy, and patients are even to be seen, not unfrequently, who by the advice of their physicians have crossed the broad and boisterous Atlantic in pursuit of that health which had been lost in the New World. It has almost never been called in question, even in this country, the inhabitants of which are often so sceptical on subjects of less importance, and it was therefore with the greater interest that we lately perused an article on the subject in a Danish medical periodical of high standing, contributed by Dr Otto, medical professor in the University of Copenhagen. This gentleman is not only qualified for forming an opinion on this subject by his general professional knowledge and acquirements, but by having devoted particular attention to it, and having been twice in Italy, where he seems to have resided a considerable time, and not to have formed his almost solitary opinion without what appeared to him sufficient evidence of its being correct. The conclusion to which his observations have led him is, 'that Italy, far from deserving to be considered as a country where a person may hope to recover his lost health, or expect to lengthen out a sickly life, must in very many respects be regarded as unhealthy and injurious, and likely to hasten the progress of the disease which it is resorted to for the purpose of removing.'

In order that our readers may be able to judge for themselves whether Dr Otto's observations are sufficient to justify such an opinion, and as the subject must be one generally interesting in this country, the inhabitants of which are so much exposed to those diseases which the climate of Italy has been considered as likely to mitigate or cure, we shall lay before them some of his more interesting statements.

After admitting that a patient may in some cases be sent to Italy with advantage, as when the object in view is only to refresh his mind and to nerve it for renewed exertion by a contemplation of the beauties of nature and the trophies of art, although even in such a case he considers Switzerland a preferable country, both from its more picturesque scenery, and from the more interesting character and customs of its people, as well as the superior accommodations in travelling, he goes on to say, 'Should the

reason, however, of the persons being sent to travel be melancholy, hypochondria, or diseased sensitiveness in the mind and nervous system, I do not hesitate to express my conviction that the end will not be gained by a tour in Italy. It is well known, as a matter of fact, that in no country is the sensitiveness of the nervous system in general so highly diseased—and the incomparably greater imposition and cheater in this country than in any other, not merely on the part of tradesmen and the lower ranks, but even on the part of the authorities—the continual quarrels the traveller is subjected to with porters, carriers, boatmen, coach-drivers, guides, &c.—the dissatisfaction always shown even when the most handsome gratuity is given—the pitiful custom, in the whole of Italy, of being obliged beforehand to haggle about lodging in hotels, where you remain even one single night only, and indeed about every breakfast, dinner, and supper, and every service of the smallest kind, and, after all, the certainty, notwithstanding all your foresight and waste of time, of your having been imposed on—the sad idea you get of the government of the country—the despicable principles on which in many respects they act—the notorious badness of their laws, and the backward and stationary condition of the country amidst the onward movements of the rest of the civilised world—the great difference in their customs—the constant dread of an attack on the highway after dark—the want of all those house comforts you have been accustomed to, &c.—all these circumstances can scarcely have other than an extremely injurious and detrimental effect on hypochondriacal and irritable persons. And when these things are considered, it is much to be wondered that so many still travel in a country in which all the authorities, notwithstanding many of their towns are supported by travellers, seek in every possible manner to throw hindrances in the way of the traveller, and strive to make the journey unpleasant and disgusting.* But it may be said, should not the Italian climate, and the other favourable peculiarities of the country, counterbalance these disagreeables, or at least operate so favourably on certain kinds of disease and chronic complaints as to cure or at least alleviate them? This also I must wholly deny, and on the contrary maintain as my firm conviction that, waiving all that has been already said, everything else in this country, as regards climate and other peculiarities arising from its situation, must have a prejudicial effect even on a sound constitution, not to speak of lingering diseases and complaints. In enlarging on this point, I will have respect to Italy generally, but shall also touch more particularly on such single localities and towns as I have had peculiar opportunity of intimately knowing.

In the whole of Italy, during the latter part of spring and during summer and autumn, there prevails a heat so considerable, and for all foreigners so intolerable, that all the powers of body and mind are dulled and weakened. For this there is almost no remedy except cold sea-bathing (fresh-water baths not being always to be had), and that is only a very slight one, as its effects are felt but for a short time, and bathing in the sea is in many places, as in Naples, considered even by the natives as dangerous after the first rain in August and whilst the heat continues at its height. This excessive heat not only produces lassitude (with respect to other Europeans the Italian *dolce far niente* is actual pain), but at the same time operates very injuriously on the constitution, and causes actual diseases both among foreigners and natives.

First among these diseases are to be reckoned the inflammatory, which are uncommonly frequent over all Italy, fill whole hospitals, and in general are of so great intensity

* Among several instances take the following:—Not only in every frontier, but in every trading town in the same country, the traveller must stop to give up his passport and get it examined; a full hour is lost every time, and the officer always demands money for his trouble; the few diligences that are established go at a true snail's pace, and have a conductor who always charges the double of what he has paid out for the traveller for postillions; in case of a longer stay in a town, permission is only given to remain a certain short time, and this permission must be always renewed; in all hotels in the papal state a certain sum of money must be paid as dues.

as to terminate in death in a few days. Pneumonia, cervical swellings, and bronchitis, are especially exceedingly frequent. I believe I am not in error in ascribing a great many of these diseases to the breathing of the hot air, and to the cold caused by the sudden changes of temperature, of which I shall afterwards speak. From this also arise, in my opinion, the disorders in the lungs which so frequently and so quickly, with great violence, follow even the mildest cases of bronchitis and pneumonia, and the great frequency of blood-letting in Italy. We may easily understand how the phthisis, at one time almost cured, is quickly aggravated in Italy by the constant heat, and sooner than in any other place lays its victim in the grave. Another consequence of the extreme heat is the great prevalence of cerebral affections, of which every hospital we visit gives sufficient proof. That they are chiefly occasioned by the heat, appears from the fact that they are especially prevalent among the peasants who work in the fields at the season the vineyards are dressed; these cerebral affections are inflammation of the brain, apoplexy, madness, and idiocy. As effects of the great heat, may also be mentioned the innumerable nervous complaints and fits which are exceedingly common in Italy, such as hysterics, St Vitus' dance, convulsions, &c., cases of which are very generally found in the hospitals. The great heat has also naturally, as always, an injurious effect on the digestive system, which is much deranged among Italians, as is proved by most of the fevers prevalent being bilious. Were it now concluded that, in consequence of this heat in summer, the climate must in winter be particularly mild, it would certainly have to be admitted that a winter residence in Italy is, for the sake of warmth, always to be preferred to a residence in summer, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that the temperature is at that season always mild and warm. It is, on the contrary, often very cold, especially of course in northern Italy, but often likewise in the south, as for instance in Naples, and the cold is so much the more felt there as there are almost no means of defence against it. The apartments are very large and high in the roof, often without a chimney, or if there is such a luxury, it is constructed out of all proportion to the size of the room; all the floors are of stone; the windows mostly reach like glass doors down to the floor, and are often full of broken panes, but in every case shut so ill that the smallest puff of wind penetrates them, and as the doors shut just as imperfectly, and open out to other large apartments and lobbies, there is a constant draught between the windows and doors, consequently, although of course the temperature never sinks so low as in the more northern parts of Europe, there is more cold felt there at three degrees of heat than here at three degrees of cold. Most frequently rain accompanies the fall of the thermometer, and not only does this rain pour down for many days and often weeks together, in such torrents that one can scarcely walk on the streets, but it produces such a disagreeable and chilling effect as those who have not felt it can scarcely conceive.

Another matter of great moment to invalids is the frequent changes of temperature which take place both in winter and summer. No one can doubt their injurious effects, and no one who has been in Italy will deny that they are severely felt there, and have a much more injurious effect than in many other countries where they are much complained of. Rheumatisms and catarrhs are consequently very common both among natives and foreigners. In the north of Italy, in Lombardy, the Venetian State, and Piedmont, according to the testimony of the resident physicians, extraordinary heat is succeeded by sudden cold, for which the nearness of the Alps sufficiently accounts, accompanied with great moisture in the atmosphere. In the neighbourhood of both the seas, not only in the north but through all Italy, and in the middle of the country among the hills, all travellers will observe these sudden changes of temperature. In Genoa, all the physicians declare that they have often the temperature of all the four seasons in one day, and in a statistical account of that city, Dr Cevaeca calls it most unhealthy. In Turin,

Dr Bonacossa remarks in a note in the 'Geornale delle Scienze Mediche di Turino,' that almost every day there is a different temperature. Along the whole extent of the coasts the operation of two different winds is traced, the land and the sea wind. The first, which comes from the mountains, is observed especially at night; the last during the day; and it is especially in winter that the greatest difference of temperature from these winds is felt. By day you are in a strong perspiration, at night you freeze, and while the natives wrap themselves up in coats and cloaks, foreigners think they need take no such precautions, because they are from a more northerly and colder climate, without reflecting that it is more difficult to bear sudden changes of temperature than constant cold. These sudden changes from heat to cold, and vice versa, are likewise accompanied by dampness in all the towns on both coasts. Of this you are at once made aware by even the shortest stay in Leghorn or Naples, where both in the morning and at evening, at sunrise and sunset, a thick fog overspreads the whole city, coming in the morning from the moisture which is raised from the sea by the heat of the sun, and caused in the evening by the vapours raised by the heat during the day. For this reason it is considered unhealthy to live in the streets near the sea, where, nevertheless, for the sake of the fine view, foreigners almost always take up their abode. This damp fog is likewise observed in the neighbourhood of the mountains, as also on many extensive low and marshy plains, where it is chiefly formed from the vapour exhaled from the soil. In the celebrated Campagna of Rome, it is especially produced to a great extent, and has there a distinct and very peculiar smell. It is accompanied there generally by a fall of the thermometer sometimes from 17-16 to 8-6 degrees R.

'That those in the country well know the injurious influence of the atmosphere after sunset, is evident from the fact that the natives very wisely shut all their windows then, and will on no account risk a promenade afterwards. Foreigners who will not accustom themselves to the same precautions must sooner or later be severely punished for their carelessness. When the fog consists only of moisture, the pathological effect is limited to the generating of those diseases which can be produced by merely sudden changes of temperature, but when it likewise contains other dangerous substances in the gaseous form, it produces obstinate and bad agues or violent typhus fevers. In the larger cities, particularly those in the neighbourhood of the sea, as Genoa, Naples, &c., the effects of sudden changes of temperature are felt without the influence either of the atmosphere or the wind, by merely passing from the large and broad streets into the small and narrow lanes, with houses of six or seven flats on each side, where no ray of sun ever penetrates. After having been put into a perspiration in the large streets, places, and promenades, it is impossible but that injurious effects must follow having the body cooled so suddenly in these lanes, especially when it is repeated several times in a day. This cooling can be the less easily escaped, and is the more certain, as in these lanes the passenger is obliged to stand still every minute to allow carts, porters, &c., to pass. Even during the warmest weather in Naples, I felt the cold in these narrow streets very much. Moreover, with respect to the most of Italy, the so-called sirocco wind must not be lost sight of, as it operates in a high degree injuriously on every thing, but especially on the comfort and health of foreigners. The sirocco is the south-east wind, which comes from the deserts of Africa, and brings with it a burning, oppressive, and extremely unpleasant heat, during which every one suffers from debility, dejection of mind, ennui both bodily and mental, headache, irritableness, and a condition for which there is no remedy nor help. Generally the sirocco lasts three or four days, but sometimes many weeks together, and either immediately precedes or follows rain; when it lasts somewhat longer than usual, or recurs frequently, it is the constant forerunner of dangerous disease. It is especially in Rome that it produces so dangerous an effect, but it is likewise felt, and operates in the same unpleasant manner in Naples, and indeed over the

north of Italy, that is to say, on the coasts of the Adriatic Sea.

'Besides these causes of sickness in the greatest part of Italy, another must also be mentioned, namely, the mode of living, which not only differs much from what every traveller has been accustomed to, but must in many cases be considered actually unhealthy. Thus the bread is in most places hard, ill fermented or sour, and very indigestible, the potatoes are very bad, the wine extremely heating, the beef hard and tough, most generally dressed with much oil, and when without it with the most injurious kinds of seasoning. Besides, they drink a great deal of water in Italy, which is not always of the best kind (in Rome, however, it is excellent), and use a great deal of ice, even when perspiring profusely, which is certainly often injurious to those unaccustomed to it. To this is to be added the frequent and strange use of so many cold and sour fruits, which at first almost always, in the case of foreigners, causes obstinate diarrhoea and colic. What likewise adds greatly to the general unhealthiness of Italian towns is the custom they still have of burying their dead in the churches or in churchyards within the towns, which, however, the breaking out of the cholera some years since has happily abolished, except in some solitary instances.

'It will be evident from these remarks how manifold are the causes which in Italy exert a prejudicial influence on health, and make it a far from desirable place of residence for the sick and the infirm. But in addition to these, a lingering illness, or even death, is often brought on by exposure to what is properly designated malaria or aria cattiva, the cause of which is not yet fully known, but is probably the noxious vapours arising from standing water and marshes in consequence of the want of draining. It causes exceedingly obstinate and severe agues in summer (from July to October) in the Roman States, in the whole extent of country between Rome and Naples, particularly at the Pontine Marshes, and in the Tuscan Maremmas. The foreigner who resides on the left side of St Peter's at Rome, or in the neighbourhood of the 'yellow Tiber,' is particularly liable to these fevers. He may expect an attack if he stay too long in the Roman Campagna, if he merely sleep there one single night; if he tarry too long in the Pontine Marshes or fall asleep in the coach when he drives through them; he will find the enemy in the kingdom of Naples, on the southern side of Calabria, around Pestum, in Baia, in the Capuan territory, and in the neighbourhood of Ravenna and Ferrara, where the country is full of morasses. It is from the same cause that endemic fevers are so common in the territory of Milan and Pavia. Verona, likewise, lies just by a large morass, where Napoleon, with 17,000 men, defeated 40,000 Austrians. In Turin and Mantua agues constantly prevail; and, lastly, as regards Venice, it will perhaps, in consequence of its unhealthiness and its bad fevers, soon cease to exist, to so great a degree is the population diminished every year.'

From these facts Dr Otto concludes, and, as it appears to us, with considerable justice, that Italy is not at all a proper residence for invalids, and that all the benefit to be derived from a tour in it is to be obtained more easily and more certainly by travelling in any other country; and he further refers for the truth of this conclusion to those foreign artists who reside there for any considerable time. He says they all appear weak and sickly, and even those who enjoyed good health at first soon begin to complain of one ailment or another. He speaks strongly on the impropriety of consumptive persons being sent to Italy, where, according to the universal testimony of Italian physicians, that disease is extraordinarily common. Here are a few of these testimonies: 'Journé has shown in the Bullet. Général de Thér.,' by statistical data from the hospitals in the various cities, namely, in Florence, Rome, and Naples, that pulmonary consumption is at least just as common there as in more northerly countries. Requin remarks, with respect to Naples, to which so many consumptive patients are sent, that the atmosphere is much more injurious to them than the fog either on the Seine

or the Thames. According to Dr Ruggieros, a Neapolitan physician, consumption is the cause of one-fourth of the yearly mortality there.' Other physicians unite in bearing testimony of the same kind with regard to other towns. These are facts regarding a subject of the greatest interest and importance to the inhabitants of this country, which ought to be widely known. There already seems to be beginning a reaction of opinion with regard to the peculiar advantages and prospect of recovery held out by Italy to the many sons and daughters of affliction, whose health has been sapped, and whose constitution has been undermined by the insidious and generally fatal disease just referred to. One evidence of this reaction is seen in the increased resort of invalids to Madeira, and it is to be hoped that in this age of successful scientific research, a better knowledge will be obtained than we have yet had of the suitableness of the climates of various countries to the mitigation and cure of this and kindred diseases.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY ANDREW PARK.

What is light? Ha! you ask me. You tell me 'tis gay
To wander abroad 'mid the sweet summer day—
To ramble the hills and the woodlands among:
Yet I see not their charms, be they ever so strong.
I hear the birds sing, and I list to the stream—
Like voices of joy they appear in a dream.
I feel the sun's rays, they are soothing and kind:
But can I forget I am blind, I am blind!

You tell me of night with its jewel-deck'd sky;
You speak of the moon in its fulness on high;
Of balm-breathing bowers all bespangled with dew;
But, ah! they are hid, they are hid from my view.
You tell me of seas, and you tell me of morn—
Of ruby-leaf'd roses, and white-blossom'd thorn—
Of faces that know me, of friends who are kind:
But can I forget I am blind, I am blind!

Oh, when shall I know the sweet sights that you see?
What a world of joy would such things give to me!
Shall I never behold them? Oh, tell me, my friend,
Shall the darkness that shrouds me ne'er come to an end?
'Oh, yes! you shall yet greater loveliness see,
When your spirit shall rise in its happiness free.'
I thank you, I love you! your words they are kind.
But, ah! Heav'n forgive me! I'm blind, I am blind!

HEDGEHOGS.

One of the most interesting facts in the natural history of the hedgehog is that announced in 1831, by M. Lenz, and which is now confirmed by Professor Buckland. This is, that the most violent animal poisons have no effect upon it—a fact which renders it of peculiar value in forests, where it appears to destroy a great number of noxious reptiles. M. Lenz says that he had in his house a female hedgehog, which he kept in a large box, and which soon became very mild and familiar. He often put into the box some adders, which it attacked with avidity, seizing them indifferently by the head, the body, or the tail, and did not appear alarmed or embarrassed when they coiled themselves around its body. On one occasion M. Lenz witnessed a fight between the hedgehog and a viper. When the hedgehog came near and smelled the snake—for with those animals the sense of sight is very obtuse—she seized it by the head, and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do it much harm; for, having disengaged its head, it assumed a furious and menacing attitude, and, hissing vehemently, inflicted several severe bites on the hedgehog. The little animal, however, did not recoil from the bites of the viper, or indeed seem to care much about them. At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, compressing the fangs and glands of poison, and then devouring every part of the body. M. Lenz says, that battles of this sort often occurred in the presence of many persons; and sometimes the hedgehog has received eight or ten wounds on the ears, the snout, and even on the tongue, without appearing to experience any of the ordinary symptoms produced by the venom of the viper. Neither herself nor the young which she was suckling seemed to suffer from it. This observation agrees with that of Pallas, who assures us that the hedgehog can eat

about 100 cantharides without experiencing any of the effects which this insect, taken inwardly, produces on men, dogs, and cats. A German physician, who made the hedgehog a peculiar object of study, gave it a strong dose of prussic acid, of arsenic, of opium, and of corrosive sublimate, none of which did it any harm. The hedgehog, in its natural state, only feeds on pears, apples, and other fruits, when it can get nothing it likes better. Its ordinary food consists of worms, slugs, snails, frogs, adders, and sometimes rats and mice.

TURK—TOORK.

This name, which, like the appellation Parthian, is said to signify wanderer, is given with doubtful propriety to the Ottoman nation, who, though a branch of the Turo-Tatarian family, are more properly Turkmans than Turks, and have become blended and incorporated with the nations they have conquered, so as to form a mixed but now distinct race. By the Ottomans themselves, the term *Turk* is regarded as a contumelious appellation nearly equivalent to boor; while, by the nomadic tribes, to whom it properly belongs, it is considered as an honourable name. Thus, Tamerlane, usually called the Mogul conqueror, in his correspondence with Bajazet, distinguishes himself and his country by the name of *Turk*, and stigmatises the Ottoman nation as *Turkmans*. In like manner, his illustrious descendant, Sultan Baber, the founder of what is improperly called the Mogul dynasty in Hindostan, always speaks of himself in his memoirs as a Turk, while of the Moguls he speaks with mingled hatred and contempt. The language in which his memoirs are written is the Jaghatai Turki dialect. According to a curious piece of legendary genealogy preserved by an oriental writer, the ancestor of the Turkish nations was Toork, the eldest son of Japheth; and Tatar and Mogul were twin brothers, between whom the great-great-grandson of Toork divided his dominions. The historical fact disguised under this legend is, that the word *Turk* is used by the Arabian geographers as the generic designation of the various hordes inhabiting Eastern and Western Tatar, or Scythia within and beyond Imaus; but the word seems specifically to belong to the great western branch, usually called Tatars. The ancient Parthians, and perhaps the Medes, were of this family, as are several of the tribes now inhabiting Northern Persia. The Kajar tribe, to which the reigning family of Persia belongs, is Turkish, and that dialect is the court language of the empire. The Tatars scattered throughout Russia, from the Crimea to Kasan, are also of the same family. Pliny ranks the Turks among the Sarmatian tribes; and Pomponius Mela speaks of the *Thysagetae* and *Turcae* inhabiting the region near Maeotis. The Turkmans or Trukmans are pastoral nomades, inhabiting the plains watered by the Oxus, whence they have spread over the Caspian provinces, to Armenia, Asia Minor, and Syria; and a branch of this nation have settled in Macedonia, where they have preserved uncorrupted their Asiatic character. In Syria and Koordistan, they come in contact with the pastoral Koords; but their respective manners and customs are in many particulars remarkably opposed. The Koords are plunderers: the Turkmans are esteemed honest. The latter give their daughters a dower: the former receive a premium for them. The Turkmans speak a dialect of the Toorki: the Koordish bears a close affinity to the Hindostanee. The Turkish nomadic tribes of Persia are estimated at about 320,000; the Turkmans of Ajerbijan, &c. being rated at 12,000. The Koordish tribes amount to about 210,000. The language of the European Turks or Ottomans has received so large an admixture of Arabic and Persian, as to be denominated on that account, *Malemma*, the pied mare.—Josiah Conder.

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR.

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NURSERY INSTITUTIONS.

READER, have you never shed a tear when you saw a child whom you knew to be an orphan? We have a fancy that we could almost point out those who belong to this forlorn class in passing along the street. There is something so subdued and supplicating in their looks, more eloquent than words, that seems to say, 'We are friendless, oh will you be kind to us?' What heart does not thrill at the intelligence that a family of children have been bereaved of their parents? How many of the dearest ties of social life have been rent asunder ere the affecting and melancholy name of orphans can be given to a whole household! Who can describe the feelings of a parent when called to leave his children without a single earthly protector to whose care he can consign them! We may in fancy conjure up the many bitter pangs connected with the rending of those ties which have knit together parent and child; and while he, in full confidence, commits them to the care of that God who is the father of the fatherless, he cannot shut his eyes to the fact, that they must for a time sojourn among strangers of whom he knows nothing.

A funeral procession is at all times fitted to awaken serious and impressive thoughts. 'Few doctors preach so well.' But what heart does not melt with sympathy at the sight of a bier followed by a child of tender years, who is called upon to lay the head of the last of his parents in the 'narrow house'? Then there is the desolation of the family hearth; the quitting of the scenes and associations connected with every nook and trifle in their dwelling; and the hurrying from these, if they happen to be so fortunate, to the workhouse or the hospital. We have paid some attention to the case of children who have been left orphans, and our conviction is, that where they have been properly cared for, they in by far the majority of instances prove valuable members of society. They have learned that but for the kindness of others they might have been outcasts in the world, and they are thus taught that mankind in general are better than many would give them credit for. The orphan acquires habits of early reflection and self-reliance. He is soon taught to feel the necessity there is for him to make what exertion he can to provide for his own wants, and it may be the wants of brothers or sisters still younger than himself. Many instances might be given illustrative of this. We will only give one, which we believe to be of frequent occurrence. The mother of a family died, leaving her husband with three children. The family were in the humbler ranks of life, and the wages of the father barely sufficed to meet their wants. It happened, fortunately for the children, that the mother of their father resided with them, and the loss of their mother was thus less felt than it other-

wise would have been. Things went on pretty well with them for some time, till their father was stretched on a sickbed, and after an illness of three months, he died. He was fortunately a member of one of those yearly societies, which, under proper management, have been the means of conferring so many blessings on the working classes. During his illness he received six shillings per week, and at his death four pounds were given as funeral money. This was sufficient to clear all expenses, but the family were left penniless, and without a single friend to whom they could apply. The eldest boy was at this period scarcely ten years of age, and had hitherto been remarked as uncommonly thoughtless for his years; but upon the funeral of his father, he seemed as if he had, in one night, added the experience of ten years to his knowledge. Feeling that upon his exertions depended exclusively the support of his grandmother, sister, and brother, he set out in quest of employment, and after many unsuccessful applications, succeeded in obtaining the situation of a message-boy, for which he received two shillings and sixpence weekly; and on his earnings four individuals contrived to exist for the space of six months. The good conduct of the boy soon recommended him to the attention of his employer, who became so highly pleased with his perseverance and honesty, that he took him into his employment as an apprentice, and in a few years he occupied the principal situation in his establishment.

While many of those who are in early life bereft of both parents become useful and respected members of society, we are fully alive to the melancholy fact, that a great proportion of the young criminals of our day are children who were left destitute, and who may have been for a time sparingly provided for by those whose benevolence prompted them to undertake their support, but whose means have not been commensurate with their wishes. We have institutions which would do honour to any country, but much yet remains to be done for the support of young persons who are left destitute at an age at which they cannot be received into any of our hospitals. Private benevolence, we are aware, has done much, and we trust will still continue to do so, as well for the benefit its exercise confers on the giver as the receiver; but this can never adequately provide for the numerous class whose cause we are advocating. There is another feature of the case to which we would call attention. Children brought up in our orphan hospitals must of course leave these when they arrive at a proper age, and be put under the care of individuals who will undertake to provide for them in return for their labour. We have known instances where the treatment of such has been harsh in the extreme, so that rather than submit to it, they have deserted their abodes before any one interested in their case knew

of their hardships, and in a few weeks or months were to be found inmates of some of our prisons. Of the truth of this, our criminal calendar furnishes too convincing proofs.

We lately called attention to the means adopted by some of our continental neighbours for the protection and relief of destitute children, and sincerely rejoice at the efforts which are now being made in this country to supply this blank in our social system. Glasgow, ever ready with its aid in behalf of the unfortunate and the oppressed, has already taken the lead in this matter, in proof of which we have much pleasure in transferring to our columns the following extract from the first annual report of the Nursery Institution:—

'The idea of establishing a Nursery Institution in this city for the protection and rearing of poor neglected children, is of recent date. Not that it was considered unnecessary, for the evil which it was designed to remedy has been long felt and lamented by the benevolent and the humane, but simply because it had either not been thought of, or, at most, had been deemed an impracticable scheme. It is well known, that, in a large manufacturing city such as Glasgow, many unhappy infants, deprived of the fostering care of one or both parents, sink into an early grave, who might have been saved and spared to society, had such care been bestowed upon them as their tender age requires; or, if they do survive, they seldom fail, in after-life, to exhibit some bodily or mental infirmity, as a sad proof of the ill-treatment to which they were in early life exposed. Nothing is more common than newspaper reports of dangerous accidents occurring to the helpless young, such as burning, scalding, or poisoning, which, in most cases, could be easily traced to the want of proper care. In many instances, parents, while at work, are obliged to commit their children to the chance care of neighbours, or of other children little older than themselves, or lock them up to prevent them from straying till their return from work. The consequences of this need not be dwelt upon; they are the subject of daily observation and constant complaint, but no remedy previous to the Nursery Institution was discovered, calculated to afford effectual relief. The House of Refuge, instituted a few years previously, offered the best means that had been devised of reclaiming erring youth, and of restoring them to society after a course of such training as might enable them to pursue an honourable calling, or occupy a creditable station in life; and it is gratifying to learn that much good has resulted from this institution. Yet it is obvious that much more than the House of Refuge can accomplish remains to be done. It is not enough to lay hold of young criminals, and endeavour to reform them. It is before they have become criminals—before they have gone astray—before their morals are corrupted, that they ought to be laid hold of and preserved from the corrupting influences to which they may be exposed. If prevention is better than cure in the case of disease, it is surely more so in the case of crime. It is surely better to protect a child, while yet innocent, from the paths of vice and immorality, into which circumstances would inevitably lead it, than to reclaim and reform it after it has been pursuing a course of wickedness, and become familiar with profligacy and crime.'

'The Nursery Institution is to be viewed, therefore, as an asylum for the destitute but innocent young who have not yet gone astray, nor contracted vicious habits, but who, when exposed to the causes before mentioned, might either become dissolute characters, or, in some form or other, permanent burdens on public charity. It is intended to afford a comfortable home to such children as may have no mother to watch over their infant years, or no father to provide and care for them, but whose hard fate it is to be reared up, or rather dragged up, by a ruthless and unsympathizing hand.'

'At the commencement of the institution, its founders had some opposition, and not a few obstacles to contend with. The objection most frequently urged against it was,

that it would hold out an inducement to unnatural parents to free themselves of their parental obligations, and leave the sacred duty of training their offspring to be performed by strangers. Apprehensions were also entertained that individuals might be found wicked enough to lodge their children in the institution, and then forsake them. These objections may be easily answered, by stating, that the institution is not open to all applicants, but only to those that are found on inquiry to be proper objects, and, to guard against imposition, good security is taken for the regular payment of the children's fees. But as the scheme was new and untried in this country, though well known and appreciated on the Continent, few were willing to lend their assistance, until it had passed the stage of a doubtful experiment. By perseverance, however, opposition gradually gave way, difficulties were overcome, and though still in its infancy, the Nursery now occupies a position among the charitable and philanthropic institutions of our country.

'On the 2d of September, 1844, the institution was opened for the reception of inmates. For some months the number of admissions was small. The poorer classes seemed to look distrustfully upon the undertaking, but as they became better acquainted with it, and more sensible of its advantages, applications for admission increased. Till the present time, a period of nineteen months, there have been admitted in all seventy children. Thirty-five have left from various causes, which may be seen on reference to the register. One little girl died while in the institution: it may be remarked, however, that she was admitted in a sickly state, being marked in the register as very delicate. The house is calculated to contain forty children. There are at present thirty-four healthy and happy inmates enjoying the benefits of this comfortable asylum. Applications for admission are becoming daily more frequent and urgent: and, as the working classes are becoming more sensible of the advantages of the institution, it is obvious that much greater accommodation will soon be required for this large community. Indeed, so successful has been the undertaking, and so completely does it answer the object intended, so far as limited means and limited accommodation would permit, that there is no doubt that Glasgow will not long be the only city in this country that can boast of a Nursery Institution.'

'Children wished to be admitted, are, in the first place, subjected to the inspection of the medical attendant, for the purpose of ascertaining that they are free of all infectious disease. Their friends are then required to find security from some respectable householder, to give satisfactory reasons for wishing to place their children in the institution, and to pay a small sum in advance to account of fees, when the children are received without further trouble. Children from eighteen months to six years of age are admitted at the nominal charge of one shilling and sixpence per week, without any regard to the religious creed of their parents or friends. Those who wish their children admitted as day boarders only, are charged one shilling per week. Their food consists of porridge and milk for breakfast, of a roll at eleven o'clock, usually of broth with beef and potatoes for dinner, and of bread and milk, or porridge, for supper; and care is taken that they have at all times a sufficient supply. Particular attention is also paid to the cleanliness, comfort, and health of the children. Their cribs are kept scrupulously clean, the rooms in good order, well aired, and in winter, or when necessary, provided with fires.'

'The internal management of the institution is intrusted to a judicious matron, with experienced nurses and servants under her. The duties of the matron are not unlike those of the mother of a large family. She is required to spend as much of her time as possible in the company of the children, and see that they are always properly occupied either in playing or otherwise, as may be found most suitable and congenial to their years. She has also to attend to everything calculated to promote the health of the children, and when any of them require medical treatment, to send immediate notice to the medical attendant. It is the duty of the matron to superintend the moral train-

ing of the children, to surround them with salutary influences, to instil into their minds correct principles, and teach them the elements of education as commonly taught in infant schools.

As might be expected, many of the children on admission are found to have been totally neglected, both in regard to their mental and physical training; but a short residence in this comfortable asylum soon alters the case. Proper means are taken to restore health, to invigorate the delicate frame, and correct the vicious principles which children of even tender years are often found to have contracted, and the result is not only gratifying to humanity, but it furnishes the best argument that can be advanced in favour of such institutions.'

Since the formation of the above institution, upwards of £400 have been contributed towards its support by a very few individuals, and we feel assured its principles require only to be known to enable its benevolent originators to carry out its important benefits on a far more extensive scale. In Edinburgh, too, the subject is meeting with that attention which it so well deserves; but while measures are in progress to provide suitable accommodation, let it not be forgotten that the homeless, friendless, and deserted young are to be found in almost every street of our city, and that much, very much, may be effected by those who have been blessed with the means of relieving the wants of others. If all have not money, all *ought* to have kindness. Parents, particularly, should remember that to-morrow their children *may* be ORPHANS.

P O R T R A I T G A L L E R Y.

LORD BROUHAM.

Few lives supply so affecting an illustration of the fluctuations of fame, from honour to dishonour, and from the latter back again to the former, in perpetual change, as the life of Lord Brougham. Alternately the object of panegyric and blame, he has passed through a course of effort and achievement, scarcely ever rivalled, whether we look to the variety or to the extent of its influence. We are not sure, however, if Lord Brougham will exert as great an influence on the future as he has done on the past. In the effort to live, and to realise through life a real and speedy result, he has not, we fear, left much on which even his friends and admirers may found the expectation of any new and marked development of influence, either on individual minds or on the institutions of our country. The minds he has awakened will soon, we think, outrun his point of view, and the political reformations he has effected will probably themselves be felt ere long to need reform. In this respect his historical importance will be precisely the reverse of Burke's. Brougham has lived for his own age; Burke lived for posterity. Yet we do not wish to pursue at present such contrasts, being more anxious to extricate the idea of Lord Brougham from the mass of contradictory opinions which exist respecting him, than to fix with exactness the place he will probably occupy in the estimation of those who may succeed us. To our private mind Lord Brougham is an object of transcendent interest; and it is merely an exercise of gratitude to attempt something like a portrait of one to whom we, in common with the rest of the world, have often looked with wonder and admiration. And yet we feel that we cannot hope to effect this with success till he has passed away from the scene in which he forms so conspicuous an object. It is not till the noise of party-friendship and party-hatred has died on the ear, and time has enabled us to look back with undisturbed eye upon the course of a public life such as his, that we can expect to fix so certainly the general features of a character, that posterity may not probably reverse them. Of Brougham's, this remark is especially true; since every opinion which is included between the extremes of panegyric and condemnation, together with the extremes

themselves, has been expressed of him; while public journalists and Punch, that autoocrat of satirists, have pursued, and still continue to pursue him, with unmitigated hatred. For our own parts, remote from public life, and looking with unenvying eye upon his career, we have formed a very different estimate of the man from that of the writers to whom we have referred; and treasuring up the great facts of his life, even those objected to, till time shall have unlocked the stores of secret information which are needed to solve every riddle which may be proposed, we postpone for the present our final opinion, and content ourselves with marking those great features in the history of our subject which seem most likely to be found the prevailing ones, even when a closer scrutiny will have made possible an approximation to a perfect likeness. We confess that we are touched with a feeling of melancholy interest when we see great men, about the close of their career, neglected, despised, or kicked at, by every one who thinks himself qualified to decide against them, without checking precipitation, or making that allowance which is useful in the interpretation of character. We offer these remarks, not as an apology for the illustrious subject of our notice, but merely to indicate the state of mind with which we come to our task, and the point of view we have assumed in order to perform it.

The name of Lord Brougham, as our readers are aware, has been identified with some, and associated with almost all, of the great schemes of reform which have been attempted in Britain during the present century. Over every effort to push forward society, he has spread his mind. Not a few persons have ascribed this to the restlessness of his spirit; as if restlessness had no cause in nature, and no tendency, if well directed, to realise good; while others have sought in ambition for the reason of this universality—overlooking the fact that ambition is only immoral when it seeks the advantage of its possessor alone, or when it is made the instrument of injury to mankind. But both restlessness and ambition are characteristic of every great mind; for restlessness is the perception of want, and ambition is the desire to alleviate it. What beneficent scheme ever originated from one who was satisfied with the lot of himself or of his fellowmen? Dissatisfaction with the existing state of things is the necessary condition of progress; and we should beware of repudiating that, the absence of which would leave society to stagnate. Few men, perhaps, are better entitled than the subject of our notice to the benefit of any course of observation like the present. To no petty objects has he dedicated his active life. To education in the largest sense—to reform in law, both administrative and legislative—to the abolition of slavery—topics redolent of good: to these and such like he has devoted his attention occasionally turning aside, it may be, from these noble objects; but nevertheless, with astonishing perseverance, pursuing them through 'good and through evil report'. No one can have read his speeches and other papers on education, without remarking the evident earnestness of the writer; as if his heart were set on the attainment of the thing at all personal hazards, and notwithstanding all difficulties that would have deterred other men less resolved than he was. The amount of obscure and unrewarded drudgery which Lord Brougham must have passed through, would itself entitle him to admiration, even though the object had been less worthy. Incredible obstacles had to be overcome; obstacles which we do not believe could have been faced, unless a spirit of real philanthropy equal to every hindrance had animated him. Such labours as these must not be treated with contempt, or rewarded with suspicion; but reaping as we do the benefit of them, we must yield their author our meed of gratitude and our testimony of approbation. Among other plans for carrying out his views on the subject of education, Lord Brougham employed his influence in rearing the London University; and, what is even better, he was one of those who originated the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—a society whose influence for good on the country is incalculable. Not confining his attention to Britain, however, he looked abroad at our colonies, when,

burning with a just abhorrence of slavery, he directed his terrible energies against it; and not for a moment did he suspend his labours till, after years of toil and repeated disappointments, he had wiped out the stain which had so long disgraced our annals. Over the cause he has ever since watched with anxious solicitude; nor has any effort to evade the will of Parliament escaped his vigilant eye, or been suffered to triumph through the neglect of any means which he could bring to bear against it. To men of one idea, or with a feeble pulsation of benevolence, either of these schemes would have proved more than enough for their life-long labours. By such men the evils of society at home might have been suffered to pass unobserved in the absorbing attraction of the evil of slavery abroad; but Lord Brougham, to powers of singular force and variety, adds a warm impulse towards the good of mankind, unaffected by the accidents of place and condition, or by the influence of space as lending a charm to distance, or as making the seen predominate over the unseen. On this account, the condition of the working-classes at home, viewed in every possible aspect—personal, social, political—has been added to the objects of his unwearied attention. To him, either directly or indirectly, most, if not all, of recent reforms in their circumstances are to be traced—to his profound sympathy with them in their political degradation, his insight into their capacities of advancement, his recognition of their important services, and his acknowledgment of the infinite superiority of real over fictitious distinctions in society, whether in relation to happiness or true dignity. Guided by so enlightened sentiments, Lord Brougham has spared no pains to create in the minds of the working classes a corresponding acknowledgment of the obligation to cultivate and perfect themselves; and, having awakened the desire for improvement, he has, through the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and other channels, striven to gratify it. In Parliament he has pleaded their claims, and has done more to equalise the benefits of law than any other man of his day. Abuses, the most difficult to be eradicated, have been subjected by him to scrutiny; and through every species of opprobrium has he sought to correct them. So harmonious a scheme of philanthropic effort, sustained through so long a life, and fulfilled amid so much disgrace and discouragement, can be explained by no paltry reference to egotism, or ambition, or low moral motive. Effort directed to the highest good of mankind, and during so trying a probation, may well entitle this extraordinary man to some charitable allowance for waywardness in smaller matters, especially when within the narrowest circle of the humblest of ourselves, we see so often the actions of persons of incredibly inferior gifts and far poorer aims ascribed by enemies to motives which, we all know, they abhor and disdain.

Viewing the character of Lord Brougham, however, by the light of his authorship, we are constrained to drop the style of defence, as in the mere use of it deprecatory, and to assume a higher method of criticism, as alone really worthy of his claims. The vastness of his literary aims, and especially his union in these of studies most directly oratorical with those purely philosophical, suggest a most interesting point of resemblance between him and the great Roman orator—of course we mean Cicero. We cannot hesitate to believe that the life of the famous Roman just mentioned, has influenced, in a very considerable measure, the development and direction of Lord Brougham's mind. Neither can we hesitate to assign the higher place to the modern. With the same transparency of style, and the same resounding march of period, as well as with an equal share of the merely rhetorical skill, which have rendered the orations and philosophical works of Cicero so celebrated, Lord Brougham displays a higher union of the practical with the speculative than he did, as well as a higher totality of power, logical, metaphysical, declamatory, and imaginative. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the necessities of the age and circumstances in which the Roman lived. But the points of agreement are by far the most pleasant to dwell upon. In the philosophical works of

both, we find revealed that calm and cheerfulness of mind which are so characteristic of philosophers, and so unlike the noisy strife of orators when engaged in the disputes of a day. No anger or turbulence penetrates the retreat of either, to remind us that they too are men of time and of habitual acquaintance with a public; but a sublimated peace seems to occupy the minds of both. The fact removes them out of that troubled life, where perhaps they have exhibited only too much in common with men immensely their inferiors, into a pure and elevated region remote from every temptation to indulge low passions, or to busy themselves in trivial pursuits.

As a literary artist, Lord Brougham is an object of most peculiar interest. To the student, whether of philosophy, oratory, or divinity, aiming at a true style, his works present a storehouse of examples. Few kinds of thought or modes of treatment are wanting in them. To think well and vastly, seems scarcely more to have been the aim of his magnificent intellect, than to conform all he thought to the laws of a majestic rhetoric. The ancient, especially the Grecian models, were what he himself passionately studied when in earliest youth; and his spirit seems to have become so totally subdued by their pure and ideal excellence, that no writer of the present day, we venture to say, has surpassed, if any have even equalled him, in the embodiment of English thought according to the ancient conception. As an orator, of course, Lord Brougham admits of no rival in modern times, however much he may be excelled in other capacities. No pains in the study of his orations will be thrown away. The selection of words, the adjustment of sentences, the relation and sequence of paragraphs, and those delicate harmonies throughout the composition, which reveal, wherever they are found, the genius and shaping hand of a master, are worthy of profoundest examination. If then, such and so various powers, subordinated to the most patriotic ends, are found in one man, let us not scrutinise his frailties with too keen an eye; but allowing something for the misrepresentation of enemies, let us throw over what else remains the covert of pity and commiseration, remembering our own infirmities and the sympathy due to an old and great man. Beyond all doubt, the temper of Lord Brougham is bad; perhaps, also, he is deficient in high religious sensibility. The consciousness of transcendent endowments, and the splendour of his career, have probably tended to deepen this defect. Over it we lament with deepest sorrow, as it troubles that feeling of high admiration which never fails to be awakened on our remembrance of his illustrious name.

THE CANARY.

The canary (*Fringilla canaria*) is not indigenous, in a wild state, in our island; but it breeds in captivity, and may be regarded, in a certain sense, as naturalized, and therefore has full claims upon our notice. It is to the Canary, or Fortunate Isles, and Madeira, that we must look, as the original nursery of this elegant songster.

In the twelfth edition of his 'Systema Naturae,' Linnaeus notices two species, namely the *Fringilla butyracea*, which he assigns to Madeira; and the *Fringilla canaria*, allotted to the Canary Islands. Dr Heincken, in the Zoological Journal, vol. v., considers both these presumed species as identical; and gives a very interesting account of the habits of the wild race, still common in Madeira. He states, that this species builds in thick bushy high shrubs, and trees, constructing its nest of roots, moss, feathers, hair, &c.; it pairs in February, and has five, sometimes six broods in the season. The eggs are five in number, and of a pale blue. It is a familiar bird, frequenting gardens in the outskirts of the city; and is a delightful songster, with much of the nightingale and skylark's, but none of the woodlark's song. Yet, if we except three or four skylarks in confinement in Funchal, neither this bird, nor the nightingale or woodlark, is indigenous in the island; and therefore it cannot be supposed that the notes of the wild canary are acquired by imitation. It is in full song about nine months in the year. 'I have heard,' he adds,

'one sing on the wing, and passing from one tree to another at some distance; and am told that, during the pairing season, this is very common. Each flock has its own song; and from individuals in the same garden differing considerably, I suspect that each nest varies more or less. After the breeding season, they flock with linnets, goldfinches, &c., and are then seldom seen in gardens. The moult takes place in August and September. An old bird caught and put into a cage will sometimes sing almost immediately, but seldom lives longer than two years in confinement. The young from the nest are difficult to rear, dying generally at the first moult. They cross readily with the domesticated variety; and the progeny are larger, stronger, better breeders, and also, to my taste, better songsters than the latter; but a pure wild song from an island canary at liberty, in full throat, and in a part of the country so remote from the haunts of man that it is quite unsophisticated, is unequalled in its kind by anything I have ever heard in the way of bird-music.' Bechstein, we know not on what authority, states that the canary was introduced into Europe in the beginning of the sixteenth century: 'A vessel which, besides its merchandise, was bringing a number of these birds to Leghorn, was shipwrecked off the coast of Italy, opposite the Island of Elba, where these little birds having been set at liberty took refuge. The climate being favourable they increased, and would certainly have become naturalised, had not the wish to possess them occasioned their being caught in such numbers that at last they were extirpated from their new country.' From this cause, Italy was the first European country where the canary was reared. At first their education was difficult, as the proper manner of treating them was unknown; and what tended to render them scarce was, that only the male birds were brought over, no females.'

The colour of the wild canary is grey, or grey brown, with a wash of olive green, clearer on the under parts; some of our cage birds present us very nearly with this colouring, being dusky green, or greenish brown above, and yellowish green below: and it is certain that individuals of this colour are stronger than those of a pale yellow, or of a jonquil yellow colour; and, if the colours be nicely toned, little inferior, if at all, in exterior attractions. It is difficult to say to what definite cause the departure of the canary, in a state of domestication, from its primitive colouring is to be attributed; but we observe that parallel departures take place in all our domestic animals, whether quadrupeds or birds; and not this only, but alterations in stature and symmetrical proportions. Bechstein, speaking of the varieties of the canary in Germany—a country noted for the breeding of these birds, says, 'The yellow and white have often red eyes, and are the most tender. The chestnut are the most uncommon; and hold a middle rank for strength and length of life between the two extremes. But as the plumage of the intermediate one is a mixture of these principal colours, their value depends on the pretty and regular manner in which they are marked. The canary that is most admired amongst us now, is one with the body white or yellow, the head, particularly if crested, wings, and tail, yellowish dun. The second in degree is of a golden yellow, with the head, wings, and tail black, or at least dusky grey. Next follow the grey or blackish, with a yellow head and collar. The yellow, with a blackish or green tuft, are very much valued. As for those that are irregularly spotted, speckled, or variegated, they are much less sought after, and are used to pair with those of one colour—white, yellow, grey, brown grey, and the like.' In London, there are societies of amateurs, for promoting the fancy breeds of canaries; and the number of beautiful and valued varieties which have resulted from the care and experience of successful breeders, is very considerable. It is the general practice of these societies to award a prize to the fortunate competitor, who exhibits a bird bred by himself nearest in all respects to the model published by them the season before that in which the exhibition for the prize in question is to take place. It is from the exertions of such societies that

our valuable varieties of the pigeon, the fowl, and the rabbit have been established and perfected; and certainly the experiments conducted to produce the end in view are not destitute of physiological importance. Mr Rennie states, that the London fanciers acknowledge two standard sorts of canaries; namely, 'the plain and the variegated; or, as they are technically called, the gypsanglars, or mealy, and junks, or jonquils. These two varieties are more esteemed than any of the numerous varieties which have sprung from them; and although birds of different feathers have their admirers, some preferring beauty of plumage, others excellence of song, certainly that bird is most desirable where both are combined. The first property of these birds consists in the cap, which ought to be of fine orange colour, pervading every part of the body except the wings and tail, and possessing the utmost regularity, without any black feathers, as by the smallest speck it loses the property of a show bird, and is considered a broken-capped bird. The second property consists in the feathers of the wing and tail being of a deep black up to the quill, as a single white feather in the wing, or tail, causes it to be termed a foul bird: the requisite number of these feathers, in each wing, is eighteen; and in the tail, twelve. It is, however, frequently observed that the best coloured birds are foul in one or two feathers, which reduces their value; though they may be still matched to breed with.' Every year produces some new variety, attesting the breeder's skill. It is not only with its own species that the canary will pair; the female will mate with others, more or less closely allied, as the siskin, the citril finch of southern Europe, the linnet, the greenfinch, the goldfinch, and sometimes, though rarely, with the bullfinch. Dr Jassy, of Frankfort, informed M. Bechstein that he had obtained mules from a bullfinch and canary, by making other canaries sit upon the eggs and bring up the young; and that this plan is pursued in Bohemia. Dr Jassy states, that his pair are greatly attached to each other; and that the bullfinch mourns all the time he is separated from his companion. Mules between a goldfinch and canary are often very beautiful, combining the colours of both parents, and, at the same time, fine songsters. It is, we believe, ascertained that mules between the canary and linnet, goldfinch or siskin, will breed when paired with a mate of the pure unmixed canary race: but such mules are seldom or never fertile between themselves; at least, we have never known of an instance.

Canaries, as is well known, may be bred in large cages, purposely constructed; but stronger birds may be reared in a large airy room, where a net or wire gauze is spread over the open window, or in a large garden aviary; and the reason is evident—both parents and offspring have better air, and more exercise. The best time for pairing canaries is in April, and the male should be not less than two years old. Good attentive males, neither dull nor vicious, are difficult to be obtained: nor are good females always to be met with—some are apt to lay, without sitting; others neglect to feed their young, and even pick and ill-use them; such females are not worth keeping. The female, as is usual, is the nest maker; the male brings to her the materials, of which a supply should be always accessible; these consist of moss, cow-hair, fine hay cut, fine short wool, &c. In a breeding-cage, which should be in a secluded, yet well-ventilated place, a little box or wicker basket is usually placed, as the receptacle of the nest; but in a large room, or aviary, a good-sized evergreen—as a fir, or the like—growing in a tub, will attract the builder, and the nest will be built on its branches. The number of eggs varies from four to six, and one is laid successively every following day. It is a common practice to remove the eggs in succession as they are laid, substituting an ivory imitation for the first removed, and to keep them in wool, or fine sand, till the number is completed, when they are restored to the nest for the purpose of incubation. This is a bad practice; it is not according to nature, and we can seldom interfere with nature without inconvenience. Buffon rightly observes, that 'this plan causes the mother a greater loss of heat, and burdens

her at once with five or six little ones, which, coming together, disturb rather than please her; whilst in seeing them hatched successively, one after the other, her pleasure is increased to the support of her strength and courage. Very intelligent bird-fanciers assure us, that by not removing the eggs from the female, and leaving them to be hatched in succession, they have always succeeded better than when substituting ivory eggs.' To this we can add our own testimony. Some of the finest canaries we ever saw were bred by a relative in a room appropriated to the pair, where neither their nest nor their eggs were interfered with. The canary breeds two or three times in the season; and the hen for the most part sits exclusively, the male occasionally taking a short turn on the nest: but when the young are hatched (the period of incubation being thirteen days), then his duties commence; the female still broods over her young as long as they remain unfledged, but the male supplies them with food till about the thirteenth day, when they begin to pick alone. In addition to the ordinary food and water, the following supplies should be given: a quarter of a hard egg, minced fine, white and yolk together, mixed with a little white bread steeped in water, and afterwards well pressed, should be placed in one small vessel, and in another, a small quantity of rapeseed which has been boiled, and then washed in fresh water to remove its acrimony. These supplies should be repeated every day. If the bread be sour, the nestlings will infallibly die. In about a month the young may be placed in separate cages. It is remarkable, that canaries kept for breeding seldom live longer than seven or eight years, while others, with proper care, will exist often sixteen, eighteen, or even twenty.

In order to keep canaries in health, diet, air, and cleanliness, are points to be rigidly attended to. With respect to food—canary seed, the small brown summer rapeseed, (not the large black kind), occasionally a little bruised hemp and poppy seed, form the best diet: in the spring and summer, groundsel, plantain, &c., may be added. Fresh pure water, for bathing and drinking, should be given every day. In the moulting season, neither saffron nor liquorice, as is commonly the practice, should be put into the water, but a bit of clean iron; which becoming oxidized on the surface, communicates to it a tonic property. Sweet cakes, and the like, render the bird sickly, and spoil its appetite; birds so fed never moult well and easily. Clean sand should be regularly strewed over the floor of the cage; the bird picks it up as an auxiliary in digestion. The canary requires good ventilation, and can bear neither a hot, close room, nor exposure to cold. In winter, the bird should never be kept in a chilly room, unwarmed by a fire; nor ever be exposed to a keen north or east wind. Let the fact be kept in mind, that it is originally a native of the sunny, yet delightful Canary Islands. Cleanliness is not less important than diet and temperature; without due attention to this, the bird's feet soon become diseased; it is also liable to be attacked by various minute parasites—and in particular one species of a red colour, with which the cage is often found to swarm; in such circumstances, if not speedily relieved, the bird soon dies. These very minute red parasites cover the bird, beneath its disarranged plumage, and lurk, during the day, in every crack, fissure, or hiding-place of the cage; at night, they come forth, to torment their victim. When infested with parasites, the cage should be burned, or, if too valuable, immersed in boiling water, and well cleaned out and dried; the bird should be bathed frequently in milk-warm water, and allowed as much air and exercise as possible.—*Our Song Birds.*

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN BRITISH LITERATURE.

The first leading characteristic of our modern British literature is its nationality. Until the time of Burns, Scottish literature at least was chiefly a foreign importation. Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd' indeed existed, as also the true but fugitive lays of the unhappy Fergusson; but these voices spoke low and deep on the declivity; the high places were occupied by writers who sympathised very partially

with Scottish feelings or peculiarities. In fact, as O'yle justly observes, that cluster of authors, including Hume, Lord Kames, Adam Smith, and Principal Robertson, resembled rather a colony of French missionaries inhabiting a barbarous country, than sons of the soil glowing in their relation to it, and anxious to be its dutiful and enthusiastic children. An occasional Scotticism is the only distinct evidence of their extraction we can find in their writings. Lost in ingenious speculations, in remote and recondite inquiries, they little knew how slightly they were severed from the richest mines of humour, pathos, romance, and tragedy, buried in that strange, quaint, profound and true thing, the Scottish heart. Nay, even though they had known what treasures there lay in the abyss, they were not the men to have successfully explored it. The poet describes his diver as 'lean and strong fra Oman's coral sea'; they were rather pursy and plethor for such work of daring discovery. It was not without difficulty that they could accept the ploughman prodig himself when says Lockhart, 'he came in among the with his great flashing eyes, from the plough-tail, at single stride.' And it was not altogether from his rudeness, his dogmatism, and his thorough estimate of himself that they shrank, but also from his intense and glorying nationality—that feeling which made him say—

'I had a wish—I mind its power—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly move my breast—
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book micht make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded beer,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear.'

Various causes besides the influence of Burns contribute to give our literature more of a national character. The war, in reviving the flame of national prejudice, in shutting the Continent against us, had the effect of forcing us back upon our own resources, and producing a strong of insular spirit which has been followed by very beneficial results. The grand tour became shortened into a trip to the Lakes or to the Hebrides. Men who before had raved of Alps and Andes, the Pyrenean and the river Po, now waxed eloquent on the beauties of Dunkeld and the frowning caves of Staffa; and, just then, there arose a man who was the national genius personified—who, by name, nature, education, his powers and his prejudices, his strength and his weakness, was qualified to be a colossal emblem of his country—who said, 'If I did not see the heather once a year, I think I should die'; and whose genius, sweet as the breath of that beloved heather, has borne the odour of our national character and national history to the ends of the earth. In time for Scotland, Scott arose—in time to arrest her traditions as they were floating on to oblivion, and to breathe immortality upon all her peculiarities of spirit, sentiments, and manners. As Homer drew into his verse the last spirit of the first heroic age, so did Scott, even after Burke's premature Jeremiad over the extinction of chivalry, imbibe, retain, and express its subtlest essence. This he did for 'dear auld Caledonia,' and did it because he could not help it: doing it was his mission, and lay like a burden upon that lofty brow of his, till it was fulfilled. He has many monuments, but his true monument is the erect face and form of every true Scotsman, in every country and to all future time, at the sound of his name.

'And far and near, o'er dale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same,
And kindle, like a fire new stirr'd,
At mention of his name.'

or to use the language of a beautiful writer, which, though at first applied to one poet, can yet bear, nay, we think, challenged transference, in all its parts, to the manes of another—'A national poet such as Scott is a guardian, & once the sternest and sweetest, of the ancient spirit and independence of Scotland, and of her dear old simplicities. He is worth a thousand laws and statutes to preserve our public virtue. He is a compelling power on the side of

nature to bind our nobles and peasants to their fatherland of Scotland, bringing them back, by leading-strings of love that cannot be resisted, to their native streams, which have murmured in his verse through their hearts during the long years of their unavoidable absence. He has magnified our country through all ages to come, and to all nations. He has brought out the character of our peasantry, and raised and kept them up to a level of moral respect beyond the example of any other people; and by this, his vindication of their native worth, has smoothed down the offensive gradations of society, and fused all classes of our countrymen into one happy amalgam of mutual honour and love. The man who has done all this is worth richer fineless to a country. The gems and the most fine gold—enough 'to ransom great kings from captivity'—could not but buy us such a man.'

And again, in reply to the question, with what materials does Scotland furnish her native bards, he answers, 'With her victories set in blood; with the memory of her independence; with the character of her sons and daughters, simple as water, but strong as the waterfall; with her song, surely at first never composed by mortal man, but split from the overflowing soul of sorrow or gladness; with her music, twinborn, say rather one, with her poetry; with her fairy belief, the most delicately beautiful mythology in the history of the human mind, and strangely contrasted with the rugged character of her people, a people of art and strife; with her simple heroic faith; with the graves of her headless martyrs in green shaw or on grim moor, visited by many a slip of sunshine, streaming from the cloud in the still afternoon; all this, and a thousandfold more, is the vast inheritance of the heart bequeathed to the Scottish poet by his fathers.'

But the nationality of Scott did more than revive the memory of the 'auld Scottish glory'—did more than communicate to parts of Scotland interest where it was not—did more than cast a magic robe upon every mountain, valley, and wold, on which his consecrating foot rested even for a moment; it deepened the old sources of feeling—it flung a burden of new renown on fields which were thought to have gathered all their fame—it added new associations to the clustering reminiscences of centuries—it has mingled a thought of the fictitious Marmion with that of the real James, as we tread on Flodden's dark and airy brow; and of Bothwell with Burley, as we lean over the bridge where the Covenanters fell; and of Fergus with Charles, as we muse on gory Culloden. Nay, Scott not only produced a host of writers, who, however far inferior in genius, sought to vie with him in attachment to Scotland, but his influence extended to Ireland and to Wales, created, or at least strengthened in both of these a national literature, which has resisted, and is resisting still, that tendency to assimilation in the habits, manners, character, and language, of the three nations, which is nevertheless advancing at such railway speed, and with such iron necessity. Should, indeed, the influences which are at work succeed in melting down the nations of Europe into one vast whole, national peculiarities must disappear. But even in this case we owe a debt of gratitude to those writers who in their works, as in museums, shall preserve them for the inspection and instruction of after-ages. Such authors we may rather compare to the disentombed cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which have retained not only the language, the history, and the general aspects of a dead age, but the minutest details of manners and customs, of furniture and dress, where—strange, terrible, and instructive the spectacle—you see, under the crust of lava, temples, forums, amphitheatres, tombs, pictures, pavements, with wheel marks worn in the solid stone; coins, grinding-mills, wine and food; dungeons, with captives still chained in their dreadful solitudes; here and there a victim who, though at liberty, had been overtaken by the fiery storm—the skeleton smith standing at his cold anvil—the skeleton carpenter grasping his idle tool—the skeleton spectator in the theatre, seated with his hands arrested in the act of applauding the performer. Thus in perfect, though ideal preservation, shall

and habitudes of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, appear to after-time on the pages of Downes, Banin, Carlton, Edgeworth, Galt, Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott.

We name as another characteristic of our modern literature, its breadth, or rather cosmopolitanism. This may seem, but is not, in contradiction to the former remark. As the sharpest observer of his own breast is also the shrewdest judge of the character and motives of others, so the literature which looks at home is the better prepared for extending its views and its sympathies abroad. A home literature is a healthy literature; and a healthy literature, like a healthy man, is generally a great traveller. Hence, in no age have we seen combined so much intensity and so much breadth; so much attachment to the near, and so much sympathy with the distant, as in ours. The literature of Greece was proud, exclusive, contemptuous; it fixed the stigma of barbarism upon all that was not written in its own fine hand. The literature of Rome, again, was servile and imitative, it leaned, though often in a noble attitude, upon its own haughty captive; it ceased at a very early period to be national, and became a version of the Greek. The French literature, again, true at least to the frivolity and the cleverness of the nation, resembled the Greek in this, that it treated all others with civil but cutting scorn. Whereas it is the distinction of the Germans and of the British, that they, both cherishing a warm love for their own country and their own country's writers, hold out open arms to foreign influences and importations. The Germans, we grant, were first in this generous conduct. While we, on this side of the sea, were denouncing and anathematising the first rank but beautiful luxuriance of the German mind, they were sitting at the feet of our leading authors; they were translating Shakespeare, imitating Milton, and appeared to understand their peculiar beauties even better, and to have imbibed their genuine spirit even more fully than ourselves, till at last, shamed by this return on their part of love for hatred, and admiration for contempt, we were compelled to do them true but tardy justice. Since then the wild thunders which pealed over the Hartz and the Brocken, have awakened many an echo within the circuit of our own shores. The voices of Weimar and Bayreuth now give law to the higher literature of Britain. Nay, a school has been formed, which appears to have transferred the allegiance of its heart, thought, and language, to the fatherland of Germany. Meanwhile, foreign blood has been infused into our literature from other sources—from Italy, from Spain, and of late from Russia and from Sweden; and through the means of our young scholars repairing to foreign universities, a practice becoming more common every year; of our ships and steamers flying to every quarter of the globe; of our hardy travellers, found like the fern and the pine everywhere; of our centrical position amid the spokes of a wheel as wide as the earth,—our literature has become, or is becoming, a compound, in addition to its own native qualities, of the forces, the refinements, and the riches of every clime. As London is the real capital, so ours is the real literature of the world.

Simplicity is another characteristic of our modern literature. We do not entirely refer to simplicity of style, although here too a very signal revolution has been effected. Toward the close of the last century, a thorough depravation of taste and diction had infected even what were considered the models of our then living literature. Addison's style—that green among the colours, so sweet, simple, 'natural—if timid, and incapable of expressing the highest thought, or suberving the purposes of the most fervid eloquence, had gradually lost its hold upon the public taste, and before a native diction arose to supply its place, there was an interregnum, in which prevailed, both in poetry and prose, every variety of false and turbid language. Dr Johnson, with all his force of intellect, not only fell into this fault himself, but drew the entire tongue after him, for a season. 'If you,' said Goldsmith to him, 'were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make them talk like whales.' Uniform swell, antithesis, and verbosity, were the characteristics of this mode of

giant, not to be used with impunity by any one less. But the worst was, that it *was* used by many less, who exhibited the 'nodosities of the oak without its strength, the flash without the bolt, the contortions of the sybil without the inspiration.' Essays, nay, handbills and advertisements, receipts for making jelly, jam, and marmalade, not to speak of tales and love letters, were all written in what was called the Johnsonian style. Nay, the very creatures who ventured to assail the old one-eyed giant of criticism, sometimes pelted him with his own epithets, and he could not have felt very comfortable to find his own big words flying about his ears. In Gibbon, again, the faults of this style were accompanied by others peculiar to himself—indirectness, obscurity, and a pert flippancy of tone unworthy of the great historian, who could at times write such sentences as this, in speaking of the conquering Tamerlane: 'He pitched his last tent at Arar, where he was expected by the angel of death.' In the orators of that day, but more particularly in Sheridan and Grattan, we find traces of the same vicious manner of writing. In the poets it came to its perfection in the compound epithets, 'dry epithets laid on the outside, and into which none of the vitality of the sentiment was permitted to circulate; in the forced personification and ostentatious impotence of Darwin, Hayley, Seward, and the Della Cruscan School; and even in Junius and Burke, the two best writers of the era, we find the taste or taint of the age in the laboured curtness of the one, and the stiff gilded frame in which it pleases the other too often to insert his matchless pictures; and we think no one can have read the writings of the excellent Mrs More without wishing that she had conveyed her useful and virtuous thoughts in a style less elaborately copied from Dr Johnson, and given us less the ludicrous impression of a young lady wearing the wig and the spectacles of an old, solemn, priggish, and pedantic schoolmaster.

A change in this respect has come over our literature. The bare and literal style of Cowper; the oratory of Fox, whose words were said to be darts of fire, so nervous and so direct were they; the rise of the Lake School, which reduced simplicity to a system, and exalted it to a worship; the example of Scott, and not less or perhaps more than either, the intense infusion of popular feeling, poured through the political changes and upheavings of the day, have tended at once to simplify and exalt our mode of writing, to diffuse and render almost universal, a clear, direct, and straightforward diction; so that, take up any review, or magazine, or newspaper, you are as certain to find a good general style, as in going to a new part of the country you are sure to find it subdivided into fields, and abounding in hedges and drains. There are indeed, to this some ridiculous and some illustrious exceptions. There are a few, and those of no mean mark, since they include the names of Chalmers, Carlyle, and Professor Wilson, who, it would appear, consider themselves privileged to do with language what they please—to invent a style for themselves—to deal with words as the autumn winds with leaves, tossing them about in the fierce breath of their spirits, and who, if critics tell them that they write ill, reply only by writing worse. We do not exactly defend the eccentricities of such men, but we would simply say this, we must take them as they are, and be thankful for them as they are; we must take the lion with his beard; we must take the sun with his blinding, as well as with his ripening ray, and bear with the shriek of the hurricane when we think of its salutary influence. Truth may, let certain journalists say what they like, speak sometimes in a strange and startling fashion, and remain truth still. Whether such a privilege be granted or not, it is likely to be taken. Some men, like the chainless elements of the air, like the tameless creatures of the desert, obey a law, and speak a language, and follow a way of their own; 'they hear a voice we cannot hear—they see a hand we cannot see.'

We have spoken hitherto of simplicity of style. But surely there is a deeper simplicity in the literature of the age than this—surely amid the levity, and the selfishness,

and the falsehood of the world, and of the literary world, we are aware of a slow, silent, but mighty stream of tendency, setting in toward a more liberal, a more straightforward, and a sincerer style of thought, on the part of modern thinking and writing men. We must not forestall ourselves in what we have to say of the earnestness of modern literature, but we meanwhile may be permitted to note this growing simplicity of purpose, as a main and a new feature in the age. It was the want of this, we think, which partly, if not principally, disqualified Byron from being the leader of his country. He was endowed in the very prodigality of nature. He had birth, wealth, beauty, genius, admiration, and love. He rose proudly and at one sweep above all his contemporaries, as if to claim kindred or demand a contest with a superior order of beings; and yet he was miserable to madness, according to the measure of a demon; the vocabulary of woe laboured under the demands of his melancholy; the gauge of hell alone could compute the depth of his wretchedness; and never, never more, till this scene of tears and sighs be ended, shall we meet with such an expounder of the wretchedness of man. And why so miserable, and why a wreck so dreary? Thomas Macaulay has truly said, it was because he was a spoilt child. Another has said in verse—

'The thought that he was greater than his kind
Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind,
By gazing at his own exceeding light.'

The plain prose and English is, he wanted simplicity of purpose; he had no one great object in life; he would be neither one thing nor yet another. Life was neither with him an earnest single-eyed effort, nor was it—could it be—a mere display. He believed, and trembled as he believed, that it was a serious thing to die, but he felt not sufficiently that it was a serious thing to live. He would not struggle, he must shine; but he could not be satisfied with mere shining without struggle. And hence, ill at ease in himself, he turned to bay against society, man, and God; and hence, too, he has, if we may so speak, fallen through the age, with loud noise, amid wide attention, and praise, and blame, and sympathy, and tears, but has not left a profound and permanent impression upon a period to which, after all, he has told nothing save his own sad story. How great the contrast between him and such a man as Dickens! His mere literary merit is far inferior to Byron's. He has no massive or profound intellect; no learning superior to a schoolboy's; no very vast or creative imagination; and yet, through his simplicity and sincerity, he has obtained a popularity and influence which neither Shakspeare nor Scott in their lifetime exemplified. He is ruling over us, like a fairy king or Prince Pretty-man, strong men as well as weak yielding to the 'glamour' of his tiny rod. Louis XIV. walked so erect, and was so perfect in the management of his person, that people mistook his very size, and it was not discovered till after his death that he was a little and not a large man. So many of the admirers of Dickens have been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features, the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile that plays about his tiny mouth, that they have imagined him to be a Scott or a Shakspeare. He has never fallen into such an egregious mistake; he has never sought to alter by one octave the note nature gave him, and which is not that of an eagle, nor a nightingale, nor a lark, but of a happy, homely, glee-some cricket on the hearth. Never was a monarch of literature less envied or more loved. Even the *Times* the other day had not the heart to wreak its full vengeance upon him, but 'stayed its thunder in mid-volley.' And while rather wondering at the length of his reign over such a capricious republic as that of letters, and while fearlessly expressing our doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we own that his sway has been that of gentleness, of a good, and earnest, and kindly man, and unite in wishing long life and prosperity to 'bonnie Prince Charlie.'

We may mention hopefulness as another marked characteristic of modern British literature. To this we have reached, as it seems to us, through two periods of a very opposite

character—through a period of indifference and through an age of despair. The eighteenth century was on the whole a century of negative hopelessness; it was not active enough even to entertain an erect and fierce desperation. As a life it lay down laxly to enjoy, as a literature, to describe faithfully and literally the world as it was. It never thought of trying to make that world better, or of hoping that better it should ever be. If its gross ease continued undisturbed, it was perfectly content, and the heathen and the millenium might shift for themselves. This was the age of indifference—an indifference so general and great, that it affected the finest productions of its genius; and in all Addison's exquisite Saturday papers, which are uniformly of a moral character, there does not occur, so far as we remember, the most distant gleam of hopeful allusion to the prospects of the world. Individual immortality is the idea he loves principally to indulge. This indifference yielded to various influences about the close of the century; and for a while, above its busy and tumultuous movements, 'Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.' But afterwards, when those fair dreams had been disappointed, when the good genius of the French Revolution seemed to 'vanish in shower of blood,' then fierce despair came down on a large portion of the literary and philosophical world. Old evils seemed returning. Superstition and tyranny seemed rivetting their grasp upon the necks of mankind. Behind the smoke of Waterloo, amid which dim-discovered scaffolds, and the many-headed beast of the Holy Alliance were seen rising, the sun of liberty appeared to be going down. Hall, for instance, said that that fight had put the clock of society many degrees backward. More sanguine and impetuous spirits than he wept aloud when they thought that the world had waded so deep and so far in blood to so little purpose. Of late, however, there has been another reaction. Long-continued peace, advancing improvements, liberalising institutions, increasing knowledge, these and other causes are contributing to arouse a new and a quenchless spirit of hope in the minds of all men, and particularly of the finer intellects of the times—a hope the more likely to be solid as it is far soberer than it was. That misanthropical spirit which, in varied shapes and degrees of sadness, infected the verse of Byron, the prose of Hazlitt, and even of Foster, has well nigh disappeared. In its place has come a certain cheerful sanguine tone, which, if it have lessened somewhat the grandeur, has increased the beauty of our literature. We have evidence of this in the cheap literature of the day, which invariably has taken the bright side of things, and whose light pages are at present entering so many, both of our palace and our cottage homes, as beautiful, as gladdening, as welcome, and almost as cheap as sunbeams. We have evidence of it in the tone of our poetry, which, dealing less in sentimentalism, in rhapsodies of fictitious woe, in minute and morbid views of human life, has become more genial, joyous, manly, resembling less the melancholy note of the nightingale than the free carol of the lark, singing at heaven's gate her songs of hope and gladness. Our thinkers altogether feel more than they did, that amid all the gloomy and dreadful phenomena of the world, there is a soul of goodness at work, there is a process of divine alchemy unfinished in the great crucible, that the motion of society and of mind is not oscillatory as that of a pendulum, but progressive as that of a wheel—of a wheel which may halt, may drive heavily, but cannot drive backward, and will be ready to convey their glowing anticipations in the language of two of their own tribe, predicting in a different age, and in a different land, and in a different language, but expressing the same essential and eternal truth of Emerson, when he says, 'all men shall yet be lovers, and then shall every calamity be dissolved by the universal sunshine;' and of Jean Paul, as, feeling that 'it is the darkest hour of the night in which the dead wake and the living dream,' he cried out, 'but thou Eternal Providence shall cause the day to dawn'; and there spake he not in his own name alone, but in that of the universal human heart, for do not all creatures now sigh to be renewed? We cannot help favourably contrasting this aspect of our current

literature with that of France. There exists in that country what is well called the 'literature of desperation,' the moral of which seems to be the necessity of 'universal, simultaneous suicide,' and which is determined to work out to the last dregs the worst spirit it has extracted from the writings of British and German literature. It is melancholy to think of a class of works obtaining popularity, which are little else than elegant arcades conducting to the Seine, and the other dread chambers of Parisian death. And let us rejoice that though the infection of this monstrous style of writing did threaten once to extend to a certain department of our fictitious compositions, the sound taste of our country has rejected and repulsed it with indignation and horror, and left us a literature at once healthy and hopeful.

We come, lastly, to speak of the earnestness which is beginning to manifest itself in the literature of modern Britain. A certain seriousness and intensity of purpose, a certain reverence and purity of thought, a certain respect for the religious element and the religious character, are revealing themselves in the tone of literary works and in the language of literary men. An earnest man may be known in his very laughter, so an earnestness may be detected in its very jest-books. Think of that little weekly paper called *Punch*; many read it merely to be amused, and we do think that the spirits of the age are better for it. We do believe it has prevented suicides, and may lengthen lives. But this is only the surface; there is something behind it. Its laughter has a sting with it; it makes you reflect afterwards. We speak not of its political, but of its moral purpose and power; and to expose the great humbugs of the age; to abate its pompous nothings; to laugh at its insane schemes; to shoot folly as it flies, even when it flies on high in the highest places; to be ever in readiness to turn upon fresh absurdity and delusion an instant and terrible tide of common sense, edged with laughter, includes, we say, a moral purpose, and is a profound moral power. Straws show the direction of the wind; so when the lightest work in the empire is become a formidable and powerful engine, it is verily a sign of the times, which he that readeth will understand if he read it with attention.

In other quarters a higher influence and earnest tendency are appearing. Reviews and magazines which formerly shunned or sneered at those great topics which enter into the deep secrets of God and the solemn destinies of the human family, now advert to them often with interest and respect. We will not—dare not say that this earnestness is as yet so profound as it should be, and as it must yet become. We will not say that this spirit is yet so thoroughly on the one hand embodied in fixed principle, or on the other so thoroughly severed from sectarian bias and prejudice as were desirable; but we look on it with hope—we hail it with joy.

Why should the daughters of Heaven stand apart or in antagonism to each other? They own one origin, and they look to one home. Three are they in number. One is attired with severe simplicity; her eye is piercing, her air masculine; one hand rests on a terrestrial globe, the other raises a telescope to the stars: her name is Science. The next is more gaily and elegantly attired; her cheek is tinged with a fresher bloom, her mouth is radiant with a sweeter dimple; one hand leans upon the open page of Shakespeare, the other holds a pen which seems to drop sentences of gold: her name is Literature. The third is a more matured and matronly figure; 'grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eye; in every gesture dignity and love,' a dark but transparent veil envelops her majestic form; her eye is raised in contemplation of regions higher than those sidereal heavens to which her sister Science restricts her gaze; one hand rests upon the book of God, the other, as it is lifted upwards, appears to allure to brighter worlds and point the way: her name is Religion. They are sisters in one family, and shall be admitted into one eternal abode. Science shall yet drop her telescope before the throne of the Eternal; Literature shall yet pursue her studies and dream her glorious dreams amid the magic atmosphere of heaven's own day; and Religion shall yet take her two younger

sisters by the hand—shall smile on them with the gentle sovereign love of a supreme nature—shall introduce them into the presence-chamber of the King of Kings, and in a threefold chord which is not easily broken, shall be united with them for ever.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

WHEN I was a boy I had a reasonable share of supernatural knowledge. I do not mean that I had any knowledge of the *black art*. I was no conjuror then; I am no conjuror now. What I do mean is, that I had a due share of that supernatural lore which it was the fashion of the former age to instil into the youthful mind. Knowledge conveyed by the ignorant, the vulgar, the foolish, the worthy custodians of infant minds—the sordid keepers to whose care is committed too often the tenderest buds of infant promise.

I had a tolerable horror of a tombstone, a respectable suspicion of a churchyard, and a rational fear of being left in the dark. My course of study (as was the fashion in those days) had been much among dwarfs and ogres, giants and Jacks; and of the last named individuals, my admiration wavered between the hero of giant-killing celebrity, and him of bean-stalk fame. I think my inclination rather preponderated in favour of the former; but when I planted a bean in imitation of the latter in my little garden, which consisted, I should tell you, of a solitary flower-pot outside the window, I shuddered at my own intrepidity, half expecting to see it overtop the house-top in no time. As I advanced in years, I got from the rudiments of giants and ogres, to ghosts and spectres, which I consider a higher branch in supernatural knowledge. Superstition springs up in the human breast as readily, as perseveringly, as hemlock in the fields and furrows, the hedges and ditches, in spring; only it is not so pretty, and much more pernicious. There is an appetency in the human mind for the supernatural—an appetency which, if not satisfied with the wholesome food of *religion*, will turn to feed upon the empty husks: the baleful weeds of *superstition*. The cure of superstition is religion—the only radical and complete cure; but there is a sort of secondary application, the ridiculous.

Superstition seems to occupy a sort of middle ground between the sublime and the ridiculous. Religion, we repeat, in the sublime, the real, the serious, connected with the supernatural; and it is only by ascending to this sublime that the mind can attain to any lasting and impregnable position against the assaults of superstition; yet by a remarkable arrangement of the mental machinery, it is sometimes wholesome to descend to the ridiculous; superstition hath a perfect loathing of the ludicrous. In a word, if a man would get rid of his superstitious fears, he must first fortify his mind by the realities of religion; satisfy the natural cravings of his spiritual appetite for the supernatural, by the verities of revelation; and he may then turn round and laugh at those fears and fancies which had heretofore assailed him.

I repeat, when I was a boy, I was thoroughly acquainted with all that mass of rubbish which one would think the past generation supposed essential to infantine education. I had gone through the whole preliminary course of giants and dwarfs, graduated upon ghosts, speculated upon spectres, and was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of childish superstition. In the days to which I allude, advantage was taken of these things, both by old nurses and young nurserymaids, to manage children. After rattling a bunch of keys to keep the baby quiet, they clanked the goblin's chain to hold the infant mind in awe. As I grew older I grew not wiser, but my superstitious fears assumed a graver complexion; I looked down upon the little boys who believed in ogres and fairies with disdain, but had a firm faith in apparitions and spirits. My old aunt was a perfect prodigy in this kind of knowledge. She could tell by the particular appearance of the winding-sheet in the candle, whether the doomed one was young or old, male or

female. It mattered not that we heard of no death in the circle of our acquaintance; somebody must have been meant by the omen, that was certain, and must have died, only we did not happen to hear of it; or if nobody died, that was their fault, not the omen's. Then there was the death-watch behind the picture. How horrified the old lady looked when we first heard it. She and I were the only tenants of the chamber, so, of course, it was ours; and though we continued obstinately to live on, the good old lady shook her head mournfully as though she thought we were committing some strange sort of inexplicable impiety. Indeed, I shrewdly suspect, that Phoebe's dismissal from our service, though my aunt laid it on the levity and untidiness of her nature, was mainly owing to the said silly and light-hearted maiden's pertinaciously persisting that the death-watch was nothing more than a spider. Phoebe, as the reader may suppose, was not my instructor in spiritual lore; this was a certain old Nanny, a regular licentiate of goblin-hall, and one who might have taken a degree as well as my aunt. I suppose of these two, either mistress or servant would as soon have sat down upon an adder as upon the *thirteenth chair* at a dinner-table. I have seen them out of spirits all the afternoon because they had spilled the salt at dinner, and actually agast with horror when they discovered the knives crossed. As for my aunt, she lost her only chance of a husband, when she had arrived at that age at which husbands are not to be found as thick as blackberries, through one of her superstitious whimsies. You must know, she was past the period of any very romantic attachment, yet she looked with eyes of special favour upon a certain smart slim little doctor of the old school, who wore a bright blue coat with basket buttons, a bouquet, a dapper little pig-tail, ribbed silk-stockings, and remarkably neat nankeen tights. This Eaculapius in pantaloons looked with longing eye upon my aunt's five per cents., not to mention her person (they were five per cents. at that time, you know.) It is necessary to tell you, that my aunt was by no means an ordinary personage. *Age*, you see, is an affix that will attach itself to persons whether we like it or not; and age was elongating my aunt's chin and attenuating her figure. Still she had been a very comely woman, and she still retained one peculiarity of appearance. Her cheeks displayed that striking, streaked, ingrained scarlet which defies even the advances of age. Did you never see an old lady with a kind of scarlet still tinging her cheek—one of your peach-blossom bloom, your transient crimson that dyes the damask cheek of youth, and is as evanescent as the fervid passions and enthusiastic hopes, and ardent aspirations of youth; but your good wear and tear scarlet that defies the hand of time, like the true feelings of kindness and warmth of friendship that an honest-hearted man carries with him to the grave? Such a streaky scarlet it was, as sometimes dapples the surface of a winter apple. My aunt was always famous for her good colour; indeed, in her early days, it was thought as she was too rosy to blush, or at least to show her blushes, her *rouge-pot kept her in countenances*; but I am sure this is a gross calumny, for she had as much colour in her cheeks when I last, as when I first saw her. Nay, she carried this same colour to her coffin, and even in age reminded one of those crysanthemums and other late autumnal flowers that bloom and blossom far into the winter, casting an air of cheerfulness even over the snow. An emblem it was of my aunt's warm and kindly disposition; for such it was with all her whims.

But to proceed, for I hate prolixity: The little doctor, under colour of attachment to her person, coveted her purse, and she was not invulnerable. This Adonis in basket buttons and nankeen tights, had made an impression very much to the endangerment of my reverisionary interest in the aforesaid five per cents. But it was not to be. The little doctor was as vain as he was avaricious, and thought even more of his dignity than his interest. Well, my aunt and old Nanny had somehow picked up a curious fancy, that it was unlucky to fasten the seats of chairs into the frames. There was some rubbish about putting a screw

into your coffin, or what not. You see the result, my respected reader, but never stop an old gentleman in his gossip. The little doctor calling to see my aunt one day, was shown into the dining-room; he took a chair, but the unfastened seat—they were horse-hair seats with brass nails—was projected into the middle of the room, and the doctor, doubled up like a pair of half-closed compasses, was firmly fixed in the frame of the chair. Never shall I forget the mixture of awe and astonishment depicted upon the countenance of my little sister, whom we found gazing with round eyes and rounder mouth upon the terrific contortions of those nankeen tights—the extravagant and eccentric evolutions they performed in the air, as the little doctor struggled with frantic earnestness to free himself from his unpleasant position. Phoebe was the first to enter the room, drawn thither by the noise; but she had no sooner peeped in than she drew back, and retreated with her apron in her mouth. We all ran to the rescue, but even my aunt could not maintain her dignity. The little doctor released at length, stormed like a fury; he called Phoebe all the careless hussies in the world, and seeing my aunt ready to laugh, he hinted something about old maids and man-traps, at which, glancing at the chair, we had our laugh out, and he sneaked away. My aunt was a little chagrined at the issue of this adventure, and it was perhaps in some degree to restore her spirits that she took country lodgings for the summer season.

Never shall I forget the glow of gladness with which, as a boy, I obtained this first peep into the dear green delicious country. Brought up in London from earliest infancy, I had never seen any thing but houses over the way. How my young eyes glistened upon tall trees and green fields; and, above all, the immense expanse of blue sky over my head, down to my feet, all around me coming down to touch the ground like a great canopy, a splendid azure tent to dwell in. There was the broad and brimming Thames before our door, with that quaint old cumbrous wooden bridge, the arches of which seemed to me to engulf the little painted wherrye which darted into the darkness of them. Then the summer midnight skies! When those multitudinous points of sparkling light came out over my head, my little neck quite ached with looking up at them. There are stars over great cities, to be sure; but then you know there are also houses over the way to hide them. Another source of delight, and to my mind quite as interesting as the stars, were the tiny sparks of illumination with which the dry mossy banks under the old hedges were stored—glow-worms! What a perfect rapture of delight did I experience when I first beheld a number of glow-worms. What with the starry skies and the sparkling glow-worms, and the balmy breath of the new mown hay smelling almost too sweet, it was a regular midsummer night's dream to me. Then there was the liquid gush of the tide, gurgling and tinkling about the banks, and the drowsy hum of the adjacent hamlet murmuring in the silence of the summer night. Our house was situated near one of those warm, cozy, comfortable hamlets which are peculiarly English. Old lumbering red brick houses, and a dark red brick church, as plain a piece of architecture as Noah's ark would be to the eye of a shipbuilder, a square tower with a diamond-shaped dial, and a grey slate roof, nothing could be more plain and unpretending, but withal, it was as pleasant a place as a man need to see; one of those old hamlets that see their warm red faces reflected in the Thames, and would be charming were it for nothing but the lovely contrast of deep red with bright green. I know that stone is better than brick—who doesn't? But just you compare one of the cold-looking grey and white towns of Oxfordshire, with the snug, ruddy, cozy villages of Surrey or Middlesex, and see which you like best. As to green, my young eyes actually revelled in it, deep luscious dark, or bright light yellowish. Then there were old hedge yards above my head, and rich luxuriant grass up to my middle. Our house was one of the oldest in the place, standing at some distance from the hamlet. It was built of ~~dark red bricks~~ with bright red bricks round the

railing above it—that funny sort of wooden railing which is formed into a kind of zigzag pattern, such as you sometimes see depicted on a blue china plate, about the temples that are swimming in the air—among the trees that are all fruit and no leaves—where the men on the bridges are fishing in the air, and the birds flying in the water. Then there was a sort of white wooden balustrade around the roof, and over the door a carved stone face, as a keystone to the rustic work. I confess I never liked the look of that face—it's open mouth and stone dead eyes and snaky hair were very suspicious and supernatural. A strange old lumbering place the house was altogether; and though from the garden we could see the adjacent hamlet nestling among the trees, the house was certainly lonely and solitary. There were long passages about it, and when once the word *corridors* came to my mind, a word sacred to the ghost-bitten school of the last century, I began to fidget about them finely. I didn't care a fig for passages, not I, but *corridors*, the very name was redolent of bleeding nuns and castle spectres, and phantom forms growing 'fine by degrees and beautifully less!' The staircase itself was enough to startle a child and make the qualms of superstition rise on his stomach. The balusters were each a ponderous piece of carved oakmanship, while the stairs were so broad and so shallow as to balk you when you put your foot out. There was a villainous worm-eaten air of antiquity about the whole place that struck old Nanny; and I heard her whispering to my aunt about it. The furniture was all of the most sombre description; the beds looked as if they had been made on purpose for lying in state; and the watch pockets at the head of them for *death* watches, rather than a modern Geneva. I saw old Nanny shake her head, and I was sure there was something in it; I don't mean in Nanny's head, but the shake of it. As for Phoebe, she did not seem much affected, but I have no doubt that her fears made her stick to the young man that minded the garden, as she did; and I dare say my reader will agree with me. There was one room in particular, quite furnished after the Ratcliffe fashion; it was called the spare bedroom. Had it been called the guest's chamber, or the blue room, or any thing of that sort, I verily believe I should have made up my young mind to take to my heels and quit the house; so there's no need for that idle poet, or whatever he was, to say—"what's in a name?" There's a great deal in a name to the readers of romance. Guest's chamber! blue room! why, you might almost as well say the tapestried chamber at once; but there is a snug, comfortable, modern air about the name of 'spare bedroom,' that makes all the difference. I did not sleep there, indeed; my dormitorium was a small back parlour, in which there was a bureau bedstead—one of those innocent atrocities—those honest cheats, by which people try to impose upon others, and only impose upon themselves, by thinking that their imposition is successful. The first thing that excited my superstitious feelings was connected with this same bureau bedstead; it was made to represent a chest of drawers, and over it was suspended a picture of Conway Castle. When I went to bed, the situation of this picture struck me. If Conway Castle was above me, of course I was below Conway Castle. In the *vaults*, the dungeons, the cells, there was a pretty place to be sleeping in. I had a complete fit of the fidgets during the whole night, and in the morning begged old Nanny to remove Conway Castle; a request with which she was weak enough to comply.

A few days reconciled us to our country habitation, and though I still looked with suspicion on some parts of it, particularly the long passages, we got very comfortable. There were noises, certainly *there were* noises, and behind the wainscot too, but then the rats might explain a good deal if they chose to speak out; poor innocent things, we laid much upon their shoulders. We were in happy ignorance at that time. And then the wind bore the blame in part, so we made ourselves happy in spite of the gloomy appearance of the house. How delighted was I with the little rural avocations into which we entered with avidity.

kept fowls, of course, and it was my delight to feed them and watch them, scratching and clucking, and ever and anon with a cock of the head and a jaunty air of inquiry, which seemed to say—"Who are you? what's your name? why do you look at us?" I say, I was general fowl-feeder; and among other instances of animal character that came under my observation, I could not but observe the instinct of equity that nature has implanted in the breast of a fowl. Perhaps it was a *merry thought* of mine, but it was natural enough. The instinct of equity alluded to was, that whereas all the fowls of the neighbourhood came running to help ours to eat their barley, our fowls went in return all over the neighbourhood to lay their eggs, whereby we never saw one of them; but this I call poetic justice.

Again, how pleasant to have a cow milked at our very gate; how superior to London milk! So we thought until we found that the worthy dairyman half filled his can with water before he began to milk his cow into it, when we suddenly discovered that it was no better than London milk after all.

But why do I linger over these trifles? Is it to postpone the truth and spare the feelings of my beloved reader? Vain delicacy! The truth must be told—it shall be told. Dear friends, there were *noises*—the rats were wronged, the wind was slandered—both were innocent; in a word, the house was haunted! This terrible secret came out from the young man that minded the garden, who told it to Phoebe, who told it to us. What a young man that was! Though he knew all about the haunted chamber, he did not seem at all afraid. Of course, Phoebe could not after this go out to the hamlet after dark alone, and that brave young man actually offered to see her home whenever she came, though it gave him the whole of the green lane to go by himself afterwards. At last, I suppose, he got a fright, for he offered to sleep in the house if we liked, which was a great comfort to us all except Phoebe. She protested she saw no use in having the young man in the house at all; if there was a ghost, it was a sheer waste of powder and shot to shoot at it. Phoebe maintained her position with some firmness, until my aunt began to waver, when she immediately gave in, and thought the young man's proposal might be accepted. I considered Phoebe a very simple silly girl at the time, but my aunt did not seem to think her quite so artless as I did; I was a child then, and did not understand it all—I do now.

Our tranquillity was quite disturbed—the report we had heard was a pebble thrown into the still water of our serenity. We looked upon the scene with jaundiced eyes; the green was all turned yellow. Things now assumed their real and intrinsic horror; ghosts now squeaked behind the skirting-board—howled down the chimney; the wind was now absolved, the rats were honourably acquitted.

My aunt having taken the house for the season, could not pocket her feelings sufficiently to go home again; but there was a fly in the ointment of our happiness. In the dusk of evening, many a mist wreath rising from the river assumed a spectral form; and that old birch tree with its silver stem, that graceful pensile tree waving in the wind, gave me many a good start. We now discovered that the spare bedroom was the haunted chamber. Our good-natured neighbours told us all about it. They soon corroborated the story of the young man that minded the garden. Had it not been so, perhaps now that I am come to years of discretion, I might have been disposed to doubt his veracity; but, as I say, our good neighbours corroborated the fact, and one more garrulous and good-natured than the rest, told us that there was no wonder that the chamber was haunted, for a deed of blood had been committed in it, which, if related, would make our very flesh creep. This filled up the measure of our bitter cup. Think of a superstitious family located in a haunted house; for my own part, I became convinced upon how frail a woof the web of human happiness is woven. Bright and charming, it is as the bubbles which I was so fond of blowing, with all the colours of the bow shifting about upon their fragile surface—as light, as bright, as buoyant, as substan-

tial. There were the same tall trees, the same green fields, the same blue sky, but I had lost my sense of exquisite relish for them. The very grasshoppers had got a sort of supernatural chirp, the glow-worms a preternatural glimmer. We took no notice of the nightingale now, for an odious owl, with its melancholy howl and its great staring eyes, had taken up its abode in the old pollard oak beside the Thames. The drowsy hum of the beetle annoyed me with its sepulchral sound, as it darted out of the leaf-eaten lime-trees; and what was worst of all, that bird of ill omen, the bat, actually came bouncing against my hat as I entered the garden in the dusky summer evening. Yes, the world is a strange place; but stranger are the people that live in it. Things, indeed, are continually changing around us, but still more changeable are the eyes with which we regard the things by which we are surrounded. The bee expresses a virulent poison from the selfsame flower that affords his store of honey; and man draws good or evil from the same event, as he is differently disposed. The same landscape that is monotonous to one man is admirable to another; and when the poet regards nothing but the warbling of the nightingale, the superstitious man hears nothing but the hooting of the owl.

Being fully imbued with superstitious fears, our family had not much time for those of a more solid nature; but the house, as aforesaid, being somewhat lonely, my aunt felt a little nervous one evening when old Nanny came into the parlour and stated that there was a man leaning over the garden gate.

"Nonsense!" cried Phoebe, who happened to be in the room, and whose eyes were better. "Nonsense!" she exclaimed, as she peered from the parlour window, "it isn't a man, it's a gentleman."

This specification was in itself satisfactory, but much more so was the discovery which we made when the stranger advanced, that it was none other than our old familiar friend, Sam Jones.

Now it must not be supposed, from the juvenile soubriquet of Sam Jones, that the new comer was any thing approaching to the juvenile in age, face, form, or figure. On the contrary, he was one of those hearties who never go by any designation but *old*. There are some individuals who get the appellation of *old* almost from infancy; but then it is *old* as a term of endearment, and even from infancy they only enjoy the changes which are rung by their friends upon the terms, old boy, old chap, old lad, old friend, old fellow. Such terms, together with a hearty slap on the back, are words to which the heart warms and the spirit dances, and the whole man becomes suffused with the life-blood of friendship. These old fellows, be it observed, often retain their most juvenile appellations to their dying day, and while they are thus *old* in the signification alluded to, are nevertheless your Tom Smiths, or Ben Rickards, or Jem Taylors, or Sam Joneses of society. Our friend was one of these ever-old-never-old geniuses, but he was an elderly man. He was a stout, hale, florid man, in a blue coat and brass buttons, and one who stuck, in despite of all argument, in defiance of all opposition, to the well nigh obsolete atrocity of drab shorts. Sam Jones was one of those universal geniuses who can do everything indifferently but nothing well. He prided himself upon his manifold accomplishments, but upon none so much as blowing the bassoon. This was his solace in solitude, for, by the by, he could never play in concert. He kept time well enough (according to his own account) when he played alone, but anybody else put him out. His bassoon parts were always fragments of orchestral music, and as he always kept the rests as rigidly as a devout papist keeps the fasts, conscientiously counting the time in silence, the effect was more curious than pretty. You might hear him coming out with a few sepulchral groans without a shadow of melody, and then maintaining a profound silence unbroken but by a measured and heavy footfall as he beat and mentally counted the time, for mark you, the reed was in his mouth; after which a few eccentric flourishes would burst upon the astonished ear again. This peculiar affection for so strange an instrument as the bassoon had ob-

tained him among his intimates the expressive cognomen of 'Old Blow-poet.'

Such was Sam Jones, the kindest, heartiest, honestest of old friends. His approach, as you may suppose, was a source of deep delight to all the family. I knew that his presence was as good as a *carte blanche* for me to commit all sorts of mischief; for nobody could be angry with anybody while Sam Jones was present. His countenance was like that of the sun when he shows his bright rosy face in the western sky, making the windows glitter, and the chamber walls glow, and lighting up the whole face of nature with a smile. I say his presence was a signal to me for universal licence, for with my aunt he was a most especial favourite, though she was always shocked at a habit he had got of chuckling Phoebe under the chin; but this is a knack very common to old gentlemen who wear drab shorts, particularly if they are travellers, which (to let the reader into a secret) was the case with Sam Jones. By the by, when I use the word *traveller*, I do not employ it in the same sense in which it is applied to Bruce and Belizom, Park, Denham, and Clapperton—perhaps I shall be better understood when I say that Sam Jones had travelled on *his own account*. He had not travelled with a turban and gown like dear prudent Bruce, or in a British uniform like poor imprudent Clapperton, but in the peculiar costume perhaps alluded to already too often.

Hail to thee! thrice hail, thou charming, thou inestimable treasure, cheerfulness! Wit may flash and sparkle like the coruscations of the northern sky, attracting our wonder and delight as they do, but cheerfulness is like the light of day, which no one estimates until it is departed. Wit and humour are admirable things; but wit, alas! too often loves to wound, and though humour is good, there is no humour so good as good humour. Sam Jones was the very impersonation of good humour. Judge then, beloved reader, if Sam Jones was a fit subject for superstitious fancies; judge if Sam Jones was a man easily to be imposed upon by spectral illusions; judge if he was one of those nervous individuals who see shadowy forms between themselves and the key-hole, or who fancy themselves teapots or umbrella stands, or who believe themselves to be candles and call their hats extinguishers, or imagine their heads to be formed of pie-crust made to be broken. In short, I inquire, was Sam Jones a man to be deceived? And yet how often in after years did my little superstitious heart throb at the remembrance of his words, 'It's all true, ma'am, the house is haunted!'

Pleasant was the company of our old friend, and rapidly ran the hours away as he chatted and joked. His jokes were very small, and no doubt his talk was equally so, but it had the exquisite ingredient of good humour, to which I have alluded, to enliven it. The hours ran on, and still he 'smiled and talked,' until it grew into the dead waste and middle of the night—that fashionable hour for *walking* among the fashionables of the churchyard, when they sally forth to make midnight calls upon their earthly acquaintances. I should tell you I was always allowed to sit up when Sam Jones was present; yes, to sit up to supper; and supper was now over, and the tumblers were on the tray, and our old friend, leisurely untying the strings at his knees, and unbuttoning the off-side of his gaiters, which operation I observed always made his face very red, said he supposed we had not got a pair of slippers in the house large enough for him.

The gathering gloom on my aunt's countenance had not been altogether unperceived by me. It now came to a crisis. A civil war was waging in her breast; hospitality was arrayed against itself and causing this intestine tumult; for on the one hand she could not endure the idea of asking her old friend to go to the village, and yet, on the other, was it not worse to put him into *that* chamber. There was but one spare bed—but one spare bedroom in the house; and it was *that* room.

Sam Jones saw my aunt's embarrassment, and as he never hesitated to speak out, he inquired the cause. My aunt was brought to book. She tried to prevaricate, to explain to make the best of it, but it was all of no use; she

was obliged to confess at last that she had but one spare room, and that was haunted. I wish you could have heard the old gentleman's laugh at this announcement. His laugh was always the most hilarious thing in the world, but upon this special occasion it was superhuman. I confess that, listening as I did with breathless attention to my aunt's explanation, and coming as that explanation did to so fearful a crisis on the word *haunted*, I was as much startled by that sudden peal of laughter as though a veritable ghost had clapped me on the shoulder. But when we saw our old friend's ruddy face encrusted with convulsion, the tears running from his eyes, and heard him take up again and again such a burst of laughter as made the tumblers jingle on the tray, we could not resist the infection that there is in mirth, and were fairly obliged to join the guffaw. Yes, and if the fibres of our superstitious feelings had been a whit less deeply rooted, they must have been eradicated by that hearty laugh. The *ridiculous* as before hinted, is a kind of alkali to neutralise the acid of superstition, and the effervescence in which it passes off is often a hearty laugh.

But our ghostly misgivings were not to be quelled by one laugh, however hearty. Of course my aunt could not resist friend Sam's expressed determination to encounter the horrors of the haunted chamber. She endeavoured to dissuade him, and even hinted at three chairs and the sofa in a room of less ominous import. But Sam scouted this proposal with disdain; hinted something about being sworn at Highgate never to sleep on a chair when he could get a good bed; said that he never slept upon a sofa and chairs but the sofa and chairs betrayed an unconquerable desire to part company; and, finally, set all ghosts, goblins, spectres, and apparitions at defiance.

We heard this rash and reckless man with a shudder, and my aunt related to him all that our good-natured neighbours had told us about the haunted chamber; but he was not to be deterred from his purpose, and if the truth must be told, my aunt was suffering under a mortal attack of curiosity, which in some degree neutralised her fears. There was something inexpressibly exciting in the idea of a man going to sleep in a haunted chamber, and though I cannot go so far as to say that she wished poor Sam Jones to get a fright, yet I believe she was a little piqued for the honour of the apartment; she didn't like to be laughed at—no one does; and she felt a certain sentiment, I am sure, to the effect that if he did see a spectre it would serve him right. At length came the hour for separation. My eyes, notwithstanding my fears and Jones's fun, had been seeing that kind of rainbow-coloured engine-turning about the candle which denotes decided drowsiness, and at length we parted.

My aunt's chamber was immediately beneath the haunted room, and she suddenly thought that I should be very lonely sleeping by myself on that eventful night, and so she would take me to sleep with her. It was exceedingly kind and considerate of my aunt, and so I felt it. The least noise on that night was exciting. How we lay and listened to the creak of Sam Jones's shoes. He seemed as if he never would go to bed; perhaps he was afraid. At length he was still; but he was not in bed, for we could hear a strange bumping on the floor, just like the noise that a nurse makes, rocking an infant, on her chair. What could it possibly mean? Sam Jones could not be nursing a child. Was it possible that this was the ghost, and that our friend was even now engaged in some awful interview. The thing was inexplicable; and then there was a no less inexplicable noise like the tapping of the poker on the hob. What could it all mean? There was no fire in the grate, for it was summer, you know. These were noises indeed; noises enough to make the boldest shudder. And now a strange mysterious fragrance seemed to eddy about the house; the village clock tolled *one*. I had heard of ghosts leaving a peculiar fragrance behind them; some of an ambrosial, some of a sulphureous nature, but this—'Bless my heart!' cried my aunt; 'I hope he has not set the house on fire.' No, no, as it became a little stronger, it was recognised by our attentive nostrils.

'Filthy tobacco!' exclaimed my aunt.

Sam Jones was smoking a pipe, knocking out the ashes on the hob, and rocking himself in his elbow-chair. That daring man was actually so much at his ease as to be smoking a pipe, sitting alone in the haunted room. There is something so much like taking it easy—making yourself at home—in smoking a pipe, that we were amazed at his audacity. The idea of making yourself at home in a haunted chamber!

At length, I presume, his pipe was out, for we heard the creaking of his shoes again. Soon after his door opened. He is scared! He cannot sleep there! was the simultaneous thought of my aunt and me as we started up in bed. The very idea made our blood run chill, but a warm glow came to our hearts as we heard him shout in a stentorian voice.

'Phoebe! Phoebe! some cold water.'

There was a long pause, for Phoebe had retired to rest.

'Phoebe!' cried the impetuous Jones. 'Phoebe! there's no cold water in the room.'

Phoebe at length took up the water. What a bold girl that was! We actually heard her run giggling back along the passage. But it is of no use making a long story about nothing. I was always fond of brevity, and am so still. The morning came, and with it came Sam Jones down to breakfast. Imagine if you can, my beloved reader, with what intense feelings of awe and hushed curiosity my aunt and I regarded him. We saw at once that there was something on his mind; that bold visage was blank; that merry face of his had assumed an air of gloomy importance. He said nothing, but he shook his head mournfully. My aunt was literally afraid to ask. Breakfast was served and passed in dull silence; that silence became extremely irksome. Our old friend appeared determined to preserve the mystery; he evidently shrunk from inquiry, and perhaps nothing would have been divulged had not my aunt's curiosity become irresistible. She could repress herself no longer, and just as Sam had finished his third round of toast, and, with a gentle sigh, was asking for some more ham—I know I am right, because I remember wondering how he could eat so much under the circumstances—just, I say, as he was asking for some more ham, my aunt inquired, in a faltering tone, 'Have you had a good night's rest?'

'Don't ask me; don't ask me, my dear madam,' was the reply.

'But I must ask you, Mr Jones; I will ask you; it is my duty to ask you. I have a right to know whether I did wrong in allowing a guest to undergo the terrible ordeal of that chamber. It is necessary that I should be prevented from putting another to so painful a trial, and therefore I conjure you to tell me. Were you disturbed?'

'I was disturbed,' said Jones, impressively.

'Then the chamber is—is really haunted!'

'It's all true, ma'am, the chamber is haunted.'

'But you don't mean to say, Mr Jones—my goodness! how very exciting—to say that you were really the subject of a supernatural visitation. That there is anything about that room. In short that you—dear me!—well, if ever—'

'Madam, you know that I have laughed at these things, and thought them all fol-de-rol-de-riddle fancies; but, I confess, had you been exposed to the nocturnal visitings that I have, it would indeed have made your flesh creep.'

'Bless my heart! then the neighbours were right, some deed of blood has been committed in that chamber.'

'Not one, not one, but many. It has been discovered to me that not one but many a deed of blood has been committed in that chamber. You may suppose, madam, I am rather a heavy sleeper. What will you think when I tell you, that until long past midnight, nay, till the very dawn of day, I could not get a wink of sleep; I lay listening to the church clock of the neighbouring village, and its iron tongue seemed to strike upon my very soul. At length a blue light appeared in the chamber.'

'A blue light, my stars!'

'No, ma'am, nobody's star; it was the dawn; the blue light of dawn; for I had left the shutters open in case the

ghost should be short-sighted and not know when to make its exit; ghosts, you know, are notorious for short memories, and he might have neglected to wind up his watch. Then I heard a kind of hollow groan.'

'Nonsense!'

'I did indeed, ma'am; but as I understand Phoebe's young man sleeps at no great distance, and as there was something of a semi-nasal demi-guttural twang about the groan, it is quite possible that it might have proceeded from his sleeping form.'

'But you are only jeering and tantalising me, Mr Jones.'

'Well, then, to tell you the truth and make a short story,' said Sam, resuming his natural manner, 'I will confess that I have had a disturbed and restless night, but as to the haunted room, it's all a humbug.'

'A what do you say, Mr Jones?'

'Well, I know it's a very vulgar sort of a common kind of a word, but it's immensely expressive, for though the neighbours may scout the idea, I must tell you that the story is a humbug, and that the room is only haunted by—'

I never saw so dignified an expression of disdain as that which sat upon my aunt's brow. Well, it has been said and sung—

'A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.'

Sam Jones slapped his thigh and laughed till he was red in the face again; but my aunt saw nothing to laugh at; it was beyond a joke. And to tell you the truth, our old friend never regained his place in my aunt's regard. Indeed, I am sure of it, for afterwards she always spoke of him as *Mister Jones*. Well-a-way! They are all gone long ago. My poor aunt, and Sam Jones, and old Nanny; and I have lived to have a rosy face and a round belly, and laugh at ghosts myself. And I must say that, as a secondary means of subduing superstition, I know of nothing better than the ludicrous. By the by, I forgot to tell you that Phoebe married the young man that minded the garden:

SELECTIONS FROM THE ITALIAN POETS.

SITUATED as the Italian people have so long been amongst the relics of ancient renown and grandeur—almost every hillside and valley of their beautiful but unhappy land recalling, as they must, some memory of glories now departed—it might naturally be supposed that love of country would have formed one of the chief characteristics of their poetry. But the political condition of Italy for many centuries, trampled on as it has been by surrounding states, and continually afflicted by intestine discord, seems, even at an early period, to have benumbed, if not altogether extinguished, the spirit of patriotism. And the Italian muse, thus deadened to the enjoyment of loftier themes, has too often formed alliance with debasing ones, and degraded her high calling by ministering to polluting passions—a result also in some measure attributable to the influence of the warm and excitable imaginations of the people, and aided, too, by the use of a language, which, by its exquisite delicacy, seems more especially fitted for the expression of the softer emotions. But even in this lower sphere of poetry—the poetry of the heart—we find many examples of a pure and holy affection, the lays connected with which we would not willingly let die. Petrarch's addresses to his Laura, and Dante's wailings over his lost Beatrice, are emanations of feeling which recall no unchaste emotion, but, on the contrary, will be for ever enshrined in the heart with those sublime raptures which have conferred immortality on the Highland Mary of our own national poet.

The sonnet is a species of poetical composition which originated in Italy. Although appearing to us little fitted for the loose and discursive genius of Italian poetry, it nevertheless happens to be the medium through which many of the best poets have chosen to express themselves. And in a recent valuable collection of poetical gems from

Italian writers,* with which we purpose making our readers slightly acquainted, we find, that by far the greater portion of the volume consists of this form of verse. Mr Glassford's compilation deserves no stinted praise, whether as respects selection or translation. In the preface to the previous edition (for Mr Glassford is no more, and the edition before us is published by his executors), Mr G. stated that he had been guided in his selection by a desire to avoid pieces of a trivial or immoral tendency, giving only such as were blameless in thought or expression, or had even 'the further and higher recommendation of embodying some just sentiment or important truth. With this view,' he continues, 'I have not hesitated to introduce various pieces entirely of a devotional character.' This intention, we can aver, has been carefully carried out: there is not a piece of a questionable character in the whole collection. As regards translation—an important matter to the general reader—the former edition of his work gained for Mr Glassford the reputation of being a spirited and faithful translator of the language; and so far as we have been able to compare with the original, the praise is amply deserved.

Two beautiful sonnets by Petrarch, one of the great masters of this species of composition, will form our first extract from Mr Glassford's volume:

Now that the earth is still, and hushed the sky,
That sleep on beast and bird has fixed his chain;
Now that the night slow wheels her spangled wain,
And silent in their bed the waters lie;
I watch, and pine, and weep, for still is nigh
The sweet disturber and the pleasing pain;
I live in war and grief, and only gain
By thoughts of her, short truce to misery.
Thus from one fair and only fountain flows
The bitter and the sweet which I live;
One only hand has power to hurt and heal.
Thus do my sufferings never reach their close;
I every moment perish and revive;
So distant am I from the promised weal.

Past life I mourn; I weep that I could plae
All hope and all desire on mortal thing,
Nor mounted as I might upon the wing,
Leaving some pattern to the after race.
Do Thou, who seest my sinful state and base,
O Thou invisible, immortal King!
To my lost spirit frail thy succour bring,
My emptiness supplying with thy grace:
That I, my life in war and storm who past,
May die in port at peace. Oh, if my day
Was dark and troubled, be the evening clear!
Vouchsafe thy help: my sand is ebbing fast:
When death shall strike, oh may thy arm be near:
Then knowest that none other is my stay.

The authors of the subjoined are respectively Sanazzaro and Ariosto:—

My soul such pleasure oft in sleep receives,
That death begins to seem a pleasant thing,
Nor to be armed, perhaps, with such a sting.
Or taste so bitter as the world conceives.
For if the mind alone wakes, sees, believes,
While every limb is dead and languishing,
And greatest pleasure to my thoughts can bring
When least the body feels and least perceives;
Well may the hope be cherished, that when quite
Loosed from the bondage of her earthly chain,
She wakes, and feels, and knows her true delight.
Rejoice then, troubled spirit, though in pain;
If thou canst take even here so sweet a flight,
What wile thou in thy native seats again?

How shall my cold and lifeless prayer ascend,
Father of mercies, to thy seat on high,
If, while my lips for thy deliverance cry,
My heart against that liberty contend?
Do thou, who knowest all, thy rescue send,
Though every power of mine the help deny;
And, oh make haste before the hour draws nigh,
When to the gates of death I shall descend.
Eternal God, oh pardon that I went
Syring so long, whence have mine eyes been smit
With darkness, nor the good from evil known.
To spare offenders, being penitent,
Is even ours; to drag them from the pit
Themselves resisting, Lord, is thine alone.

* Lyrical Compositions, selected from the Italian poets; with Translations by JAMES GLASSFORD, Esq., of Douglashill. Edinburgh. A. & C. Black.

Never was the answer to the atheist more eloquently conceived than in the first of the four sonnets which follow:

G. COTTA.

'There is no God,' the fool in secret cries,
'None who upholds this universal frame,
Tear off the bandage from the traitor's eyes,
And to his faithless view that God proclaim.
Is there no God? Look upward to the skies,
Where all the radiant stars pronounce thy shame;
Or in the mirror which before thee lies,
Trace every line and read thy Maker's name.
No God? The ardent streams that sweetly flow,
The air you breathe, the ground you tread, each stone,
Plant, flower, and herb, the sand, the winds that blow,
All speak of God, all his dread being own,
And praise him eloquent in signs that glow;
Believe their witness, fool, if not thy own.

G. PIAMMA.

To strew these orbs through heaven's expanse that glow,
And round the centre guide their mazy flight;
To rule the winds, and by the jarring fight
Of elements, adorn the world below;
To stretch the shadowing cloud, and paint the bow,
The sun by day to give, the moon by night,
That heat and cold alternate may delight,
And plenty's horn with fruits may overflow;
To lead the rivers through their devious line;
Man to endow with reason and with speech,
And all that live with power to feel and move:
These are thy works of power, Maker divine!
By which in part our feeble thoughts may reach
The yet surpassing wonders of thy love.

G. PASSERINI.

When in the field I see a flow'ret fair,
Here God has placed me, it appears to say,
And here I praise Him still from day to day,
And with my tribute sweet perfume the air.
If to the gloomy forest I repair,
And track the deadly serpent's gliding way,
He too his lowly homage seems to pay,
Fulfilling God's behest who formed him there.
The stream, the fountain, herb, and tree, and stone,
In silent language all, which way I rove,
Seem to proclaim how good He is and kind.
But thou, and does He hear it? thou alone,
The fair possessor, will not own his love;
Thou favoured most, the faithless and the blind!

G. D. CASA.

Sweet wood, whose loneliness bears true consent
With troubled thoughts like mine: now that the hours
Are few and dismal, and the north wind pours
His joy bolts down heaven's dark battlement;
That age thy green and spreading boughs hath bent,
And on thy locks like mine are winter showers;
Now that, in room of white and vermillion flowers,
Are all thy sunny slopes with hail besprent;
I ponder, by the short and glimmering light,
What soon myself shall be; for I too feel
My veins to stagnate, and my limbs grow numb.
But more than thee, and only, I congeal;
My winter with a keener blast will come,
And days more dim and cold, and longer night.

This last is styled by Mr Glassford one of the finest sonnets in the language, both as to thought and style. No poet who ever 'built the lofty rhyme' could conceive or execute more grandly than has been done by the author of the following gem:—

L. A. MURATORI.

With treasure fraught, victorious b'er the wind,
I saw the merchant touch his native strand,
And kiss the beach, and for a moment stand
To pour the offering of his grateful mind.
And, of this prosperous voyage to leave behind
Some early mark recorded by his hand,
I—a wile him write upon that very sand
His tribute to a Providence so kind.
O thankless man, remembering thus his good!
Swept by the coming billow as it flows,
Forgotten mercies perish in the flood.
But see him met by some disastrous shock,
Then shall you find the history of his woes
Not traced in sand, but sculptured on the rock.

Forming the latter portion of the book, are a number of short 'airs,' or short verses, generally of a moral character, some of which we had marked for insertion; but the length to which our extracts have already run warns us, that, tempting as Mr Glassford's volume is, we must not detain our readers too long sipping at the sweets of poetry. The same reason precludes further remark as to the merits of Mr Glassford's delightful volume. It is one which every person of taste must have in his library.

CHEERING INFLUENCES OF SYMPATHY.

We are affected with delightful sensations when we see the inanimate parts of the creation—the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy in the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.—*Seed.*

SACRIFICED AFFLICTIONS.

Sanctified afflictions are the Ebenezers of the power of religion studding the vale of tears.—*Rev. T. W. Jonkyn.*

RUSSIAN FUNERALS.

We learn, from Kohl's work on St Petersburg, that black coffins are seldom used in Russia; coffins are generally brown, but children have pink, grown up unmarried girls skyblue, while older females are indulged with a violet colour. Among the poorer classes the coffin is adorned with pine branches; while among the rich, the whole way from the habitation to the church, is strewed with the same. Mr Kohl says—‘The coffin is carried to the church uncovered, that the acquaintance who may happen to meet it in the street may have a last glimpse of their friend's face. The lid is carried before. The coffin is followed, even in the day-time, by a band of torch-bearers, with broad cocked hats, and enveloped in long black mantles. All those who meet the funeral procession take off their hats, and offer up a prayer to heaven for the dead; and so earnest are their devotions that they do not replace their hats until the cavalcade has disappeared from their sight. This mark of respect is shown to every corpse—to Russians as well as to Protestants and Catholics. In the church the corpse is again set out in state, and the priests, clad in black and white, and holding in their hands wax-lights enveloped in crape, supply the dead with every thing they judge necessary for the journey. On his forehead is placed a fillet ornamented with holy ‘saws’ and images. In his hand is stuck a cross of wax or other substance. He then receives the passport. Even a plate of food is placed near the coffin. This funeral dish is termed *kulja*, and generally consists of rice cooked with honey, formed into a kind of pudding. This is strewed with raisins by way of ornament, and on the top lies a cross of the same fruit. The wealthy, instead of raisins, use small pieces of sugar. The priests are best pleased when these are tolerably large, as the food falls to their share after the ceremony. After this a mass, in Russian ecclesiastical language, Panichide, is chanted by the priests. During this the relations take the last farewell of the departed, all kiss his hand, and amongst the lower orders the most doleful and eloquent addresses succeed. If the deceased be a married man the widow gives way to the most moving and poetical expressions of sorrow. Wringing her hands,’ continues Mr Kohl, ‘and staring all the while at the face of the corpse, as if he were still alive, she cries now louder, now more gently, ‘*Golubotschik moi, Drushotschick.* Alas! my little dove, my little friend, why hast thou deserted me? Did I not prepare everything at home for thee with love, that thou must thus spurn thy wife? Wo is me! How fresh and well didst thou sit with me and thy children only six weeks ago, and play'dest with thy little son Feodor, who is three years old; and now thou art dead and still, and answerest not a word to thy wife and weeping children! My little friend, my husband, lord, awake! awake!’ Amidst this lamentation without end the lid of the coffin is closed, and the procession moves on to the burial-ground.’

THE BIBLE A PERFECT GUIDE.

It is so complete a system, that nothing can be added to it or taken from it. It contains everything needful to be known or done. It affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject. It gives instruction and counsel to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honour to parents, and enjoins obedience on children. It gives directions for weddings and for burials; regulates feasts and fasts, mournings and rejoicings; and orders labour for the day and rest for the night. It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and an eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children and in whom his widow is to trust. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will. It defends the rights of all; and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, over-reacher, or oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in all the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was revealed. It contains the best laws and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best of tidings and affords the best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to eternal glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him: it sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. In short, it is a book of law, to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a book of life, that gives life, and shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in all the world; the most ancient, authentic, and entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds; and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and devilish legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic, and the profoundest artist; it will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilful arithmetician, puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and confutes the wise astronomer; it exposes the subtle sophist, and makes the divinest mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an unequalled narrative, a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it is to be wise indeed, to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom; and that which crowns all is, that the Author is without partiality and without hypocrisy, ‘in whom is no variableness or shadow of turning.’

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is a roadside flower, growing in the highways of usefulness: plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit.

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THE OLD FIRM.

THERE is something extremely venerable and commanding in the Old Firm. What among all that is ancient and renowned may be compared with it? The oak, through whose boughs the storms of centuries have growled? The mountain which has for ages stood like one of the pillars of the firmament? No. All comparison is feeble here. Everything must hide its diminished head before the Old Firm. We approach the threshold of the establishment in which the business of the Old Firm is conducted with trembling and hesitating step; with a feeling bordering on awe. The prejudice in favour of every thing antique becomes perfectly overpowering. Of the Old Firm, however, we must speak; one or two of its peculiarities we must sketch for the amusement and edification of our readers. Necessity is laid upon us. The Old Firm is not without its amiable features by any means; but we are not in a mood for describing these at present; and our readers must forbear with us, while we take a peep at a less pleasing side of the picture.

The most marked peculiarity of the Old Firm undoubtedly is a jealousy of every thing in the shape of opposition, or rather of honest, generous, and, for the community at least, healthful rivalry in its own line of business. Competition in relation to itself is a term the Old Firm positively abhors. It is all very well in other departments, but as regards its own, it is nothing short of madness. They are lunatics, or, worse, criminals, who dare intrude within the sphere of its operations. The Old Firm cannot brook the idea of a rival near the throne. The maxim, 'a fair field and no favour,' is all very beautiful, and all very just, when applied anywhere else, but it is a gross and wicked sophistry when it is pressed home upon the Old Firm. The Old Firm, if a coach-running concern, must have the road exclusively to itself. The Old Firm, if a steam-boat company, must have, like Canute, entire control of wind and waves. In short, one of the greatest evils attendant upon monopolies, is their tendency to inspire the minds of the monopolists themselves with the absurd and preposterous notion that they only are at liberty to deal in that species of ware in which they do deal, and that any one who may dream of competing with them, be his motives ever so pure, his intentions ever so excellent, his plans ever so well laid, is to be viewed as a base and impudent usurper.

One might almost suppose that, from a delusion so absurd, we of the press would be wholly exempted. The dispensers of intellectual light to others, it might well be imagined that on a point so obvious we would not be in total darkness. But alas how strangely are our optics

affected when our interests come between us and the truth! A single illustration may be of service here. We shall suppose the worthy partners of the Old Firm to be known as the Messrs Sprightly. On the appearance of a dashing-looking opposition, it may be next door or over the way, the worthy couple at first only chuckle in their sleeve. After all it is but another victim to his own audacity, who must of course shortly give way, and thus add one more to the many who have suffered for their recklessness and presumption in venturing to expect that even a single customer could be obtained within the range of the operations of the Old Firm. They have set themselves down as the most philanthropic individuals who have ever graced society, and from the frequency with which this has been reiterated, and the many unsuccessful attempts which have been made to obtain any thing like a footing in their particular line of business, the public have got it into their heads that the Sprightlys are really wonderful men, and should they ever die, it is perfectly puzzling how the world is to get on without them. They have talked so long and loudly about the benefits to be conferred on the world by this and the other scheme—how people might get on by well-directed efforts in this or that department of business, that the public, from having it so often dinned in their ears, feel disposed to give them credit for sincerity; but who that has watched the movements of the Sprightlys ever supposed that they meant the advice to apply to any one in their line of business? They very often throw out hints, as we have said, to guide enterprising individuals; but wo betide the unfortunate wight who has the presumption to trench on the ground which they occupy. So long as the oppositionist produces nothing very tempting to the public, it is all very well; and in place of one, should there be some half-dozen fresh candidates in the field, the Sprightlys even enjoy the 'fun'—'the more the merrier,' say they, 'the sooner will we have the field again to ourselves.' Should, however, there be a prospect of a portion of these innovators succeeding, the Old Firm begin to argue thus—'Well, this really cannot be endured—we must take immediate measures to put down the "servile herd." We are the only parties qualified to supply the public in our own line, and cost what it may, we must at once put an end to all competition.' We heard the remark made lately by a friend, in reference to an old established house, that although he had often been told that they had lost a great portion of their business since so many new competitors had started in the same line, it was only after reading the advertisements of this old firm in almost every newspaper he took up, that he became convinced of the truth of the report. There is much to be learned in this way. It is absolutely necessary for those who have to

push their way into public notice, to advertise the articles which they wish to dispose of; but depend upon it, whenever you see an old firm, who have long sneered at the idea that *they* could make themselves better known than they are, coming forward all at once in the newspapers of the day, it may be reasonably suspected that opposition has begun to tell upon them. We have heard of large sacrifices being contemplated in this way—in fact, that the whole year's profits of one old firm were to be expended in advertising, not from any idea that they could make themselves better known, but from the paltry motive, that the expenditure of a few hundreds on their part might prevent any notice being taken of others who could not afford to play at the same game. The parties in question must have a very false idea of the principles on which the newspaper press of the present day is conducted. While we are aware that all newspapers will be ready to insert respectable advertisements, come from what quarter they may, we are as fully convinced that the great majority are by far too honest and independent to be bought up by such paltry means from speaking candidly on every point which comes under their consideration.

Our Old Firm have seen so many failures in their line, that they have come to the very generous conclusion that it is an utter impossibility for any one to succeed along with them. They have so long enjoyed the patronage of what they are pleased to call the 'silly public,' that for any one else to dream of sharing it with them is absurd. According to their own account, they, and they alone, provide the genuine article—all others are counterfeits. The public however, after all are not so 'silly' as the Sprightlies imagine. Probably they begin to perceive that the wares of the Old Firm are getting rather musty, and that it is possible for the daring innovators to produce something equally good, fresh, and at the same time far more healthful than the ancient firm has been in the habit of supplying. The Old Firm have been long endeavouring to make the public believe that opposition is the very life of business; but this, as we have already said, must never be made to apply in their own case. They have struck out paths, and ought to enjoy immunities which render their case an exception to the general rule. The tear has often started to our eye at remembering the fatal mistake which the usually prudent Sprightlies committed in not taking out a patent to secure to themselves the perpetual and exclusive right of supplying the public with their own peculiar manufacture. Surely the government would never refuse such a patent; and what with Rothschild purchasing all the tobacco which may be grown in the world for many years to come, some other benefactor of his species the corn, another the wool, the cotton, and so on, matters might very soon be managed in such a way as to meet the philanthropic views of the Old Firm. Our readers will no doubt be wondering what all this is about. We do not set them down as the 'silly public' which some declare them to be, and we will not feel surprised although they should have been saying, ere they followed us thus far, that there is really some necessity for opposition to ourselves, if we are serious in saying that such antiquated notions are entertained by even the oldest firm of the present day. We are almost ashamed to confess that we *are* serious, and that such opinions are promulgated by those who profess to give a tone and character to the age in which they live.

Let us then inquire somewhat minutely into the

rise and progress of the Old Firm. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that somewhere about fifteen years ago the increasing demand for useful knowledge produced an important revolution in the literature of this country: that about this time the Cornucopia, or horn of plenty, might be seen adorning the first cheap weekly sheet issued in Scotland; that this first and noble attempt to instruct the masses had to encounter difficulties which are now happily overcome; and that after struggling for a short time with these (bear in mind, reader, that the 'idea' originated here), the Old Firm seized on the 'idea,' and if not with more ability, at least with more tact, commenced the *second* periodical of this description published in Edinburgh. This sheet at first consisted, like its parent the Cornucopia, of four pages; but in a few months the ingenuity of the Sprightlies was developed in the wonderful discovery, that it was possible, by doubling up the sheet, to convert the publication from four into eight pages. This certainly was an 'idea,' and one for which we deem it fair to give them all due credit; but in the course of a short time it was discovered, that the astonishing ingenuity of man might go still farther than this; and some one, taking even the lead of the Sprightlies, was quick enough to perceive that, while twice four had been discovered to make eight, it would not be a bad 'idea' to try whether twice eight would not make sixteen. This change in the appearance of our cheap periodicals was first shown in the Literary Journal, a well-conducted publication, somewhat similar in size and appearance to the present sheet. Shortly after this the Christian Herald and the Christian Teacher were issued in a similar size; and in the course of a few years the same change was actually forced upon the Old Firm by the pressure from without.

We have been thus minute in our description, because the Old Firm seem to have taken it into their venerable heads, that as all the publications we have enumerated were successively given up, and they were for a time left with the field to themselves, they have somehow or other obtained a prescriptive right to the size of paper, type, and number of pages of which their sheet consists. They had become so fully convinced of the justice of their claim in this respect, and in the simplicity of their hearts trusting, as they always do, to the honesty of the motives by which mankind are influenced, that they actually neglected to take effectual means to secure the discovery made by another party. The Scotch are proverbial for their wisdom in locking the stable-door after the steed has been stolen; and so it has unfortunately happened in this case. Had the Sprightlies only exercised their prudence in obtaining an act prohibiting all papermakers from supplying any one else with a particular size of paper, and typefounders in the same way from casting a certain kind of types, all would have gone on to their entire satisfaction; and we would have been spared the affecting spectacle of the worthy firm, after an uninterrupted course of prosperity, bewailing the evil days on which they have fallen, in being compelled to behold a 'host of servile imitators' folding a sheet of paper in exactly the same form which some less fortunate spectator had taught them to adopt. We really live in strange times; and we are sure our readers will agree with us in thinking, that it is imperative on the authorities to devise means to rid the country of those barefaced upstarts, who have the audacity to make the attempt either to benefit

themselves or the community among whom they live. So far as we are aware, there is a great similarity in the manufacture, general appearance, and size of the bread with which we are supplied; but no matter how deleterious the ingredients may be of which this indispensable article is compounded, who would ever think of disputing the right of the baker who shaped the first loaf to claim the privilege of ever after supplying the community with ground bones, plaster of Paris, or any other poison which the worthy discoverer thought proper to administer? No, no. It is all very well to talk of the welfare of the people, but this is only of secondary importance compared with the vested rights of the Old Firm.

Although we may be included in the list of the daring innovators of the present day, still as we have been somewhere about eighteen months in the service of the public, and considering the manly way in which we have come to the rescue, we are not without hope that the Old Firm, when they see fit to retire from the field, may possibly recommend us as worthy successors.

We must now apologise to our readers for having taken up so much of our space and their time with what in some measure relates to ourselves. We have hitherto endeavoured to go on in as quiet and unostentatious a way as possible; and had it not been for a most unwarrantable and ill-disguised attack by a respectable cotemporary, not on ourselves only, but on the majority of the excellent periodicals which, like our own, have been called into existence by the increasing desire on the part of the public for the general information they are the means of conveying, we can assure our readers we would not have occupied their valuable time with any thing personal. At our outset we announced that we contemplated taking up our position on ground which had hitherto been wholly unoccupied. How this has been performed we leave to the decision of the numerous friends who have unremittingly cheered us on by their generous support. We may be allowed, however, to say, that although numerous publications of a somewhat similar nature have appeared since our commencement, not one of these, either old or new, has as yet made any attempt to combine what we promised to effect in our 'Thoughts at Starting.' Our readers will recollect this to have been, that while we would endeavour to render our pages as amusing, instructive, and entertaining as any of our cotemporaries, we would never shrink, on all suitable occasions, from such a recognition of Christianity—its precepts, its hopes, its motives, and discoveries—as will show that we regard it as the only safe and perfect rule of belief and action.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Few names in English history are more famous than that of Cardinal Wolsey. His remarkable elevation and no less remarkable fall are noticed by all our historians, and immortalised by the muse of Shakespeare. But though the part he acted in the great drama of the time is thus well known, his private history has attracted less attention, and still presents many points of interest to the general reader. Of these we now mean to present a sketch, following as our chief guide the admirable work on the Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England by Lord Campbell.

Thomas Wuley, or as he wrote it, Wolsey, was born at Ipswich in the year 1471, his father being a butcher in that town. His natural talents appear to have been early displayed, as some of his townsmen assisted his father in

sending him to Oxford, where he took his bachelor's degree when only fifteen, and in consequence got the soubriquet of 'The Boy Bachelor.' He then became a fellow of Magdalen, and master of the school attached to that college. He also formed an acquaintance with Sir Thomas More, then an under graduate, and with the celebrated Erasmus, who was residing at Oxford. Among his pupils were three sons of the Marquis of Dorset, and having accompanied them home during a Christmas vacation, his handsome person, insinuating manners, and amusing conversation, so pleased the Marquis, that he appointed him to the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire. This promotion came very opportunely, as a charge had been brought against him of misappropriating the college revenues in erecting the elegant tower of Magdalen College, still known by his name. Wolsey's conduct as a country parson seems not to have been very becoming. His levities incurred the displeasure of Sir Amyas Paulet, a neighbouring justice of peace, who soon found an opportunity of showing it. Wolsey having gone with some of his neighbours to a fair in an adjoining town, and being of 'a free and sociable temper,' they all got very drunk and created a riot. Sir Amyas, who was present, selected 'his reverence' as the most guilty, and, convicting him 'on the view,' ordered him to be set in the stocks, and saw the sentence carried into immediate execution. 'Who,' says Cavendish, his biographer, 'would have thought then that ever he should have attained to be Chancellor of England! These be wonderful works of God and fortune.' But Wolsey, in his elevation, had his revenge, though in a manner far from being honourable to him. The same authority tells us that 'he was not oblivious of the old displeasure ministered unto him by Master Pawlet, but sent for him, and after many sharp and heinous words, enjoined him to attend upon the council until he were by them dismissed, and not to depart without licence upon an urgent pain and forfeiture;' and by this perversion of the law 'Sir Amyas was in reality detained prisoner in his lodgings for the space of five or six years; although he attempted to appease the chancellor's displeasure by re-edifying the house, and garnishing the outside thereof sumptuously with hats and arms, badges and cognizances of the cardinal, with other devices in glorious sort.'

Wolsey soon left this retirement, by no means suited to one of his aspiring talents, and became chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and on the death of this prelate he filled the same office in the household of Sir John Nanfant, 'a very grave and ancient knight,' then treasurer of Calais. Through his influence he at length 'cast anchor in the port of promotion,' having been appointed chaplain to the king, Henry VII. Here he cultivated the favour of the chief men about court, but for some time did not attract the notice of the cold, calculating, avaricious monarch himself. At length he was recommended to conduct the negotiations with the Emperor Maximilian, whose daughter Henry now wished to marry. Wolsey, during the preparations for his journey, had frequent occasion to converse with the monarch, on whom his 'special gift of natural eloquence,' and the readiness with which he could shape his conduct to circumstances, was not without effect. The extraordinary rapidity with which he performed his mission, increased the favour of the monarch. He left Richmond, where the court then was, on a Sunday after dinner, and reached Dover next morning in time for the passage boat to Calais. From this town he proceeded the same day to Bruges, where the imperial court then lay, obtained an audience forthwith, and next day was on his road home with all the king's requests fully accomplished. On Wednesday night he was again at Richmond, and on the following morning knelt before the king on his way to hear mass. Henry checked him with some displeasure for his delay in setting out on his journey, when Wolsey surprised him with the declaration that he had already been with the emperor, and despatched all his affairs. The rich deanery of Lincoln was the reward of his services, and other promotion would probably have followed, but the king died in April, 1509.

Wolsey was introduced to the new monarch by his former pupil the Marquis of Dorset, and by conforming to all his tastes and irregularities, however unbecoming the clerical character, soon became the chief favourite. He jested, rallied, sang, danced, and caroused with the king; and the same talents which, as a country parson, had procured him a place in the stocks, now raised him to high honour at court. He was first appointed a privy councillor and king's almoner, and, under the latter name, was in reality prime minister. Gifts, presents, and rewards now came in plentifully from the candidates for court favour, and the king conferred on him various rich rectories, prebends, and deaneries; the Pope having granted him an unlimited dispensation to hold pluralities in the church. In 1512 he was appointed lord treasurer, and next year commissary-general to the army in France, in which unclerical situation he amassed great wealth. When Tournay surrendered, Henry made him bishop of that city, and on his return home he was elected to the see of Lincoln, when he seized the goods of his predecessor with great rapacity. His next step was the archbishopric of York, to which he added the sees of Durham and Winchester, besides farming to foreigners, on very advantageous terms, those of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford. The only subject he could now envy was Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, who, as primate and lord chancellor, had precedence of him both ecclesiastically and civilly. To remedy this, he procured from Leo X. a cardinal's hat and the dignity of legate à *latere* over the whole kingdom. He then assumed authority over Archbishop Warham, and at length compelled him to resign the great seal, which Wolsey accepted with apparent reluctance in December, 1515.

Wolsey was now at the zenith of his power and prosperity; possessed of immense wealth from his various church preferments, and, by his influence over the king, enjoying all the realities of regal authority. He received letters, embassies, and pensions from foreign princes; money was coined with his cardinal's hat upon it; and the University of Oxford, foremost in the ranks of servility, addressed him as 'Your Majesty.' Even the king's sisters wrote private confidential letters to the all-powerful favourite. In his manner of living he almost eclipsed the splendour of the royal court, his household consisting of eight hundred persons, among whom were one earl and many barons, knights, and squires. Among other attendants are enumerated, 'in his hall-kitchen two master-cooks, with many assistants; and in his private kitchen a master-cook, who went daily in damask, satin, or velvet, with a chain of gold about his neck; also, he had two secretaries, and two clerks of his signet, and four councillors learned in the laws of the realm.' Many of the nobility placed their children in his house, who waited on him as pages, whilst his morning levees were crowded with noblemen and gentlemen anxious to secure his favour. Sometimes the king would repair to his house, when 'such pleasures were devised for his comfort and consolation as might be invented or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports.' But his most gorgeous pageant was his procession from York House, where he resided, to the Court of Chancery at Westminster, with all the symbols of his spiritual and temporal authority borne before him—the great seal of England and his cardinal's hat, two great crosses of silver, and two great pillars of silver, and a great mace of silver gilt, and four footmen with gilt poll axes—all celebrated in the satirical poems of the day, and calling forth many jests and invectives from those who had no favour to seek at court. Yet this love of show did not lead him to neglect important matters, and even his enemies allow that, as chancellor, he administered the law with strict justice and great impartiality, and that his shrewdness and discrimination greatly raised his personal character and reputation for capacity. A deeper stain was left on his memory by the share he took in procuring the

death of the Duke of Buckingham, his own rival and the near relation of the king.

There was still a higher dignity on which the heart of the ambitious cardinal was set. The Emperor Charles V. had suggested to him his fitness to fill the chair of St Peter, and had promised his influence in the event of a vacancy. His rival, Francis I. of France, was no less lavish of his promises to the favourite minister, and Wolsey deemed himself sure of the Papacy. The death of Leo, in 1522, put the sincerity of the emperor to the test, but after a long deliberation Adrian, Charles's own tutor, was chosen, though Wolsey had twenty votes, and twenty-six would have secured his election. In about a year and a half the Pope died, and Wolsey made another attempt with no better success; but Clement VII., who was elected, conferred on him his legatine powers in England for life. His authority at home still, however, continued, and in the parliament which met in 1523 he took the chief lead in all proceedings. The Commons having delayed the subsidy asked, Wolsey thought to terrify them into compliance by his presence, and visited the house in great state. He made a long oration, but no answer was returned, and though he addressed several of the members by name, the same silence was maintained. At length he addressed the speaker, Sir Thomas More, who excused the silence of the house, abashed by the presence of so great a personage, and declared his own inability to answer till instructed by the house. Wolsey retired discomfited, but afterwards expressed his indignation against More, who had been chosen speaker by the influence of the court. 'I wish you had been at Rome, Mr More, when I made you speaker,' said the Cardinal. 'Your grace not offended,' replied Sir Thomas, 'so would I too, my lord, for then should I have seen the place I long have desired to visit.' Wolsey next tried, in 1525, to levy a tax without authority of Parliament, and though he put down the remonstrances of the mayor and citizens of London by warning them to beware 'lest it might fortune to cost some their heads,' yet the resistance it met with was such, that his proud spirit quailed under it, and he had to recede from the illegal exaction.

Wolsey was now at the turning point of his fortune. All ranks hated him, and the attempts to expose his misconduct to the king were not without success. One splendid scene yet remained to be performed in his transitory greatness. In June, 1527, he set out on an embassy to France, in order to negotiate an alliance with the monarch. His journey was like a procession. He rode on a mule trapped with crimson velvet upon velvet, and his stirrups of copper and gilt. His crosses and pillars of silver also accompanied him. At Calais he was received with great state, and there gave instructions to his train how to conduct themselves, which are exceedingly curious. 'Now, as to the point of the Frenchman's nature, ye shall understand that their disposition is such, that they will be at their first meeting as familiar with you as they had been acquainted with you long before, and commence with you in the French tongue as though you understood every word they spoke: therefore, in like manner, be ye as familiar with them again as they be with you. If they speak to you in the French tongue, speak to them in the English tongue; for if you understand not them, they shall no more understand you.' Then addressing a Welshman. 'Rice,' quoth he, 'speak thine Welsh to him, and I am well assured that thy Welsh shall be more diffuse to him than his French shall be to thee.'

Wolsey left Calais with a train three quarters of a mile long, and proceeded in great state to Amiens, where he met the king of France 'with his Burgongian guard, his French guard, and the third guard *pour le corps*, which was of tall Scots, much more comelier persons than all the rest.' In negotiation Wolsey displayed his customary ability, and cutting short with much decision the artifice and chicanery of the French negotiators, soon concluded a treaty and returned to England. Thither he was followed by an embassy from France to ratify the treaty, which having been done at St Paul's, he gave them a splendid entertainment at Hampton Court. To show his regard for justice,

he remained in Chancery hearing a long case, and only entered the hall when supper was over, ‘booted and spurred.’ He drank the health of the two sovereigns, and then retired to dress, but on his return made such good use of his convivial powers, and sent ‘the cups so merrily about, that many of the Frenchmen were fain to be led to their beds. They were all delighted with their reception, and doubted which most to admire—the mansion, the feast, or the master.’

‘Thus,’ saith Cavendish, his gentleman usher, ‘passed the cardinal his life and time, from day to day and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, and triumph, and glory. But Fortune, of whose favour no man is longer assured than she is disposed, began to wax somewhat wroth with his prosperous state; and thought she would devise a mean to abate his high port; wherefore she procured Venus, the insatiate goddess, to be her instrument, and, to work her purpose, she brought the king in love with a gentlewoman, who, after perceiving his good will towards her, and how diligent he was to please her, and to grant all her requests, wrought the cardinal much displeasure.’ In such quaint phrase does the biographer relate Henry’s love for Anne Boleyn, and the influence it had in hastening the fall of Wolsey. The history of this affair, and its momentous consequences, are too well known to need repetition here. Wolsey promoted the divorce by all the means in his power, but the forms of law were too slow for the passion of the monarch, whilst his attempt to induce Henry to marry a French princess, procured him the implacable hostility of Anne and her friends. For some time this hostility did not appear. Henry seemed as friendly as formerly, and even Anne wrote him letters full of kindness and gratitude. In the beginning of 1529, Wolsey had nearly escaped from all his dangers by the accomplishment of his highest wishes. The Pope was seized with a dangerous illness, from which it was not expected he could recover, and such was the state of affairs, that had he died Wolsey would probably have succeeded to the triple crown. Clement, however, recovered; his legate in England, Campeggio, delayed his decision in the suit regarding the divorce, and this procrastination being imputed to Wolsey, his fate was determined. Henry, in an angry interview, showered the most vehement abuse on the head of the minister, who had failed to gratify his impatient passions; and he was now virtually banished from the court. Once only he obtained an interview with Henry, but the friends of Anne dreaded his influence so much, that that very night she persuaded the king to make a solemn engagement never to admit the cardinal again to his presence. This loss of his influence, and the neglect of the once obsequious courtiers, entirely overcame the fortitude of Wolsey; ‘he wept like a woman and wailed like a child.’ At length he returned to London, and once more headed the grand procession to Westminster Hall. But that evening he received private intimation that the king had announced his immediate disgrace, and remained at home all next day expecting the royal messenger. On the following day the Duke of Norfolk and Suffolk arrived and demanded the great seal in the king’s name, but having no written commission, he refused to comply. Next morning, October 17, 1529, the proper letters were produced, the great seal was delivered up, and Wolsey, stripped of all his possessions, ordered to retire to his country house at Esher.

Henry seemed fully resolved on the complete destruction of his former favourite, and a *premunire* information was filed against Wolsey for having acted as legate without the king’s consent. This was a most vile and iniquitous proceeding, as Henry had himself joined in soliciting the office. Wolsey meanly consented to plead guilty, fearing the stern inexorable temper of his master, and knowing that there was ‘a night crow which possessed the royal ear, and misrepresented the most harmless of his actions.’ All his immense wealth, with York Place, the property of the see, was handed over to the king, and Wolsey retired to his country house. At Putney, a messenger from Henry met him, ‘willing him in any wise to be of good cheer, for he was as much in his highness’s favour as ever he had

been, and so should continue to be;’ at the same time presenting him with a ring, a private token between the king and him. Wolsey was so overcome with this gleam of returning favour, that, dismounting from his mule, he knelt down in the mud ‘and returned thanks to God his maker, and to the king his sovereign lord and master, who had sent him such comfort.’ In return, he sent back his fool, named Patch, who was so attached to his master that it required six yeomen to force him to Windsor, where he was gladly received by the king.

Henry continued to show Wolsey many secret marks of favour, but his enemies laboured to complete his destruction. In the parliament which met in November, 1529, he was impeached in the Lords, but the articles were rejected in the Commons, where Cromwell defended his old master in a bold and generous speech. He was, however, now deserted by most of his former friends and dependants; and his revenues being all seized, unable to support those who still adhered to him, till some of the more wealthy chaplains, and others whom he had promoted, subscribed a sum to relieve his necessities. About Christmas he fell ill, when the king sent his own physicians to attend him, and soon after, through the management of Cromwell, his affairs were settled, and he received a general pardon, on making over all his revenues, except those from the archbishopric of York, to the king. In the beginning of 1530, he was permitted to remove to Richmond for change of air; but this approach to the court so alarmed his enemies, that he was ordered to retire to his diocese in the north. Though deserted by many of his retainers, who were ‘very loath to abandon their native country, their parents, wives, and children,’ on a journey to the unknown regions of Yorkshire, he had still a train of a hundred and sixty persons. At York, his condescension, kindness, hospitality, and piety, soon gained him immense popularity, and even the king was somewhat startled when he heard of the favour he was gaining among all classes. On the 7th November, he was to be installed as archbishop in York Minster, and presents were pouring in from all quarters for the entertainment. But on the 4th of that month, as he was concluding dinner, the Earl of Northumberland entered the hall, and, on their retiring to another chamber, arrested him for high treason. On partly recovering from the blow, Wolsey wept bitterly, more for others than himself. Next day he was sent off under an escort to London, but the population of the surrounding country met him by thousands, calling out ‘God save your grace. The foul evil take all them that have thus taken you from us!’ Afterwards he had to travel by night to avoid public notice. He had expressed great concern for a sealed parcel he had left behind at Cawood, which, when sent for, was found to contain only hair shirts, one of which he now wore next his skin. He remained for eighteen days at Sheffield Park, when Kingston, the keeper of the Tower, arrived to conduct him to London. When the name of this officer was mentioned to him, ‘Master Kingston!’ quoth he, rehearsing his name once or twice; and with that clapped his hand on his thigh, and gave a great sigh; mindful of a prophecy by some fortune-tellers, that he should have his end near Kingston, in consequence of which he had always avoided the town of that name. He had been afflicted for some time with a dysentery, but at length began his journey to London, though he could hardly support himself on his mule. On Saturday, the 29th November, he reached the Abbey of Leicester with difficulty, saying to the abbot and monks, who met him at the gate with torches, ‘Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you.’ He was put to bed immediately, and on Monday foretold to his servants that by eight of the clock next morning they should lose their master. Next morning he confessed to a priest; and Kingston about seven asked him how he did. ‘Sir,’ quoth he, ‘I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render my simple soul into his divine hands. If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and

pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his main pleasure, not regarding my godly duty.' He then commanded himself to the king, admonished him to suppress the Lutheran heresy, and bade them farewell. 'I can no more; my time draweth on fast; I may not tarry with you.' He was then annealed by the Father Abbot, and expired, the great abbey clock striking eight, and King-ston standing by his bedside. He was buried in the abbey; but no monument being erected to his memory, the place where the once proud cardinal rests is unknown.

Thus died, when about sixty years of age, this wonderful man, perhaps the most striking exemplification of the mutability of fortune which the history of our country presents. By his own talents and abilities he had risen from the lowest station to the highest honours and power which a subject could attain, and wanted but a step of becoming a temporal prince and the supreme head of Christian Europe. From all this he was hurled to the ground, and died lamenting a life mis-spent in the service of a cruel and capricious tyrant. As a patron of literature and learned men, Wolsey is still held in remembrance; and the subsequent career of Henry, stained with remorseless cruelty, bloodshed, and injustice, is the best defence of the administration of the cardinal. As a priest and private man, Wolsey's character is far from being irreproachable. He lived in open violation of his vows, left several natural children behind him, and acquired by injustice and rapine the wealth which he spent in luxury and childish parade. He served his king for an earthly reward, against God and his conscience, and when this was taken from him he had no internal resource 'but to weep and wail like a child.'

CATHARINE ACTON; OR, THE RETREAT FROM LEXINGTON.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

It was about nine o'clock on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, when a young man, mounted on a beautifully limbed chestnut horse, galloped at full speed up to the door of a small farm-house, situated upon the turnpike road to Boston. He threw himself from his saddle, and clasped the hand of a young girl, who, with a pale cheek and anxious looks, came forth to meet him.

'What news of the enemy, George?' she asked eagerly; 'and are you hurt?'

'I am safe, Catharine, but White Star, you see, is slightly wounded in the shoulder by a bullet that grazed it.'

'Thank God for your preservation!' cried the maiden, with a fervour that betrayed her deep interest in the safety of the young man.

He was about three-and-twenty, with a manly figure, and a fine frank expression. He was plainly dressed in the ordinary frock of the yeomanry of the day, but was armed with a broadsword, slung at the waist, and a long fowling-piece, which he held in his hand. Upon his head he wore a low-crowned hat, with a broad brim buttoned boldly up in front.

She was a blooming rustic beauty, with rich auburn hair and sunny eyes. Her figure was faultless, though perhaps a thought too full. She had a sweet look of love and gentleness upon her fair face, and seemed well fitted to be the mate of the noble youth by her side. Her age was about nineteen. Her dress was a neat chintz gown, made in the simplest fashion, and her only ornament a ruby ring upon the middle finger of her right hand.

'I have ridden here as hard as I could spur, Catharine,' he said, after she had spoken, 'to secure your safety, which is dearer to me than my own. The British troops, who marched to Concord during the night, to destroy the stores there, have been met and compelled to retreat, as you have no doubt heard from those who were flying before them. They were manfully resisted at Concord Bridge, and unable to effect their object, and seeing that the country was rising in arms all around them, they turned to fly. They have been retreating now for several miles, battling as

they march with the country people, who harass them at every step, firing upon them from behind stone walls, houses, hedges, and every covert that commands the road. I have been joining in the pursuit, until half an hour ago, when seeing that in their retreat they would take the road and pass your door, I crossed the fields and forest to anticipate them, and warn you and your aged grandparents to escape to a place of safety. They are infuriated by the hot pursuit of the people, and will doubtless wreak their vengeance upon the inhabitants they fall in with. Do not delay. Listen! You can already hear the firing of musketry. They will soon be here! Do not stop to save any thing, but fly to your uncle's dwelling. It is a mile back from the road, and will be secure; for they will not dare to go far from the highway to do mischief.'

The sound of distant firing was now distinctly heard. The report of the short guns and rifles could be distinguished from the deeper-mouthed discharges of the British muskets, as they returned the fire of their assailants. The road was filled with women and children, flying before the retreating English; and the shouts of the Americans, as they rushed towards the scene of conflict, rung loudly in the air.

Catharine Acton silently pressed the hand of her lover, and proceeded instantly to comply with his wishes. She soon had her old grandfather ready, with his hat and stick, and her grandmother, with her cloak and bonnet.

'Now take the path through the wheat field, and hasten with all the speed you can,' said George. 'I will support your grandfather, while your grandmother leans on you.'

Thus speaking, the young man, leading his flaming horse by the bridle, took the path towards the uplands, the venerable grandsire leaning on his arm, and the lovely girl sustaining the aged form of the venerable mother. As they reached the edge of the forest, along which their path led, the sounds of the firing grew louder and nearer. At each louder and fiercer discharge of fire-arms, the young man's eye kindled, and he looked back wistfully, while he bit his lip with impatience. But his affection for Catharine Acton, and for those she loved, was even stronger than his desire to mingle with the strife.

All at once they discovered before them several persons approaching, who, on arriving nearer, proved to be the family towards whose dwelling he was escorting his charge. They were on their way, two of them some of the old men armed with guns, to harass the retreating foe, and the rest to bring off the old people from the scene of danger.

'I gladly surrender my charge to you,' said George to three or four females, and one or two lads of the party. 'Convey them to your house, and keep safely there yourselves till the British army have passed. Do not remain in the fields, even at this distance, and expose yourself to draw their fire. Catharine, I trust to your discretion to see to this. Now, one shake of the hand, and I return to my duty with my fellow-countrymen.'

'Oh, George, do not go! You—but I will not detain you. I will not be selfish. I will forget myself, and think only of my poor country, which needs every arm in its defence.'

'Patriotic as beautiful, my sweet Kate,' he said, bending from his saddle—for he was already seated in it again—and pressing his lips to her cheek. 'I shall return to you by night. But do not be anxious if you do not see me then. I am resolved to follow the enemy till we see him fairly and safely shut up in Boston again.'

Thus speaking, the young man touched his horse with his spur, and in a moment afterwards he was hidden from the tearful gaze of the young girl by a clump of trees.

The young patriot had just time to regain the horse, and throw himself from his horse, when the van of the retreating column came in sight a quarter of a mile distant. It was moving on in great confusion, several of the platoons broken, and running, each man by himself, in advance of the main body, while the officers, both on horseback and on foot, were trying to rally them. As they came on, young Munroe could see them occasionally wheel and fire in platoons, at either side of the highway, when-

ever the flash of a gun showed them that an enemy was concealed. Those who ran in advance, before passing a barn, or tree, or any object that would afford shelter to their enemies, would rush upon it with a shout, discharging their muskets, to drive to a distance any lying in ambush. The firing from the fields was incessant, and George could see the British soldiers dropping in their ranks in great numbers.

As he took his position at an upper window of the house, he felt that to fire upon an enemy so harassed and driven was almost unmanly; but a moment's reflection upon the character of that enemy confirmed him in the fearless discharge of his duty. As the column came near, those in the van fired upon the house, but did not stop, for at this moment they were more closely pressed by the Americans than they had been since the commencement of their retreat. They went by at a long heavy trot, evidently greatly fatigued. The faces of the soldiers looked stern and haggard, and many an eye was turned warily from side to side of the perilous road; for from unexpected quarters the death-shot had often fallen into their ranks and lessened their number.

'Poor fellows,' said George, as he observed them through a crevice in the window, 'I will not fire upon them, but upon their chiefs. These men are but hirelings. Their leaders most merit to become the targets of our rifles.'

Secure in his position, which concealed him from view while he could see clearly the disorderly march of the scarlet columns of the flying enemy, he waited until he should discover an officer of rank. The whole body of the enemy had nearly passed, no one of them stopping near the house save a single wounded soldier, who seated himself upon the curbstone of the well, and, wistfully looking down, called painfully for 'water.' His comrades were in too great peril themselves to heed him. The whole body of British to a man felt that unless relief came from Boston, not one of them would ever reach the city. One-third of their number was already killed or wounded; and while they were diminishing, their American assailants were increasing. The whole country was pouring from its bosom its strong men, who were rushing to the scene of battle and death with whatever weapons they could lay hands on. Each instant the situation of the foe became more desperate; and from a march the retreat was fast taking the character of a flight. No man, therefore, could give heed to his fellow. The rear of the column, which was most exposed to the terrible fire of the ambuscaded Americans, just as it came in sight of the position which George had taken up, wheeled and poured in by platoons a fierce and destructive fire upon their foes. The Americans drew back for a few minutes, and the British soldiers, encouraged, gave a loud huzza and pressed on past the house. Nearly in the rear rode a British colonel, whose voice and courage had contributed mainly to keep the column in marching order, and save it from general rout. He was galloping at one moment from the head of the column to the rear, and the next moment was in the centre, and then in the van, encouraging, commanding, manoeuvring, entreating his men to take courage and hope for succour.

'A little longer hold out, my brave fellows,' he cried, 'and we shall meet Lord Percy with artillery and cavalry to succour us. Expresses have been three hours gone ahead to inform him of our condition. Keep up heart.'

As he spoke these words, George raised his rifle to his shoulder, and covered the officer's heart with the barrel. A flash—a report—and the British colonel clapped his hand to his breast, threw back his head, and, reeling in his saddle, tumbled headlong to the ground. His fall, however, was broken by two grenadiers, who placed him upon the roadside near the well. At the same moment there was a general rush of the soldiers towards the house, to avenge the fall of their leader. Munroe, however, was already in his saddle, and scouring the path leading to the forest uplands. A volley was fired after him without effect. The British soldiers prepared to set the house in flame, when the pursuing Americans, pressing closely upon them

now became a flight. The fall of their leader, though not the highest in command, yet the most active and brave, threw them into despair, and all discipline was at an end. They thought not of their wounded colonel, who was left, with only one of the grenadiers, lying upon the grass near the door of the farm-house.

George had not gone a quarter of a mile when he met Catharine. 'Whither were you going?' he asked, surprised at meeting her.

'To share your fate. I could not remain away and hear the firing, and not know where and how you were. Has the enemy passed by?'

'Yes, but their colonel has fallen by my hand.'

'Oh, George! Have you slain a man? Do you confess it? Oh, what a fearful thought! But it is war, and we must look on things with different eyes. But I shudder as I look at you.'

'Indeed you ought not. But it is a dreadful thing to take human life! I hesitated to fire, but I thought of my country, and how he was her invader, and that his fall would greatly aid us, and I fired.'

'Did he fall dead?'

'I do not know, indeed, if he be dead. I am now going to ride back. The enemy have passed on, and I must join in pursuit. Look around, and see the people running across the fields from hill to hill, following on the track of the foe.'

'The very hedges and walls seem alive with men and even boys with guns.'

'Yes, boys feel themselves men to-day. I must go. Return to your uncle's, dear Kate; to-night I will see you again.'

The maiden would have spoken, but he was out of hearing. She turned back a few steps until he had passed out of sight, when she once more took the pathway towards her dwelling. She approached cautiously and with fear. The noise of the firing was full a mile distant from her, and only here and there could be seen a farmer on foot or mounted on his plough horse, without a saddle, hastening to join in the pursuit with their countrymen. Step by step, slowly Catharine Acton advanced towards her house. She passed through the garden, and stopped near the porch, and listened attentively. All sounds of war were stilled. She took courage and entered the house. She passed, not without a palpitating heart, to the front door, and looked out. In the road she saw lying two bodies in scarlet uniforms. They were stiff and dead. She closed her eyes with a shudder. A groan reached her ears, and, looking in the direction, she saw seated upon the well-curb the wounded soldier. He could not speak, but pointed to the water and then to his parched lips. In an instant she forgot all fear; she remembered only her humanity. The soldier wore the uniform of the invaders, but she only saw in him the image of God. She hastened to the well, and, drawing up water, gave him to drink, holding the bucket to his lips. When he had drunk, he thanked her with a few grateful words, and then pointed to an elm a few feet distant. She looked in the direction, and saw wounded officer, whom by his elegant uniform she knew must be of high rank. He sat supported by the tree, and pale as death. His hand pressed a handkerchief red with gore against his breast. His eyes faintly regarded her, and once or twice he made an effort to articulate. It was the British colonel whom her lover had shot. The remaining grenadier had fled and left him to perish alone. As soon as Catharine saw him she felt assured that it was the officer who had fallen by George's rifle. She hastened to him with a prayer that he might live. She carried water in her hand and placed it to his lips. He revived, and faintly smiled.

At this moment a village surgeon and three men rode by in pursuit. Catharine with difficulty prevailed upon him to stop and examine and dress the wound. He pronounced a possibility of recovery.

'But it is bad policy, Miss Catharine,' he said, 'to take such care of our foes. Yet I will help you with him into

able for his appearance if he lives, as he is a prisoner of war.'

'I will answer for his appearance, sir,' replied the noble girl.

The wound of the officer did not prove to be mortal. Owing to the kind care and nursing of the lovely girl, aided by George, who was quite as anxious to save his life as she was, he recovered, and was in a few weeks exchanged. As he took leave of her, he placed upon her finger a costly and singular-looking ring, saying—

'Should you or any one dear to you get into trouble during this war, and it is in my power to aid you, I will do it. Whoever bears this ring to me shall be my friend.'

Two months after his departure, George and three other daring young men, who had formed a plot to seize the person of General Howe, by entering the town in disguise, were discovered, imprisoned, and George, as their leader, was sentenced to be shot as a spy.

An hour before he was to have been led forth to suffer the sentence, Colonel —— sought an interview with General Howe. He told him the history of his being wounded, and how his life was saved by Catharine Acton, and that he had promised her his influence and aid whenever she should send him a ring he left with her, or ask for it in behalf of herself or others in person.

'Just now,' continued the colonel, 'I have had this ring presented to me by a young farmer, with a letter from her asking pardon for George Munroe, who is her betrothed. I shall esteem it a favour done to me personally if you will pardon and liberate him.'

'I cannot refuse you, Colonel ——, for thrice in ten years you have saved my life in battle. I cannot refuse pardon in so romantic an affair. Wait a moment, and I will write you an order for his release.'

The same evening, George Munroe, with glowing eloquence and deep gratitude, thanked Catharine Acton for his life.

'But for your Christian benevolence, which saw only a fellow being in a wounded foe, this officer would have perished, and I should now have been no more among the living. Thus, dear Kate, has virtue and mercy its reward even in this life. No man will ever suffer by kindness to an enemy.'

HERNANDO CORTES AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

FIRST ARTICLE.

At the time when Columbus was vainly soliciting royal aid to go forth on his noble scheme of discovery, in the year 1485, the most illustrious of his followers, Hernando Cortes, was born in the small town of Medellin, in Extremadura. He was descended from a poor but honourable family, his father, Martin Cortes, being a captain of infantry. His constitution in infancy was feeble, but strengthened with his years. At fourteen he was sent to Salamanca to study law. This, however, did not suit his taste, and after loitering two years at college, he returned home and spent some time in idle dissipation. He now turned his thoughts to a military life, and intended to have sailed for Hispaniola with Ovando the successor of Columbus, but was detained in consequence of an accident met with in prosecuting an intrigue. At last, in 1504, he sailed for the Indies, and landed in Hispaniola. Here he was offered a grant of land, but answered with characteristic pride—'I came to get gold, not to till the soil like a peasant.' He, however, accepted a grant of land and slaves, and for some years followed this pursuit, diversified by military expeditions against the natives, and numerous duels, arising out of the amorous intrigues in which he was constantly engaged.

In 1511, Cortes followed Velasquez to the conquest of Cuba, and for a time stood high in his favour. A quarrel, arising from some new intrigue, induced him to join a conspiracy against the governor, who, having discovered it, seized him, and would have hung him but for the intercession of his friends. Cortes escaped from prison and took

sanctuary in a church, but having inadvertently gone without the walls, was seized by an alguacil, and again put in prison. Cortes seems not to have forgot this treatment, as he afterwards had the officer hung for some offence in New Spain. He was carried on board a ship about to sail for Hispaniola, but again freeing his feet from the fetters, got on shore, and took refuge in the same sanctuary. He was at length reconciled to the governor, and receiving a grant of land, lived for some time cultivating it and working gold mines, by which he amassed a considerable sum of money.

Many reports of the wealthy regions of Yucatan and Mexico on the neighbouring mainland, having been brought to Cuba, the governor, in 1518, fitted out a fleet under his nephew Grijalva, to investigate their truth. The commander was struck with the proofs of high civilisation, especially in architecture, which he found along the coast, and after carrying on a profitable traffic with the natives in which gold and jewels were freely bartered for glass beads and other trinkets, sent back one of his ships with this rich cargo, whilst he continued his voyage. Velasquez resolved to follow out this splendid discovery, and without waiting for the return of his nephew, prepared an armament for the colonisation and conquest of the newly discovered realms. He was induced to intrust this to the command of Cortes, with whom he was now on good terms, and who could contribute materially to defray the necessary expense. Cortes set about equipping his fleet with such energy, that the suspicions of Velasquez were roused, lest his officer might prove too independent. He even had resolved to deprive him of the command; but Cortes, with his usual decision, set sail in the night, without taking leave of the governor, though his fleet was as yet but imperfectly furnished with supplies. He afterwards touched at several harbours on the coast, where he completed his stores and filled up his crew by volunteers. Velasquez wrote to the governors of these places to seize and detain Cortes; but they had not the power, as his followers 'would have cheerfully laid down their lives for him.' He finally mustered his forces at Cape St Antonio, the westerly point of Cuba, where they amounted to eleven vessels, the largest of a hundred tons burthen. He was accompanied by 110 mariners, and 553 soldiers, with about 200 Indians. He had also 14 pieces of artillery and 16 horses, for which he had paid a large price, but of whose importance for striking terror into the savages he was well aware. With this paltry force he set out to conquer a country larger and probably more populous than Spain itself. Cortes was then about thirty-three years of age, of a pale complexion, a grave countenance, and large dark eyes. He was rather above the middle size, with a slender but muscular figure, and remarkable for vigour and agility. His manners were frank, his disposition gay and humorous, but he possessed a cool calculating spirit, and bold prompt decision, which never failed him in the hour of trial.

On the 18th day of February, 1519, Cortes sailed for the coast of Yucatan. He landed first on the island of Cozumel, and there was joined by Jeronimo de Aguilar, a Spanish ecclesiastic, who had been nearly eight years captive among the Indians, with whose language he was now familiar, but had almost forgotten his native Castilian. Cortes next touched at the mouth of the Tabasco river, took possession of the town, and defeated the natives in a great battle. They then submitted, sent presents to the Spaniards, among which were twenty female slaves, and were nominally converted to Christianity. The natives showed many marks of civilisation; but the Spaniards were much disappointed by finding only a small quantity of gold, which they were informed came from Culhua, or Mexico, in the west. Cortes again set sail along the shore, and at last landed on a desolate sandy beach, where the town of Vera Cruz was afterwards built. He entered into communication with the natives through one of the female slaves, named Marina by the Spaniards, who was a Mexican by birth, and subsequently became the mistress of Cortes. He had an interview with the governor of this

distant province of the Mexican empire, from whom he received various presents, and was astonished by seeing an artist sketching a picture of himself and followers on canvas, for the information of the emperor. In it the ships, or 'water-houses,' of the strangers; their horses, so new and strange to the Indians; their cannon, vomiting out fire, and crushing the forest trees with irresistible violence, were not forgotten.

Mexico was then ruled by Montezuma, whose name, signifying the 'sad, or severe man,' well expressed his character. He had extended the empire by successful war, but disgusted the people by haughty arrogance, and alienated them by grievous impositions. He had also offended his neighbours, the kingdom of Texcoco being divided by the successful revolt of a younger brother of the sovereign, and the small republic of Tlascalal lying midway to the coast, fearing the growing power of the neighbouring monarch. Montezuma had been a priest before he was called to the throne, and dark superstition had a deep hold on his mind. He was constant in his religious services, and hecatombs of human victims were sacrificed to avert, if possible, the destruction of his empire, foretold by ancient oracles, and announced by recent prodigies—by a miraculous overflowing of the lakes, by the burning of the national temple, by comets in the heavens, and by a vast sheet or flood of fire 'thickly powdered with stars' seen in the east—the latter supposed by some historians to have been a volcanic eruption.

The arrival of the strangers seemed to give reality to all these strange prodigies, and spread consternation through the Mexican court. Montezuma assembled his wisest councillors, with his allied kings; but much diversity of sentiment prevailed, some advising to repel the intruders by force, others to give them an honourable reception. Montezuma chose a more impolitic course: he sent rich presents to Cortes, but forbade him to approach his capital. These rich gifts only excited the cupidity of the Spaniards, who had been suffering much from the heat, but were well supplied with all necessities by the natives. Cortes still insisted on visiting the court, but the ambassador firmly refused, and requested the strangers to return to their own land, and a second embassy to the emperor brought back a similar reply. Meantime disease and discontent had broken out in the camp, many of the soldiers insisting on an immediate return. This Cortes evaded on various grounds, and was confirmed in his refusal by an embassy from the Totanacs, a neighbouring nation recently conquered by the Mexicans, and bearing the yoke with impatience. They informed him of the discontent prevailing in the empire, and invited him to Cempoalla, their chief town. There he met with a kind reception, and moving his ships to a river in its vicinity, he laid the foundation of a city and fortress. Cortes used all his influence to excite the Totanacs against their rulers; and with such success, that when some Aztec nobles came to demand tribute, this was refused, and the messengers put into prison. Cortes contrived that they should escape, treated them kindly, and sent them to Montezuma with a message, in which the insult was ascribed entirely to the Totanacs. By this base duplicity, the Spaniard thought to secure in some measure the friendship of both parties, and he so far succeeded. The Totanacs became wholly subject to the foreigners, who could alone protect them from their incensed masters, and Montezuma sent a new embassy with costly gifts, and a promise to spare the rebels for the sake of the Spaniards. So much did this proof of his power increase the influence of Cortes, that when he soon after commanded his soldiers to violate the national temple, and destroy the images, not a hand was raised to protect them, but the whole people apparently adopted the faith of the foreigners, who set up an image of the Virgin and Child in the shrine from whence they had ejected the heathen idols.

Cortes was now meditating a bolder enterprise, even the conquest of the great empire of Montezuma. To this his force was utterly inadequate, but he trusted to the dissensions among the natives, and prepared for his attempt with remarkable skill and energy. The adverse part of his fol-

lowers were won by gifts and promises, or silenced by stern punishment; the commission he had received from the governor of Cuba was resigned into the hands of the magistracy of the new city, only to be restored with more ample bounds, and a vessel, loaded with rich presents, was dispatched to Spain to secure the royal sanction to these proceedings. But fearing lest the timid hearts of some among his followers might still shrink from the desperate enterprise, he resolved to cut off all hope of retreat. He procured a report from the carpenters condemning the vessels as not seaworthy, and all of them were dismantled and sunk except one small bark. The army was filled with consternation, and loud murmurs rose against their general, who seemed thus for his own ambition to be leading 'them like cattle to be butchered in the shambles,' without means or hope of escape. But in an eloquent harangue, he soothed their fears and excited their cupidity anew, concluding in the stirring words—'As for me I have chosen my part. I will remain here while there is one to bear me company. If there be any so craven as to shrink from sharing the dangers of our glorious enterprise, let them go home in God's name. There is still one vessel left. Let them take that and return to Cuba. They can tell there how they deserted their commander and their comrades, and patiently wait till we return loaded with the spoils of the Aztecs.' When he thus concluded, all fear was gone, and the enthusiastic shout burst from the assembled multitude—'To Mexico! To Mexico!'

And for this city he set out on the 16th August, 1519, with four hundred foot, fifteen horse, and seven pieces of artillery. He was accompanied by thirteen hundred Indian warriors, and a thousand porters to convey the artillery and baggage. In a few marches they traversed the warm region, and leaving its luxuriant groves, began to ascend the mountains. Pausing at Xalapa, they saw below them the plain over which they had passed, covered with meadows, woods, streams, and villages, and bounded as by a white streak by the ocean, beyond which was their native home. Behind was the steep ascent, crowned with its snowy mountains, to which they turned with renewed vigour as they felt the cool breeze from the upland regions. They then wound round the base of the Cofre de Perote, rising 18,000 feet above the sea, and suffered much from the cold winds, with driving rain and sleet, while toiling through the rugged and barren tracts of lava which encircle the volcano. Emerging on the plateau, the Spaniards found a more congenial climate, but the fields filled with plants previously unknown. They soon after reached a large city where they were very coolly received, but remained four days for rest and refreshment. They continued their route through the plain, then well wooded and crowded with villages, marching in regular order, 'as in the midst of a battle,' and never laying their weapons from their side. Cortes was advised by his Indian allies to proceed by the town of Tlascala, and sent some of them forward to ask permission from the warlike republicans. The embassy occasioned much diversity of opinion in that city, but the war party at last prevailed, and the ambassadors were detained on various pretences. Cortes continued to push forwards, and entered the Tlascalan territory, whose limits were marked by a strong rampart, but wholly without guards. He had not proceeded far, however, when he encountered an army of Tlascalans, whom he defeated, though with the loss of two horses and one of his men. In the evening two of his ambassadors returned with a friendly message, on which he put little reliance; and next day his doubts were confirmed by the arrival of the other two, who had been retained as sacrifices, but contrived to escape. A body of Indians soon appeared, and having fought for some time, retired with precipitation. The Spaniards following incautiously, found themselves in the middle of a narrow pass defended by a vast army, which attacked them with great courage. With much difficulty the white men gained the open ground, where their artillery and cavalry soon drove back their foes. Cortes encamped on a hill, where he rested the next day, and on the second sent an embassy to the Tlascalans, who returned the same answer that

would hew the flesh from their bones for sacrifice to the gods. This bold defiance, and the rumours of the number and prowess of the enemy, struck terror into the Spaniards, so that, as Bernal Diaz says, 'We feared death, for we were men.' But there was no retreat, and next day, after a long and dubious contest, the arms and discipline of the Europeans again prevailed. The priests having assured the Indians that the Spaniards, the children of the sun, would lose all their power when his beams were withdrawn, a night attack on the camp was next tried, but failed by the vigilance of Cortes.

These repeated victories of the strangers seem to have convinced the Tlascalans that further resistance was in vain. Their general, however, still delayed the embassy, and dispatched spies into the camp of Cortes, where they were discovered, and sent home with their hands cut off. This proof of Spanish sagacity broke the spirit of the chief, the embassy was allowed to proceed, and he soon followed in person to seek peace with the conquerors. This was readily granted by Cortes, whose troops were already murmuring at the labour and danger to which they were subjected. After some delay to restore his own health, during which messengers again arrived with presents from Montezuma, and an offer of tribute, provided he would abstain from visiting the capital, Cortes proceeded to Tlascala. He was received with great kindness, and formed an alliance with that brave people, of the utmost importance to the success of his great enterprise. Whilst he remained in their city, another embassy arrived from Montezuma, who now invited him to his capital, and recommended the road by Cholula, which notwithstanding the dissuasions of his new allies, he resolved to follow.

Cholula was the great emporium of commerce and centre of religion in the Mexican empire. There stood the greatest of the teocallis, or religious mounds, covering about forty-four acres with its square base, and rising to a height of 477 feet. On the top was a magnificent temple, and a splendid image of the 'god of the air.' Numerous other temples filled the city; pilgrims flocked to it from all quarters, and six thousand human victims are reported to have annually perished on its cruel altars. But its people were effeminate and treacherous, seeking to gain by cunning what they lost in open war. In this city, Cortes was at first received with kindness, but this soon changed to cool civility, and his mistress, Marina, discovered that they were plotting the destruction of him and his followers. His vengeance was quick and terrible. Seizing an opportunity when many of the chiefs and people were assembled in the square where he lodged, he ordered a general massacre, let loose his Indian allies to waste and plunder the devoted city, and consumed the great temple, its idols, and obstinate defenders, in one vast conflagration. Three, some say six, thousand of the people were slain, and the survivors reduced to the most complete subjection. The surrounding cities, struck with the power, and dreading the cruel vengeance of the Spaniards, sent in their submission, and even Montezuma hastened to deny all participation in the conspiracy, and to soothe the conquerors with rich presents. Cortes remained a fortnight longer in the city, endeavouring to convert the natives to Christianity, and then resumed his march. He here parted with regret from his Totanac allies, who had followed him thus far from the coast, and stood by him faithfully in all difficulties, but feared to venture nearer to the capital of the great Montezuma.

The route of the Spaniards now led over the sierra that walls in the Mexican valley. The emperor had shut up the direct road, wishing to involve his unwished-for guests in another more dangerous. But his disaffected subjects revealed the deceit, and Cortes moved on between two of the loftiest mountains of the Cordillera. He paused till some of his followers ascended the highest, Popocatepetl, but it was then in a state of eruption, which prevented them reaching the summit, about 18,000 feet above the sea. Continuing their march, the troops at length reached the ridge of the sierra, when the glorious valley of Mexico, then richly wooded, and sprinkled with cultivated fields,

silvery lakes, and shining cities, burst on their enrapt view, in the clear atmosphere of the tropics. At first troops exclaimed—'It is the promised land!' but, in moment, its wealth, its populous cities, its vast resources before them, and terror-struck by the prospect, demanded to be led back to the ships. But the voice of eloquence of their undaunted leader had its customary effect, and with buoyant step they hastened down the side. Their progress was impeded by the admiring crowd which flocked from every quarter, and who did not fail to discover their discontent with the harsh rule of Montezuma. An embassy from this monarch met them, and tried by treaty and the offer of vast bribes to induce them to return. But all in vain: Cortes moved on towards the capital whose sovereign, in a paroxysm of despair, sought counsel of his dumb idols, by fasting, prayers, and horrid sacrifices. Some of his councillors advised him to receive the Spaniards with courtesy; his more warlike brother, Cuahuatl, to summon his armies and drive them back to the ocean, or die nobly like a king. He chose the former, and his nephew, the Prince of Tezcoco, was sent to welcome Cortes to Mexico. Under his guidance the Spaniards were led safely amidst the winding lakes, where a bold enemy might have placed them at defiance. One night they lodged in a royal palace, whose stately architecture seemed to excel that of Europe; whilst its pleasure gardens, its aviaries and fish-ponds, filled their rude hearts with amazement. Next day they were led over the long causeway that unites the city of Mexico to the mainland, where the emperor met and welcomed them to his capital. He was clad with great magnificence, and waited on by his numerous attendants with the most reverential submission. One of the royal palaces was assigned to Cortes for an abode whose numerous halls were amply sufficient to accommodate not only him and his European followers, but also the six thousand Tlascalans who had accompanied him into the very centre of their hereditary foes. All their wants were liberally supplied, and the emperor soon after paid Cortes a visit in person, and made many inquiries concerning the country whence he had come, and his motives for such a journey. Montezuma still regarded them as more than mortal, and the children of that fair-haired god who ages before had been driven from his land. Cortes next day returned the visit, and tried in vain to convert the emperor to Christianity. In his reply, Montezuma acknowledged the superior power of the Christians, that their king was the rightful lord of all, and in his name he would rule. 'Rest now,' he concluded, 'from your labours. You are here in your own dwellings, and every thing shall be provided for your subsistence. I will see that your wishes shall be obeyed in the same manner as my own.' At these words tears filled his eyes, as the image of his ancient independence, of his vanished glory, flitted across his mind. Cortes took his departure, struck with the power and liberality of the emperor, having obtained leave to visit the various parts of the vast city.

PAUPERISM AND CRIME.

THE Divine Author of Christianity, while on earth, 'went about doing good.' He did so by his doctrines, his precepts, and his practice. He enlightened the ignorant, reproved the guilty, frowned the hypocrite out of countenance, and poured consolation and peace into the wounded and stricken soul. But he went farther than this: he fed the hungry, healed the sick, and introduced happiness into many a cottage and many a hovel, by alleviating the physical miseries to which flesh is heir. Nor is this all; for the temporal blessings he conferred often preceded his bestowment of spiritual benefits; and the good which thousands derived from his sermons and lessons was occasioned by the gratitude which they felt for his previously evinced benevolence in reference to their bodily ills. Christian philanthropists ought to keep this in mind. In our

violent efforts to correct and reform the abandoned and guilty, we should remember that men have bodies as *so souls*; and that the efforts of the city missionary be most likely to prove successful, when the exertions be philanthropist have succeeded in mitigating or reing physical misery in those districts which he has appointed to visit. Now, in imitating Christ, we ought spy his example at full length—to begin, as he did, at beginning—and not to allow our sympathy with the al destitution and wretchedness of the profligate and fallen, to make us forgetful of the bodily sufferings wh vice and crime may have already entailed on their happy victims. Sickness and hunger tend to unfit the ad for bestowing attention on divine truth; remove se, however, and gratitude for the blessings you have inferred will dispose the individuals to listen with interest your religious exhortations, and the consequence will quently be, that having previously relieved the body, a will be most likely to succeed in saving the soul. Glasgow, according to a volume recently published by Mr Smith, the author of 'Sacred Biography,' is, with regard the poorer classes of its inhabitants, in a frightful con-
dition of physical wretchedness. If poverty is produced by crime, crime is perpetuated by poverty; and while too much praise cannot be bestowed on the exertions put forth y the churches of Glasgow to reform and correct the de-
raded and the ignorant in that large city, we still mast a of opinion, that an incalculably greater amount of good will be done by missionary effort, if efficient agency is immediately employed to do away with the poverty, the lestitution, and disease, which, according to Mr Smith's showing, so frightfully abound in that large and magnif-
cent city. But not to detain the reader with prefatory ob-
servations, which are of themselves sufficiently obvious, we would call attention to the volume itself, and shall merely premise our extracts by giving a short summary of what it contains. Mr Smith gives us an account of the misery and destitution of Glasgow by describing the nature of the interior lodging-houses, and the dwelling-houses of the poor. He describes the profligate characters with which the city swarms—the hangers-on, the thieves, and the beggars. He describes the miseries, physical and moral, of neglected pauperism—its effects on individuals, society, posterity. He shows what has been already done in Glasgow to prevent crime, and alleviate or remove suffering. The volume abounds with a variety of appeals, some of which are addressed to the magistrates exclusively, and some to the Glasgow citizens alone.

'On inquiry, we find that in Glasgow from 5000 to 10,000 persons are nightly accommodated in twopenny and threepenny lodging-houses. We have in our possession a list containing no fewer than 489 of such houses, with the names of the keepers of them. Of these, 160 are situated in the district east of High Street, including the Vennels, Burnside, &c., and 240 are in the district between the Saltmarket and Stockwell Street. The remaining 89 are scattered throughout different parts of the city. Though only 489 have been registered, not fewer than 600 or 700 exist; and as some of these have as many as thirty lodgers nightly, and others but two, were we to assume the number of houses to be 600, and the average of their lodgers to be ten, we should have an aggregate and average of 6000 nightly sheltered in these cheap houses. We have been at some pains to ascertain the character of the accom-
modation provided for these masses, and a description of these houses is surely calculated to give no very high idea of human nature, and it reflects little credit, if we mistake

not, either to the proprietors of these dwellings, or to the authorities that tolerate them. The 489 ascertained houses contain 985 apartments and 1453 beds. At an average every apartment contains three beds, and the average size of these apartments is ten feet by twelve, and about seven feet high. Ventilation is altogether neglected, so that every six of the unfortunate inmates have to live during the night on about 840 cubic feet of air, or somewhat less than 140 each, and that air tainted by the loathsome neighbourhood. So much for the statistics of these dwellings. Their locality is certainly very forbidding. Masses of them are located in the Old and New Wynds, and in Saltmarket Street and Bridgegate. In company with one of our police authorities, who intimately knows all these places, we visited not a few of them, and found them revolting beyond description. Some of the keepers were in a state of fearful intoxication, and attesting every assertion with the most horrid imprecations. Those we visited between nine and ten at night were busy preparing for their nightly visitors. In some of them a number of wretched girls, several of them not fifteen years of age, were in the kitchen in waiting for other comers; and in others of them from ten to twenty men and women were all promiscuously congregated in the kitchen, some eating and some drinking, and all talking, while the 'landlady' was getting the bedrooms ready—and what bedrooms! The beds being unequal to accommodate the lodgers, something in the shape of a bed, but which was in reality a little straw enclosed in dirty cloths laid on the floor, with a miserable blanket or two thrown over them, composed the beds of not a few. It is needless to add, that the houses, generally speaking, were very ill kept, and the beds still worse. The smell was most sickening, and the air almost deadly to those of ordinary hungs. On again visiting these houses in the morning, their appearance was still more shocking. The entries, though they had been partially cleaned, still retained a considerable portion of the filth deposited during the night—the stairs to all appearance had not been cleaned since the flood, and many of the apartments were still occupied with the lodgers, who were chiefly miserably clad females. In some cases attempts were being made to wash out the houses; but water not being introduced to them by pipes, it could be but scantly applied. The poor lodgers, it is needless to add, were generally in a state of the most abominable intoxication. We have been somewhat particular in our description of these nests of crime and disease, not to harrow the feelings of our readers, but to excite to effort in order to change this state of things. It will not do to say the disease is incurable, and that such characters are irreclaimable. The existence of such houses—we speak advisedly—THE EXISTENCE OF SUCH HOUSES IS A REPROACH TO GLASGOW. We speak not of the *inmates*, but of the *buildings*. The authorities ought to have taken steps long ago to purchase these wynds, and in their place erected others properly ventilated and watered. Many of the inmates may be considered incurable; but if Glasgow and other cities had not these houses to shelter dissolute characters, there would soon be fewer to shelter. To buy up these wretched places might not only be a deed of philanthropy, but a profitable speculation. The rents that comfortable houses would draw would amply remunerate for all expenditure. But while there is a large class which cannot be reclaimed, there are many now compelled to seek shelter in these dens, who would willingly avail themselves of cheap decent houses, could such be had. Edinburgh, at length, is laudably providing such, and why should Glasgow be behind? Now that the passion for speculating is so general, why have not some speculators sufficient humanity to aid the suffering while they help themselves? Why not form a company to provide good and cheap accommodation for those unable to procure houses? There is a sufficient sum paid weekly in these houses to support an establishment that at once would do honour to Glasgow, and handsomely pay its benevolent and enterprising founders. For the small charge of threepence or fourpence, a night's safe and comfortable lodging could be furnish-

ed. On the assumption that 3000 of those now lodged in these low twopenny or threepenny houses would avail themselves of a *decent* establishment, we should have, at the small charge of threepence for each nightly, a revenue of £262 : 10s. weekly; and were they supplied with provisions at a cheap rate, the revenue might amount to nearly a thousand pounds weekly. The expense of erecting a house to accommodate even 4000 would be comparatively trifling. A capital of £50,000 would more than suffice to fit out the whole establishment. Of course it would be indispensable to make a proper selection of lodgers. The dissipated could on no consideration be admitted, and from the establishment spirituous liquors would require to be carefully excluded. Under a proper management such an establishment might prove an invaluable blessing to Glasgow. The inexperienced that are daily crowding to Glasgow from the country, would be saved from these dens of infamy where their ruin is speedily accomplished, and the amount of crime would consequently be greatly lessened. How many on their arrival in Glasgow look in vain for any cheap and safe accommodation, and are soon through necessity dragged into these dens from whence they never return! Were the police and others able to point such to a house where their life and morals would be in safe keeping, what an incalculable amount of misery would be prevented? Crime would, in fact, almost die out with the old race of transgressors, as their ranks would no longer be replenished with inexperienced country comers. We shall now detail more minutely the appearance and furniture of these cheap houses, and offer further suggestions regarding the erection of such an establishment as we have proposed.'

In the second chapter Mr Smith enters somewhat more into detail, and actually introduces us into the interior of some of those dens of wretchedness. Take the first specimen, which we are told is the best:

'The first we visited was in the New Wynd, off Tron-gate. The entry, which may be considered a specimen of the rest, was narrow and dirty, and so low that persons of ordinary stature can gain admittance only by stooping, and the stair was so worn as to render our ascent not a little difficult. On our guide stating to the keeper that he wanted to see her house, we were welcomed with a volley of oaths, and dared to discover aught objectionable in her establishment. In the lobby sat a well dressed young woman, whom she called her daughter, and whom our guide described as one of nine daughters whom she had brought up, and, to his knowledge, every one of the nine had been induced by the mother to enter on a dissolute life. In the kitchen, which was on the whole tolerably clean, were five or six girls, all lounging about, and seemingly waiting on for other comers. On questioning the landlady whether these were her servants, she swore lustily that they served themselves, but for her, she had a dumb servant who aided her to do her work. The bedrooms contained from three to six beds each. The beds had posted bedsteads made in the rudest manner. Some of the beds were of straw, and had scarcely anything in the shape of pillows, and the whole bedclothes consisted of a thin worn blanket and a miserable covering. Some of the other beds were made up of cotton. Though there was certainly nothing very inviting about this house, the keeper was still more revolting than the house. To all appearance she was about fifty years of age, and her countenance, which had once possessed good features, was miserably bloated through drinking and debauchery. In the most cool and unprovoked mood she used the most dreadful imprecations. Her language and gestures impressively showed the dreadful state to which a course of crime—for the keeping of a house for such purposes may justly be viewed as such—reduces its miserable victims. But though the keeper of this house was decidedly the most outrageous of any we found, the house itself was the *best of its class!*'

This is the best, now for the worst.—

'We were led through another, and still more wretched entry, the stench of which was suffocating. We found a

small area at the back of the entry, from which access was gained to sundry houses—and houses more wretched imagination could not conceive. We first looked into the ground floor of one which had not a single article of furniture, but something in the form of two beds, but which, in reality, were a few blocks of stones covered with dirty rags. On questioning a person who, with an infant in her arms, was standing at the door, she described herself as the wife of a carter, to whom she was married when only eighteen years of age, and she said she kept two lodgers, who were a married couple. Our guide denied the truth of her statements, and assured us that the house was one of common resort. Wet clay was the only floor of this dwelling, and not a single pane of glass adorned its windows. Indeed, on looking round the area not one of the wretched habitations was honoured with a single pane of glass. We then ascended an outside stair and knocked at the broken door of *one* of the apartments—for the stair granted access to several dwellings—when a female in rags, who was thrown into confusion by the official appearance of our guide, somewhat reluctantly admitted us, on being assured that we had no intention of taking her to the police-office. In this dwelling, which consisted of only one small apartment, we found—besides the alleged husband and wife, to whom it belonged—no fewer than ten young females, half-covered with rags, and some of them in such beds as there were, though it was nearly noon-day. The keeper of the house, when questioned as to how these lived, drily answered that they paid her each one shilling weekly, and it was no object of hers how they obtained it, adding, that if it was improperly they had the worst of it themselves. This house had the appearance of the very perfection of domestic misery. The shattered and dirty walls, the broken and ragged ceiling, the filthy and rotten floor, were all in keeping with the bloated and debauched appearance of the guilty inmates. We visited other houses in this wretched back area, and our guide assured us that, though all the accommodation could not properly shelter more than seven or eight families, not fewer than three hundred men and women crowded nightly its disgusting domiciles. Some scenes of the most heart-rending description were here witnessed. In one house we were shown into a back room where we found a mother and daughter at their scanty breakfast. The mother had the appearance of having been one day respected and respectable, and the daughter was a good-featured girl, of about seventeen years old; but, on questioning the mother, who looked pensive, she all but admitted that they were living on the reward of crime. Our guide informed us that, in many cases, mothers, who have been reduced through misfortune, betake themselves to one of these cheap lodging-houses, and there spend the residue of their wretched existence on the earnings of the daughters—earnings that may be called something worse to the recipients of them than the wages of unrighteousness, and to the givers of them than the price of blood.'

Mr Smith concludes the chapter by a forcible appeal to the citizens of Glasgow. We must, however, demur to at least one of its clauses, in which he somewhat unguardedly asserts that neither from the press nor the pulpit have the abuses in question been noticed. Now, this is not the case. We could name more than one pulpit in which the most powerful appeals have been made to the congregations in reference to the very evils which Mr. Smith deprecates; this, however, is the appeal:—

'Citizens of Glasgow! are you to allow this state of things to remain? Are sisters to be allowed to continue to induce sisters to betake themselves to these dens of infamy? Are mothers—mothers, once tender and delicate—to be compelled, for lack of proper refuge, and through the pressure of misfortune, to be necessitated to betake themselves to these nests of crime, and live on the price of innocence and virtue during their declining years, while not an effort is made to protect them from misfortune and shield them from crime? Is it enough for the benevolent to

erect fever hospitals and infirmaries, and for Christians to erect gorgeous temples for worship, when, in the very centre of our city, thousands of the old are living on the vices of the young, and thousands of the young selling themselves to iniquity, so ignorant as to be scarcely aware that they differ from beasts to be taken and destroyed? Of what use is it to build asylums for the afflicted, when we foster at our very doors the nurseries of crime? Why talk of sacrifices when these dens are unvisited, and not one syllable said from the pulpit or the press which might facilitate the removal of these moral pests and the introduction of a better state of things? Whence the difficulty of at once erecting such an establishment as we proposed, and of taking steps for the removal of all those wretched dwellings? It is time, at least for those who possess common humanity, to bestir themselves. The plea of ignorance can no longer be urged. We have placed the real state of matters before them, and a visit to these places will fully satisfy them that one-half of the wickedness and wretchedness sheltered in these places has not been told.'

From the second division of the volume, entitled 'Dwellings of the Poorer Classes in Glasgow,' we give the following extract, Mr Smith's object being to show the necessity of immediate steps for ameliorating the condition of the poor, by condemning those filthy dens in which they are doomed to live, and providing them with proper dwellings.

'The first house visited was in lane 101, off High Street, inhabited by a person named Sally O'Hara, who is about 40 years of age. Her house is on the ground-floor; rents one apartment; pays 13*d.* per week, or nearly £3 a-year; floor, damp clay; no table, no chair, no stool, not an article of furniture, but some broken crockery; is a widow, and has two children working in a mill; they sleep with her on the wooden bedstead, which is a fixture; not a vestige of blankets, but a little loose straw; not one particle of food in the house, but a small roll which she was eating; keeps a shutter on the window because there is no glass in it. The two children get no meat in the house, but are supplied at a shop near the works in which they are employed. She gathers rags during the day, and sells them every night; makes from a penny to twopence daily; gets no supplies from the poors' roll. It is difficult to determine the cause of poverty in this case. The appearance of this person certainly led to a suspicion that she contrived to provide herself occasionally with strong drink, but the manner in which she spoke induced a belief, or at least a strong suspicion, that misfortune was the chief cause. At all events, the hovel in which she lived was unfit to shelter a human being, as it is but about six feet wide, ten long, seven high, and floor wet clay; and the crowded neighbourhood renders the air that encircles and visits this wretched abode most pestiferous and deadly.'

The following is graphic—Miss Edgeworth has nothing better :

'Darby Thomas rents a house, nine feet by fourteen, for £2 : 3 : 4*d.* Darby is 65 years of age, and his wife 60; they receive 3*s.* monthly from the session, which is 3*s.* 4*d.* less than pays their rent. Darby was wont to provide for himself by retailing coals, which he carried through the city with his donkey cart. He kept his donkey in the corner of his house, which consisted of one apartment. The donkey died about half-a-year ago, and Darby is now unable to go out. Their only means of subsistence is what Darby's wife raises by travelling with a little basket of small wares. The floor of this house is wet mud. The bed, on which the aged couple have lain for years, consists of a few planks covered with a little straw, and two or three pieces of dirty sacking. The other furniture is equally scanty. This is a case for the charitable. Darby's only misfortune, as far as we can learn, was his want of energy; he never aspired to anything beyond his daily bread; and now that his donkey is gone, and his strength failed, he is a proper object of charity, and his parish leaves him in his mud house, and pays a part of his rent, and Darby may starve if he choose.'

After describing the dwelling-houses of the poor, Mr Smith suggests a plan for their improvement. It is as follows :

'In order to show the practicability of our proposals to provide temporary and permanent dwellings for those of comparatively small means, we direct attention to a joint-stock company in Liverpool, which supplies the working classes with houses at the rate of £5 a-year, water and gas inclusive. This company at last general meeting declared a dividend of eight per cent. to all stockholders. Every family is furnished with three apartments, all neatly fitted up. The proceedings of this company have been published to the world, and furnish data on which the benevolent and enterprising of other cities may safely proceed with similar establishments. On making inquiry, we find that ground can be had in our city at from £1000 to £10,000 per acre. We shall assume that a joint-stock company procures ground at the highest rate, £10,000 per acre. On an acre two rows of houses, each 720 feet long, and 24 feet wide, and 4 stories high, could be built, and a space of the same length, and 24 feet wide, could be left between the rows. Allowing a front of twelve feet for every family, the rows would accommodate 480 families, and each could be provided with three apartments. The erection of the houses would cost other £10,000, making a total expenditure of £20,000. Supposing each family to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* a-week, a revenue of £3120 annually would be raised, from which we may deduct £1120 for supplying the houses with water and gas, &c., and there would remain £2000, or ten per cent., which would secure stockholders against all risk, after covering all incidental expenses. These statistics have been furnished by parties whose competency is unquestionable, and they show that a joint-stock company, with a capital of £20,000, could furnish accommodation to the families of the working classes at the small charge of 2*s.* 6*d.* each, gas and water included, and at the same time remunerate the company. Were the capital increased to £40,000, not fewer than 960 families would be accommodated; and were it increased to £100,000, accommodation would be provided for 2100 families, and the same proportion of interest, ten per cent., would be secured to the stockholders. In connexion with these more permanent dwellings, a vast lodging establishment ought to be provided. Supposing that two rows of buildings, similar to those described for dwelling-houses, were appropriated for lodgings, each row would contain 960 apartments, each of which could contain two persons; and thus 1920 could be accommodated in one wing, and 3840 in two, which, at a charge of threepence each, would amount to an aggregate of £48 each night, or £386 weekly, or £17,472 annually, on the assumption that the house was always full; but though it were not one-third, nor more than one-fifth full, it would more than pay the projectors. We should propose that a capital of not less than £100,000 be raised, and that a space of ground amounting to five or six acres be procured, and we have no doubt but the result will exceed the most sanguine expectations. There can be no doubt but if clean and comfortable buildings are provided them at the rate specified, the establishment, even on the large scale proposed, would be wholly inadequate to accommodate the applicants for houses, as the number of the working classes in Glasgow much exceeds 50,000.'

Having described bad houses, Mr Smith next notices the bad characters by which the streets of Glasgow are infested. He entitles his essay, or whatever the reader may please to call it, 'The Hangers-on of Society,' which he divides into beggars and thieves :

'The number belonging to these classes in Glasgow is enormous. According to a report in the Glasgow papers of 7th February, 1846, it appears that the poor on the roll of Barony Parish amount to 2147, and the number in Gorbals, &c., may amount to 1000, giving a total of 3140. The greater part of these have other poor connected with them, and in some measure dependent on them. Probably, for every one entered on the roll, three at least share

in the funds, so that we may count on a total of 9420, which, by the inmates of the poor's house, and others connected with that institution, would swell the list to 14,000. From previous chapters, it appears that the allowance made our paupers scarcely, at an average, pays their rents. It follows that they must obtain the means of subsistence otherwise, and but few of them do anything in the way of labour. On charity they chiefly depend for their victuals and such clothes as they have, and if upwards of £6520 are required for their dwellings, twice that sum will be required for a subsistence, so that £20,000 will be annually bestowed on those entered on the roll, and the 10,000 made up of them and their dependants cannot subsist on less than £3 a-year, which would give an aggregate of £42,000. Indeed, the poor's house revenue, for the year 1845, amounted to about £26,000. We shall meantime suppose that the 14,000 include all the begging community of the city, as well as all supported by charity. The other class of hangers-on is probably not much fewer in number. No doubt, in some cases, the same persons are members of each community—the begging and the thieving community;—so that we shall reckon thieves *proper* to amount to 5000. Their annual income may probably average £30, as we include all swindlers, and all classes that make money by unlawful means, from the bank forger down to the street quack-medicine vendor. The total, therefore, of the Glasgow ordinary thief revenue is about £150,000. Among these about 30,000 police trials annually occur, and about 100 have an interview with the Lords.'

We give the reader entire an admirable essay on 'The Physical and Moral Evils of Neglected Pauperism.'

Having enumerated some of the commercial evils inflicted on society by neglected pauperism, there are other and still more frightful aspects in which it may be viewed. The physical and moral scourge of such a system affects in the first instance its miserable victims, but ultimately the entire community. The deteriorating effects, on the physical system, of scanty and unwholesome food, and of slovenly and filthy habits, are universally admitted, and a visit to our lanes and wynds supplies a melancholy illustration. There humanity, in its most squalid shapes—eyeless, toothless, limbless youth, and emaciated, deformed, and haggard age—may be seen prowling about, shunning the light of day. These physical wrecks of humanity are the too faithful emblems of the intellectual and moral desolation within. Fathers and mothers, themselves ignorant and debased, and frequently profligate, rear an offspring to fill our poor-houses and prisons, or inadequately to discharge the duties of any honest occupation. The miseries endured by these victims of poverty and crime are altogether indescribable. Making every allowance for the petrification of feelings induced by a life of degradation and dissipation, the physical suffering is frightfully intense. Age, pressing with all its infirmities, without one of the ameliorations of civilisation—infants crying for bread, and greedily devouring the most pestiferous offals; while fever and disease stalk through the wretched dwellings, and suddenly carry off their victims prematurely and unlamented. Penury and crime are so fearfully prolific, that the ravages of disease, and the transport vessel, coupled with the services of the hangman, are unable to destroy or diminish them. In addition to those who may be called the immediate successors of these dungeon dwellers, a brood of imbeciles and rogues are scattered among the humbler classes of society, who, alike unable and unwilling to discharge the proper duties of their station, make it a part of their business to scatter dissension and dissatisfaction among those with whom they mingle. These exercising a wider range than the race from which they spring, exert an influence so much the more deadly. They poison the very fountains of morality and religion, and eventually, with those who have yielded to their influence, relapse into the state from which they had partially escaped. To the mere economist and philanthropist these are considerations of paramount importance; but to the believer in revelation—the expectant of a future state—a state, the des-

tinies of which are, as far as the agent is concerned, determined by the doings of the present life, the contemplation is altogether overwhelming. The fact that future suffering is not any arbitrary infliction, but the necessary consequence of neglected and perverted opportunities—an unalterable constitution, which a course of transgression creates—of an indomitable aversion to the pure and lovely, makes the survey of the Christian philanthropist extremely afflicting, and, if taken properly, must impel to an active effort to effect the emancipation of the slaves of crime and the victims of poverty.'

We have hitherto given only specimens of the gloomiest portions of Mr Smith's book, our object being to awake public attention to the importance of the subject; for we fear were inquiry as rigidly made, Glasgow is not the only city to which such descriptions would apply. But there is much pleasant writing in the volume, particularly where Mr Smith describes the numerous benevolent institutions for which among the British cities, Glasgow stands pre-eminent. It is quite refreshing, too, to discover, in the large sums given by the Glasgow churches for merely charitable purposes, the beneficial influence which Christianity exerts over the human heart.

It was our intention to have given one or two extracts descriptive of scenes much more cheering in their character; but the length to which we have already gone, precludes the possibility of our doing so at present.

There are some books which, before they please must pain us, and Mr Smith's is one of the class. The most vivid descriptions of Crabbe, the most powerful pencilings of Hogarth, scarce call up more painful sensations than are consequent upon a perusal of the calm statistics of Mr Smith. It is, indeed, in one sense, a horrible book Ainsworth's novel descriptive of the plague in London hardly shocks us more. And yet we owe Mr Smith thanks for having published it. The knowledge of a disease is said to be half its cure; and if Glasgow hereafter sin, it will not be the sin of ignorance, for the facts cannot be denied: 'The majority of the facts in this volume,' says Mr Smith, 'were brought before the public in another form, and their accuracy, even by those whose interest it was to contradict them, has not been impugned.' Let the ladies of Glasgow especially, throwing mawkish sensibility overboard, give the book a perusal, and let them rouse up to instant effort that part of the creation over which they are understood to exercise no small amount of control. Men can do much of themselves, but the most magnificent achievements of public benevolence have been always, to a vast extent, consequent upon the impulsive influence of woman. It is time, however, that we draw to a close, which we do by earnestly recommending the book to the attention of the citizens of all our large towns, as it not only points out the extent of the evils which exist in them, but also the measures by which they may be greatly modified, if not altogether removed.

THE POSITION OF MAN IN THE SCALE OF BEING.

WHAT a wide arena of magnificent display does this globe we inhabit present to the eye of each favoured observer! In the field or in the meadow, in the tortuous course of the rumbling stream or on the bosom of the placid lake, the naturalist everywhere finds food for his intelligent mind, for the works of nature require only examination to be thoroughly appreciated. On the one hand we have the chain of being, like one large family, linked by bonds of close connexion, and ascending step by step, by easy grades,

and in mutual harmony, until we reach the highest link, where man proudly and pre-eminently takes his station; while, on the other, we witness an Omnipotent Designing Power directing by his nod the mechanism which governs the actions of that insect whose earthly sojourn is limited to the short-lived compass of an hour, and governing by his will those great fundamental laws which separate night and day, and keep in a perpetual and unerring motion these vast planetary domains.

The animal kingdom bears ascendancy over the vegetable by the possession of two inherent principles, bestowed liberally throughout the scale of being, and termed instinct and intelligence. A line of demarcation unquestionably exists between these powers, and their relative influence exercises the most material diversities in the habits and propensities of the various tribes of animals. Instinct pervades the whole animal creation; intelligence is confined to a part of it. The physical conformation of an animal and its instinctive propensities bear no comparison, since insects possess the power in its most perfect form. Intelligence uniformly exists in an equal ratio with the size and development of the brain of the animal. Instinct never aims at rising above mere physical wants, but contents itself with providing for its possessors a home and a livelihood, and other means of facilitating an existence which we have every reason to believe they enjoy; while intelligence soars aloft and expends its powers on the highest subjects of knowledge, is wide in its provisions and diversified in its aims; like a beam of divine light it reflects its blessings over the whole human race; the wide universe is its field of action, and the enslaved elements themselves are the mighty instruments employed to do its work.

The large class of insects, occupying every portion of the earth, exemplify a general law in nature, that wherever life can be sustained, there we invariably find life produced. The resources of the microscope disclose a still wider field, exhibiting the great fertility of this division of the animal kingdom, as vast myriads of animalcule are to be seen in almost every fluid. Instinct, in its most undiscerning and uncontrollable state, rules all the actions of the group, and shows to what pure perfection it does attain by the mathematical ingenuity displayed in the construction of the cell of the bee, as well as the forethought which the same insect exhibits by the act of providing a magazine of food on which it may subsist during the rigours of a severe winter—an innate power rivalling, if not in many instances surpassing, similar foresight in the intelligent being. Fishes, although they form a large and peculiarly developed race, stand very low in the scale of being, and the diminutive size of the brain indicates their possession of a very small amount of intelligence. The sub-kingdom of birds is particularly interesting, not only on account of their graceful mechanism, but chiefly for their instinctive propensities, modified as these are by a certain amount of intelligence. Each species of birds is guided by an instinct peculiarly its own, which may be readily observed by the diversities exhibited in the construction of the nest. Under the guidance of the same power, the swallow migrates for a season to a foreign shore, and spends its winter beneath the genial covering of a southern sky. With what an anxious care our common domestic hen watches over her chickens, how she shields them from the storm and the intruder, and gathers them under her wings; or witness the same fowl when she has had the misfortune to rear a brood of young ducklings, observing the first *ent're* of her charge into the water; see the heart of the poor stepmother how it throbs with fear and anguish; view her whole frame convulsed with fatal apprehension as she runs and flies around the margin of the pond, while the little imps, reckless of all danger, seem to laugh a mother's fears to scorn as they flounder with delight in their beloved element. This trait of instinct appears very closely allied to the mental emotion of the rational being.

The class mammalia, to which man belongs, is distinguished for the complex organisation of its members, and their superior amount of intelligence, which enables them to perform a vast variety of physical motions, accompany-

ing these with the most delicate sensations. Mammalia are longer dependent upon the parent than any other tribe of animals, and it seems a law in nature's economy, that the higher degree of development a creature is to assume, in a greater measure does it require to be assisted during the morning of its existence. In man this period is very much prolonged, and, in consequence, benefits materially the social condition of the race. In light, sound, sense of smell, muscular power, and acuteness of sensibility, some species can boast a superiority over man. The sagacity of the dog, the elephant, and the monkey, is quite proverbial; nor is this sagacity confined to any solitary instance in their habits, but under most circumstances do these animals display an adaptation to certain ends of which they are conscious. When we review the corporeal frame of man, the first mark which engages the attention is the erect posture which it assumes. Tracing the skeleton from head to foot, we find every part of it giving strength and stability to those immediately beneath. The foot presents the form of an arch, with the bone of the heel forming one side of support while the ball of the great toe forms the other. This design allows the whole weight of the body to rest with impunity upon the foot, and likewise enables man to stand upon one leg, a position that no other mammiferous animal is capable of assuming. The situation of the face, and aspect of the countenance, are very indicative of man's supremacy. Each emotion of the mind reflects itself upon the face as upon a mirror, and the passions are there so faithfully portrayed that even a brute will crouch at them. The hand may be styled the most valued companion of man, as it is the very handmaid of his mind; and when we keep in view that man stands alone in animated nature in not possessing any direct means of defence, we can easily understand the purposes which such an organ is destined to perform. The elephant may battle with his trunk, the tiger with its claw, while the wild horse finds safety in flight. Man alone stands destitute of every weapon; yet how well does the hand make up the deficiency—how soon does it multiply instruments by which he may at will obtain the mastery! It transports to the unhewn rock and paints upon the glowing canvass all that is wonderful in art and beautiful in conception; it wields with patriotic enthusiasm the sword that severs the oppressor's yoke; now discoursing music's magic sounds, which have been known to melt the savage heart and rivet breathless thousands with a spell; anon steering through the ocean's foam the mighty monarch of her wide domains, and finding in the trackless deep a highway to a thousand shores.

The external senses in man are all moderately acute, and are, moreover, capable of great educational improvement. By the cultivation of the senses of vision and hearing, the Indian becomes aware of the distant approach of his enemy, and has time to prepare himself for the attack; and the acquired powers of swiftness of foot and swimming, so characteristic of the race, show to what an extent bodily motion may be facilitated and increased. But if man stands indisputably above the lower animals in reference to his bodily functions, how still more wonderfully does he appear to outstrip them when we review for a moment his mental faculties! While instinct is the mainspring of the actions of the brute creation, intelligence is the grand distinguishing feature of humanity. Instinct displays a perfect sameness; intelligence is diversified, and is ever undergoing a process of sure and gradual advancement. A cursory survey of the world's history beautifully illustrates this remark. We see nations rising and falling, but bequeathing to posterity memorials almost imperishable of their original grandeur and magnificence. Each epoch of human improvement, although followed by a concomitant depression, proves of the utmost importance to successive nations, so that each succeeding generation improves upon its forerunner, and although clouds of darkness may eclipse for a while the progressive brightness of the intellectual march, in due time it never fails to shine forth with renewed and increasing lustre. The powers of which our ancestors were ignorant are now wielded by us, while we again are opening up the path for

other and more gigantic powers to be employed by posterity. The stream of time dispenses blessings as it flows, and disdains to mingle with the waters of eternity until it has added to the comforts and improved the social condition of the human race.

The causes which, in the modern world, have influenced and advanced the human mind are numerous. A few of these are worth enumerating. Language, education, the art of printing, and the French revolution, have each in their separate departments done much to improve the social condition of our portion of the race. If those causes have exercised an influence, the Reformation and the spread of a true Christian education have done vastly more. Education has been to the mind what steam has been to locomotion. By establishing a clear connexion between us and the material existences without, education kindles in the mind thoughts, feelings, and associations possessing the most soothing and interesting character. But education has still a nobler aim than this; it traces effects to their true causes, and concentrates, as if into one bright and common focus, the grand mysterious prime moving cause of all. It raises the mind progressively from sublunary things, and lets it roam in discovering more refined and more exalted ideas of the Supreme Architect of the universe. And by a process of reasoning as short and simple as it is precise and correct, are we led at once from the broad field of nature up to nature's God, and to recognise in the Father of all a Being whom we are bound to love, reverence, and obey.

One distinguishing feature of the human character, which it is almost impossible to overlook, since it excludes man, in one sense of the word, from the pale of the animal kingdom, yet remains to be touched upon. The belief in the existence of a supernatural Power, and in a future state of existence, are not ideas confined to any privileged portion of our race, but seem inherent in the breast of man—an instinctive tendency common to the whole human family. The untutored savage, in the fulness of his heart, will offer vows of gratitude and implore for mercy from the great and mysterious Spirit that hovers round his destiny. A thousand devotees will prostrate themselves before the ponderous car of Juggernaut, and perish at his sanguinary shrine, that their souls may rest in undisturbed repose. The Hindoo widow ascends the funeral pile of her departed husband, and her weak faith fails not as she voluntarily mingles with his ashes. The crowded mosque or magnificent pagoda of an eastern clime proclaim that they have been raised by the hand of man and designed for the sacred worship of the Deity. With a thrilling interest do we contemplate the Druidical worship of our early forefathers. In a deserted grove, far from the busy haunts of men, a circle of unhewn stones would enclose the hallowed spot to which they repaired in devoted bands to worship their deity. The dead hour of midnight tolled the knell which summoned them to their mysterious temples. The distant torrent's moan, the meteor flash, the lightning's blaze and thunder's roar, the violent commotion of the warring elements, all contributed in their worship. Theirs was the god of the hurricane and the tempest:

They saw him in the clouds.
And heard him in the winds.

Our own day exhibits a pleasing contrast. The welcome sound of the Sabbath bell awakes in joy and gladness each Sabbath morn, and its dull music is answered by the faint echo of a hymn of praise. The humble peasant calls his family around him, and from a tottering shelf withdraws 'the big' *hi* Bible,' grown old and venerable in the service of its Maker, and calmly offers at his homely altar his morning and evening sacrifice. The soft breathings of ardent supplication are wafted from the secret closet, and, borne on angels' wings to a far distant world, are recorded and treasured up for ever and for ever in the hallowed archives of heaven's sanctuary. Such grateful sounds of hope and love are created by the working of an internal spirit, 'the Deity that stirs within,' the link which connects man with a class of beings of a higher and more refined state of existence, which places him, in the expressive language

of the Psalmist, but 'a little lower than the angels,' which has 'crowned him with glory and honour,' and put all things under his feet.

CANDOUR.

Charitable and candid thoughts of men are the necessary introduction to all good-will and kindness: they form, if we may speak so, the only climate in which love can grow up and flourish. A suspicious temper checks in the bud every kind affection.—*Blair*.

BALLAD.

Our native land—our native vale—

A long and last aye!

Farewell to bonny Tiviot dale,

And Cheviot mountains blue;

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,

And streams renown'd in song;

Farewell ye blithesome braes and meads

Our hearts have loved so long;

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes

Where thyme and harebells grow;

Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes

O'erhung with birch and aloe:

The battle mound—the Border tower

That Scotia's annals tell;—

The martyr's grave—the lover's bower.

To each, to all, farewell!

Home of our hearts—our fathers' home—

Land of the brave and free—

The sail is flapping on the foam

That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore

Beyond the Atlantic main;

We leave thee to return no more,

Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,

And quench our household fire,

When we, or ours, forget thy name,

Green island of our sires.

Our native land—our native vale—

A long, a last aye!

Farewell to bonny Tiviot dale,

And Scotland's mountains blue!

* This touching ballad was written by Mr Thomas Pringle, on his leaving Scotland, in 1820, for the Cape of Good Hope. Mr Pringle was editor of the first volume of Blackwood's Magazine, and also of the first three volumes of Constable's new series of the Scots Magazine. He was also the author of a volume of poems, entitled 'The Autumnal Excursion,' the principal piece in which was originally published in Hogg's Poetic Mirror, and was an imitation of Sir W. Scott.

SEA WATER.

When sea water has been evaporated, and again condensed, it is good for drinking, and is no longer salt, as we have found by trial. The same thing happens with other liquids. If you evaporate wine, or any other juice, you will find no taste in the steam when recondensed: it is mere water, without any flavour. . . . That the saltiness is something superadded to the water, you may also prove by letting down into the sea a vessel of wax, fastened so as to be water-tight. The water will force its way through the waxen sides, but will be quite sweet, all the earthly particles having been separated as if by a strainer. And nothing but the presence of the salt makes the sea water heavier (as it is) than fresh water; and also more buoyant, for its buoyancy is so remarkable that laden ships which are near to sinking in the rivers, are in fair trim for sailing in the sea. Moreover, if one make a strong mixture of salt and water, eggs will float upon it: for it becomes almost like mud—so much substance has the sea.—*Aristotle*.

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RYP VAN WINKLEISM.

RYP VAN WINKLE is one of the most amusing of all Washington Irving's heroes. Ryp was an odd customer. In reference to his own affairs, he was the most lazy and offputting of human beings. Ryp, so far as we remember, had a workshop, but he seldom entered it; he had a garden, but it ran to waste; a cowshed, but it was roofless, and gave admission to hail;—yet, though his customers grumbled and left him, though his onions ran to seed, though his cow shivered, poor thing, every inch of her, what cared Ryp!—he smoked his pipe, spun long yarns, and initiated sundry white-headed urchins into the mysteries of flying paper kites; and yet Ryp wrought harder than any other man in the parish—but then it was for other people. When any of the villagers required aid in reference to the pruning of hedges, the trundling of wheelbarrows, or the turning of grindstones, Ryp was at their service—his indolence was flung to the winds, and Ryp 'went it.'

Now, among private philanthropists of our own times, especially in our large cities, we fear there are many Ryp Van Winkles. There is much misery, much wretchedness, just at their doors—only across the streets there are families pining from cold and starving for lack of food—in the lanes on either side of them, there is an amount of physical wretchedness and destitution which strenuous efforts might greatly relieve: but this touches them not—they pass heedlessly by, and display an indifference which we would condemn as callous, were we not aware that it originates in mere want of thought; for such persons are far from callous. When appeals are made to them about ten in the morning in behalf of mere strangers, they will become open as day to melting charity. They will walk out into the country of an afternoon to visit the cottages of the poor who have applied to them for aid; they will stop every acquaintance they, on their return, may chance to meet, and after inflicting upon him an account of the scenes of woe they have just been witnessing, ask him to subscribe half-a-crown. When they return home, at a much later than their usual hour, and find dinner cold, they will not permit their wives to indulge in lamentations—they have no mind for eating—they have been spectators of such sights, such heart-rending scenes, as completely to spoil their appetite—they make an excellent meal notwithstanding; they hint about the propriety of making a purchase of flannel, and spaging half a dozen bottles old sherry. An account meanwhile comes in that just in the neighbouring street an industrious man, formerly one of their warehouse porters, has met a severe accident that has rendered him incapable of work, and

that his wife having been previously confined by illness, the little ones are in a sad taking, and are all of them crying bitterly for food. Such an account of misery is no more heard with indifference than Ryp Van Winkle, after assisting all day in the repair of his neighbour's garden-dyke, would hear, about eight at night, that his own had, during the day, fallen down in more places than one, and that unless it were repaired before morning, his cabbages would be exposed to the inroads of Farmer Bowden's hogs—but as Ryp's emotions would merely exhibit themselves in sundry expressive shrugs, so it is with our fagged philanthropist: he searches his pocket, however, and finds that his change amounts only to sixpence, which, perhaps, will serve to-night, and to-morrow is a new day. Satisfied with his benevolence and his cold dinner, he falls asleep in his easy chair, before a large fire. At breakfast on the following morning he inquires with a species of yawn for the porter's family, learns that the man himself is at the point of death, that his wife expired about twelve the preceding night, and that the children have been taken to the asylum for the destitute. The account is heard with the same kind of sensation that Ryp would experience in the morning when he understood that his wife's prediction about the havoc of the porkers was too awfully verified. A newspaper is taken up, and in a short time thereafter our philanthropist prepares for the duties of the day, not forgetting to inquire, however, before setting out, whether the servant had been dispatched to the country with the flannel and the wine.

Now, the public philanthropy of large cities displays itself often in a similar way. Within the enclosure of the city walls what an amount of pauperism, destitution, wretchedness, and crime! A little exertion, a few strenuous efforts might greatly modify, if not altogether remove it; but are these efforts made, is this exertion exhibited as it ought to be? When, however, appeals are made to the sympathies of the citizens in favour of some charitable scheme for the relief of physical misery in distant parts, their hearts immediately respond to the call. Amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and the most enthusiastic cheering, purses are opened, names are allowed to figure on committees, and the most restless activity is evinced to relieve the misery which has its existence abroad. Now, this is downright Winkleism. Charity begins at home; and while to aid in bettering the condition of our fellow-creatures at a distance is laudable, it loses half its merit when not preceded by something like an effort to do away with the physical wretchedness we may discover in our own streets. Yes; no less renowned are British cities for the splendour of their edifices, the enterprise and wealth of their citizens, than for the heavy remorse they uniformly give to

every claim made upon their sympathies in reference to suffering humanity; and yet, forgetful of a proverb too spicy for quotation, while sending away the sweepings of their granaries to feed chickens at a distance, they too often forget that within their own walls there are many starving creatures who droop the wing, and, for want of relief, pine away unto the death. We do not say that such cities do nothing for their own poor; they do a great deal. Witness the charitable edifices that rear on all sides their stately walls; witness the registers which specify the sums annually levied by taxation, or collected by subscriptions of a voluntary and public kind. But Ryp Van Winkle, too, did something; he was not often in his workshop, but he sometimes might be found there; seldom was he seen digging or dressing his garden-plot, but such a sight might have occasionally surprised you. He did something for himself, but he did more, far more, for his too often thankless neighbours. Now, our cities and large towns do much for themselves; but do they do, have they done enough? do they display as much zeal and activity in bettering the condition of their own starving and demoralised inhabitants, as they have been known to exhibit when tales of woe from distant quarters have brought generous tears to their eyes, and imparted generous impulses to their hearts, and have so aroused their active benevolence as not only to cause them to give, but to be scarce satisfied with giving?

It is true that the demands from without, on the public sympathies and activities of large towns, are not so frequent as those made on our private philanthropists, or on Ryp Van Winkle by his selfish neighbours. Great towns are not so often called on by charitable suitors as private persons who have gained the renown of being beneficent. But when they are so, they too frequently evince the same spirit—their inclinations are decidedly similar; what they do for suffering humanity within the boundaries of their own walls is coldly, we had almost said lazily, done, when compared with the enthusiasm wherewith they fling themselves into the execution of schemes to relieve strangers. Now, we are no more blaming private individuals or public bodies for charitable effort on behalf of persons or nations at a distance, than we would think of assisting Ryp Van Winkle's spouse in scolding her good-natured husband for merely aiding Joe Thomson in the erection of a garden-dyke. Nothing so proper as for one neighbour, in the season of emergency, to lend a helping hand to another. But as we are commanded to love ourselves first, so we are expected to begin by helping ourselves first, and Ryp's fault lay in beginning where he should have ended, and in ending where he should have begun. And the same thing here, 'this ought ye to have done, but not to have left the other undone.' Though all men are our neighbours, and though a neighbour across the Atlantic or over the Pacific has a claim upon our sympathies, and ought to share them, we ought to remember that there may be claims paramount to his. His appeal may be noticed, but much more urgent is the necessity of attending to the condition of the neighbour who lives only across the street. In conclusion, we are far from asserting that our large towns are doing nothing for themselves. They are doing much. And while it is only occasionally that they evince their activities in behalf of strangers, they are constantly working away at home. But then they look so demure, so grave, while engaged in their own sphere of duty; they look so happy, so joyous, when aiding others in theirs; that, before leav-

ing them, we must let out our minds, and tell our noble cities, 'whose merchants are princes,' that, though good, they are not faultless, and that, notwithstanding all their properties, a charge of indolence must be brought against them; they evince greater enthusiasm in doing good to others than in looking after their own welfare, and are, therefore, really not greatly better than a sort of magnificent Ryp Van Winkles.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ANDREW THOMSON, D.D.

Dr ANDREW THOMSON was born at Sanquhar, in Dumfriesshire, on the 11th of July, 1779. He was the son of the Rev. Dr John Thomson, minister at Sanquhar, who was subsequently translated to Edinburgh. Little is recorded of Dr Thomson's boyhood. Though 'remarkable for intelligence and veracity,' he is not understood to have evinced a school any of that marked superiority of talent which is usually expected from those who in their after years gain by the splendour of their intellectual achievements a high and commanding position. He is represented as having displayed only that species of mental capacity which boys exhibit, who, without being positively dull, are, however, scarcely clever. Now, this is rare. Men of genius, who they do not discover superior ability at school, usually gain distinction by an exhibition of its opposite; from indolence or want of sympathy with their teachers or their tasks, they often obtain the reputation of boobies. Dr Thomson, however, was no indolent scholar; he prepared with diligence, and performed with success, the tasks which were prescribed to him; but he gained no laurels, nor, except in being the son of such a respectable minister as his father unquestionably was, did he tower with any amount of eminence above the youth of his native village. All accounts, however, agree in representing him as having been distinguished for that frank, manly, open-hearted character, which in after life gave him so strong a hold on the affections of all who intimately knew him. The same remarks apply to the appearance he made at college. His diligence was decided, and his success correspondingly respectable; but the amount of his scholarship does not appear to have led either his teachers or his fellow-students to prognosticate the height of his future fame. It is surely, however, much to be regretted that, except the information we have endeavoured to give, the history of this eminent individual, from the hour of his birth to the day when the Presbytery of Kelso had the honour of giving him license, should be little else than a blank. From the restless, bold, impetuous, and daring nature of his genius, as exhibited in manhood—from the keen sense which he evinced at once of the beautiful, the ludicrous, the sublime, and the pathetic—from the frankness and freedom of his private manners—from the strength and refinement of his social and domestic sympathies—from the instinctive discernment which he seemed to possess of the minutest peculiarity of individual character—from his public achievements which, when viewed, all of them in combination, and some of them in contrast, partake positively of the romantic—we might have expected that the boyhood and youth of Thomson would have abounded with exploit, incident, and adventure, sufficient to furnish materials for a volume.

Up to his twenty-second year, however, the absence of biographical information prevents us from using any other than mere general terms when referring to the private history of one of the most gifted and noble men Scotland ever produced. He was licensed, we have said, by the Presbytery of Kelso; an event which took place early in 1802;—early indeed it must have been, for on the 11th of March of the same year, we find recorded his ordination at Sprouston. In this parish he continued to labour for about six years. It is understood, that at a subsequent period of his ministry—that is to say, after his ultimate settlement in Edinburgh, Dr Thomson altered almost entirely the style and mode of his preaching. This, however,

by one who appears to have known him intimately, is denied to have been the case. ‘We have been familiar,’ says the person referred to, ‘with Dr Thomson’s pulpit ministrations from the days in which the parish of Sprouston enjoyed them, onwards to the close of his labours in St George’s; and although prodigious acquisitions in various departments of knowledge, matured by large experience, must have necessarily enriched his later pulpit compositions, yet the characteristic mode of them continued unaltered.’ Dr Thomson, we believe, never preached more efficiently than on his very first induction at Sprouston. That his theological attainments were already of a high order, his Sacramental Catechism, published during his residence there, bears ample testimony. We need not say that this little work still continues to maintain the popularity it experienced on its first publication. It is regarded by all who value what is pure, scriptural, and practical in doctrine, as one of the richest manuals of its kind. Still, though we can adduce most satisfactory evidence of the efficiency of Dr Thomson’s pulpit ministrations while resident at Sprouston, we express anew our regret of that absence of information which prevents our entering, however briefly, into detail. Abundant evidence is adduced to prove, that the sermons he delivered to the Sprouston villagers were much the same with those that in future years delighted and edified his more brilliant audiences at St George’s; but no familiar anecdote, no recorded incident, gives us even the feeblest glimpse of his ordinary life. It would be, notwithstanding, improper to bring to a close this part of Dr Thomson’s history without recording his marriage with Miss Jane Carmichael, an event which occurred a little after his ordination at Sprouston. His connexion with this congregation terminated in 1808; he was that year removed to the East Church, Perth—a city, his residence in which appears to have been profitably and pleasantly spent. But its duration was short. In the spring of 1810, a presentation of the magistrates and council brought him to Edinburgh, and he became minister of New Greyfriars. This, the most important event in his own history, forms a species of era in the history of the Established Church of Scotland. Without interrupting our narrative by invidious observations regarding the general condition of Edinburgh previous to his arrival, as regards sound preaching, we may be permitted to say, that though, before that event, Edinburgh could boast a considerable array of most eminent and worthy men, who preached in all their purity the sublime doctrines of Christianity, Dr Thomson must be allowed the merit of having been the first who rendered evangelical preaching decidedly popular. His success was complete—his fame gradually spread over Edinburgh, and ere long, in the most distant districts of the land, the name of Andrew Thomson was uttered with the same kind of familiarity and reverence we are accustomed to use when we speak of a Melanchthon, a Knox, or a Luther. Nor was it mere popularity he gained—many who have since distinguished themselves for Christian worth and attainment, owed their first religious impressions to his discourses in the New Greyfriars. His success is the more wonderful, if we remember that it was the result of no sudden intellectual excitement produced by the novelty of his position. He preached at New Greyfriars just as he had done at Perth—just as, long before, he had done at Sprouston. Self-possessed, collected, calm—without art, without effort, earnest only, vigorous, lucid, plain—he took his position at once, and secured on his first appearance that ascendancy over the public mind which for the twenty subsequent years he persevered unceasingly to use, through good and bad report, for the best interests of his species.

After labouring in New Greyfriars about four years, so decided had his popularity become, that, when the large and splendid edifice of St George’s was completed, Dr Thomson was immediately selected by the magistrates as the person best qualified for at once collecting and retaining a congregation within its spacious walls. A feeble mind would have shrunk from the experiment; but the appointment in Dr Thomson’s case owed its chief

attractiveness to what, in the estimation of almost any other person, would have appeared its main disadvantage. He was born to grapple with difficulties and to overcome them, and he appeared instinctively to court what may be regarded as his destiny. He now adopted the practice of writing out his discourses at full length. ‘But if this,’ says a writer of his memoirs, ‘added to his labours, it also increased his usefulness over a description of persons by many of whom, at the commencement of his ministry in St George’s, the peculiar doctrines and obligations of the gospel were little known or relished. Dr Thomson speedily acquired an influence scarcely ever possessed by any preacher. Nor is it necessary to say that he owed this enviable ascendancy to no compromising of principle, to no unworthy accommodation of divine truth to the prejudices of his audience. In addressing himself to a congregation peculiarly exclusive and sensitive, he stood upon the high ground of his office, as an ambassador for Christ; and with the apostle of the Gentiles, to whose bold unfearing character his own, in many points, bore a striking resemblance, he determined to know nothing as the subject of his ministry but ‘Jesus Christ, and him crucified.’ How fully, effectually, and perseveringly he adhered to his system, the recollection of his hearers, as well as the strain of his published discourses, amply testify. The peculiar qualifications which he brought to his task are at the same time not to be overlooked. To a manner of great animation and fire, yet restrained and dignified, he added a style of uncommon simplicity and spirit, which nature enabled him to set off to advantage by the tones of a voice remarkable for compass and harmony; he delighted in argument, but his arguments were of that direct, palpable, practical character, which stimulate attention, and admit of being appreciated and followed by the most ordinary understanding, while the truths he laboured to establish were all of acknowledged importance, bore so intimate a relation to the system which, as a Christian minister, it was his duty to illustrate, and came so powerfully home to every man’s heart and conscience, that nothing could appear more natural than the pains he took to explain and defend them. As in the clear fountain of his thoughts there were no turbid elements, no confusion of ideas, no obscure images, no surface on which a wayward fancy could paint the fluctuating figures of its own changeful extravagance, so in his discourses all was simple, perspicuous, unaffected, and intelligible. Imagination was not perhaps his distinctive faculty, yet even of the glow and effect of a well disciplined imagination, his compositions were not destitute. When he chose he could be tender, descriptive, and impassioned; and when he indulged neither in declamation addressed to the fancy, nor in appeals which went to the heart, he uniformly commanded attention by the clearness of his statements, the force of his reasonings, and the pointed and practical strain of his exhortations. It has been well remarked of him, that few men, and especially few public instructors, ever displayed a greater acquaintance with human nature, or could turn their knowledge to better account. His hearers accordingly, however secular their habits, could not but feel that they were addressed by one intimately acquainted with life and manners; they could not erase the force of his arguments and lessons by ascribing them to the austerity of the instructor; they could not but perceive in his delineations of character, a faithful mirror in which their own modes of thinking and acting were exhibited to the life. To causes such as these are ascribed the high place which Dr Thomson held in the estimation of the religious public of Edinburgh?’

We do not know if, in the history of the church of Christ, it were possible to specify a single individual to whose share a greater amount of laborious duty ever fell than now devolved upon Dr Thomson. To find even a parallel, it would be necessary to go back to the era of the reformation, and even then the only rival he would have to encounter is Martin Luther himself. To compose every week two discourses calculated by their eloquence, pathos, and sublime simplicity, to enchain the attention

and captivate the hearts of one of the most intellectual congregations in Europe; to prepare every month a vast amount of the most admirable and edifying materials that enrich the pages of the 'Christian Instructor,' of which since its commencement in 1810 he had possessed the sole superintendence; to furnish as it progressed articles of value and interest for the 'Edinburgh Encyclopedia'; to attend the meetings and interest himself in the business of all the ecclesiastical courts; to make a point of visiting once a-year every separate family of his numerous congregation; to hasten to the house of every individual whom he knew when he heard of some afflictive visitation by which it had been overshadowed; to hasten to the chamber of death, and there administer instruction and comfort to the dying; to attend to the instruction of the young—to perform all this and much more which we cannot stay to specify, and that, too, nearly at the same time, exhibits an amount of intellectual energy and activity, calculated almost to appal, and if the facts were not beyond all controversy, the summary we have sketched might appear incredible. What crowns our wonder is the matchless ease with which all this was accomplished. After a week spent in unremitting labour, bustle, and turmoil, he presented himself before his wondering audience on Sabbath morning with a face and aspect of the most undisturbed and the most unruffled repose. No gesture, no look, indicative of nervous disquietude or mental unrest, could the most inquisitive inspector ever detect. To see him rise, and hear him announce and read the psalm, would have recompensed the fatigue of a day's journey. Then the prayer, so pure, so spiritual, so holy, elevating the mind, and wafting the aspirations of renewed and ransomed humanity to the heavens of the Great Jehovah; next the discourse, starting from the simplest vantage-ground, and increasing as it progressed in an effulgence, which, without dazzling, enlightened, till, like the sweet light of the sun, the whole house seemed filled with the glory of the Lord, and the serene and gladdened look of every breathless hearer seemed to say, 'It is good to be here.' This to many may appear a fancy picture, but its fidelity will not be disputed by a single individual who enjoyed the weekly ministrations of Dr Andrew Thomson. We have drawn it for the purpose of giving illustration to our statement, that Dr Thomson's stupendous week-day exertions were, for the most part, accomplished with a small amount of effort. Duties, beneath the onerous pressure of any one of which an ordinary intellect would have stooped and staggered, were as nothing to him. In passing from the one to the next, the ease with which he bore himself indicated rather the person, who from one species of recreation hurries on to a different, than the individual who had just resigned one heavy task to go and engage in another, heavier still and still more fatiguing. And then how diversified these duties! Heading a church court in one part of the day differs considerably from conversing familiarly about the truths of religion with an humble artisan at another; a platform speech in the cause of religious freedom appears to have little that connects it with teaching a little boy his letters; composing music for the benefit of a church-band is not quite the same thing with writing a philosophical article for the 'Encyclopedia'; and yet, in the revolution of a single day this wonderful man would engage in a multiplicity of duties as diversified and as laborious as those we have named.

Not, however, to protract our memoir to an undue length, it may now be proper to proceed somewhat more into detail respecting the duties which Dr Thomson discharged. We have stated that in 1810 he became editor of the 'Christian Instructor,' and held that office till the time of his death. Had an extended life of Dr Thomson been written, the most interesting portion of it would possibly have been the record of the manner in which he conducted the business of church courts. 'The views,' says one of his friends, 'which he entertained of certain important causes, would be highly instructive. We can recall him to mind as we have so often beheld him, in the General Assembly of our church, wielding his giant strength, while

all that was opposed to him appeared mere pigmy efforts, that sunk at once under the weight of his arguments, or the cut of his sarcasm; while the more flimsy and sophistical shafts that were aimed at him, were picked up as they fell innocuous around him, and were hurled back with point and force upon the tiny heads of the unwary assailants. We can recall this and more, but we can never describe it so as to impart to the minds of those who have not witnessed it, the ideas that are present to our own. But the most amiable position which Dr Thomson ever assumed was that of the guardian and instructor of the young. The youth of his congregation loved him with an affection equally pure and intense, and his sympathies responded to theirs. In Sabbath classes, and on stated evenings during the week, he was present to encourage, to instruct, and to stimulate. But this is not all. Discovering that his congregation contained a great many parents whose poverty rendered exceedingly difficult the duty of bestowing on their children an education suitable even to their rank in life, he put forth his energies, and bestowed himself nobly in their behalf: he erected and established a school for the benefit of the poor of his district, and adopting a system almost solely of his own invention, he entered himself upon the duties of a teacher. From nine in the morning till an advanced period of the day, this great man might have been found in his school-room, ruling copies, examining slates, hearing tasks, teaching the power of the letters, stimulating, cheering, rarely chiding, his affectionate, loving, laughing, hearty pupils. In this manner he continued to labour till a teacher was trained by himself who could with efficiency carry out his plan. The interest which he took in reforming the psalmody of the church is well known. Passionately fond of music himself, he determined to infuse into the members of his congregation a taste similar to his own. To accomplish this he drew up a collection of the most approved psalm tunes. These he carefully corrected and revised, adding to the list a few possessed of uncommon beauty, which he took the pains of composing himself. The benefit of his labours in this department were not confined to his own immediate charge. A great many other churches in the city, following his example, adopted similar methods of reform; and over all Scotland the benefit of the changes he introduced are decidedly felt.

There is no need for reminding the reader of the famous Apocryphal controversy as it was denominated, in which Dr Thomson stood fearlessly out the champion of pure Bible circulation. In our hurried enumeration of his labours we forgot to include those which he devoted to the interest of the public charities and societies of Edinburgh. To these, however, he lent his efficient aid, both by frequently from the pulpit advocating their cause, and by contributing his assistance to their management. It would be improper to close such a memoir as this without noticing the interest which Dr Thomson occasioned in the emancipation of the negro slave. At a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, held on the 30th October, 1830, Dr Thomson appeared, and after Mr (now Lord) Jeffrey had addressed the meeting, came forward and spoke. 'With a power of argument and an earnestness and elevation of tone that can never be forgotten, he entered on the subject, and in a brief speech explained the points on which he differed from the former speakers, as well as those in which he agreed with them. Never was the triumph of truth and eloquence more complete. Before he had concluded, the majority of the meeting was with him, the confidence of the directors of the society in the measures they had come forward to recommend was shaken, and in the rapturous acclamations of a crowded assembly, he had the satisfaction of listening to the first echo which Great Britain, through all her provinces, has since sent back to the call of justice and religion, in behalf of the injured children of her colonies.' But perhaps no effort of Dr Thomson's genius equalled that which was exhibited in the speech which he delivered at a subsequent meeting of the friends of immediate abolition, at which the directors of the Anti-Slavery Society, now brought round

o his views, were also present. About this time, rumours were afloat that the West India slaves were about to rise in body for the purpose of redressing their own wrongs. The effect produced on the dense crowd assembled on the occasion is represented as having been perfectly overwhelming. The following is an extract from the speech he delivered at that meeting:—‘If,’ said he, ‘there be violence, let it come, for it will soon pass away—let it come and rage its little hour, since it is to be succeeded by lasting peace, and prosperity, and happiness. Give me the hurricane rather than the pestilence—give me the hurricane with its thunder, its lightning, and its tempest—give me the hurricane with its partial and temporary devastation, awful though they be—give me the hurricane with its purifying healthful salutary effect—give me that hurricane rather than the noisome pestilence whose path is never crossed, whose silence is never disturbed, whose progress is never arrested by a sweeping blast from the heavens, which walks peacefully and sullenly through the length and breadth of the land, breathing poison into every heart, and carrying havoc into every home—energizing all that is strong, defacing all that is beautiful, and casting its blight over the fairest and happiest scenes of human life, and which from day to day, and from year to year, with intolerant and interminable malignity, sends its thousands and its tens of thousands of helpless victims into the ever yawning and never satisfied grave.’

The high position which Dr Thomson now occupied, appeared one which, judging from the vigorous health his appearance indicated, he was likely long to maintain. If any change at all presented itself during the later days of his life, it was when engaged in leading the private devotions of his own family; when conversing on religious topics with a friend, or when employed in the ministrations of the pulpit. There appeared to be, if possible, an increased richness, earnestness, and variety in his prayers. We are assured by one who appears to have known him, that when urged, on more occasions than one, to relieve himself of the heavy duties which pressed upon him, he replied with affectionate solemnity—‘I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day.’ Dr Thomson presented himself at the breakfast-table of his own family on the 9th of February, 1831, exhibiting nothing but his usual cheerfulness and health. He performed family devotion with more than his usual solemnity and pathos. He left his home about midday to visit a few of his sick parishioners; he took his seat in the presbytery some time after, and as it had met for the special purpose of ordaining a minister for one of our West India settlements, he entered into the business of the day with his accustomed interest. Returning home about five o’clock, he met by the way a friend with whom he walked along several streets, conversing cheerfully, and with great animation; he reached at last his own door, and while almost extending his hand to ring the summons, the joyous peal was resounding on high, which caused the everlasting gates to expand for the abundant entrance of his emancipated spirit into the everlasting kingdom. Without a struggle, without a groan, this champion of the cross fell down, laurelled and harnessed, at his own threshold, and immediately expired. ‘That so striking an event,’ says one of his friends, ‘should produce a deep and thrilling sensation, was only what might be expected; but there were circumstances connected with Dr Thomson personally, which gave to that sensation an intenseness and universality altogether unexampled. His varied and powerful talents, his high moral worth, his eminent status and commanding influence, not only in the church, but in general society; his faithfulness and zeal in ministerial duty; his uncompromising boldness of spirit and integrity of principle; his energetic activity in every measure by which the interests of religion and the happiness of human beings, not in this country only, but in every quarter of the globe, could be advanced; and the splendid eloquence by which he supported and advocated these measures—all so extensively known and justly appreciated—had not only raised him to the very loftiest station in the public eye, but had

the length and the breadth of the land, with all that is excellent and great, and beneficent and promising, in regard to religion and to man. No wonder, then, that his death, so utterly unanticipated, should have been felt as it was. Felt? Yes! all ranks in the city, from the highest to the lowest, felt it. It could scarcely be credited. Men would not believe that it had taken place. Consternation was in almost every face, a tear in every eye, a foreboding palpitation in every heart. All ranks, in every city and town, and almost every village, and many a hamlet too, as soon as the direful tidings reached them, felt it—as if all had lost a friend, and a general calamity had fallen on the country as well as on themselves, not less overwhelming at the instant, than ominous of more evil to come. And what a testimony was borne to the extent as well as reality of this feeling by the scene that was witnessed at his interment! Never was there such an assemblage of attendants on any funeral procession in this city before; and never such a concourse of spectators of any such procession. Nor would it be easy to say, whether the grief, and sabbings, and weeping of the two thousand attendants on his bier, were not equalled by the solemn stillness, and heaving sighs, and dropping tears of the ten thousand spectators by whom the streets were lined, and the windows crowded, and the very house-tops clothed, wherever the procession moved along. This was a testimony, alike spontaneous and heartfelt, to his memory and worth, far more emphatic and impressive than any that the most eloquent tongue or pen that ever uttered or indited eulogium could have prepared, or than any monument of marble, sculptured though it were by the hand of a Phidias, could thereafter have borne. And need we say that such a testimony was justly due?’

The subjoined sketch of his character by a kindred spirit and highly esteemed personal friend (Dr M'Crie), will convey our sentiments in terms not less discriminating:—

‘During the excitement caused by the sudden death of a public man, cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of a career of extensive usefulness, it is easy to pronounce a panegyric, but difficult to delineate a character which shall be free from the exaggeration of existing feeling, and recommend itself to the unbiased judgment of cool reflection. Rarely has such a deep sensation been produced as by the removal of Dr Thomson; but in few instances, we are persuaded, has there been less reason, on the ground of temporary excitation, for making abatements from the regret and lamentation so loudly and unequivocally expressed. He was so well known, his character and talents were so strongly marked, and they were so much of that description which all classes of men can appreciate, that the circumstances of his death did not create the interest, but only gave expression to that which already existed in the public mind.

Those who saw Dr Thomson once, knew him; intimacy gave them a deeper insight into his character, but furnished no grounds for altering the opinion which they had at first been led to form. Simplicity—which is an essential element in all minds of superior mould—marked his appearance, his reasoning, his eloquence, and his whole conduct. All that he said or did was direct, straightforward, and unaffected; there was no labouring for effect, no paltering in a double sense. His talents were such as would have raised him to eminence in any profession or public walk of life which he might have chosen—a vigorous understanding, an active and ardent mind, with powers of close and persevering application. He made himself master in a short time of any subject to which he found it necessary to direct his attention, had all his knowledge at perfect command, expressed himself with the utmost perspicuity, ease, and energy, and when roused by the greatness of his subject, or by the nature of the opposition which he encountered, his bold and masterly eloquence produced an effect, especially on a popular assembly, far beyond that which depends on the salutes of imagination, or the dazzling brilliancy of fancy-work. Nor was he less distinguished for his moral qualities,

that is, of the faculty itself: and to preside and govern, from the very economy and constitution of man, belongs to it. Had it strength, as it has right; had it power, as it has manifest authority; it would absolutely govern the world.' Had the Creator been a being who loves iniquity and hates righteousness, he would never have given to man such a moral constitution. As we infer the genius of an architect from the building he has constructed, so the moral character of Deity is inscribed upon the living image which he has made of himself.

'Now it is in these phenomena of conscience, that nature offers to us far her strongest argument for the moral character of God. Had he been an unrighteous being himself, would he have given to this, the obviously superior faculty in man, so distinct and authoritative a voice on the side of righteousness? Would he have so constructed the creatures of our species, as to have planted in every breast a reclaiming witness against himself? Would he have thus inscribed on the tablet of every heart the sentence of his own condemnation; and is not this just as unlikely, as that he should have inscribed it in written characters on the forehead of each individual? Would he have so fashioned the workmanship of his own hands; or, if a God of cruelty, injustice, and falsehood, would he have placed in the station of master and judge that faculty which, felt to be the highest in our nature, would prompt a generous and high-minded revolt of all our sentiments against the being who formed us? From a God possessed of such characteristics, we should surely have expected a differently-moulded humanity; or, in other words, from the actual constitution of man, from the testimonies on the side of all righteousness, given by the vicegerent within the heart, do we infer the righteousness of the sovereign who placed it there. He would never have established a conscience in man, and invested with the authority of a monitor, and given to it those legislative and judicial functions which it obviously possesses; and then so framed it, that all its decisions should be on the side of that virtue which he himself disowned, and condemnatory of that vice which he himself exemplified. This is an evidence for the righteousness of God which keeps its ground amid all the disorders and aberrations to which humanity is liable; and can no more, indeed, be deafened or overborne by these, than is the rightful authority of public opinion, by the occasional outbreaks of iniquity and violence which take place in society. This public opinion may, in those seasons of misrule when might prevails over right, be deforced from the practical ascendancy which it ought to have; but the very sentiment that it so ought, is our reason for believing the world to have been originally forged in order that virtue might have the rule over it. In like manner, when, in the bosom of every individual man, we can discern a conscience, placed there with the obvious design of being a guide and a commander, it were difficult not to believe, that, whatever the partial outrages may be which the cause of virtue has to sustain, it has the public mind of the universe in its favour; and that therefore he, who is the maker and the ruler of such a universe, is a God of righteousness. Amid all the subsequent obscurations and errors, the original design, both of a deranged watch and of a deranged human nature, is alike manifest; first, of the maker of the watch, that its motions should harmonise with time; second, of the maker of man, that his movements should harmonise with truth and righteousness. We can, in most cases, discern between an aberration and an original law; between a direct or primitive tendency and the effect of a disturbing force, by which that tendency is thwarted and overborne. And so of the constitution of man. It may be now a loosened and disproportioned thing, yet we can trace the original structure—even as from the fragments of a ruin, we can obtain the perfect model of a building from its capital to its base. It is thus that, however prostrate conscience may have fallen, we can still discern its place of native and original pre-eminence, as being at once the legislator and the judge in the moral system, though the executive forces of the system have made insurrection against it, and thrown the whole into anarchy. There is

a depth of mystery in every thing connected with the existence or the origin of evil in creation; yet, even in the fiercest uproar of our stormy passions, conscience, though in her softest whispers, gives to the supremacy of rectitude the voice of an undying testimony; and her light still shining in a dark place, her unquelled accents still heard in the loudest outcry of nature's rebellious appetites, form the strongest argument within reach of the human faculties, that, in spite of all partial or temporary derangements, supreme power and supreme goodness are at one. It is true that rebellious man hath, with daring footstep, trampled on the lessons of conscience; but why, in spite of man's perversity, is conscience, on the other hand, able to lift a voice so piercing and so powerful, by which to remonstrate against the wrong, and to reclaim the honours that are due to her? How comes it that, in the mutiny and uproar of the inferior faculties, that faculty in man, which wears the stamp and impress of the highest, should remain on the side of truth and holiness? Would humanity have thus been moulded by a false and evil spirit; or would he have committed such impolicy against himself, as to insert in each member of our species a principle which would make him feel the greatest complacency in his own rectitude, when he feels the most high-minded revolt of indignation and dislike against the being who gave him birth? It is not so much that conscience takes a part among the other faculties of our nature; but that conscience takes among them the part of a governor, and that man, if he do not obey her suggestions, still, in despite of himself, acknowledges her rights. It is a mighty argument for the virtue of the governor above, that all the laws and injunctions of the governor below are on the side of virtue. It seems as if he had left this representative, or remaining witness, for himself, in a world that had cast off its allegiance; and that, from the voice of the judge within the breast, we may learn the will and the character of him who hath invested with such authority his dictates. It is this which speaks as much more demonstratively for the presidency of a righteous God in human affairs, than for that of impure or unrighteous demons, as did the rod of Aaron, when it swallowed the rods of the enchanters and magicians in Egypt. In the wildest anarchy of man's insurgent appetites and sins, there is still a reclaiming voice—voice which, even when in practice disregarded, it is impossible not to own; and to which, at the very moment that we refuse our obedience, we find that we cannot refuse the homage of what ourselves do feel and acknowledge to be the best the highest principles of our nature.'

In all ages, and in every country, the principle has been recognised that there is an essential difference between right and wrong. Crime has ever been succeeded by remorse, and this is the truth which was so powerfully exhibited upon the ancient classic stage, when wicked men were represented as continually pursued and terrified by the furies with their burning torches. Think not, says Cicero, in a noble passage, that these events actually occurred. No. 'It is guilt, and the consternation thence arising, that torments every wicked man, disturbs his rest, and even drives him mad; his own evil thoughts and conscious heart fill him with terror. These are the constant, the domestic furies of the wicked.' To this historical argument it has indeed been objected, that there is not that uniformity of moral judgments which one is prepared to expect. What is counted a sinful employment by one person may not be regarded so by another. The slave trade is still in existence. Actions that are reckoned immoral by one nation are held in great repute by another, and human sacrifices are still offered up in Hindostan. These, however, do not affect the general question. Even they who encourage and practise those atrocities do so from other considerations than from their cruelty; and not only in their own heart, but in the reasons which are adduced for such conduct, they pay homage to the eternal and immutable law of morality. Nowhere is crime honoured because it is crime: nowhere is virtue dishonoured because it is virtue. The suffrages of mankind are not given to the man who murders his friend, and withheld

from him, who at imminent danger has rescued his enemy from the devouring waves. Collect men of every nation and age upon a vast plain, and place before them a Nero and a Howard, and it admits not of a moment's doubt that the English philanthropist would be received with shouts of approbation, while the Roman Emperor would be assailed with a universal yell of execration. There is thus a great uniformity in moral judgments, and the exceptions, when fairly examined, are so few and trivial as scarcely to deserve a solid refutation; and it would be as idle to argue, from occasional monstrosities, against the perfection and symmetry of the human frame, or, from some instances of bad taste, against the existence of a correct standard of taste, as to infer from certain isolated and easily explained facts in human history, that there is no universal moral sentiment. Let us listen to the declaration of the heathen moralist we have formerly quoted. 'There is indeed a true law, a right reason, which is agreeable to nature, diffused over all, invariable, eternal, which summons us to duty by its orders, and deters us from crime by its prohibition. Nothing can supersede this law, nothing retrench it or make it void. It is in the power neither of the senate nor of the people to dispense with its obligations. It requires no comment; it demands no interpreter. It is not one law at Rome and another at Athens; one at present and another hereafter; but among all nations, and in all time, it will remain one eternal and immutable law.' Let us hear the words of a nobler than Cicero in support of this doctrine. 'For when the Gentiles, which have not the law (in a written form), do by nature (the moral constitution which God has bestowed upon them) the things contained in the (written) law, these, having not the law (in a written form) are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing them witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another.'

The second general argument is contained in the second chapter, which is thus entitled, 'On the inherent pleasure of the virtuous and misery of the vicious affections.'

The argument may be presented in this form. There is a pleasure which is the inevitable result of a good action, which has its source in the idea that our conduct has been in accordance with the dictates of conscience; but in addition to this, there is an enjoyment in the very exercise of virtuous feelings, apart altogether from the object contemplated. There is also a misery which is invariably produced by reflection, after a bad action has been performed: this is called remorse, and has its origin in the consciousness that our conduct has been in opposition to what we know to be right; but in addition, there is a positive pain in the very exercise of the vicious and malignant affections, which has no connexion with the feeling called remorse. It thus appears that not only our intellect, but our heart, not only the thoughts but the emotions are enlisted upon the side of virtue, and stand out in open enmity to vice. Man is so constituted by his wise and benevolent creator, that there is happiness in the very act of doing good, and misery in the very act of doing evil, independent of that operation of the mind which looks backward upon the deed, and pronounces an impartial judgment, as to its bearing upon the eternal law of morality. Butler has clearly brought out the distinction betwixt the final object of our desires, and the pleasure which is inseparable from their gratification: and his illustration of it is uncommonly happy and simple. You are hungry and you desire food. It is brought you and you eat it. Why? You do so to appease the cravings of hunger, and you have no other object in view. But to the very act of eating God has annexed a feeling of enjoyment, which has no reference to the final object upon which your mind is fixed, satisfying the appetite for food. It might have been otherwise. It might have been so arranged that we must eat, in order to preserve our existence, and yet the act might not only have been unaccompanied by pleasure, but have been positively disagreeable. The gratification which is inseparable from partaking of that food which is essential

to our health and life, is an instance of gratuitous benevolence upon the part of the Creator, and forms one of the many links in the chain, by which it is proved that God is love. It is thus also in the present instance. You do good to another man, and you experience a sense of pleasure in the very performance. Your own happiness was not thought of, and yet it is infallibly realised. There might have been no special gratification of this nature, and yet a virtuous action would not have ceased to be a duty, nor would it have failed to secure, upon reflection, the approbation of your conscience. Take compassion for one instance out of the many. The object of this affection is the relief of another's misery, and, in the fulfilment of this, does the affection meet with its full solace and gratification; that is, in a something altogether external from himself. It is true, that there is an appropriate pleasure in the indulgence of this affection, even as there is in the indulgence of every other; and in proportion, too, to the strength of the affection, will be the greatness of the pleasure. The man who is doubly more compassionate than his fellow, will have doubly a greater enjoyment in the relief of misery; yet that, most assuredly, not because he of the two is the more intently set on his own gratification, but because he of the two is the more intently set on an outward accomplishment, the relief of another's wretchedness. The truth is, that, just because more compassionate than his fellow, the more intent is he than the other on the object of this affection, and the less intent is he than the other on the subject of this affection. His thoughts and feelings are more drawn away to the sufferer, and therefore more drawn away from himself. He is the most occupied with the object of this affection; and, on that very account, the least occupied with the pleasure of its indulgence. And it is precisely the objective quality of these regards, which stamps upon compassion the character of a disinterested affection. He surely is the most compassionate whose thoughts and feelings are most drawn away to the sufferer, and most drawn away from self; or, in other words, most taken up with the direct consideration of him who is the object of this affection, and least taken up with the reflex consideration of the pleasure that he himself has in the indulgence of it. Yet this prevents not the pleasure from being actually felt; and felt, too, in very proportion to the intensity of the compassion; or, in other words, more felt the less it has been thought of at the time, or the less it has been pursued for its own sake. It seems unavoidable in every affection, that, the more a thing is loved, the greater must be the pleasure of indulging the love of it: yet it is equally unavoidable, that the greater in that case will be our aim towards the object of the affection, and the less will be our aim towards the pleasure which accompanies its gratification. And thus, to one who reflects profoundly and carefully on these things, it is no paradox that he who has had doubly greater enjoyment than another in the exercise of compassion, is doubly the more disinterested of the two; that he has had the most pleasure in this affection who has been the least careful to please himself with the indulgence of it; that he whose virtuous desires, as being the strongest, have in their gratification ministered to self the greatest satisfaction, has been the least actuated of all his fellows by the wishes, and stood at the greatest distance from the aims of selfishness.'

It is admitted that there is a pleasure in the gratification of our affections. This cannot be denied; it is expressed in the very collocation of our words; but nevertheless the doctrine holds good, that the very feeling of kindness is pleasant, and the very feeling of hatred is painful. This may be safely appealed to each individual experience, and the lesson would become more striking if we saw it acted out upon a large scale, and first contemplated one community where all was love, and then turned our attention to one where all was malice. The former is irradiated with the sunshine of heaven; the latter is shrouded in the darkness of hell. This idea as to the inherent pleasure or misery of virtuous or vicious affections, acquires more prominence when contracted in the following manner. Consider the af-

fections disappointed with regard to their object: kindness is unable to relieve the want, malice is baffled of its revenge. Which of the affections is now to be envied? Suppose now the affections gratified as regards their object. Love has effected its purpose, and realised the good intended; hatred has been successful, and such a revenge taken as to leave nothing more to be desired. Upon whose side is the greater enjoyment experienced? It cannot be too much insisted upon, that 'in most cases, all that we obtain by the gratification of a malignant passion, is but the exchange of one misery for another'; and this apart still from the remorse of an evil perpetration. There is one familiar instance of it, which often occurs in conversation—when, piqued by something offensive in the remark or manner of our fellows, we react with a severity which humbles and overwhelms him. In this case, the pain of the resentment is succeeded by the pain we feel in the spectacle of that distress which ourselves have created; and this, too, aggravated perhaps by the reprobation of all the by-standers, affording thereby a miniature example of the painful alternations which are constantly taking place in the history of moral evil; when the misery of wrong affections is but replaced, to the perpetrator himself, by the misery of the wrong actions to which they have hurried him. It is thus that a life of frequent gratification may, notwithstanding, be a life of intense wretchedness. It may help our imagination of such a state, to conceive of one, subject every hour to the agonies of hunger, with such a mal-conformation at the same time in his organ of taste, that, in food of every description, he felt a bitter and universal nausea. There were here a constant gratification, yet a constant and severe endurance—a mere alternation of cruel sufferings—the displacement of one set of agonies, by the substitution of other agonies in their room. This is seldom, perhaps never realised in the physical world; but in the moral world it is a great and general phenomenon. The example shows at least the possibility of a constitution, under which a series of incessant gratifications may be nothing better than a restless succession of distress and disquietude; and that such should be the constitution of our moral nature as to make a life of vice a life of vanity and cruel vexation, is strong experimental evidence of him who ordained this constitution, that he hateth iniquity, that he loveth righteousness.'

A TALE OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

BY MISS M. FRASER TYTLER.

It is well known, that upon the morning of the battle of Culloden, one half of the unhappy prince's army, worn with fatigue, and literally famishing on the scanty allowance to which they were reduced, had dispersed themselves in search of food through the surrounding country. Many had repaired to Inverness, and at an early hour stragglers were seen returning singly, or in groups, to the rendezvous on that fatal field. Among these was Duncan M'Intosh, whose successful forage had so far invigorated body and mind, that little of the desponding look, or the worn and haggard air of the morning, was now discernible in the athletic figure, or in the free and rapid tread of the handsome Highlander. The most picturesque of all garbs, whether donned by serf or noble, the well adjusted kilt, and full rich folds of the checkered plaid, showed to advantage the tall well-built frame and muscular limbs of the wearer, while his whole appearance denoted that strength and prowess, that had already made him the hero of many a rude ditty through the Highland hills. He was, in truth, a goodly sample of his mountain brethren, for his height approached almost to the gigantic. His open handsome countenance, expressive of firmness and resolve, bore also on every feature the stamp of good humour. His keen eye was restless and intelligent, and round the blue bonnet in which was worn the badge of his clan, clustered a profusion of dark brown curls. A broadsword of unusual dimensions completed the costume; and truly the ponderous weapon in his grasp 'trembled as light as hazel wand,' for with the most apparent ease, ever and anon, it was

waved above his head, while, at the utmost extent of his powerful voice, he vociferated one of the favourite Jacobite songs of the day:

' Good luck to the lad that wears the tartan plaid,
Success to Charlie and a' his men;
The right and the wrang we shall ken ere lang,
And the king shall enjoy his ain again.'

Perhaps, from the now near position of the enemy, he trusted that some favourable breeze might bear the words into the very ranks of the English army; for having closed the song with the usual chorus of denunciations on the foes of his prince, he was once more breaking forth in the same strain, when the words were suddenly arrested, for a female starting from among the brushwood that had concealed her figure, stood upon a small knoll, or rising ground, at the distance of a few yards from him. The spot was at that time known by the name of the wizard's brae, and the female, who upon this occasion had risen as if by magic from the bowels of the earth, and who after waving her arms wildly in the air, had suddenly assumed the motionless look and air of a sybil, bore through the country the dreaded character of one who was afflicted with the second sight—the seer and foreteller of events to come.

The sudden apparition was not without its effect upon the Highlander, for the blood rushed to his swarthy cheek, and for a moment he appeared hesitating whether to continue his route, or to turn and fly. Then, with some hurried strides forward, he muttered between his clenched teeth: ' She can but foretell death or misfortune to myself, and let them come; my prince is safe. The darkest fend that ever trod the earth will no bespeak evil for him! Ay, he is safe! Safe in the strong arm and the true heart o' the monie wha are ready to die for him, as this day will prove. We'll gie Cumberland another Fontenoy, and then hurra for the prince, come what will o' me and the like o' me;' and he confronted the female, with a look as keen and piercing as her own. But again his eye fell, and again the blood rushed to his cheek and brow, then as rapidly retreating, left them perfectly colourless; for with a strong grasp laid upon his shoulder, while every feature of her withered countenance seemed distorted with agony, she exclaimed—' Sing on, Duncan M'Intosh, sing on! Sun, o'er sunne, you'll no hae the breath an ye had the heart to sing; for on that field, noo see purple wi' blooming heather, will ye and your clan, ay, and your prince and your country, be lost, lost, lost!' and with a long shrill cry of agony, the poor maniac again tossed her arms wildly in the air.

' Ill-omened fiend,' gasped the quivering lips of the Highlander, ' tak back your words, or my dirk shall be dyed in your heart's bluid. Tak back your foul words, I say, or ye and I may haith rue the hour we haes met this day.' And once more the eye of the Highlander flashed fire, his figure seeming to dilate before her; but unmoved either by the passionate appeal or by the increasing rage of her companion, the woman tore the covering from her bosom, and with more of calmness in voice and manner, continued—' The hand o' Duncan M'Intosh was never bent to miss its aim; strike then, and let me never see you rising sun set on sic a day o' horror. Why dinna ye strike?' she went on, seeing that the hand of the soldier still nervously grasped the dirk that a moment before he had seized with so frantic a vehemence. ' Why dinna ye strike her wha saved your life in the battle o' Falkirk? better had ye been left to dee on that field o' victory, than—'

' I haes nae mind to hurt ye, mither,' interrupted the Highlander; ' but I heed na your words, and as thanks for the life, that it's true enow ye saved, when ithers nearer in kith and kin passed me by. Duncan M'Intosh will be the first to gie ye the tidings o' victory. Fare ye-well, mither, and dinna speak the words to anither ye haes spoken to me; they will maybe be less sparing o' your grey hairs.'

' Dina ye speak the words that are fair frae your heart, Duncan M'Intosh?' resumed the woman; ' weel de ye ken—nane better, that the curse o' God has fallen on my grey hairs, and that the een that might haes been blin' wi' the tears they haes shed, can yet see sights that ithers maunna

see. For what else haes I been hunted by man and bairn, like the wolf i' the mountain or the fox i' the valley? for what else has my heart been turned to stane and my brain to fire? But ye haes had mair proof, Duncan M'Intosh; ye haes had mair proof than these. Didna I see your father's wraith, and didna his death come as I had foretold? Didna I warn ye no to take Marion M'Ian as your bride? and does she sit noo by your hearth-stane? Is she rocking the wee bairn i' the cradle, or has she followed the base Sasenach to his hame? Didna I tell ye that in the sight of God and man she would bring sorrow on your head? And were these words fause, Duncan M'Intosh—were these words fause?

The eye of the Highlander, which the moment before had flashed fire, was now moistened with tears. 'Peace be wi' her I haes lo'ed sae weel,' he said in a stifled voice. 'If she sinned, mither, dearly has she suffered for that sin.'

'Ay, ay,' again shrieked the woman. 'Ye ken that they were true—and will ye doubt that I haes seen waur sights than these—sights that haes set my brain on fire? Bluid, say ye?—hae na I seen red waves o' bluid? hae na I seen the leal heart and the strong arm trampled i' the earth, butchered like the beasts of the field? And waur yet, waur yet, hae na I seen him, the son o' God's anointed, stand alone among the dead—cursing his young life—cursing the hopes, that high as they dance now in his heart, will be low enow ere lang? Ye doubt me still,' she exclaimed, with increasing vehemence. 'Oh that I could doubt my ain self. Ye think harm canna harm him—harm is round him now.' Then with a sudden change of look and voice—'What wear ye sae proudly in your bonnet, Duncan M'Intosh?'

The Highlander seized the branch of ivy, and with an exulting laugh exclaimed—'Thanks, mither, thanks, ye haes brought me to my senses; 'tis the badge o' my clan, and as it never fades, nee mair will the clan o' M'Intosh.'

'Dinna think that your badge is unkent by me—dinna think that your badge is unkent by me,' slowly reiterated the woman; 'and ye say true, as it never fades, so never will the clan o' M'Intosh be extinct. Is na' the badge o' thy clan the ivy; the Granta the pine; the Frasers the yew; the Drummonds the holly; and do any o' these fade? Do they no brave alike the sun o' summer and the winter's snow?'

'Sae will it be wi' the clans,' exultingly interrupted M'Intosh. But calmly crossing her arms on her bosom, she muttered—'Wi' his ain words will I confront him; and with a mingled expression of contempt and pity, she fixed her eyes upon the young soldier, till observing his gesture of impatience, she went on.

'Ye will ken the truth owre sure; ye needna hurry the words that will sound mair bitter in your ears than wad your ain death-knell, for weel do ye lo'e your prince, and weel may you lo'e him, better than your ain heart's bluid—better than the mither that bore ye; but it's vain, vain! Ye canna save him—fight wi' man ye may, but wi' Heaven ye daurna.'

The voice of the poor woman had risen during this address to the shrill shriek of agony; but now sinking to the hoarse whisper of intense suffering, 'What is the badge o' thy prince, Duncan M'Intosh?' she asked; and the words seemed indeed to ring in the ears of the Highlander a knell more bitter than would have been his own death-warrant. He attempted no reply, but, as if smitten with the sudden weakness of a child, his iron frame trembled in every limb, while with his eyes fixed upon hers, he listened to her words. 'His badge is the aik,' she went on; 'and as the aik is, so will be the fate o' thy prince; as it flourished, so ance did he; and as its withered leaves still hang on the branches, till they were forced aff by the new leaves i' the spring, so will thy prince, the rightfu' owner o' the crown, be forced frae the throne, that was and is his birthright. But gang your ways, young man—gang your ways; dinna stay biding here—my een haes seen what mauns meet the e'e o' anither, and ye haes heard what nane else maun hear. See that it be sae—and yet it's no at the thocht o' death that the heart o' a Highlander will quail;

and if they canna save their prince they will dee for him! But, hist, there's a thing mair,' she continued, and then with renewed vehemence—'Awa, Duncan M'Intosh, awa! Tell your prince, that as he wad seat his father i' the throne—as he wad keep the stain frae the name that has never kent stain till now, no to put the M'Donalds i' the left wing. But na, na, it's doomed, it's doomed; he canna 'scape it, and the life bluid o' their prince is on their heads this day! Ay, it's doomed, it's doomed! And is this then a time for the leal heart and the strong arm to be biding here? Think ye that in sic a strait Duncan M'Intosh winna be missed frae the clan? Awa, I say, awa.'

The stunning effects of her communication had as it were so paralysed the strong nerves of the Highlander, that he offered neither resistance nor reply, but, obeying the commanding gesture of the woman, strode hastily forward. He had not, however, gone many yards ere suddenly stopping—'Fool that I haes been,' he said, 'to be moved by sic words as yon. The M'Donalds i' the left wing! as if it wasna kent a' the world o'er, that it's on the right they haes aye fought, sin' they garr'd the English ken the force o' the Highland arm and the Highland claymore at Bannockburn! It's no' like that they'd gie up their birthright, as they may ca' it. Na, na, I'll gang nae sic fool's errand to the prince. But I ken what I'll do: I'll e'en gang back as I can—I'll gar her unsay the words she spak; for, senseless as they are, we'll haes nae foul glamour thrown ower us by her this day. Fool, fool that I haes been; the leaves o' the aik may fade, but the stem is still the king o' the forest;' and with impetuous strides he retraced his way to the wizard's knoll. But the woman, or witch, as M'Intosh now termed her, was no longer there, and for some time his search continued unsuccessful, until recollecting the oak, under which it was said the wizard lay buried, he directed his steps to the spot. She was there, and, seated upon the ground, was chanting in a low voice a lament, or death-wail, in her native language. 'I haes come,' began the Highlander; but he started back in horror, for the blood flowed from a deep gash which the unfortunate woman had inflicted upon herself with a small dirk she was known to wear concealed about her person. With another of those shrill and startling cries, that had already rung so piercingly through the open moor, she started to her feet, and glaring wildly on him—'Wherefore are ye here?' she exclaimed. 'Do ye fear to meet death in behalf o' your prince? or come ye to see how Elspeth M'Intosh can die?' and again she plunged the dirk in her bosom.

'Held, held!' exclaimed Duncan M'Intosh, springing forward; 'ye are mad, mither, ye are mad; and ye dinna ken that ye break God's strictest law.'

'I haes had muckle to mak me mad,' said the dying woman; 'and my brain has reeled but not maddened. The justice o' Heaven will sleep through this day's fight; and why no' his vengeance too, though this deed be done? But dinna I tell ye no to bide here, Duncan M'Intosh? Awa, young man, awa to the battle-field—awa to your bloody grave!' Her voice faltered; she sank back and expired. 'Weary has been your life, and darker still is your death-day,' muttered the Highlander, gazing into the dimmed eyeballs of the corpse, as if to assure himself that life was indeed extinct; then drawing the tattered plaid in decent folds about the body, so as to conceal the face of the dead—'I haes loitered ower lang already,' he said; 'but gin I return from the field vanquished or a vanquisher, I will gie ye Christian burial,' and once more turning from the spot, he strode with rapid steps towards the battle-field.

The Highland army was already drawn up in order of fight. Hundreds of true hearts, that hunger could not daunt, nor fatigue subdue, were there gathered round the prince, for whom so often they had fought and conquered; while at the distance of scarcely a mile, the army of the Duke of Cumberland covered twice the space of ground occupied by the Highlanders.

The perfect order, the long compact line, the superior force of horse and artillery, were all scanned by the keen

eye of the Highlander. But had the English army been treble the number, he would have hailed the disparity with pride, for former success, former dispersion of troops double their own in force, had, in common with every Highlander, impressed him with the idea that the wild onset and irregular mode of warfare used by the clans, rendered them irresistible. It was not the wide array, nor the glittering of the fixed bayonets in the sun, nor the sound of a hundred drums, as rolling forward they seemed offering defiance to the foe,—it was not these that could strike terror to the brave heart of the Highlander; but as once more he glanced hastily over the position of the prince's army, and beheld with horror the whole clan of M'Donald stationed on the left wing, his eyes glared from their sockets, and with a wild cry of warning he dashed over the intervening space.

That cry was lost in the roar of cannon, and when M'Intosh, with the gestures of a maniac, and vociferating the words of the sybil, 'Fight w' men we may, but w' Heaven we daurna!' rushed into the ranks and threw himself amongst the foremost of his clan, the bloody conflict had already begun; the murderous artillery of the English poured its destructive fire along the Highland ranks, and line after line were stretched upon the heath, until no longer able to endure the sight of their slaughtered comrades, with the wild yell of hearts thirsting for revenge, the brave M'Intoshae broke from the centre of the line, and rushing forward, mingled hand to hand with the enemy. They were followed by the Atholmen, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, and M'Leans, and thus a general and nearly simultaneous charge had been made along the whole of the Highland line. There was but one exception. The M'Donalds, dissatisfied with their situation, and looking upon it as an evil omen, refused to advance. In vain were the Duke of Perth's endeavours to appease their wrath; in vain his entreaties that by fighting with their characteristic bravery they would make the left wing equal to the right. Vain even his appeal to the feelings of clanship, so dear to the heart of a Highlander, and the promise, that from this day he would assume for ever the surname of McDonald. They were induced to discharge their muskets, and advance a few paces, but the blighting belief in the fatal omen was upon them, and no prayers or entreaties could shake them from their lethargy.

Not so the other clans. The howl of the advance, the scream of the onset, the thunders of musketry, were mingled occasionally with shouts of Craid Eilachie, Tullochard, Ardchoile, Clairnish, and Caruna Cuin, the slogan or war-cry of their different chiefs, while their dauntless courage, worked upon by despair, assumed the aspect of madness, rather than the cool and determined bravery for which hitherto they had been proverbial. Regardless of the fire of the artillery, they flung themselves upon and cleared the first line of the enemy. The strong band that had opposed them were swept irresistibly from the field, but they had given way only when every bayonet was bent, and every hand reeked with the blood of their brave foe.'

Brief and dearly purchased had been the success of the doomed clans. The first line of the enemy they had indeed dispersed, and they continued their impetuous advance upon the second. But it is well known that the deadly fire then poured upon their ranks almost annihilated the brave, and till now overpowering band, and that, submitting at length to destiny, they turned and fled; all save one man, who with gigantic strides still advanced upon the enemy, and though desperately wounded, encountered with his single arm the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, with the strength and energy of despair, he parried the successive thrusts of the assailants, and while the resistless strokes of the claymore dealt destruction on his foes, he continued, by the rapid and skilful use of the target, to protect his own life. The disregarded shout of the English officer—'Save that brave fellow! Spare his life!' was answered by the piteous cry of 'Ochon, ochon, my prince!' which he incessantly repeated, and by another

and another of those deadly blows, that were fast strewing his enemies around him; till, exhausted by loss of blood, rather than vanquished by force, Duncan M'Intosh sank upon one knee, and, receiving the thrust of a bayonet, expired, with the name of his prince half-breathed upon his lips.

THE TRUCK SYSTEM AND THE HUT SYSTEM.

The numerous railways and other public works, completed or in progress, have, in remote and thinly inhabited situations, brought into extensive operation a system by which the health, morals, and habits of the labouring population are in the course of being seriously affected. One branch of this system goes to provide food; and is known by the name of the *Truck System*; the other is meant to provide lodgings for the workmen, and, for want of a better name, we shall call it the *Hut System*. In a district where lodgings cannot otherwise be obtained, it is clearly a matter of necessity that houses, huts, or shelter of some sort, shall be provided for the accommodation of the various persons to be employed; and generally speaking, and considering that the purpose for which they are erected is only temporary, no great amount of accommodation may be expected in them. It would be no more than reasonable, however, that the driest and most sheltered site the district could afford should be chosen; that they should at least afford shelter from the wind and rain; and that the internal arrangements should be consistent with decent habits, and with the health of the occupants—all which requirements being only the more necessary where women and children are to form a part of this population. If towns and villages, from whence supplies of food and other necessities of life may be drawn, be at a distance, it is incumbent that the employer provide the needful articles. It is but fair, however, to expect that these shall be of good quality, bought under every advantage the employe may possess, and furnished to his workmen at the cost price, without any profit whatever. Honestly carried out, and with a single eye to the benefit of those for whose use it is intended, the one branch might be conducted at least without indecency or injury to health or morals; while the other, as an arrangement between employer and employed, might be of the highest possible value to the latter. Alas for human nature, however, the reverse of all this is the case. The writer of this article has had opportunities of witnessing the working and effects of this system, as now, it is to be feared, too generally practised, and the impression made upon his mind was of a nature not to be easily effaced.

In a secluded pastoral district, a considerable distance from the bustle of ordinary life, stands a cluster of huts, the walls of which are built of the turf which has been stripped from the surface on which they are erected. One long barn-like building is roofed with tiles; and, on looking in, we found it stored with picks, shovels, wheel-barrows, and the other implements used in the operations going forward out-doors. It seemed to be partially occupied also as a wright's shop. A joiner's bench, a scanty assortment of the commoner sort of joiners' tools, some wood-shavings and scraps of timber, showed that here, at least, the mending part of the business was performed; and on moving round the bench to examine some implements of rather peculiar construction, I happened to stir the shavings, which were there collected in a considerable heap, when, screeching with its whole might, out rushed a 'slip ov a pig,' nearly half grown, and, in its hurry to gain the door, it almost overset me. Before I had re-

* This article has already appeared in the *Witness* newspaper. The writer obligingly handed me a copy of it at the time he sent it to the *Witness*, and it would have appeared in our columns sooner but for the circumstance that the printing of the *Instructor* is always three or four numbers in advance of its publication. The subject is one to which public attention cannot be too promptly directed; the sooner existing evils are inquired into the better, and our correspondent, we know, is not likely to speak from superficial information, or take up false impressions.

covered from the start the brute had given me, a screech from a child, in its very loudest *fartissim*, instantly followed by the soothing voice of its Irish mother, told me that this sterile and dreary waste was, in part at least, colonised by our neighbours of the Green Isle, who had not failed to carry along with them their usual domestic attendant. There, to be sure, stood the mother, a fine dark-eyed and handsome woman, lively and frank in her manners, with much of the graceful modesty of her country-women, of whom she was as favourable a specimen as one might desire to see. But oh the dwelling she occupied! It was a large and open apartment, the yet living grass in the inverted turf of the walls vainly stretching forth its long blanched and feeble stalks into the unwholesome atmosphere within—the very image of sickness and disease, and a melancholy type of the effect of such an atmosphere on its occupants. The floor was plashy and muddy; and the moisture from a recent shower was still dripping from the roof of broom and sods into every part of the dwelling.

Fronting the door was a range of six beds, in two tiers, each a-top of the other, formed mostly of pieces of roofing nailed together with the utmost economy of labour and material. The rough front posts were sunk in the floor at the one end, and at the other fastened to the coarse and frail joisting of the roof. Curtains there were none; and the space was entirely open from the head of the beds at the one extremity of the apartment to the foot at the other; leaving an open thoroughfare-like space all over each of the three beds in both tiers. It seemed to be the finest contrivance in the world for affording a full view and free communication along the whole range. The good woman told me, with the greatest possible simplicity, how she, and her husband, and their child, occupied the lower bed next the fire—how the one overhead, and the two in the centre, were occupied each by two boys, who were employed at the works along with her own man—how a man and his wife had taken the next lower one only the day before—and how she could have let the one above it to another man and his wife, but her stock of blankets was required for the beds already occupied, although she expected soon to be able to buy more; and that she had lost her intended lodgers from the want of them.

The adjoining hut was altogether of a different character, and contrasted strongly in all respects with the one I had just quitted. It was occupied by a sort of ganger or foreman and his wife, both English people, without children, and everything about it told of the tidy comfort so habitual to their country. A corner was boarded off as a sleeping room; the walls were wholly plastered, or covered with boards or mats, with the latter of which the roof was screened; and the whole house had an air of snugness, warmth, and comfort, gratifying in such a situation to look on. The table, at which two young English labourers who boarded with them were at tea, was covered with a clean white cloth, and, along with bread and butter, there was a beautiful piece of bacon and a dish of fresh water-cresses before them. The wretchedness and squalor which characterised the neighbouring dwelling were here banished out of doors. The sleeping arrangements, to say the least of them, were not suggestive of the almost beastly grossness of the other; and industry and decent self-respect seemed to have made as much of it as the place was capable of.

A third was occupied wholly by men; and, much as I have seen and heard of the 'bothy system,' I have never known anything to compare with this den. The little that was in it was in a state of the most disgusting dirt and disorder. The dishes were unwashed, and one man lay in bed of sore throat, which he attributed to wet feet, and sleeping in bedclothes which had been soaked by the rain dropping from the roof. His pulse was upwards of 100, his tongue foul and sore, and to me he appeared to labour under a bad fever.

Another hut was built against the edge of a perpendicular rock, evidently with a view of economising the

materials. The rock within was wet and mossy, and the smoke oozed out at an opening on its edge in the roof, leaving an open space, upright from the porrach-pot, which was on the fire, to the sky above. In this place there was one bed for the husband, his wife, and an infant; and some broken straw, mixed with broom, in a corner, for the repose of three ragged urchins, who were sharing a slice of very dark-coloured bread with a young pig, which seemed to enjoy the privilege of the dormitory in common with the rest of the family. The woman complained that the season had been unhealthy since she came to the place, and did not think the air agreed with her. She and one of her children had been laid up from fever; the children had all had sore throats, and their stomachs did not agree with the *mate*. Some of the neighbours had had small-pox, and there were always some of them laid up from bowel complaints. She and her husband and children had been in the house for several months, and when the work was done, hoped they would get another place as good, for, 'barrin' the *fa'er* and the like o' that, there had not been much the matter wi' them.' The place, she said, was far from coals, and difficult of access, and fire-wood being scarce, they sometimes suffered a good deal from cold. The minister, the doctor, and the schoolmaster, she told me, all resided in —, and she and her neighbours were equally out of the reach of the ministrations of either.

It was now beginning to rain, and the good woman having kindly invited me to wait till the shower was over, I waited till it set in a regular wet evening. It happened, however, to be pay-day; and on looking out and observing a crowd collecting about the doors to receive their pay for the bygone month, I again took shelter, in the hope of getting some one to escort me to —, a distance of several miles. I was desirous, moreover, to see the men paid, and presently had my desire gratified. Having seen the accommodation provided under the one branch of the system, I was now to witness an interesting part of the other—that of a settlement under the truck system.

In one of the central huts, a strong and substantial boarding, from the front to the back of the hut, formed it into two apartments. The outer one of these was occupied partly by lumber, shop-casks, several unopened barrels of herrings, casks of butter, and some other articles still in bulk. The other was the shop proper, to which the first served as a sort of warehouse or cellar. Round the whole shop were ranges of coarse shelves, loaded with the various articles in request—cheese, bread, bacon, canisters of tea, coffee, and snuff, an immense roll of tobacco, boots, shoes, and a variety of other articles; while all round the floor of the apartment were sacks of meal and flour, a large cask of sugar, another of salt, another containing red herrings, and one nearly half-full of butter. Hung up on pegs there were gay plush vests, closely studded over with white mother-of-pearl buttons; moleskin trousers; and an ample supply of smock-frocks, gaudily and fancifully embroidered. On one bundle of these I observed, in addition to the other decorations, a cross neatly worked on the breast. At a small table, which did duty as a counter, but from which the shop articles had been removed, sat a sharp, decent-looking, elderly man, with pen and ink, and the store account-book open before him. Inside, and at right angles to the table, was placed a broad board, at which presided a man, with a large quantity of silver, some copper, a bundle of bank-notes, and a book containing the account of the men's time, and the sums due to each. A man was placed in charge of the outer door, and another at that within, to call and admit the men in turn for their pay. The process of paying then commenced; but what struck me as being odd and suspicious, was, that strict care was taken to admit only one at a time; and I could not avoid remarking also the care that was taken that what passed within should not be overheard by those without.

The first man brought in, was told that there was £2 : 5 : 4d. due to him; the storekeeper instantly adding, that he had had £1 : 8 : 9d. from the shop, which being

quickly deducted by the paymaster, the balance of 16s. 7d. was handed to him. The poor man scratched his head, looked stupid and sheepish, and asked, first, how many days' work he had been paid for, and on being told seventeen days, insisted that there was a balance of three-fourths of a day due to him at last settlement, and that his claim since was for seventeen days and a half. This was pointedly contradicted on the other side; and after some attempt at debate, the poor fellow, unskilled in the art of settling only one thing at a time, and jumping too quickly from one subject to another, declared that the goods he had had from the shop could not possibly exceed £1, and was beginning to lose his temper, when he was told to be off—that there was not time to trifle with him all night; and the inner door-keeper, who, during the discussion, kept constantly nudging him on the elbow, at last, half in jest, half in earnest, pulled him out by the sleeve. The same process, with some exceptions and variations, was repeated with the others. Many admitted the correctness of the account of the time and wages, but *all*, without exception, pled guilty only to a part of the shop accounts. One sharp fellow had a sort of pass-book, which he wished to compare with the account charged against him; but he was told to call upon the store-keeper at another time, and he would explain every thing. In this way the greater number of the men were paid before I left; and certainly what I saw gave me a very strong and decided impression of the wisdom of admitting only one at a time, and in preventing the possibility of anything in the shape of a debate, in which the creditor could have the benefit of the counsel or countenance of his fellow-workmen.

Here, then, were both hut and truck systems in full operation. The huts and their occupants were, I believe, a fair average of their respective classes, and as regarded the male part of the population, indispensably necessary for the completion of the extensive works in which their occupants were engaged. But were these fit habitations for human beings? I answer decidedly, No! And it is no sufficient answer to say that they might have been improved, as was done by the English family I have spoken of, whose situation necessarily secured to them the preference over the others in respect of accommodation; and still less is it a sufficient answer to say, that those who were dissatisfied might leave them. The fact has been ascertained that empty sugar barrels will find tenants; and society has clearly an interest in the protection of those who, whether from ignorance, necessity, or recklessness, expose themselves to evils and dangers from which society is at last the sufferer. Here is a colony of men, women, and children, in a position in which their health must unavoidably suffer; and the fever which lays one of the denizens on his back, equally with the degraded and demoralised habits which the system goes to produce, entail the ultimate burden of both on society, who, whether in a pecuniary shape, or by the spread of disease, or by the brutalisation of her members, is sure to be the sufferer. If, then, the community is burdened by the sickness, or injured by the vices, or punished by the infection, emanating from such sources as I have described, it is bound on every account to adopt the needful measures to avert or counteract them.

The remedy for a large portion of these evils lies with the legislature. In every act of parliament passed for the construction of public works which require the erection of huts for the accommodation of the workmen, a clause ought to be inserted, making it imperative on the sheriff of the county, before any hut in connexion with such works shall be inhabited, to cause it to be inspected by a medical officer, at the expense of the proprietors of the works, and to grant a certificate as to each hut, declaring that it contains the requisite amount of accommodation for a specific number of individuals, and may, with regard to health, be safely occupied. A board, containing a copy of the certificate, should be hung up in a conspicuous part of the hut, and if any hut were occupied without such a certificate, or with a greater number of

inhabitants than it has been certified fitted to accommodate, the proprietors should be liable in a penalty recoverable at the instance of the public prosecutor on the evidence of any two witnesses. A medical man should be appointed to inspect weekly the whole dwellings and inmates, and to report to the sheriff or fiscal the condition of each house as to cleanliness, and that it may or may not still be safely occupied; and specifying every case of disease or illness from which the patient has been confined to bed for upwards of twenty-four hours. There does not seem any serious hardship in all this, and the increased comforts which it would afford, might be repaid by the workmen. Medicine and medical attendance could be furnished, even in the most remote situation, at something about threepence per head per week; and the cost, whatever it might be, might be retained directly from the pay of the workmen. The rapid increase of the hut system is spreading its disease, vice, and brutality over the land, and, either by this or some similar means, calls for immediate prevention.

The remedy for the truck system again is in the hands of the labourers. The inferior and in frequent instances unwholesome goods supplied to them from the stores at 15 to 20 or 25 per cent. above the ordinary prices, is just so much deducted from their weekly earnings. If a man's pay be 15s. per week, and if out of that sum he pay 2s. 6d. a-week more for his necessaries than they can be bought for at the ordinary market price, his wages are thereby reduced to 12s. 6d., and the attempt to make him believe that he receives 15s., is a mere blind and deception, so long as he allows his employer to mulct him of the difference between the price of goods furnished from the store, and the prices for which the same articles can be otherwise obtained. But the mere reduction of wages from 15s. to 12s. 6d. by dealing at the store, is not always the worst of the evil. His choice of necessities for his daily wants is limited to what is to be found in the shelves of the store, never of the first quality, sometimes bad, and not unfrequently unwholesome—articles often unsuitable to his wants, and which he takes, not because he prefers them, but because he has no other to choose from. This is the position of the labourer under the truck system, and a most unfortunate one it is; and if it were a position from which there was no escape, he would deserve and obtain the sympathy of the community. But the want of unity, and the want of confidence in each other, are here, as in other matters, the bane of the out-door labourer; and his employer, availing himself of these circumstances, under the bait and pretext of high wages, mulcts him at will. His payments of once a-month, in place of once a-week, besides operating, as they frequently do, as a most grinding and cruel oppression, force him into transactions with the store; and, besides other disadvantages, confine and compel him to the purchase, not of what he requires or wishes, but of what he can get. In such circumstances, the adage of two at a bargain no longer holds; for the purchaser must take what his employer chooses to provide, and at the price he chooses to dictate.

That matters are not in every instance conducted in this fashion, I am well aware. I happen to know many contractors who would scorn, under any circumstances, or on any pretext, to clip the stipulated pay of the poor man; but I have never heard of an instance where the truck system is in operation, of the store-keeper failing to lay on a given per centage upon his prices beyond those of the shops.

The labourers therefore should refuse employment from all masters who shall refuse to comply with some such condition as the following:—That every article for the store shall be purchased at the sight of a committee of the workmen, who shall fix the selling prices, keeping in view the loss that may arise from waste, or from the perishable nature of the article, or other circumstances. The payment of the store-keeper should be from a tax imposed on all those having the privilege of obtaining goods from the store, and would be conveniently retained along with that for the medical officer. The account should

be balanced periodically, and any surplus which might accrue be applied to reduce the price of some necessary article, such as bread or meal, which should then be distributed at a low price, in an equal proportion, to all having right to it. But whatever the arrangements might be, it should be necessary, as a fixed principle, from which there should be no departure, that the employer should have no benefit. He need never have any loss; and if he found loss was likely to arise on any given article, he would be under no necessity to purchase it, and that is his protection. If the want of the article be inconvenient to the men, let them find it for themselves; or if he shall provide it for them, seeing he is to have no profit, he should clearly have no loss. Let it be distinctly and openly understood, that the employer provides certain necessities for the purpose of enabling him to keep men together to carry forward his works, but that in doing so the wages of the men are not to be diminished for what is merely a mutual convenience. Let there be no artificial necessities created, by which men are driven, or compelled, to deal with the store, either by the payment of wages being refused beyond the usual weekly period, or by any other means—the employer limiting his profits to what he may fairly and legitimately derive under his contract; aiding the men by his means and credit, in obtaining the necessities of life under the most favourable circumstances, and at the lowest possible price. He is properly and unavoidably the sole judge of the amount of remuneration to be given to his workmen. Let him fix that according to his own pleasure and sense of justice; and if he shall attempt to outstretch his power, the regulating principle of supply and demand, even without the aid of public opinion, will, in the present state of the market at least, soon set him right. Let the men, on the other hand, steadfastly refuse employment from all contractors and others who shall refuse to enter into some such arrangement as we have suggested, and the evils of the truck system will be no more heard of.

THE FLOWER-GIRL OF THE PONT NEUF.

I was crossing the Pont Neuf at the moment when a porter belonging to the Bank of France, pretty well tired of the weight he carried (it was a bag containing nine thousand francs in silver), stopped to rest himself by leaning against the parapet wall of the bridge; but at the moment he did so, his valuable load, either from awkwardness or carelessness, slipped out of his hands and fell into the Seine, which is very deep just at that spot. Never shall I forget his look of despair. He made a movement as if to jump over: and I believe would have effected his purpose, but for the presence of mind of a girl, a little delicate looking thing of about sixteen, a violet-seller, who, clasping her arms around him, cried for help, which in an instant was afforded. Myself and some others seized him; he struggled with us desperately.

'Let me go! let me go!' cried he; I am ruined for ever. My wife, my children, what will become of you?'

A multitude of voices were raised at once, some to console, others to inquire; but above the rest were heard the clear and silver tones of the violet-girl:—'My friend, have patience, you have lost nothing.'

'Nothing, said you!'

'No, no; I tell you no. Let some one run for the divers; there is no doubt they will succeed in bringing it up.'

'She is right,' resounded from a number of voices, and from mine among the rest; and in an instant half-a-dozen people ran to fetch the divers. Those who remained exerted themselves as well as they could to solace the poor porter. One brought him a small glass of liqueur; another, a little brandy; a third, some eau de cologne; and four or five presented the grand specific, sugar and water. The little violet-girl had been before all the rest in administering a cordial; and perhaps hers was the most efficacious—a glass of pure water, which she held to his trembling lips and made him swallow. 'Drink,' she said, 'drink it up, it will do you good.' Whether it was the water, or the kind

and sympathetic manner with which it was offered, that relieved him, I know not; but certainly one of the two had its effect, for his looks grew less wild—he burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and, by degrees, became composed enough to make his acknowledgments to the spectators who had shown such interest in his misfortune. The divers soon came, and one of them descended without loss of time. Never did I witness such anxiety as the search excited; if the fate of every one present had hung upon the success, they could not have testified greater interest in it. He soon reappeared, bringing up—not the bag of silver, but a small iron box. It was instantly broken open, and found to be full of twenty-franc pieces in gold; they were quickly counted, and found to amount to nearly twelve thousand francs, about four hundred and fifty pounds sterling. There were three divers, who, overjoyed at their good fortune, speedily divided the prize among themselves; and directly afterwards another descended in search of the porter's bag. This time he returned with it in triumph. The poor fellow could scarcely speak when it was put into his hands. On coming to himself he cried with vehemence, 'God reward you! You know not what good you have done. I am the father of five children. I was formerly in good circumstances, but a series of misfortunes reduced me to the greatest distress. All that I had left was an irreproachable character, and that procured me my present situation. I have had it but a week. To-day I should, without your help, have lost it. My wife, my children, would have been exposed to all the horrors of want; they would have been deprived of a husband and a father; for never, no never, could I have survived the ruin I had brought upon them! It is you who have saved us all; God will reward you—he alone can.' While he thus spoke, he rummaged his pockets, and drew out some francs. 'This is all I have, 'tis very little; but tell me where you live, and to-morrow—' 'Not a farthing,' interrupted they, with one voice; and one of them added, 'Stop a bit, let me talk to my comrades. They stepped aside for a moment; I followed them with my eyes, and saw that they listened to their companion with emotion. We are all of a mind,' said he, returning with them. 'Yes, my friend, if we have been serviceable to you, you have also been the cause of our good fortune; it seems to me that we ought to share with you what God has sent us through your means. My companions think so too, and we are going to divide it into four equal shares.'

The porter would have remonstrated, but his voice was drowned by the acclamations of the spectators. 'Generous fellows!'—'Much good may it do you!'—'The same luck to you,' resounded from every mouth. There was not one present but seemed as happy as if he or she were about to participate in the contents of the box. The money was divided, and, in spite of his excuses, the porter was forced to take his share.

The generous divers went their way; the crowd began to disperse; but the porter still lingered, and I had the curiosity to remain, in order to watch his motions. He approached the little violet-girl. 'Ah! my dear,' cried he, 'what do I not owe you? But for you it had been all over with me. My wife, my little ones, must thank you.'

'*Ma foi!* it is not worth mentioning. Would you have had me stand by and see you drown yourself?'

'But your courage, your strength! Could one have expected it from so young a girl?'

'There is no want of strength where there is good will.'

'And nobody ever had more of that. Give me six of your bouquets, my dear, my children are so fond of violets, and never have they prized any as they will do these.'

She twisted a bit of thread round six of her fairy nose-gays, and presented them to him. He deposited them carefully in his bosom, and slipped something into her hand; then, without waiting to hear the acknowledgments which she began to pour forth, took to his heels as if his bag had been made of feathers. The girl looked after him with pleasure sparkling in her eyes.

'What will you take for the rest of your nosegays?' said I, going up to her.

'Whatever you please to give me,' cried she, with vivacity; 'for that good man's money will burn my pocket till I get home to give it to my mother. Oh! how glad will she be to have all that, and still more so when she knows why it has been given me.'

The reader will easily believe that my purchase was speedily made; the good girl's purse was something heavier for it; and I had the pleasure of thinking that I had contributed, in a small degree, to reward the goodness of heart which had so unequivocally been displayed by the little nosegay girl of the Pont Neuf.

THE ROBIN A TEACHER.

As often as I hear the robin-redbreast chant it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not we (thinks I), give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary frosty airs of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity, as, like Persians, to the rising sun of prosperity? I am sent to the ant, to learn industry; to the dove, to learn innocency; to the serpent, to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird, to learn equanimity and patience, and to keep the same tenor of my mind's quietness as well at the approach of the calamities of winter as of the spring of happiness? And since the Roman's constancy is so commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a steady course in all weathers? and though I be forced with cross winds to shift the sails and catch at side-winds, yet skilfully to steer and keep on my course, by the cape of good hope, till I arrive at the haven of eternal happiness?—*Warwick.*

BIBLICAL CURIOSITY.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains every letter of the alphabet, and is the only one thus distinguished.—'And I, even I, Artaxerxes the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of Heaven shall require of you, it shall be done speedily.'

A HINDOO FAMILY.

Under the cool shade of that wide-spreading banian-tree, which shoots forth its tendrils and multiplies its pillared branches, an avenue around the parent stem, you will perceive a Hindoo family. The party consists of a man, his wife, and youthful daughter; their baggage has just been removed from the back of that weak and hungry-looking ox. It is about ten o'clock, and a meal has been prepared by the mother and daughter. The husband and father having pulled off his turban and upper garments, till his body is bared to the waist, he eats his solitary breakfast; neither wife nor daughter is allowed to partake with him. As soon as he has finished his repast, his daughter brings the ox's saddle, on which he lays himself down to sleep. The mother and daughter are then at liberty to take the portion which has been left for them: nor are they discontented; it is the universal custom of their people, and they have known no other. It was not, however, their lot to find rest when their scanty meal was finished. Though just come off a journey, they were busily employed in preparing the ingredients for the afternoon supply; firewood was first to be gathered. The fireplaces are of simple, or rather rude preparation; two oblong holes in the ground containing the lighted wood, over which the cooking vessels are placed. The whole stock of culinary utensils consists of four earthen pots or chatties, and a brass pot. This last is an important part of the Hindoo's kitchen apparatus; it is used for drawing water and drinking from; as brass is almost the only material which can be used without violating their superstitious usages, since it admits of being cleansed, even although it has been touched by the impure saliva. Plates and dishes find a substitute, in the Hindoo kitchen, in the leaf of the Indian fig-tree. This leaf is of a thick and glutinous quality, and when dry and pinned together with bits of straw or thorns, it forms a substantial plate, off which I have myself taken my food. The turmeric,

the tamarind, the cocoa-nut, the garlic, and red pepper, with other condiments, compose the mixture provided by these females for the dinner of their sleeping lord; and now they, one or the other, lie down to indulge the almost universal custom, and take their forenoon sleep. When the sun has gone down from his meridian, they will rise and make preparations for resuming their journey.—*Maggie.*

H O M E.

'The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home;
The fairyland I long to see,
Is home, sweet home.'

'There, where first my breath I drew,
There through childhood up I grew,
There youth's hopes and joys I knew—
At home, sweet home.'

'There's something ever charming there,
At home, sweet home;
In storm or calm, supremely fair
Is home, sweet home.
Lovely scenes in beauty dress'd
May be loved by others best;
Dear to me 'bove all the rest
Is home, sweet home.'

'There my loving parents live,
At home, sweet home;
What a charm this truth doth give
To home, sweet home!
There my gentle sisters grace
With their presence that loved place;
There too smiles a brother's face,
At home, sweet home.'

'Of my ardent wishes rise
For home, sweet home—
Looking still with lover's eyes
On home, sweet home.
Oh, how little do I care
For the world so gay and fair,
When its pleasures I compare
With home, sweet home!'

'Oft on fancy's wings I fly
To home, sweet home,
And gaze again with raptured eye
On home, sweet home.
Retiring from the world of men,
In mind I homeward turn, and then
Life's sunny days live o'er again,
At home, sweet home.'

'Since memory's purest pleasures spring
From home, sweet home,
Ne'er may my life dishonour bring
On home, sweet home.
Through each vicissitude below—
Where er I dwell, where'er I go—
Still may blessed influence flow
From home, sweet home.'

'Here, though happy, oft I sigh
For home, sweet home—
Bound by nature's strongest tie
To home, sweet home.
Small and homely though it be,
It seems a world itself to me;
There's no place I e'er can see
Like home, sweet home.'

'There's a place, but not on earth,
Dearer e'en than home—
Happier than my place of birth,
More beauteous than home.
Tis the land of spirits blest,
Where saints from sin and sorrow rest—
The Christian's last—the Christian's best—
The Christian's heavenly home.'

'Oh, may I truly look to heaven
As my far better home;
And may a foretaste now be given
Of that bright, sinless home!
There, dearest friends, soon may we be,
A whole, unbroken family,
To share throughout eternity
Heaven's holy, happy home!'

J. Y.

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CAUSES AND EVENTS.

We have often felt inclined to smile, and also not unfrequently to fret, at the liking which many historians display for tracing mighty events to insignificant causes. It is indeed the favourite and accredited mode in which a modern annalist, especially if he has taken up a worn-out theme, endeavours to show the extent of his originality, and the profundity of his powers of research. To some petty circumstance—some trifling casualty never before deemed worthy of the slightest note—he contrives to find the most important incidents in human affairs to be with propriety referable, resting usually for his show of authority upon some batch of MS. correspondence or *mémoires pour servir*, which he, fortunate or diligent man, has been the first either to discover or rightly to examine. National revolutions and convulsions, wars and rebellions, the dethronements of princes and the tumble-downs of empires—all are traced by a profound inquirer of this sort, not to one great spring or another from which great events might be expected to flow, but to such trivial occurrences as the pique, it may be, of a royal waiting-maid, the delay of a courier, or the suppression of a letter. We by no means invent or exaggerate, when we assert this custom to have not only become fashionable, but to be habitually carried to a ridiculous extreme in the writings of many recent annalists, though it was by no means unknown, also, to those of long prior date. It would be easy to bring forward proofs and illustrations in abundance, whether from records as old as the days of Alexander or Julius Cæsar, or from the multitudinous accounts of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is more of late days, however, we repeat, that we find the practice to predominate; and the cause simply is, that the multiplicity of historical writers in modern times has caused a degree of rivalry, unknown before, to operate in this particular walk of inventive ingenuity. How often, for example, have we seen on paper the remark, that 'the fate of Europe' hung upon and was determined by the circumstance of Grouchy's non-arrival at Waterloo during the contest of the 18th of June, 1815. The restoration of Napoleon to full and even increased sway, and the permanent re-subjugation of the continent, are spoken of by those who make this observation as certain to have resulted, had not Blucher managed to slip past the French marshal, and get to Waterloo in place of him. To us this sort of reasoning seems utterly nonsensical. The Gallic emperor had at that time, by a long series of aggressions, congregated the nations against himself—had banded together, by the ties of common interest and self-preservation, a body of powers to which the loss of a battle would have been as nothing—nay, which would as-

suredly have been but stimulated thereby to more irresistible exertions. The hour was come when it behoved Napoleon to stoop his proud crest to aroused and angry Europe. His fall was a great event urged on by great causes; and a better use of the field-telescope on the part of Grouchy, with the consequent presentation of himself to aid his master at Waterloo, even had it led to the temporary repulse of the allies, would have been as ineffective ultimately against the hostile torrent as the broom of Dame Partington against the ocean-tide. It is absurd to talk of the emperor's overthrow as the result of a mere accident.*

The historians of the first and great French Revolution, 'whose name is legion,' have given in their writings singular illustrations of the practice of which we now complain. Nearly every one of them finds out his little pet incident, to which he tackls, with more or less ingenuity, some leading circumstance of that enormous event, and without which, indeed, according to his theory, the enormous event itself might not have happened at all. Either Lafayette did not go to Versailles at the proper moment, or the king did not put on the red cap at the right time to please a band of fishwives, or somebody's important speech was not heard for the shouts of the mob, or *this* one did not get a letter sent to *that* one, or—but for further *ors* let the annals of the Revolution, from the memoirs of its precursory comet, Mirabeau, to the cool afterthoughts of Thiers, be referred to, and an ample sufficiency of illustrations will readily present themselves. Mere inane trifling does all this sort of thing seem to our plain judgment. As if the deep sense of oppression and injury which had been accumulating and rankling in the bosoms of the French people for centuries, gaining strength daily with its growth, and at last partaken of by every human being in the land save the few who shared in and battened on the proceeds of corruption and tyranny—as if such a mighty

* This often assumed cause chances to be alluded to, we may notice for the amusement of the reader, in a copy of verses on a ballad-sheet now to be bought on our streets for the 'small charge of one halfpenny.' The author sings to the tune of the Groves of Blarney, and rivals the original verses to that air, showing even a still stronger contempt of rhyme, sense, and melody:—

I am Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror of nations,
I banished German legions and drove kings from their thrones;
I trampled dukes and earls, and splendid convegations,
But now they've transported to St Helena's above.

My spread eagle was pulled down by Wellington's allied army,
My troops they being disordered I could no longer stand the field;
I was sold that afternoon, on the 18th day of June,
My reinforcements proved traitors, which caused me to yield.

Although I being an allied yoke, with fire and sword I made them smoke,
I conquered Dutch and Danes, I surprised the Grand Signore;
I defeated Austriaans, Portuguse, and Prussians,
And the worthy Alexander, and great Caesar of the North! (1)

Some say 'twas my downfall for paring with my consort;
I wed the German's daughter, it grieves my heart full sore;
The female train I do not blame, they never yet did me damage,
They saw my sword in battle, and still do me adore.'

spring of great events were not of itself sufficient to account for all and more than all that happened—as if, in truth, such a firmly rooted and wide-spread impulse to action could possibly have passed away without producing an earth-shaking convulsion! No petty circumstance—indeed scarcely any thing short of a miracle—could have sufficed to stem, or for a moment turn aside that fearful current, till the true and mighty evils which had set it in motion were swept into annihilation!

We might turn, in like manner, to the histories of our own great civil wars, or of our revolution of 1688, and there should we find some of our gravest annalists similarly prone to seek for other sources of great events than those palpable ones which common sense indicates. For instance, the weakness of Richard Cromwell's character is almost always represented as the main cause of the overturn of the protectorate and the restoration of monarchy. This view has been but the other day put forward even by such a profound thinker, and usually just reasoner, as Thomas Carlyle. In his late collection of the letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell, he directly intimates the belief, that, had the more energetic Henry Cromwell been the successor of his father, the protectorate might have been durably continued in Britain. He says so in the teeth of his own multitudinous showings, that the monarchical leanings of the English people had revived in such force, in the latter days of Oliver himself, that even his vigorous hand could barely restrain its outbreak, and his powerful intellect in reality sunk overpowered and wasted in that very struggle. The resuscitation of the monarchy was a great event, and assuredly sprang from a great cause—namely, from the strong will of an united nation, not from the want of a strong will in any one individual man. The very offer of the crown to Cromwell himself might prove this fact; for it was proffered not in love of him, but in love of a king. When the brother, moreover, of the restored Charles II. was dethroned subsequently—although Britain had had in the interval a fresh and bitter taste of the abuses and evils that may flow from monarchy—was there then a single voice raised in advocacy of a protectorate? No; the ancient form of government was with one consent preserved, though under a new and more promising head.

But it is time now to turn the picture, and look at the other side—for it has two sides. While we fret at this custom, which we reassert annalists to have of late carried to extreme, in their emulous hunt after originality, of ascribing almost *all* great events to petty and incompetent causes, we are far from being blind to the fact that trifling casualties do at times, nay often, exercise a singular influence on the affairs of mankind. Though we may not allow that the weakness of Richard Cromwell caused the restoration of monarchy in Great Britain, we will readily acknowledge that if Charles II. had chanced to be discovered in the royal oak, he, at least, would never have been the restored monarch of these islands—as he scarcely could have been the head of a kingdom without retaining his own head—very likely to have been struck off in the event of capture. The monarchy would have been restored for all that, however, we believe, and James II., being next heir, would most probably have been the restored prince, and also most probably would have been turned out by William III., just as he actually was in the sequel, only after a little longer lease of the throne. But to Charles personally the accident of an oak being in the way, and even of its having a good coating of leaves, was all important. We say *accident*, because, though as much the result of nature's stable laws as the motion of the planets, it was one of those circumstances that had not to our eyes a visible and purposed connexion with the ends to which it conducted, and to such cases we are wont to apply that term. The man who is killed by the fall of a chimney-can, is brought to the scene, doubtless, by the regular normal action of his muscles, and the can merely obeys the laws of gravitation in falling; but as we recognise no link betwixt the cause and the effect, we have agreed to call such an occurrence in our inquest-rooms 'a death by accident,' and the

phrase suits well enough. So Charles may be said to have escaped by a lucky casualty, and on similar chances, certainly, have often hung the lives and fates of men. Had Caesar read the proffered warning of Artemidorus, the soothsayer, in passing to the senate-house, the famous Ides of March might have witnessed the seizure if not the execution of Brutus and Cassius, and the mighty Julius might have lived on to the allotted threescore and ten a man's existence. We say this with full premeditation: although the death of Caesar was rendered a great ~~event~~ by his character and station, it was one which the knife of any single assassin could have effected; and after circumstances showed that there was no great cause in operation which would have afterwards cut him off had he survived the Ides of March. The Romans rose against and pursued to the death his assassins, and they raised his nephew to a far more despotic authority than that held by the uncle when slain by Brutus. The case is precisely one in which a discriminating annalist would mark the due and relative influence of minor causes; for it is only the indiscriminate fancy for elevating the latter into undue moment that here combat.

It has been said by Mrs Shelley, by Leigh Hunt, by Moore, and indeed by every one who knew Lord Byron well, that his deformed foot exercised a deep and enduring influence on his character and career. Mrs Shelley expresses the opinion that the deformity was seldom long out-of his thoughts; and Mr Stewart Rose confirms the assertion by saying, that an accidental glance at the limb, of any duration, roused the anger and suspicion of the noble bard immediately. It has commonly been assumed, however, as a corollary to these facts, that the existence of that malformation was most unfortunate, in so far as it tinged all his writings with a sombre colour, and seemed to be the main cause of his misanthropy. Now, we too are inclined to look on the lameness of Byron as a cause which deeply influenced his whole life and history: but if did so, to our way of thinking, in a somewhat different manner from that usually supposed. But for it Byron we incline to think, might never have been a poet—nay, never have figured as he did in literature. Beautiful in face, and perfect in figure, he might have stood, in the absence of that one blemish, for a model of Apollo; and it is not an unlikely consequence that he might have passed his life as the d'Orsay merely of an hour, the admired of Almacks and the Parks, a dancing dressing fop, and as his passions were strong, a rake, perhaps, and roué of the first note. Or, if he had adopted steadier and worthier courses, it is by no means improbable that he might have taken to the profession of his grandfathers the old commodore, or entered the army. Either course would have been natural in the case of a man of his rank, not very wealthy. His mis-formed foot prevented such employment of his time and energies; and he was thrown, when young, greatly upon his own resources for occupation and amusement, his proud and jealous spirit shrinking even from the intimacy of many personal friends. We may guess the influence upon such a being of the scornful remark which he overheard the woman of his love, Miss Chaworth, make in answer to her maid's allusion to himself as a lover, 'What! that lame boy?' The effect upon him, we are indeed directly told, was fearful. No doubt, such-like circumstances would greatly deepen his tendencies to solitude. Even when he entered into gay society, he stood ever as much retired from observation as possible; and here we may still trace the operation on his mind of the congenital defect of person. All things considered, it was natural that such a man should fly as a resource to literature. We do not say that it followed of necessity that he should have shone in that walk; for we would neither deny nor under prize his great native capacity; we but trace here what seems to us to have been the kind and degree of influence exerted by a physical peculiarity in stimulating and directing the application of his powers to the field in which they actually shone. Doubtless, the truth must ever remain much a matter of conjecture; but if the reader duly weighs all the circumstances of the case, we think he will agree with us

in thinking it extremely probable, that the 'false delicacy' of his mother at his birth, which Byron has spoken of with almost savage bitterness, may have been in reality the great original mean of his turning to literature, and, consequently, of his name being renowned among the nations—may have been the very foundation-stone, in short, intended by Providence to sustain the superstructure of his poetic immortality! We need not speak of the influence of his works on the world. As a necessary corollary, all that too sprang from the lame foot, if the premises now laid down be correct. How strange such a thought!

Byron was not the only great man of his age on whom a physical defect seems to have operated in a wondrous manner. Much that has been said of the noble poet is still more applicable, in every important respect, to Sir Walter Scott. But for his lameness, Scott would almost certainly have entered the army. When it was doubtful whether his defect would be permanent or not, he showed a wild anxiety to get into that profession; and to prove his bodily strength in the eyes of his parents, he even one day suspended himself from a height by the arms, and remained in that position for an amazing length of time. In later days he used to say to George Thomson, tutor of the young Scotts, and certainly the main prototype of Abel Samson, 'George, a pair of good troopers has been spoiled in you and me'—the person thus addressed being tall and stout, but deprived of a limb. If Scott had been free from physical blemish, and had entered the army, should we have now possessed that splendid galaxy of works which his pen added to his country's literature? We think not, and for stronger reasons than mere conjecture. It was during the long confinement to bed which his limb subjected him to in boyhood, that he devoured the romance-stores of Allan Ramsay's old library, so essential to the development of his genius, and afterwards so brilliantly turned by him to account. On reaching manhood, his situation enabled him to pass seven successive summers in collecting the Border Minstrelsy, on which his after-fame was largely based. But for his lameness, this would probably never have happened—indeed scarcely could, commissions being then given to boys. Moreover, Scott himself repeatedly says that his brother Thomas, who did enter the army, excelled himself in a native turn for literature, or rather for romance-writing. And what did Major Thomas Scott produce in this way? Nothing. His powers were otherwise directed; and like him, but for that lame member, his brother Walter might now have been known but as a good and brave soldier, not as the foremost of Scotland's sons of genius, and the creator of a new era in the literature of the civilised world. How inscrutable the purposes, while yet unfulfilled, of God to man!

These observations on Byron and Scott will satisfy the reader that we fully acknowledge the singular influence which small casualties may exercise on the destinies of men, though we have complained with some acerbity of the extreme lengths to which modern historians, in particular, carry out the principle in their explanations of great events. It is their extravagant desire to seem original which leads to the error. In such circumstances, the reader must usually judge for himself; and, in truth, history perused in any case without the due exercise of the judgment of the peruser, is but as 'an old almanack'—as James Boswell said a considerable time ago, and Lord Plunkett more lately reiterated. Having expended enough of space, however, on the present subject, we must leave the reader to reflect further on it for himself. It is possible that we may resume the theme on some other occasion, and point out further instances in which striking results appear traceable to accidental and unimportant causes, or what men term such. Gall says, for example, that the first idea of the science of phrenology was suggested to him, not by a train of preparatory reasoning, but by his casual observation of a boy with a remarkable cranial development, accompanied by certain remarkable mental qualities. Many similar cases might be adduced, and may be, *nunquam faveant*, all in good time.

A VIEW OF ENGLISH LITERATURE BETWEEN 1727 AND 1780.

P O E T S.

THOMSON, YOUNG, COLLINS, AKENSIDE, GRAY, CHATTERTON,
GOLDSMITH, BRATTIE, SHERIDAN, HOME.

In this and a few other articles, we intend to present our readers with a view of English literature during the period commencing with George II.'s reign, 1727, and ending 1780. English genius during that period assumed a form characteristically different both from that which preceded, and that which followed it; while, in an especial manner, the form differs from that which, during the present century, it has taken and continues to take. Divisions of literature into periods must, to some extent, be arbitrary, for literature is not like a piece of work that is begun and completed according to an ascertained rule, but like a web whose threads run into one another, and are so crossed and blended as to require considerable skill to determine where one ends and where another begins. The causes in operation to produce a national literature are very complex and various; and although, in some cases, their influence may be so marked as to cause little trouble in assigning their limits, yet such cases are comparatively rare, and divisions must often be made suited to the object of the writer, rather than to any well-defined and generally accepted limits. This remark is especially true when the division marks off half a century only, or little more; but the period which we have chosen seems less open to its application than many other periods of the same extent. In the department of poetry, the genius of Pope may very well be allowed to complete the period previous to that we have selected, and Cowper's to begin that which follows. In the intervening division, we have the rise of the novelist or romancer; the three greatest of modern historians; the highest modern orators, if we except but one cotemporary orator; and in philosophy, those whose influence has indeed long ceased to be undisputed, but who are nevertheless worthy of profound attention and respect. These and other reasons have induced us to open our view of English literature with the Second George's reign, and to carry it forward in the next reign till the time of Cowper. With Cowper a new era in poetry began, and because of the comparative fertility of the age before, we shall not include a criticism of his poetical merits with our notice of the poets immediately preceding him.

The manner in which a view of literature should be presented is, however, of greater importance to determine. Such a view may be given, either by selecting each writer in succession and supplying an adequate account of his contributions to literature, or by tracing the progress of literature taken in its separate departments. This latter method takes no account of the writers, except as they influenced more or less the progress of literature; the former plan aims at bringing out, in distinct and definite outlines, the idiosyncrasies of the authors, and at conveying a full-lengthed portrait of their minds. Of these two methods, the historical and the biographical, it is not difficult to perceive that the biographical is the more suitable for a view of literature, such as that confined within the limits which must be assigned to this sketch; and in the present attempt, therefore, we shall aim rather at laying before the reader a view of the authors embraced within our period, than at tracing the causes which were in operation, together with individual genius, in producing its literature. In one or two cases, however, we shall feel it necessary to class some of our authors in more than one department. But these exceptions will hardly effect the plan which, after some consideration, we have resolved to adopt. It is hardly necessary to add, that nothing of the lives of our authors except such incidents as may throw light upon the products of their genius, may be expected to obtain a place in these papers.

The poetry of this period opens with the name of Thomson; a great name in English poetry, and one that has been associated in minds of every description with many of the most

gentle emotions of which the human bosom is possessor. His 'Seasons,' the greatest and most popular of his works, is, in poetry, in the general character of thought and style, what Addison's Spectators are in prose. The plan of the poem, though objected to by Johnson, appears to be deficient in nothing appropriate to the subject. The transitions from one object of external beauty to another, or to a course of suggested reflection, are occasionally rather abrupt; but in a poem where there is so great an effect produced with so little apparent art, there is even a beauty arising from the rapid changes of objects. The poet paints rather than describes; he takes his readers along with him, and points out, as with his hand, the objects which would arrest the attention of a mind poetically susceptible.

The greatest charm of his poem, however, is the mixture of general reflection, and of lively portraiture of human feelings, with the display of the objects of the natural world. Of these sweet moral episodes there are not a few, as the digression, for example, on love, at the close of 'Spring'—on jealousy—and on the cruel sport of the chase; and in portraiture of character, nothing could be more charming than those of Amanda—of Celadon and Amelia, only too terrible—of Damon and Musidora—and especially of Lavinia and Palamon. The idea of this last piece was no doubt taken from the exquisite tale of Ruth and Boaz in the Hebrew Scriptures. The story of Damon and Musidora is remarkable for hitting that difficult point beyond which the description would be licentious; Thomson's success in this is only equalled by Rogers's in his prose tale of Montorio. These are a few of the more finished sketches; but the 'Seasons' abounds in character and sentiment always congenial and often highly poetical. As in Addison's prose, there is a rich mellowness of colouring and variety of rhythm that please the mental eye and ear, occasionally almost to satiety. Sometimes, however, in his sublime scenes, and still more as they approach the terrible, there is an air of heaviness about the diction, which seems to lag behind the thought. Gentle emotions were peculiarly the delight of Thomson, and few poets have succeeded so well in adding the fascinations of a rich and flowing style to the witchery of soft and tender feelings.

The 'Castle of Indolence' is a work of greater art and invention than the 'Seasons.' Indeed, in reading the latter work, no sentiment so readily takes possession of the mind as that the writer was a man of sensibility. The lightness with which, in the 'Seasons,' the poet seems to lie upon his subject, is in contrast with the symptoms which he shows of more art and labour, both in the planning and in the execution of the 'Castle of Indolence.' There is, indeed, an affectation of antiquity, in the use now and then of antiquated terms, which rather painfully troubles the scenes in which they occur. Such obsolete words, like patchwork, are offensive to the eye without giving the air of antiquity as a compensation. In this poem, however, there is a grandeur and wildness that opens a view into Thomson's genius altogether different from that given in the 'Seasons.' 'Liberty' is decidedly inferior to both; it is, in fact, too much of mere manufacture. It is a history of the world in blank verse, with a special reference to the rise and transits of liberty in and from different states, beginning with the dawn of time; but it is not minute enough for a history, and is too minute for a poem; it wants unity. The foot-notes are but a poor supplement. 'Liberty,' instead of speaking as a goddess ought, is but an ordinary historian; nor does she seem to rise superior, either in thought or diction, to her humble listener and inquirer. Her discourses are indeed so long, and so little remarkable, that you forget it is she who is speaking.

As a writer of tragedy, Thomson ranks very low. Indeed his efforts of this kind would be unworthy of notice but for the circumstance that they are his. Tancred and Sigismunda is perhaps an exception to this remark. It possesses considerable interest; but Sigismunda rather violates her character in her execrations of Tancred for his supposed faithlessness; mute despair would have been more appropriate to a fond but heart-broken maid. Here and there, too, there is a confusion of principle in Siffredi,

hardly cleared up at the end; but there is a tenderness and spirit about the whole which arrested our attention and helped us easily on to the close. In 'Agamemnon,' and in 'Edward and Eleonora,' however, there are scarcely half-a-dozen lines worth quoting. An exception to the wide waste of common-places is in the 'Sultan of Jaffa.' We have these lines, which remind us distinctly of the author of the 'Seasons':

SELIN (*Sultan of Jaffa*).
My Daraxa, thou has charmed my soul!
This reconciling interview has soothed
My troubled bosom into tender joy:
As when the Spring first, on the soften'd top,
Of Lebanon, unbinds her lovely tresses,
And shakes her blooming sweets from Carmel's brow.'

But, like all Thomson's works, his tragedies, in point of morality, are unexceptionable.

It is difficult to conceive of two great poets, almost equally great and yet so differently gifted, as the poet we have just parted with and Young, the next in the course of our examination. They might be characterised by opposite qualities; the one by his naturalness, the other by his affectation. The work by which Young is best known is the 'Night Thoughts,' one of his latest and unquestionably the greatest of his poems. The *ground-work* of the poem—the philosophy of it—appears to us to be extremely valuable, embracing the best authenticated and most venerable arguments and exhortations respecting time, eternity, the soul, a judgment day, and the like. The *form* or *garb* of it, however, is open to objection. The poem is too often gloomy, and there is a want of tenderness in it; the gloom, at least, is too sustained, though the subjects could well bear a funereal aspect; the poet is as if he were speaking from the tomb, so hollow and sepulchral are the tones of his muse. All that is said is true, good, and useful; but there is wanting that which, along with the rest, would have been good too, and would not only have made the rest better, but is really needful to accredit the rest as true, in the highest sense of the term. Young's love of quaintness has betrayed him into too gross a form of the selfish theory, at least into too broad a statement of it. This explains what Campbell seems to be somewhat puzzled with, why the poet styles Satan by the epithet of the 'greatest dunce'; for if virtue be but a wise foresight, then vice must be the reverse, and the most vicious must therefore be the least wise. It is as rare as it is delightful to have a dozen lines without a mark of interrogation. But amidst the smoke, which we regret too often rises from the page of Young, there breaks forth, here and there, a gleam of pure and bright poetry; occasionally, indeed, there are passages so lofty and sublime as not to be surpassed and hardly to be equalled but by Milton. Young, however, seldom sustains this beyond ten or twenty lines. His vicious fondness for disputation makes him argue like a schoolman, only he argues in verse; yet, even at the lowest point, there is nerve both of thought and expression. In short, the great fault of the 'Night Thoughts' is, that it violates the end of poetry, to give pleasure, by its too thoroughly didactic character. The poet demands too much attention from the reader; he appeals more frequently to his understanding than to his imagination.

If the 'Last Day' has fewer excellences than the 'Night Thoughts,' it wants many of its defects; with less original and profound observation, it has less of struggle for effect, less epigram and interrogation. The 'Love of Fame' is a series of seven satires, in which that universal passion is traced through all its forms. The poem is full of wit; the two satires on women especially so. The aim and spirit of it is good—to expose to ridicule, yet in a kindly mood, the various follies of which mankind of both sexes are guilty, in order to win a reputation worthless and short-lived at best. 'Vanquished Love' is a fine poem on the execution of Lady Jane Grey. Through 'Resignation' there runs a spirit of just and often tender reflection; the poem is pleasingly melancholy, and there belongs to it an additional interest from its having been written by Young when an old man and apparently near the grave. His 'Epistles' are lively and instructive, and display much of

the judgment and sententiousness of Pope's; but the style of panegyric is too invariably high and indiscriminate. His odes are inferior to Gray's. The known character of Young is strongly reflected in his works—affected, ambitious, and that even in his religion.

If Collins is to be estimated by the bulk of his poems, we must place him very far beneath both Thomson and Young; but if by imagination, we do not hesitate to say that in fineness and ideality he must receive a position far above either. As a work of beauty, the ode on the 'Passions' is unrivaled; in respect both of thought and of diction, it appears to be faultless. The ode on the 'Poetical Character' is another of the same exquisite quality. Collins approaches the very verge of obscurity, but does not overpass it. There is, indeed, a high ideality about these wonderful poems, which may want a charm to some minds because of those very qualities which place them beyond the reach of ordinary men. It is true, moreover, that a metaphysical mind like Collins's is apt occasionally, while dallying with the mystic forms of imagination, to go rather beyond the limits which poetry may have prescribed to philosophical reflection; and a few lapses of this kind have, with some critics, acquired for Collins a doubtful reputation; but, in the words of Mackintosh, when vindicating Brown from a charge of a similar nature, 'he is really most poetical in those poems and passages which have the most properly metaphysical character; for every various form of life and nature, when it is habitually contemplated, may inspire feeling, and the just representation of these feelings may be poetical.' The eclogues are sweet and simple, but they are very inferior in originality to the odes; their uniqueness gives them an incidental importance in English literature. The diction and verse of Collins are equal in merit to his conceptions; and more for them than this we could not say.

Of this period, the next poet who comes into view is Akenside. The only work by which he is known to general readers, or indeed to any (for he wrote but a few odes besides), is the 'Pleasures of Imagination.' Critics have been a good deal divided respecting the merits of this poem. Though, like Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' written at a very early age, it possesses merits which Akenside could never afterwards surpass or even fairly sustain. The philosophical frame on which his poem is woven is not original, but the texture and the colouring are all his own. The poem must be studied in order to be appreciated. With Coleridge, Akenside, in presenting his work to the public, might have said, 'If any man expect from my poem the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking song, for him I have not written.' It is uninteresting to a young person or an unpractised reader for two reasons. It demands a previous habit of metaphysical discussion, and a taste for such pursuits, in order even to understand the poem, and much more to relish the delicate affinities by which its parts are related. The characteristics of the poetry may be said to be ideality, the opposite of picturesqueness. We must confess that there appears to us to be a splendour and majesty, very effective, about the whole structure and details of the poem; the pictures, though vague and impalpable, are not on that account the less impressive; some of the analyses are as poetically beautiful as they are philosophically just. On the whole, while we miss tenderness (owing, it must be admitted, to the poet's inability, rather than to the speculative character of the poem), we find in the 'Pleasures of Imagination' a grandeur and magnificence, an ideal beauty of conception, and a stately flow of verse, that excite feelings of delight which more than compensate for the great and sustained attention which it undeniably demands of the reader.

Gray is a poet more like, in several respects, to Collins than to any of the other poets whom we have already noticed. He has left to posterity fewer records of his genius than perhaps any one who has been so much talked about, if we except the author of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore.' On the publication of the 'Elegy,' his fame shot to its meridian at once, and since then it has scarcely if at all declined from its position. We do not think that Gray

was an original poet. The ideas, and even many of the most poetical epithets, single and double, which are found in the 'Elegy,' though they were never before brought into so wonderful a combination, and probably never will be again, are yet, for the most part, gathered from earlier poets. Plagiarism is out of the question here, for in his singularly harmonising mind Gray fairly incorporated the materials borrowed from others with his own indigenous production. It will be observed, we trust, in what sense we use the term original. That Gray's 'Elegy' is original in the conception, and original in the arrangement and sequences of the ideas, it is unnecessary to assert; but, relatively to his taste and judgment, his originality, or perhaps we should say his fertility, in the invention of ideas is not great. The 'Elegy,' however, is a poem that can never drop out of the memories and affections of men. As Byron observes, it is difficult to say whether Gray's odes have added anything to his fame because of the 'Elegy' or not. The images, for the most part, are gentle and soothing, fitted to assuage every turbulent emotion and lay asleep every querulous desire; the unity of thought and style is wonderfully preserved throughout the whole, and the poem touches on the history of man at so many affecting points, that persons of every age and condition find something in it to awaken trains of interesting reflection; the melody of the verse is exquisite, and has rarely if ever been equalled.

The 'Progress of Poesy,' and 'The Bard,' discover the same elaborate finish, but are more highly classical in their character, and possess a fire and majesty exciting emotions the reverse of those which it is the triumph of the 'Elegy' to awaken. The brevity and obscurity of their allusions have prevented them from being popular; however, they will reward a careful study, and must astonish the reader by the pregnancy and force of thought they discover. We cannot say, indeed, that there is in them the same airy fancy which there is in Collins's two celebrated odes, though we dare say there is more lyrical spirit. Gray's commentators are numerous.

Chatterton, in some respects, is unquestionably the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of English poetry: but, unhappily, his greatest poems are so entirely shut out by their uncouth form from our criticism, that we must pass away from them untouched; though, from the gleams of brilliant imagination which sparkle through the openings of an antiquated garb, we cannot but regret the want of time to make ourselves in some measure familiar with them. His minor poems, except the 'Revenge,' a tragedy (one of the most singular things for dramatic personae, plot, and execution, that we ever read), are political in their subjects, and too political, we must say, in their spirit. Besides these, indeed, there are two or three odes, which, however, are not worthy of particular criticism. What the works of Chatterton might have been, had he spared himself and been spared, we can only guess from the marvellous promise of his boyhood; we are permitted, however, only to mourn over the unhappy circumstances of his fate, and to pity, rather than to blame, the desperate resolve which put so speedy a termination to his career upon earth.

What a change from Chatterton to Goldsmith—from the feelings with which we contemplate the pride, gloom, and terrible despair of the one, to those with which the simplicity, cheerfulness, and good nature of the other inspire us! There is an earnestness in the writings of Chatterton, which, united with what we know of his history, affects us with a sense of awe and veneration; as for Goldsmith, on the other hand, we alternately laugh at and with him. 'Not but that the latter was a man of real and great genius. Far be it from us, in our smile at Goldsmith, to lose for a moment that respect for him to which his wonderful versatility of genius entitles him. As a poet, Goldsmith will keep hold of the English taste as long as there is taste to relish poetry. The moral of the 'Traveller' is just and pleasing—that happiness is in the mind, though in some degree dependent on circumstances. To establish this position, we are conducted to Italy, thence to France, to Switzerland, to Holland, and finally to Britain. The cha-

racteristic of each nation is marked, and the conclusion is arrived at, that happiness is nearly equally diffused, but that happiness free from mixture is to be had nowhere, not even in Britain, where, however, the largest share, along with many corruptions, is enjoyed. In the toil of elaboration, Goldsmith never loses his simplicity and artlessness. The poem is remarkably pregnant with the results of much observation and reflection, but so unaffectedly presented, that you forget the labour which it must have cost the poet to have displayed such a succession of pictures, so much philosophy, and so many strokes of benevolent satire, within so small a compass. Goldsmith was an industrious artist in order to lose as much as possible the air and characteristics of art. The diction, like the thought, is 'natural without being obvious'; indeed, it is only by taking the poem to pieces, and reflecting on the variety of ideas of which the few lines of the whole poem are made the vehicle, that we can estimate the compactness of the verse. A pensiveness that is extremely fascinating runs through the thoughts.

The 'Deserted Village' is more generally known; its claims to popularity are, we think, on the whole greater than the others. It is a satire on luxury, whose effects are traced in the depopulation of a village in which the author is supposed to have passed his infancy and youth, and which, in old age, he revisits, and finds supplanted by the mansions of the wealthy. The leading idea is perhaps exaggerated; but there is in this poem, in the single characters of the clergyman and of the schoolmaster, an infinite deal of pathos and humour. There is a truthfulness in Goldsmith's portraiture which is recognised by the boy at school as much as by the man. The verse is as easy and flowing as could be wished; but so melodious as Pope's, but more natural and various. For the comedies of Goldsmith, though very meritorious, we can find no room within our limits.

To much of the artlessness and simplicity of Goldsmith, Beattie, in his poetry, unites the polish of Pope. The story of the 'Minstrel' is well known; it is that of the growth of an ancient minstrel, nursed in the humble employments of a mountain life, and afterwards brought into acquaintance with the sins and follies of the world. He is made to preserve his mind pure and unsophisticated, and to bewail, in indignant strains, the madness and licentiousness which could carry men from the simple pleasures of nature into the indulgence of wild and unnatural passions. The course of reflection is pleasingly various—sweet, or wild, or philosophical, or religious, as occasion requires. The poet seems to have bowed all his days at the shrine of nature, for he has painted her every beauty, in the style and with the colours of a lover. The poem must endure; there is a high classical finish about it; it seems to have been elaborated with a wonderful degree of patience and taste.

The odes on 'Peace' and on 'Hope,' though deficient in the fire that is expected to animate this species of poem, are yet finely conceived, and occasionally reveal a spirit not unworthy of higher praise than any verse which Beattie's more lengthened poem contains. The 'Judgment of Paris' is singularly sweet and delicious; almost too voluptuous, yet so guarded as to prove innocuous. An air of plaintiveness and of indefinite desire runs through the whole of Beattie's poetry; there is an ideal happiness on which the poet seems to gaze without the hope of gaining it, but yet without the anguish of despair, which reflects a half-gay and half-melancholy colouring over everything he writes. His domestic calamities must have acted strongly on his genius, although his mind appears to have been originally endowed with a remarkable susceptibility of tender and melancholy emotions.

In the list of poets there remain but two, Sheridan and Home, both known (we mean as poets) only for dramatic poetry. Sheridan's poems, except one tragedy, are comedies; and whether we view them relative to other productions of that kind, or to the age at which they were composed, they are very remarkable. Johnson somewhere observes, we think with justice, that they discover evidence of having been composed by one who had got his know-

ledge of the world from books more than from experience. They abound in wit, frequently laboured and artistic but genuine and brilliant. The style wants the ease and simplicity of Goldsmith's in his comedies, but is more nervous and classical. The characters are sustained with great power, and there is a philosophical insight into the springs of human action, both deep and extensive, which we should not expect but from a veteran in the study. In the 'Rivals,' Falkland is a good specimen of a class of men jealous from excess of affection, along with poverty of understanding and want of self-respect; Captain Absolute is a character of mediocre interest; Sir Antony is better; Acres is a foolish braggart; Sir Lucius O'Trigger is of a higher stamp than any of them; we love Julia, but can hardly forgive while we laugh at Lydia; Mrs Malaprop's pompous nothings are inexpressibly amusing. In 'St Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant,' we have the diverting characters of Doctor Rosy, a doating widower and moraliser, and Mrs Bridget, a good type of wives who wish their husbands well out of the way in order to enjoy their money. The 'Duenna,' a comic opera, has more serious interest than the others. Isaac, another Shylock, an instance of outwitted cunning and artifice in a Jew, is the best character; the plot is simple and natural; we think the songs worth all the rest put together. The 'School for Scandal' is generally considered Sheridan's masterpiece in comedy. This is somewhat owing perhaps to the subject; but unquestionably there is a power discovered in the selection and grouping of the characters unparalleled in the history of English comedy. After such a masterly exposure of petty detraction under every guise, we should have hoped, had not the spirit been too deeply grained in our fallen nature, to have seen it, in all its forms, 'as ashamed hide its face.' The characters are too well known to need any mention or commentary. 'The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed,' discovers more tact in the management than the other pieces. Puff is a ludicrous specimen of a vain bombastical playwright; Dangle, of a patron thirsty for the reputation of Critic. Such a range of character as these comedies contain is not to be found in the works of any similar author. There is in them a purer morality than we must confess we expected to find: the aim, we think, is always good, and the execution seldom violates the object which the writer appears to have set before him.

Home's merit as a writer of tragedy is so generally known and acknowledged, that no remarks seem to be needed on 'Douglas.' Its appearance, we may state, however, in an age barren in such productions, has, in our opinion, led critics to overstate its claims.

M A L C O L M M O R R I S O N.

A TALE OF GLORY.

In the town of Comrie, celebrated for its earthquakes, lived many years ago a widow woman of the name of Morrison, a very industrious kind of person indeed, for she not only, by the labour of her hands, earned her own bread, but supported withal three children, who had been left orphans on her care by the demise of her late husband. The widow was not one of those careworn sickly mothers, who being, like her, left widows with orphan children to support, having to labour from morning to night at the needle, often in small smoky garrets, fall speedily into consumptions, which carry them to the grave. Her labours were of a different order. Having a small croft attached to her cottage, which she rented for no great sum, she laboured with energy and vigour to make it pay. She had a cow which the kind laird of Aberachil delighted to be hold on his meadow; she had pigs and poultry which the doctor recommended to convalescent patients; and when the harvest came she had kind friends to help her to reap her corn, and take up her potatoes; when the neighbours were casting their peats on the hill, they did not forget that widow Morrison had nobody now to make her fuel; and when the winter came her hearth was never cold or cheerless. Widow Morrison was an industrious woman,

and it behoved her to be so; tearing, wearing children are not kept on nothing, and though her rent was small, still it had to be paid. The widow's respectability was decided, nor was there one in the parish to whom the minister paid more marked attention, or more frequently visited. This was the Rev. Andrew Oliver, a venerable old man, who wore the three-cornered hat of his days, from beneath which his long white locks, descending over his slightly bent shoulders, imparted to his tall, though somewhat thin person, an air of dignity. But it was neither his dress nor his figure; his long silvery locks, the silver buckles in his breeches, or the still more imposing ones in his well-blacked shoes, that were requisite for imparting dignity to a man at once so pure and so good; for he was a good man; and although this eulogium is short and simple, the most eloquent could say no more in his praise. He was a well beloved man, too, by all who knew him; and this is saying a great deal: for even worth is not always exempt from calumny. But who could envy Mr Oliver, whose life was devoted to a sacred duty; and who was so single-hearted?

But to return. Widow Morrison, as we have said, had three children, two sons and a daughter; red, rosy-cheeked youngsters, with light hearts, and light illumined eyes. They were very fond of each other; they were very fond of their mother; and they loved to wander together through the woods of Aberuchil. Sweet Aberuchil, with its traditionary records of the Campbell and Gregarich, its green velvet lawn, and its old ancestral trees! They pulled the wild flowers to form wreaths for Mary's brow, and nosegays for Dan and Malcolm, and they gathered the sloes and hips from the hills of Dundurn. Mary was a gentle girl—we cannot say if Mary would have pleased a painter's eye; but she possessed that beauty which the poet alone can pourtray—that sweet endearing expression, which innocence and guileless goodness often stamp upon the plainest faces. Her brothers were sturdy boys, and as they were both her seniors, she looked up to them, and they in one sense did not look down on Mary. Dan was a quiet lad, with a passionate love for the hills and scenes around him; and Malcolm was a sanguine boy. They loved tradition, and what true-born Highlander does not. They loved to sit by the hearth as their mother spun, and listen to the tales of Rob Roy and Wallace Wight, as rehearsed by some neighbour; and they loved to listen, too, to the forays of the caterans of Loch Earn, and the clans from Breadalbane: but the moods of the boys were different as they listened. Dan's heart saddened at the tales of murder and demolition; screaming babes and frantic maidens, wailing mothers and groaning dying men, gave him no pleasure when introduced into the picture; and yet the tale of patriotic battle had irresistible claims on his attention. But Malcolm's eye glanced brightly, and his cheeks flushed; his heart danced proudly, and his lips would quiver, for his thoughts were set on glory, the glory of the hero. Malcolm's love of glory became a passion, and there was plenty of food to stimulate it. The echo of the guns of war came booming into Strathearn, borne by peripatetic dealers in small wares, and rehearsals of battles by sea and land were told at distant firesides, by those travelling repositories of news. 'The fling that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,' glanced on Malcolm's mental eye, like the rainbow which lured the bumpkin in quest of the cup of gold.

The children of widow Morrison grew up, and Dan, like the patriarchs of old, and his own immediate progenitors, betook him to the mountain and valley to herd the flocks that browsed upon the scanty herbage; Mary entered the service of Mr Oliver; and Malcolm was kept at home to assist his mother; he loved his mother, and he would have been a heartless son had he not loved so self-sacrificing a parent; he wrought sturdily and cheerfully, but still his mind would wander to that ideal region where fame was to be won. He would sometimes visit his brother and find him lying on the sunny hillside, with

like Norval, he now 'longed to follow to the field some warlike lord.' One day there came a packman from the south, with his shoulders borne down with chintzes and ginghams, and his memory well stored with warlike rumours. The American eagle was screaming, and the British lion had bristled up his mane and roared. The quiet people of Comrie listened with wonder to the volatile dealer in dry goods, who, as he disposed of his Earlston cloths, expatiated on bombardments and invasions, as if he had been entered a free scholar at Chatham, and had finished his military education at Woolwich. They were stirring times in the south, he said; and the goods which he disposed of would soon be at a ransom, for our tars would buy them all up with their prize-money, and their sweethearts and wives would soon be ladies. The simple people were bewildered by the crafty pedlar, and his goods were quickly transferred to the repositories of the good dames and laughing maidens; but his stories would have done little practical evil had this been their only result. Disruptions of friendly relations derange the mercantile arrangements of nations, and cause things to look down on Change; his belligerent declamations had inverted the regular order of profit and loss, and his customers, like prudent people, had prepared for the prize-money contingency.

The peaceful inhabitants of Strathearn had gone to rest that night, perhaps to dream of fields of carnage and seas of blood, when a solitary youth stole from his quiet home, and dashed through the crags that lay between him and the river Ruchil; he had a little bundle in his hand, and he fled with the precipitation of one who had committed a robbery. He seemed to know the localities well, for he kept straight on for the stream, and crossed it at a ford. He had passed the pass of Blairn Roar, and gained the Langside before he paused to draw breath. The night was still, so still that the moaning of the trees came stealing from the strath below, as if they sighed for the youthful wanderer. The soft wind lifted his fair curling locks, so gently that he thought it was his mother's fingers; and as he stood and looked for a few seconds in the direction of his home, his dog, his faithful Proosk, leapt on him, and barked joyfully in his face. Nature, and a creature that was entwined in his affections, beseeched him to return; but pride, and the thirst for glory, wiled him on. 'Home, Proosk!' he cried—'Home, will you?' and darting stones to frighten his faithful dog, he turned away. Poor Proosk looked bewildered at his ingrate master; he whined pitifully, and fain would have followed him; but Malcolm was obdurate and threatened him away. Poor dog! man's last friend, most faithful and unchanging—leader of the sightless beggar—defender of the old and weak—companion of the proud and lordly! St Bernard's wilder travellers have often blessed you, missionaries of safety and repose! and the dweller in the frigid zone is dependent on your toil! Proosk—shaggy, fearless Proosk, who had pulled his youthful master from the Linn-na-coul, was driven at last away. Slowly and reluctantly the sa-gacious creature left him, ever turning to look, as long as his step was heard, or his shadow was seen in the clear starlight, and then trotting slowly, with downcast head, until assured that the fugitive was gone, it scampered away, and whined as it lay down on its couch of straw, in an outhouse.

People have evinced through all ages more devotion in the pursuit of a chimera than in following a path of acknowledged usefulness. The philosophers of the olden times, if they did not discover that stone which was to transmute age into youth, and dross into gold, seemed to have found out and transmitted the principle of perseverance. And if ancient mariners did not reach that Eldorado, which, floating before them, like the picture of a phantasmagoria, grew less as they thought they approached it, yet they arrived at places which only whetted their appetites for discovery, and kept them sailing and dreaming onwards. The night grew dark and lowering as Malcolm approached Ardoch, and sudden gusts of wind

but Malcolm was firm, and walked right briskly on. ‘Ah!’ thought he, ‘the pines of Tom-a-chastel will nod me welcome, and the winds from Ben Voirliech be proud to fan my cheek, when I come back with glory. Poor boy! he thought thus, and yet he was in the vicinity of that camp which the legions of Rome had formed seventeen hundred years before. They had followed the meteor-light of fame, and where was their country and their glory now? But Malcolm had not studied history then, and the only transcripts of it he had heard, were through a jaundiced medium. The morning had broken when he reached Alloa, and his feet were sore with his journey. That mercurial state of excitement, which had kept his spirits up during his walk, had partially subsided now; and the quiet and calm of nature around him, conduced with his weariness to depress his hitherto buoyant spirits. Nevertheless, he wandered on until he reached the quay. A few vessels lay moored to the shore, with their dirty confused decks covered with old sails and lumber. The wind whistled through the cordage of the coasters, and the blocks and tackle creaked as they swung to and fro; the water came dashing up against the built pier, and then it went tumbling back again, with a dull heavy sound. The vessels rocked from side to side with a slow heaving motion, like unto the vibrations of Brobdingnagian cradles; and Malcolm Morrison, as if influenced by the dormant aspect of everything around him, wished he had been in his bed, in the straw-roofed cottage at Comrie. Mornings are rather chilly in April; and people who are fatigued and houseless, don’t at all appreciate that bracing influence, which gentlemen, oppressed with ennui, ascribe to the breath of spring’s youngest daughter. With a cravat of lamb’s wool round the throat, and a wrapascal buttoned well up; with pin-wrought mittens, and boxcloth gaiters; double-soled shoes, and a cap of fox skin, people may enjoy themselves, though the wind blows till it cracks its cheeks, as King Lear said. But Malcolm had neither overcoat nor belcher: his suit of blue homespun was all his covering, and the shirt in his little bundle, with two-and-sixpence in his pocket, was all his property. His clothes were wet, and he stood shivering in the cold, crouched together like a hedgehog, with his hands in his pockets, and his legs borne down, as if by the superincumbent weight of his soaked blue bonnet. He was indeed a fine specimen of those daring youths, who, flying from the protection of a parent’s roof, seek for glory on the roaring ocean. Malcolm would have given every hair in his head, although they had been wires of gold, if he could have reached Stirling in time for the Comrie carrier, but he knew that he must needs remain for two days yet, and so he stood and shivered.

‘Hurrah! pull away, boys—send her along! Our oars are not weary; so yo, heave ho!’ The depressed glory-hunter started from the reverie into which his cold and dejected condition had thrown him; and the sight and sounds that broke upon him completely electrified him. That wonderful adoration ‘open Sesame,’ produced remarkable phenomena, as any juvenile critic of eastern literature can affirm. But ‘yo, heave he!’ surpasses even ‘open Sesame’ in cabalistic potency. These three monosyllables have taken the aspiring hearts of youth captive, and led them on to embark in a hazardous and dangerous calling. Ay, we could tell of school companions, who, charmed by the magic of their sound, found graves by the Ganges, or beneath the waves of the Atlantic; of old friends, who perished on the sea, when youth and hope were only dawning. ‘Yo, heave ho!’—on it came—a well-manned barge. It danced over the water like a flying fish, and as the clouds gathered up from the face of the sun, and the unobstructed beams danced on the oar blades, and the gilt bands that bound the seamen’s hats, Malcolm forgot everything but glory. It is not customary for British seaman to ‘sing out’ at the oar, or rather it is not allowed by the articles of war, but the merry fellows on board the approaching boat did not seem to feel the bands of discipline very tight, for they ‘yo, heave ho’d, and jumped on board every ship they came to. They very fa-

cetiously brought seamen on board their boat, rolled up in hammocks, and without asking Malcolm whether he could pay his passage or not, they whipt him up also, like a package, and dropt him into the stern. There were some struggles and draggings, and so on; but the boatmen seemed to enjoy the joke even the more of this; and after securing a dozen or so of men in dishabille, they stretched to their oars, and pulled once more to sea. In short, Malcolm had fallen into the hands of the pressgang; and in five hours or so afterwards, he was on board of one of H.M.’s ships of war. He was happy, for everything around him was a novelty. Officers with their swords and epaulets, marines so beautifully dressed, and so rectangular paraded, seamen so merry, and picturesquely clad, and the ship with its thousand wonders, all bound for the pole star of glory. He once or so found himself wondering w^t: the people of Comrie would think if they were here, and he asked himself once what his mother would think of his flight, but he drove such thoughts away, and speculated on the future...

What did his mother think, when she arose in the morning, and received no answer to her accustomed call from her boy? She thought that he had risen earlier than usual, and that he had gone to the hills; but when morning passed away and he came not, then the widow’s heart was troubled. Mid-day arrived but Malcolm did not, and now the widow’s fears overcame her patience. She visited her eldest son, but he could only weep and leave his flock in the charge of another till he went to seek his brother. Mary had not seen him, nor had any of the neighbours; and at last it was concluded that he was drowned in the Linn-na-coul, or dashed to pieces amongst the rocks of Essendownie. Partics of the kindhearted people went in search of him in many directions, amongst the rocks and chasms of Dundurn, the hags of Dunira woods, and the deep pools of the rivers; but there was no trace of Malcolm, and although Proosk could have enlightened them on the direction he had taken, if he could have spoken, yet he could not speak, so his knowledge was purely individual; he seemed to know the cause of all the bustle and grief, however, for he looked up in Christian Morrison’s sad face so sadly, and whined so sorrowfully, that it was easy to be seen that the dog shared her grief. Search was unavailing, and the people, rather than be defeated, pursued the fugitive through the regions of conjecture; he had gone to Perth to see a boat race according to one man, and to St Fillans to a gathering, according to another; but as it was suggested that the boat race had passed off a fortnight before, and the games at St Fillan would not be played for a month, these assumptions were both untenable. Inquiry and speculation could not satisfy the lone mother, for she wept and wrung her hands, and her heart was like to break; and then the benign countenance of Mr Oliver Shore before her, and the words of the comforter were poured upon her soul. ‘Why should you weep, Christian?’ said the gentle old man, and his own voice was tremulous as he spoke. ‘Why should you repine at what you do not know? Malcolm has gone away, and I pity the boy if evil has befallen him; but yet he may return, if God so wills it, if not, Christian, bear meekly with His will. Recollect that the prodigal came again to his father when his course of folly was run, and you may yet rejoice in a child restored.’ Christian listened to the voice of the pastor, and she bore up bravely; but yet the fond regret would cling around her heart, and she would weep when by her lonely hearth she thought upon her son.

Five weary years had passed away, and still the people of Strathearn had heard no news of Malcolm. His disappearance would have been forgotten long before in the town, but events so remarkable were comparatively infrequent, and the lost one was known to all the people, who seldom shifted their residences. Mary had been married to a decent feuar of her native place, and her brother had taken the management of the croft which his mother used to cultivate; and although he was four-and-

twenty, and the damsels smiled upon him bewitchingly when he went to 'kirk or market,' yet Dan never forgot his mother, whom it was his constant aim to cheer. And she was cheerful too, for she valued the blessings of a dutiful son and daughter; and she looked happy, because she knew that Dan was happy when she smiled, but yet remembrance often melted her heart and dimmed her eye. It was winter, cold and cheerless winter. The snow lay in thin patches upon the high parts of the hills, and its wreaths lay deep in the corries; the wind howled across moor and dale, and dashed like a madman up the mountain sides, driving the wheeling drift before it; it whistled amongst the bare branches of the groaning trees, as if it mocked their agony, and then it shook them rudely again as a parting salute; away it swept to the silent loch and the rolling stream, and it froze their bosoms as it passed. The shepherd heard its voice, and felt its rude power, as it careered round his head and sought to sweep away his plaid. On this identical night a young pedestrian pursued his way towards Comrie. He was young, we say, and, moreover, though he wanted an arm, good-looking; but his step seemed heavy as he crushed the crackling snow beneath his feet, and his frame seemed weary. He had sailed the ocean, poor youth, for his dress was of the sea; and he had a sailor's heart, for as the wind assailed him he only muttered, 'Blow on old Boreas, you are welcome, for you pipe of home.' The thoughts of home lent vigour to the youth as he struggled through the wind and drift, and kept him bravely up. He had a staff in his right hand, and he planted it firmly on the ground; but the storm played with the left sleeve of his jacket, for it was empty. Storm tossed he had been, and maimed into the bargain; he had been in tempest and battle, and he had won nought but scars; the vision of glory had long since been dissipated, and now, a sad but hopeful man, he came to see his mother. The night closed upon the lonely traveller, but still he walked briskly on, and now his native valley lay before him. As if exhausted by its ravings, the wind moaned low and fitfully; and the stars, like diamonds on night's sable brow, sparkled in a thousand places. Bright lights came streaming from the cottage windows, and shone into the heart of darkness. They told of warm hearths, and warm hearts around them. They were no will-o'-wishes that lure unwary travellers, but beacon lights of comfort and repose. They danced before the one-armed man as he came striding on, and seemed to multiply and shift; but then his eyes were full of tears, and they confused his vision. Onwards, poor traveller! To old familiar scenes—he is over the bridge now, and the church stands full before him; he has turned to the left, and now he sees the school; he walked as quickly as he could, for hope and fear were struggling in his bosom, and all his toils and weariness were forgotten. He lifted a latch; a woman was reading a Bible, with a sad and solemn air, and a man was listening to her voice; a cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, and shone upon their faces. The entrance of the traveller caused them to turn and look, and crying—mother, brother—the weary wayworn sailor rushed into that woman's arms and wept. Oh what gratulations Christian received next day, and how the neighbours poured in to see her son. They were happy for her sake that he had returned; and they were happy for his sake also; for what could he do now away from home, with only one arm.

'And where did you lose your arm, Malcolm?' said his mother to him, and she sobbed as she asked the question.

'At New Orleans, mother.'

'And how came you to be there, my son?'

'I was sent there to fight, mother.'

'You would gain glory, however, Malcolm,' said Dan, and a tear started into his eye, although he smiled.

'I lost my arm,' said Malcolm, sadly.

'Never mind—cheer up,' said his brother boldly; 'I have both arms, and God will be kind to us; I can toil.'

'I have fivepence per day,' said Malcolm, with a smile, that is a computation of my arm's daily value.'

'Do not despise,' said his mother, kissing his brow.

'Keep up your spirits,' said Mary, as she shook his only hand.

Poor Malcolm Morrison, his thirst for glory was gone.

Time sped on, and it found Malcolm a wiser man. Some skilful mechanician in Crieff had fabricated a substitute for his arm, and he was enabled to do something. Mr Oliver made application to obtain for him the office of post-keeper, and being successful, he was inducted into that honourable office. By and by, Malcolm added a miscellaneous store to his other means of making a livelihood; and he grew so great a man, that he actually was the accepted of the dominie's daughter. He had sons and daughters too, but he was careful to explain to them, that in seeking a phantom called glory, he had suffered much pain and hardship, and had lost a very useful arm.

HERNANDO CORTES AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our last article Cortes had at length arrived in the Mexican capital, and obtained permission from the emperor to inspect the city. He set out at the head of his troops, and passing through its crowded streets, entered the market-place, frequented by strangers from all quarters, and at that time thronged, it is said, with forty thousand people. He then ascended the great temple, and entering the shrines beheld the horrid images of the gods, on whose polluted altars the hearts of human victims still reeked. Here he wished to erect the cross, but Montezuma, true to his gods than to himself, refused; and Cortes returned home leaving the emperor to expiate the guilt incurred from the boldness of the strangers. Cortes was now aware of the power of his opponent, and saw clearly that Montezuma needed only to let loose the angry passions of his subjects, in order to involve the Spaniards and their allies in one common ruin. But he had gone too far to retreat, and determined to secure his safety by a bold stroke. In a council of his officers, it was resolved to seize the person of the emperor, and thus to enforce the submission of his people. An excuse for this was soon found. In a quarrel with the natives, the governor of Vera Cruz, with some of the troops left on the coast, had been slain, as the Spaniards asserted, at the instigation of Montezuma. Cortes requested an interview, charged the emperor with treachery, and demanded that the murderers, as he named them, should be sent for. Montezuma denied any participation in the act, and ordered his officers immediately to appear in the capital. Cortes then demanded as a proof of his sincerity that he should accompany the Spaniards to their quarters, which the monarch at first indignantly refused; but at length, terrified by the stern demeanour of the Spaniards, ordered his royal litter, and was carried off apparently a voluntary prisoner. He with some difficulty restrained the rising indignation of his guards, and quieted a popular tumult, which, with courage to use it, might have freed him and his people from the yoke of the stranger.

Though treated with all the customary marks of respect, and surrounded by his usual attendants, Montezuma was in truth a prisoner in the camp of the Spaniards, who guarded him everywhere with jealous anxiety. Sometimes the conduct of the rude soldiery made him feel sensibly his altered condition, but Cortes, who feared nothing more than an open rupture, repressed all intentional insults with stern severity. The Spaniards, to favour their escape in case of extremity, had built some brigantines on the lake, whose powers of sailing struck wonder into the ignorant Mexicans, and in these Montezuma was taken to the neighbouring forests, where he occasionally enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. His nephew, the lord of Tezcoco, was meditating an insurrection, and openly defied the invaders, but Cortes, working on the fears of Montezuma, still supreme everywhere but in his own capital, had the bold chief seized by treachery and placed in irons, with his chief adherents. This was thought a lenient sentence from the Spaniards, who had lately shown their vindictive cruelty, by burning at the stake the Aztec chiefs whose

successful resistance to foreign oppression had formed the first pretence for imprisoning the emperor.

Cortes next required Montezuma to swear allegiance to the King of Spain, and the emperor, in a full assembly of his caciques, submitted, though with tears in his eyes. This step seems to have been dictated to him, as much by superstition as fear, as he still believed the Spaniards to be the descendants of the fair-haired god, who had sent them to reclaim the superiority of the land. In token of submission he gave up to them the whole of his accumulated treasure of gold, estimated as worth £1,400,000 sterling of our present money. The fifth of this was set aside as the royal share, and the remainder divided, in proportion to their rank, among the conquerors, not without loud murmurs and disputes, which the general found some difficulty in allaying. Cortes next tried to convert the emperor, who firmly resisted, but after consulting with his priests, gave up one of the shrines of the great temple to the Christians, who turned it into a chapel with an altar, crucifix, and image of the Virgin. This open insult to their national religion roused the latent feeling of the Aztecs, who had borne all the former insults to their monarch and themselves with patience. The whole city was on the eve of insurrection, which the influence of Montezuma could hardly restrain. In an interview with Cortes he warned him to leave the city without delay, as the gods were highly offended, and that he had but to raise his finger and every Aztec in the land would be in arms against them. Cortes promised to comply, but delayed on various pretences, in expectation of aid from Spain.

The emissaries he had sent to that country with the news of his brilliant discovery, found the emperor, Charles V., too much interested in his German politics to attend to the rich monarchy now laid at his disposal, and he postponed deciding between Cortes and his rival Velasquez. But the latter, stimulated to revenge by the rich prize which Cortes seemed to have snatched from his grasp, prepared to avenge himself. He raised a force of about a thousand men in Cuba, and entrusted the command to an officer named Narvaez, with orders to depose Cortes. Narvaez landed on the coast, and taking up his quarters at Cempoalla, sent messengers to Vera Cruz, demanding the surrender of the fort. Sandoval, the governor, with prompt decision, seized the emissaries, packed them on the back of native porters, and hurried them off to Cortes in the capital. The general received them with customary politeness, won them to his cause by bribes, and then sent them back with a letter to Narvaez. Their accounts of the generosity of Cortes, and of the wealth he had conferred on his followers, were soon spread through the camp of his rival, and confirmed by friar Olmedo, sent nominally as an envoy to Narvaez, but in reality for the purpose of gaining information, and of securing adherents by liberal bribes, and still more liberal promises. Cortes was now in a position of extreme difficulty, with a small garrison in a vast city full of mutinous enemies, and with a dangerous rival supported by a superior force ready to attack him, and undermining all his influence on the mind of the natives. Leaving a portion of his troops in Mexico, he proceeded rapidly to the coast with the remainder; and on arriving within a short distance of Cempoalla, halted to refresh his men, 266 in number. Narvaez, aware of his approach, had moved out to attack him, but a storm coming on he returned, thinking Cortes still distant, and trusting to his vast superiority of numbers. He little knew the enterprising courage of his opponent, who, assembling his weary and hungry troops, proposed an immediate assault, which was received with enthusiasm. Fording a river swollen by the rain, they toiled onwards through the woods and muddy roads, till coming suddenly to a cross erected by them when on their journey to Mexico, all fell on their knees, and the bold friar Olmedo absolved them of their sins and gave them his benediction. 'Wonderfully invigorated and refreshed,' they marched into the town, where all was silent, save the loud howl of the tempest, and their own measured tread. Narvaez, roused from his sleep, called his men to their posts, but the hardy veterans of Cortes were already

among them, and Narvaez, severely wounded, was taken prisoner with his most resolute supporters, the remainder, nothing loath it would appear, giving in their submission to the conqueror. The morning sun first revealed the disparity of the troops; and those of Narvaez, chagrined at their defeat, began to murmur, but the ready eloquence, the gifts and promises of Cortes, soon reconciled them to the change of their general.

Never was union more needed among the Spaniards. Messengers from the capital brought news that the whole city was in rebellion, and the garrison shut up in their quarters in instant danger of destruction. Cortes hastened thither to their relief, but everywhere on his journey was met by signs of alienation among the natives. The villages were deserted, and provisions furnished with difficulty. No rejoicing crowd now welcomed him to the city: the streets were lonely or filled with dark and gloomy countenances. He was permitted, however, to join the garrison who for some time had been kept in close blockade, and so learned the cause of their unpopularity. Alvarado, who he had left as governor, on some unfounded suspicion of an insurrection, had massacred six or eight hundred of the chiefs who had assembled unarmed for a religious festival, and then pillaged their bodies of their gold ornaments. Such atrocious cruelty and shameless avarice were too much even for Indian patience; a general attack was made on the Spanish quarters, and would probably have been successful, had not Montezuma interfered. Out of regard for his safety they desisted from the attack, and endeavoured to reduce the garrison by famine. Cortes sternly reproved the mad conduct of his governor, but inflicted no farther punishment. This in his condition was indeed scarcely possible, as his whole force was needed to oppose the rising storm. His troops now amounted to 1250 Europeans, and probably 8000 Indian allies.

Cortes, on his return, had treated Montezuma with marked disrespect, probably doubting his fidelity, and angry at the want of provisions. Some of his attendants had requested an interview, but the Spaniard fiercely replied—'Go, tell your master and his people to open the markets, or we will do it for them at their cost.' Soon after, however, at his request he set free Cuitalhuac, the brother of Montezuma, and the heir of the throne, with the purpose of allaying the tumult. But this bold chief and experienced warrior chose another part. Assuming the authority his brother had virtually resigned, he called his followers to the field. The Spanish quarters were assaulted with desperate resolution; clouds of arrows and showers of stones were poured into them from all quarters, and though the murderous artillery mowed down the assailants in crowds, new warriors were ready to fill their place, till night put an end to the combat. Next day Cortes sallied into the town at the head of his troops, but the streets were everywhere barricaded, and when one defence was broken down by the cannon, another was immediately raised, while his followers were annoyed by arrows and stones from the roofs of the houses. Evening again closed the combat, but brought no rest to the Spaniards, who now feared an immediate attack. In the morning, Cortes requested Montezuma to interfere, but the indignant monarch refused: 'He desired only to die. It was of no use speaking to the people, who would not believe him nor the false words and promises of Cortes.' At length, when Cortes promised to leave the city if permitted, he consented to interpose. Dressed in royal splendour he appeared on the battlements, and the assailants bowed in silent homage before their monarch. But when he counselled them to lay down their arms and allow the strangers to escape, a murmur ran through the multitude. 'Base Aztec,' they exclaimed, 'woman, coward! the white men have made you a coward—fit only to weave and spin.' At length a shower of missiles were directed towards him, and wounded by the arrows, struck down senseless by a stone, the unhappy monarch was borne to his apartments. Here, in gloomy silence, he refused to have his wounds dressed, tore off the bandages, determined not to survive his honour. He lived only a few days longer, having died on the 30th June, 1520, less than eight months

from the day on which he had welcomed the strangers to his capital. He persisted in his faith to the last, notwithstanding the earnest endeavours of Cortes and father Olmeda for his conversion. Before the arrival of the Spaniards, he had the character of a bold, warlike, and cruel monarch; to them he was always kind, generous, and faithful—perhaps in consequence of his superstitious belief in their heavenly origin.

Meanwhile, Cortes in a desperate assault had stormed the great temple, and burned the shrines on its summit. He was now resolved to retreat, but the bridges over the canals were broken down, and he sallied from his fortress to restore them. The great street was cleared by repeated charges of cavalry, only to be filled anew by fresh combatants, and in the evening the Spaniards had to retire weary and disheartened. In a council of war retreat was fully resolved upon, and it was determined, partly on the recommendation of an astrologer, to make the attempt by night. A portable bridge was formed to pass the canals, and the soldiers, loading themselves with the most valuable part of the treasure, and formed into order by their leader, set out on their retreat. They passed in silence through the city, and had reached the end of the causeway joining it to the mainland before an enemy appeared. But the guards stationed there soon gave the alarm, the loud drums in the temples called the people to arms, and before the first gap in the dyke was passed, the Indians thronged thick upon them. The lake was covered with canoes, from which arrows and darts were poured on the Spaniards, now checked in their advance by the second opening. Well would it have been for Cortes had he prepared bridges for all the openings, but time would not permit, and he intended to have carried the one forward as it was successively required. But now it was wedged firmly among the stones and could not be moved, and the dark opening had to be crossed as they best might. This was not difficult for the horse, but the foot perished in great numbers; many weighed down by the weight of treasure with which they were loaded. Another opening still remained, and had not the Indians stopped to collect the spoil scattered on the dyke, not one perhaps of the Spaniards would have escaped. On the mainland Cortes collected the survivors, weary, wounded, and drenched in the salt water of the lake. Various accounts of the loss remain, but Prescott assumes the statement of Gomara, who makes it 450 of the Christians, with 4000 of their native allies. Well may this disastrous retreat be named the *noche triste*, 'the sad or melancholy night,' in the annals of the conquest.

The ensuing day Cortes remained in a teocalli, from which he had driven a body of the enemy in order to rest his men; and the Mexicans, busy perhaps with other matters, did not molest them. They then began their journey in the night towards the friendly Tlascala, but had to take a circuitous route round some of the lakes. They suffered much from want of provisions, and from the crowds of enemies who now pressed upon them on all sides, cutting off the stragglers, but at length reached the mountain barrier near Otumba. In the plain beyond, they found an immense army ready to dispute their passage; and Cortes, with his weary forces, would gladly have shunned the contest. But there was no way of retreat; so forming his men into the best order, he attacked the Indian host. As usual, the skill and weapons of the white men prevailed over those of the natives; but though hundreds of the latter perished, new combatants pressed closer on the worn out Spaniards. Flight was utterly impossible, and nothing seemed left but to sell their lives dearly, when Cortes discerned at a little distance the leader of the Indian army. Calling some of the bravest to follow him, he forced his way up to the chief, and struck him through with his lance whilst one of his companions seized the standard. The death of their leader spread dismay through the Indians; they fled in confusion, pursued and cut down by the Spaniards and their Tlascalan allies. Delivered from instant destruction in this truly wonderful manner, Cortes soon entered the Tlascalan territory, and was kindly received by the chiefs of the republic.

The fidelity of his allies was put to a new test by an embassy from Mexico inviting them to conclude a peace, and unite in expelling the strangers from their land, which, after a warm debate, was rejected. A mutiny next arose among his own followers, many of whom insisted on returning to the coast, but the eloquence of Cortes, aided by his promises and presents, restored the troops to their fidelity. He then proceeded to punish the surrounding tribes who had shown their hostility to the Spaniards during their late adversity, and soon reduced them to obedience. His European force was at the same time increased by the arrival of troops from Cuba, sent by Velasquez to reinforce his opponent Narvaez, of whose fate he was still ignorant, but who made no scruple of transferring their services to the victor. These vessels also brought the small-pox into the New World, where it was formerly unknown, but over which it spread with frightful rapidity, cutting off the natives by thousands. Among other victims was Cuitalhuac, the warlike emperor of Mexico, who was succeeded by his nephew Guatemozin, a young but valiant prince well experienced in war.

RAMBLES IN NORMANDY.

A pleasant, sketchy, and most beautifully got up volume, with the subjoined title,* has just made its appearance. The writer is an English physician who left this country in 1842, 'determined,' as he says, 'to make the tour of Normandy, Brittany, and La Vendée, but without any precise plan of movements, and to establish for my family some healthful and agreeable head-quarters, where the younger members might have the advantages of education.' Having settled his family at Granville, one of the seaports of Normandy, our physician, to preserve himself from the ennui usually attendant on the want of any fixed employment, set about making excursions to the different remarkable places in the country. The interest which he felt in architecture and antiquities seems to have enabled him, by the aid of a happy disposition, to enjoy himself mightily in these semi-pedestrian rambles; but we think he has been partially misled by his love for these studies, in committing to print so much of mere guide-book matter in relation to them. And as we are promised a supplementary volume to the present (to consist of Rambles in Brittany and La Vendée) our *medecin voyageur* will perhaps excuse us for a hint which may be useful in his next publication.

The town of Avranches was amongst the first places of note visited by Dr Hairby. It is a town of high antiquity, having been founded by the Romans, who had a military station there, and is interesting to Englishmen as being the place where Henry II. performed his humiliating penance for the part which he was supposed to have taken in the murder of Thomas à Becket. The stone in the cathedral porch upon which he knelt to receive absolution from the Pope's legate, is amongst the curiosities of Avranches. It happened to be the fair-day when Dr Hairby visited the town, and his account of the occurrences therent is worth quoting, as carrying us back to the time when similar scenes were enacted in our own country. He says—

'I pushed on to a crowd in front of the college, where a man was blowing a trumpet—with a clangour that might have been heard at the farthest end of the town—seated in a heavy cabriolet, from which a pair of post-horses had been just removed. The musician, who was a curious ourang-outang looking fellow, enveloped in black hair, which reached to his knees, and with a showy travelling

* Rambles in Normandy. By JAMES HAIRBY, M.D. London: Jeremiah How.

cap placed jauntily on his head, after giving 'a louder and a louder strain,' ceased to play; he then made a long oration with great volubility, exhibiting phials of quack medicine, and inviting any persons with decayed teeth to allow him the pleasure of relieving them. One man succeeding another entered the cab, and after submitting to the torture of hearing a speech on his peculiar case, and making a wry face or two, saw his extracted tooth exhibited to the spectators in triumph, almost before he felt that it had been removed from his jaw. Sometimes the dentist poked out two instead of one; but then he assigned some plausible reason for the mistake. The operation was generally accomplished with a crooked nail, and I believe for the charge of eight sous per tooth. How the fellow picked up money enough to pay for his post-horses was a mystery to me.

Much amused with my dexterous brother professional, as he held up the molar tusk of an old dame, which no member of the faculty could have taken out in better style, I made my way up a passage, in which were booths or travelling wagon carts of all sorts of merchandise. In one a man, standing on a table, and having almost a bale of handkerchiefs around his neck, commenced selling them in the Dutch auction manner, setting up each handkerchief a little above its value, and gradually lowering the sum, until he brought it down to what he thought a sufficient price, for no one seemed disposed to bid sooner; then, when some one of the bystanders bid that, he threw it to him as a matter of course. This man of words and bales scattered his articles as rapidly as they were bought, with most wonderful precision among the purchasers, but apparently in a random and careless manner, hardly stopping to count the money, or almost to take it, and quite certain that no one would cheat him of a single sou.

A little further on was a stand covered with cakes of different kinds, which were gambled for by boys and girls; the cakes were placed on a round table which had a kind of dial plate on it, on which was marked Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12; the buyers put down a sou for their chance, the index twirled round, and the number at which the index stopped, marked the quantity which the buyer was to receive, who had thus his chance of twelve cakes; however (probably from some artifice in the mechanism, or from the amiable desire of the cake-seller to save the purchaser any labour in arithmetic), the prize was generally nearer the unit than the twelfth point, to the great disappointment of the juvenile gamblers, who are by such means imbued from an early age with the love of play in some form or other.

Having purchased something like gingerbread, and a map of La Manche, for three sous, I passed through the alley of tents, and came to the pig market, wherein was every variety of the hog family. The Normandy pig is, probably, the most hideous and ill-shaped in the universe, whether viewed with the eye of a farmer looking to profit or merely in reference to personal beauty, irrespective of the shambles in perspective; and the most uncomely women that I have ever seen were those who were there collected round the swine. At a distance, their tall coifs grouped together, looked pretty, but, on near approach, the picturesqueness of the towering cap was lost in the ugliness of the face and figure it surmounted; their hair combed back in that unnatural and unbecoming way, which takes such a liberty with the face it was designed to ornament; low and yellow foreheads, short ungainly figures, supported on sabots, which, though very useful, are certainly very unbecoming, made as unprepossessing an *ensemble* of womankind as I ever witnessed.

I saw sucking pigs sold for from fifty to eighty sous each; how cheap a luxury! one of my countrymen was determined to enjoy it, for I saw him and his *bonne*, each armed with a basket, making their way through the different *creels*; at length, after a considerable time spent in inspection and handling, they made a purchase of a promising young grunter, but the difficulty was how to get it home; the master's basket was only intended for holding fruit, the servant's for vegetables; into the latter the pig was

popped; but, with a squeak, he got out again, for the lid could not be closed over him. I looked on, amused with the scene, for the master was half-ashamed to assist in catching the runaway, and yet unwilling to withhold his aid; the matter ended, however, in the woman's taking the little fellow under her arm, an act of condescension to which I suspect very few of our English maids would have yielded, and one which I thought very creditable to the Norman. I followed the same party to the vegetable market, where the *bonne* made the purchases and filled her own and her master's basket.

In the evening I sallied forth again. The horse-fair had concluded; for, by law, it must terminate at four o'clock, and cider drinking had commenced. Sixteen great *tonneaux* were drawn up on the open space, called the *Palt*, near some very large tents, and before night I believe they were nearly drained; the sales, however, of the preceding day or two having materially assisted this operation.

No fair is without its show; this one was announced to consist of puppets and the apotheosis of Napoleon. I paid four sous and witnessed a long puppet tragedy, wherein Don Diego first murders his sisters, then his mother, and, as a grand *finale*, stabs himself in a fit of remorse over the tomb of his relatives. The showman and his wife supported the dialogue, which was in the true style of mock heroics and false sentimentalism; but certainly the correctness of enunciation and of language was much superior to what I should have heard at a similar exhibition in England. The deification came last: on the summit of a high pillar in the clouds, stood the idol of France, dressed, as on earth, in a green coat, white breeches, long cavalry boots, and a three-cocked hat on his head. To the right and left stood some of his marshals, bareheaded. The showman spoke to the spectators in words which I translate literally: 'Napoleon in heaven takes off his hat and salutes his generals.' And so he did; suiting the action to the words, he bowed, with the most condescending grace imaginable, to them all. Suddenly the stage became illuminated with red light, and, as the emperor was in the act of salutation, the curtain dropped.

A strange scene, in which the ludicrous and the impious were thus blended, a hero in heaven performing the part of a *petit-maitre*! Even while I write, the absurdity of the act makes me smile, yet I can never make a jest of sacred matters, or see them pantomimed, without remembering the remark of Dr Johnson, 'that it is a mode of merriment which the good man hates for its profanity, and the witty man for its easiness and vulgarity.'

Wolves being still met with in some parts of Normandy, a high price is set on their heads by the authorities. The neighbourhood of Avranches was, amongst other quarters, infested by these animals, and particularly by a she-wolf and two males—

'Which, though frequently fired at, escaped until three years ago, when M. Edmond le Masson, the author of a sporting work, roused one of them near La Tête à la Baudry, a place which derives its name from that of a woman who, many years ago, was devoured there by a wolf. He was fortunate enough to get a shot at a wolf at a hundred yards, and to lodge an ounce ball in the neck of the brute, which dropped, struggling and howling; but, as Mr M. was about to fire again, it got up, and gained an open space; the sportsman, unwilling to shoot him in the rear, endeavoured to hit him in front or in flank. His gun having missed fire while running on, he put on a fresh cap, and at ten paces poured some heavy deer-shot into the head of the wolf, as it was advancing towards him with open jaws. It fell, and M. Masson gave him more than fifty kicks with the iron heels of his heavy hunting boots. Up came the pack then in full cry, and every dog of them inflicted a bite on the prostrate and mangled carcass. A Norman hound, however, which had seized the wolf's tail, paid dearly for his temerity; for the animal recovered from its stupor, suddenly turned round, and seized the neck of the hound, which, guarded by a brass collar, escaped with a single bite. M. Masson himself, attacked

unexpectedly, struck the wolf (with the stock of his heavy gun, which was broken against the hardest set of teeth he had ever seen) a disabling blow, and so escaped a serious injury; but not before the beast had bitten through his blouse and part of his trousers. He gave the *coup de grâce* with another ball. From a post-mortem examination it appeared that the large shot, flattened by the wolf's jaw, had broken only one tooth, and merely stunned the brute.'

A very inconvenient sort of rule regarding fires, and one which must have the effect of pretty well clearing the streets, seems to prevail in some towns of Normandy. At St James, 'the law by which every person present at a fire must assist in extinguishing it, is carried out without regard to sex, class, or age, I have heard of young ladies, who had rushed out *en chemise* to escape the devouring element, being compelled to carry water; and at St James, four of my friends, although the fire was almost extinguished, were ordered by the gendarmes to fall into rank, and assist in passing cans of water from the reservoir to the old rafters. Two fashionably dressed ladies narrowly escaped being pressed in the same manner by the mob.'

Another odd custom—that of girls periodically selling their hair—prevails in many parts of France. At St Hilaire, which the author visited, the traffic is carried on at market days, 'between buyers of hair for wigs, fronts, ringlets, &c. and the peasant women. The pedlars, instead of paying cash, usually exchange cotton handkerchiefs, worth from one franc to two-and-a-half, or some other article of rustic finery, for the tresses of the fair sex; and any one who has seen a butcher or horse-dealer in a fair, undervaluing the animal which he is about to purchase, can conceive the affectedly contemptuous look with which the dealer in hair views the most silken locks that ever ornamented the head of woman. The despoiler passes his rude fingers in every direction through the luxuriant locks, depreciating the colour, texture, length, and every conceivable quality, and then, when his silly dupe accepts the price, he draws out his great shears, and remorselessly severs the hair, which he throws into a coarse sack; and all this is done in open market, at mid-day. The only blush of shame felt, is when a damsel is told that her hair is too short, and that she must wait another year to be cropped, or when the dealer clips off the precious locks, with the sleight and dexterity of a conjuror, before she has decided whether she will part with them or not. Delilah wrenched the secret of his strength from Samson; but some fiend, worse than Delilah, some avaricious demon, must have first suggested to woman the barter of one of her greatest ornaments. If she can so lightly part with the covering of her head, she may be secure of the lining of her heart, for who could love a woman that sold her hair for a handkerchief?'

We will conclude our notice of Dr Hairby's amusing book by extracting a story illustrative of the defective condition of the criminal law in Normandy fifty years ago. The Revolution has helped to mend these proceedings throughout France; but it is well known that cases like the following are of frequent occurrence at the present day in Germany.

'STORY OF MARIE SALMON.'

'On the 18th of August, 1781, Marie Salmon entered the service of Madame Duparc, who resided in the town of Caen. In the house she found seven persons, M. and Madame Duparc, their two sons, one twenty-one years of age, and

the other a boy of eleven; their sister, who was seventeen; and the father and mother of Madame Duparc, M. and Madame de Beaulieu, both upwards of eighty years of age. Marie received the following instructions:—Every morning she was to purchase a quantity of milk, and make a *bouillie* for M. de Beaulieu, against seven o'clock; shortly afterwards she was to attend Madame de Beaulieu to church; then make purchases at market—in short, all the minute details of the *ménage* were explained to her. She was informed, too, that she would be assisted in her work by Madame Duparc and her daughter. It will be seen that these minute details are not superfluous. The following morning Marie Salmon made the *bouillie*; and, as desired by her mistress, without salt, and took it to M. de Beaulieu. On the 5th of August, which was Sunday, she changed the pockets she had worn during the week, putting on a clean pair. The first were blue, with stripes of white and yellow; the second were of two colours only, blue and white. She hung the pair she had taken off on the back of a chair in her small room, which was on the ground floor, near the dining-room, and open to every one. On the 6th, the milk, for which she had every other day gone herself, was brought to the house. Madame Duparc, who told Marie that it had been delivered, cleaned a saucepan, and gave her the jar in which the flour was kept. Marie mixed the flour with water. Three persons, Madame Duparc, her daughter, and her youngest son, were present. The saucepan was on the fire; Madame Duparc asked if she had put in any salt, to which she answered, no, as she had been forbidden to do so; her mistress took up the saucepan, went towards the buffet, put her hand into the saltbox and sprinkled the *bouillie* with what, at least, appeared to be salt. The *bouillie* was put on a plate, and served to M. de Beaulieu. Marie led Madame de Beaulieu to mass, then did some business in the town, and returned home about midday, when she learned that the old man had been seized with colic and vomiting; and that he was then suffering the most excruciating pain. He was put to bed; and Marie, by the orders of her mistress, remained in the chamber with him. His state became more and more alarming, and a chemist's attendant was sent for, who applied cupping glasses over the stomach; but the poor old man died about five o'clock in the evening, in frightful agony. Though the symptoms of poison were evident to all the family, no antidote was administered to the sufferer; nor was a regular practitioner called in. An ignorant shop boy, who was one day to be a barber-surgeon, was the only person summoned, and he could not conjecture the cause of the malady. When the old man first felt pain, Madame Duparc sent her eldest son off to inform his father, who was absent, of the dreadful state of the grandfather; and this young man never appeared at the trial.'

After M. de Beaulieu was dead, a nurse was sent for, and Marie sat up with her to watch the body. The following morning she went into the kitchen, and found Madame Duparc there, who at once began to find fault; but the melancholy excitement and fatigues of the night had so overpowered Marie's strength, that, in spite of all her efforts to keep her eyes open, she fell asleep on a chair. Madame Duparc, without disturbing her, occupied herself in preparing dinner, until her husband came home, when Marie was roused and sent to the stable to attend to his horse. The dinner party consisted of seven persons, including Madame de Bouguillot, sister of the mistress of the house, and her son. The soup was served out by Madame Duparc; and, when Marie entered to change the plates, the young Duparc remarked, that he felt some odd taste in his mouth; but no other observation was made. The guests remained two hours and a half at the table. After the dessert, Marie retired into the kitchen. She had just finished her dinner, when young Duparc complained of pains in the stomach; and, one after another, all those who had dined, felt the same terrible sensations. Madame Duparc ran into the kitchen, and screamed, 'Oh! mon Dieu! we have taken poison! we are all poisoned!' She instantly sent for a chemist, desiring him to bring an antidote against

arsenic. Marie was examined and accused. She protested that she was innocent, and quite ignorant of all that was passing around her. Reports were circulated about the town : seven persons were said to have been poisoned. Yesterday a poor old man, eighty years of age, died from poison ; seven to-day. Who is the culprit ? All answered, 'Marie Salmon !' The noise and exclamations of Madame Duparc were the foundation of this report. The whole of the quarter of the town in which they lived was in commotion, and an excited mob before the house. The words arsenic, poison, vengeance, justice, were heard from every mouth. The friends of the family of Duparc assembled and assailed the poor girl with inquiries. Overcome with fatigue and the questioning, which every moment became more urgent, she took refuge in her chamber, threw herself on her bed, and, from exhaustion, is said to have slept soundly. The irritation of the crowd increased every minute, until, maddened by her non-appearance, they entered her room, dragged her from her bed, and overwhelmed her with abuse. Mons. Hubert, a surgeon, and friend of the family, was requested by Madame Duparc to examine the clothes of the girl ; her pockets were taken off, and he observed some shining particles amongst crumbs of bread, which he took home to analyse, and pronounced to be arsenic ! M. Freby, an avocat, was sent for, that he might hear, from Madame Duparc herself, the details of the terrible events which had befallen her family. He went to the Procureur de Roi, and charged Marie Salmon with the crime of poisoning the old man, and attempting to poison the rest of the family. She was arrested, and, without any examination, the doors of the prison were closed upon her. On the 8th of August, the body of M. de Beaulieu underwent a post-mortem examination. The surgeons gave their report, and unanimously agreed, that the unfortunate old man had been poisoned. Preparations for the trial proceeded with activity. The evidence of the Duparc family was taken, and of all the other witnesses, and the powder found in Marie Salmon's pocket was considered an incontrovertible proof that she was the guilty person.

It sometimes happens, that a gradual reaction takes place in the mind of the public. At first incensed against a supposed culprit ; then, by degrees, the first impressions are softened down ; the circumstances become more deliberately canvassed ; men examine, inquire, and doubt. This exactly happened in the case of Marie Salmon. People began to ask, 'If the accusation was not probably unfounded ? if it was natural that a domestic should poison a whole family, without any apparent motive for such an execrable crime ?'—and there was nothing in the known character of Marie to justify a belief that she was possessed with such a diabolical spirit as to take away the lives of an entire family, who had never injured her. The surest way to discover the perpetrator of a crime is to find out who had an interest in committing it. This test was put by Machiavel, and it is too obvious to require his sagacity to point it out. What, then, could have been Marie's motive ? No more satisfactory reason could be assigned, than that she must have been possessed with a devil. If manner and deportment could have saved Marie under trial, she would not have been condemned. Ignorant as was this poor country girl, unsupported, alone, against the tribunal, it is said she often disconcerted the sagacity of her judges by her replies—never, for a moment, lost her collectedness and courage—by a simple and energetic phrase, perplexed her accusers ; and to wily interrogations, gave candid answers. Confronted by more than twenty witnesses, face to face, she met their accusations ; and sometimes, by her simple questions, made them contradict themselves in a most remarkable manner. Nevertheless, she was found guilty ! On the 17th of April the tribunal gave a final judgment, and condemned her to be burned alive, as a poisoner. The unfortunate girl immediately lodged an appeal. She was conducted to Rouen, and imprisoned there, to wait the judgment of the court of that city. On the 17th of May the sentence of the tribunal at Caen was confirmed. The judgment had now become irreversible at law, and could only be remitted by the crown. A devout

priest visited Marie in her dungeon. Her tears, her despair, her accents of sincerity, and words stamped with truth, impressed him with the conviction of her innocence. He strained every nerve to have the sentence reversed, and gave her hope ; but an order came for her execution, and she was sent to Caen, where it was to take place.

On the 26th of May, the funeral pile was raised in the market-place ; but as Marie declared herself to be *entière*, the execution was put off ; not that her allegation was true, but her friends advised her to make the declaration, that they might gain time to present more applications in her favour. The reprieve was for two months. The time passed away ; and, on the 29th of July, preparations were recommenced, and nothing but the miraculous interposition of Heaven could now apparently save her. At the fatal hour, when the cart stopped before the prison, a king's courier arrived from Versailles. The royal ear had been reached, and Louis XVI. who, whatever his faults may have been, always leaned to mercy's side, and whose horror of blood-shedding lost him his crown and life, sent an express to arrest the judgment. Two hours more, and the royal interposition would have been too late !

The monarch, having made himself master of the facts, and having laid the minutes of evidence before his council, directed that the sentence should be reconsidered, and sent the case back to the parliament at Rouen ; whose intelligence and legal vision was wonderfully sharpened by the interference of royalty—they now saw clearly the informalities and illegalities that appeared at the trial, and reversed their sentence. But the Procureur-General was so indignant at the decision, reversing the former one, that the parliament were memorialised to revise their amended sentence. They were embarrassed, and wished to get rid of the affair by a compromise—annulled the sentence of the Court of Caen, giving an order at the same time for taking further informations.

During four years Marie had been pining in a prison, looking forward each day with shuddering to the hour when she was to be dragged to the blazing pile, and burnt as a murderer. She had again recourse to the king, praying for the termination of her suspense and misery. The council brought her case before the parliament at Paris, which at length discharged her, declaring her character to be unimpeached.

This case caused a great sensation in France ; and Marie Salmon gained a singular and extraordinary degree of popularity : she was an object of universal sympathy. Every morning her door was surrounded by a crowd : if she went to the theatre, placards were posted up announcing her presence ; and gifts were sent to her from all parts of the kingdom. She married well, and the government appointed her a distributor of stamps, to mark its sense of the previous injustice she had suffered.

I have thought this trial worth mentioning, as a specimen of the French mode of procedure in criminal cases, although the conclusion is not at all satisfactory ; either Marie was guilty, or Madame Duparc or her son were ; or the arsenic might have been given through mistake. We are left in doubt which of these three solutions is the correct one ; at all events, but for the timely arrival of the king's messenger, Marie, if innocent, would have been another victim to circumstantial evidence, which should always be acted on with caution ; for, although in an argumentative point of view, better than direct, yet the amount of convincing proof being undefined and undefinable, and a number of facts strongly leading to one conclusion, being, by possibility, consistent with another, the extreme penalty of the law should be enforced—when grounded on such evidence alone—but upon the clearest possible case. The rapid transition from a convicted criminal to the heroine is, in the instance before us, a characteristic national trait not to be overlooked. It is, however, manifest that, after Marie's long imprisonment, no possible good, by way of public example to the public, could have been obtained by her death. The very fact of her sentence having been suspended so long, would be attributed to the doubtful nature of her guilt ; and humanity would have revolted at punishment

so long postponed, whilst the unfortunate victim was, for such a lengthened period, enduring all the pangs and agony of suspense and tortured hope.'

CULTIVATION OF THE POTATO.

It is a generally acknowledged fact, that we only become fully sensible of the full value and importance of many of the blessings and comforts with which we are on all sides surrounded, when, by some unforeseen and sudden cause, these are placed beyond the reach of many, or, it may be, withheld from all. The want is still more felt when it applies to any of the articles which form a large proportion of the daily food of man. Although for the time it may cause much suffering, yet every attentive observer of what is passing around him will admit the truth of the remark, that such occurrences ultimately prove a benefit to mankind, from the increased care which is taken to prevent a recurrence of the evil. The late failure of the potato crop in this and other countries has called forth such an inquiry into the causes of the disease, and the means by which it may be prevented, as we feel assured will tend to improve the quality of what now forms so important an item in the daily food of the human family. We conceive it to be the duty of all who have it in their power to give publicity to any hints which may aid in this important matter. With this view we call the attention of our readers to the following suggestions regarding the cultivation of the potato, by Mr Charles P. Bosson, a member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and editor of an American agricultural journal. Mr Bosson says, that it was not till 1771 and 1772 that the practice of cultivating potatoes as a field crop began to acquire supporters; but at that time all the grain crops failed, and the famine which ensued led to the discovery that proper and sufficient nourishment might be derived from those very potatoes which had hitherto only been regarded as a luxury, just as well as from bread. Still its cultivation did not exceed the wants of man himself. It was not till a later period that the practice of giving the refuse and surplus to the cattle began to creep in. But it was thus gradually discovered that potatoes might be advantageously cultivated as food for live stock.

'There is no plant,' says Thaer, in his 'Principles of Agriculture,' 'to which I have paid greater attention than to the potato. Even before I entered upon the practice of agriculture, my attention was excited by the innumerable varieties which were produced by raising it from seed. I treated it in various ways at that time, merely with a view to vegetable physiology, my object being to discover whether the distinguishing characters of these varieties were due to the nature of the soil, or the mode of fertilizing it. Since that time I have, in raising the potato, tried all the methods proposed by others, as well as those which I have myself devised. As far as the quantity of produce is concerned, the results of various modes of planting and cultivation have shown but little difference, unless, indeed, the cultivation were altogether neglected or badly arranged. The quantity of produce was found to depend upon the soil, when the species cultivated was the same. But the manual labour, and consequently the net profit, varied considerably. I have done my utmost to reduce this manual labour to the smallest possible amount, without sensibly diminishing the produce, for in the raising of potatoes the rent of land is much less considerable than the expenses of cultivation.'

In order to make some sort of classification of the innumerable varieties of the potato, we must confine our attention to the most useful part—the tuber. It is true that the leaves and the flowers appear to bear some relation to the form of the tuber, but the particular examination of them belongs more properly to the *botanical cultivator*. The skin of the potato is, in some varieties, of a dark colour, approaching almost to blackness; in others of a reddish violet, which varies to pale, brownish, or yellowish red; in others, again, of a whitish yellow. The colour of the flesh is sometimes yellow, sometimes whitish, or perfectly white, and sometimes slightly tinged with red.

The several varieties of the potato have different times of arriving at maturity; that is to say, at the state in which the tubers are detached from the maternal plant, and the latter dies.

But the points of difference we have chiefly to consider, relate to the consistence of the potato and the quantity of starch contained in it. Some varieties are very spongy, their interstices are filled with water, their specific gravity is small, and they contain but a small quantity of nutriment in a given bulk. The flavour of some potatoes is very agreeable; of others very disagreeable. Some improve by keeping, others are best when fresh gathered. Some cook speedily and burst, others resist the action of steam and hot water for a long time. Some varieties require a dry soil, becoming quite watery and hollow in the middle when grown on land which requires much moisture; they also secrete water in their cavities. Others, on the contrary, are very small, and are scarcely worth the expense of cultivation when grown on a dry soil. Some put out long filaments into the soil; others press their tubers so closely together, that they show themselves above ground. Some varieties thrive particularly well on marshy land, others perish on it, and thrive on an argillaceous soil. All these particulars must be taken into account, when a selection is to be made of varieties for cultivation. The culture of a new variety should never be undertaken on a large scale, till a proper trial has been made of it.

The amount of produce of each variety must be taken into consideration, but the value calculated according to the quantity of nutritive matter contained in it. This may be judged of approximately by the sensation which the fleshy part of the tuber produces when applied to the tongue; or more accurately by cutting the tubers in pieces, drying them, and comparing their weight in the dry state with what it was before; but an accurate estimate is only to be made, by chemical analysis. Great bulk is by no means desirable, if it be not attended with increase in the quantity of starch; for the potatoes then take up more room, although their intrinsic value remains the same, and they are more likely to be spoiled. In other respects, when potatoes are cultivated for sale, the choice must be directed by the taste of purchasers.

Potatoes will grow on soils of all descriptions, and in favourable weather will yield a good crop, even on moving sand, provided that it has been well manured. On a stony soil, well prepared, and lightened with dung containing straw, the success of the potato is certain, though a sandy soil is best adapted to it. On clearings and marsh lands, provided the soil has been well drained, and especially if the turf has been burned upon it, potatoes thrive particularly well, and sometimes yield a very large produce. It is generally admitted that potatoes grow larger after recent manuring; they will, however, yield a good crop, even when raised as a second or third crop; but the soil will then be greatly exhausted. I have never even thought of asserting that potatoes do not impoverish the soil; on the contrary, I have stated that they do so; they do not, however, exhaust the resources of the establishment in general, but increase those resources to a considerable extent, if they are given as food to the cattle. On strong land, fresh dung mixed with straw is most beneficial to potatoes, and the more so in proportion to the closeness of its contact with them; it should, therefore, not be carted and put into the ground till just before the seed time of ploughing; but for light soils, the dung must either be in a more advanced stage of decomposition, or it must be mixed with the earth by several ploughings. Very healthy potatoes are also produced by the use of other active manures, such as scrapings of horn spread in the furrows at the seed time ploughing, rags of wool, and the refuse of the tan-yard. Turning sheep on to the field after the potatoes have been set, is likewise very efficacious in promoting their growth, but it gives the tubers a bad flavour. There is also a limit to the degree of cultivation proper for potatoes; if it be surpassed, the haulm becomes excessively large, and falls upon the ground; the number of tubers is then much diminished.

AN UNBELIEVER'S TESTIMONY.

I will confess that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of fiction; how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, without weakness, without ostentation? When Plato describes his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ; the resemblance was so striking that the fathers perceived it. Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God.—*Rousseau.*

ORNAMENT.

Ornament is only valuable when it does not interfere with what is useful. The frost which congeals water adds much to its brilliancy, but destroys its utility. Children may admire how it sparkles in the sun, but men will reflect that it slakes no thirst—it revives no fainting heart.

SCETICISM UNREASONABLE.

It would be difficult to study the history of imposture, whether founded on the miracles of nature or the devices of art, without learning, if we wish to learn, an important lesson. As the mere occupant of a terrestrial paradise, man cannot but appreciate the noble provision which has been made for his wants and his pleasures, and admire the beneficent arrangements which have superadded the refinements of domestic and social life. In his dominion over the animal world, he wields the sceptre of a king; and in the freedom of his range over 'a thousand hills,' the beauty and grandeur of nature hallow with their finer sensations the rude activity of his lot. From day to day is repeated the mysterious round of life and motion, and were he thus to live and die but in the exercise of his physical powers, the very source and purposes of his being would be the deepest mystery. But when he recognises within himself the germ of intellectual life, the spiritual element which no chain can bind and nothing sublunary satisfy, the mystery of his existence is wrapped up in the higher mystery of his fate, and life here and life hereafter combine their mysterious relations but to perplex and alarm him. Mysteriously ushered into life—imbibing mysteries in his earliest lessons—encountering them in his studies—and checked by them in his aspirations—he is yet unreasonable enough to expect that they will be cleared away from the only subject with which they are inseparably combined. We believe that races of animals, anterior to man, have been buried and embalmed in the solid rock beneath us; and yet we know not why they lived, and by what catastrophe they perished. We believe that a deluge has swept over the earth with its desolating surge, destroying life, and moulding into new forms the hills and valleys which it covered; and yet we cannot discover whence its waters came, and what was their commission. We believe that masses of rock and stone have fallen from the heavens; and yet their source and their errand are equally unknown. But though cherishing even such mysterious convictions, we yet startle at the belief that the Creator of man has revealed to him his will, and that the Sovereign, whose subjects have rebelled, has sent a deliverer to their rescue. If the fulness of knowledge has gradually developed to our understanding the wonders of creation, the fulness of time will as certainly unfold the mysterious arrangements of providence.

—*North British Review.*

WICKED, BUT NOT ASHAMED.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.—*Swift.*

MOUNTAIN-MEAL OF SWEDEN.

In Sweden, on the shores of a lake near Urne, a vast quantity of extremely fine matter is found, much like flour in appearance, and called by the natives 'mountain-meal'; it is used as food, being mixed with flour, and is nutritious. But what is this mountain-meal when examined by the microscope? Nothing more than the shelly coverings of certain animalcules! As the animals perish, their coverings accumulate from age to age at the bottom of the waters, and form a deep layer. This, drying on the shore, or on places which are no longer covered with the water, assumes the appearance whence it has its name, each particle being the relic of a microscopic animal.—*The Animalcule.*

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees,
Play'd the sunbeams, the raindrops, the birds, and the breeze,
The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her broath in the gale.
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And fresh in her footsteps grew herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west, threw their splendour of azuro and gold,
But one cloud at a distance grew dense and increase'd,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud:
'Twas not like the sun, as at midday we view,
Nor the moon that walks nightly in star-light and blue.

In the hours of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in His hand,
Whose grasp, at creation, the universe spann'd—
The presence of God in a symbol sublime—
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.

A while and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death couch, or hope o'er a tomb;
Then left the dark shade, when it slowly retired,
As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.

Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That how from my sight pass'd for ever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day, from my heart
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

GRINDING AT NAZARETH.

Scarcely had we reached the apartment prepared for our reception, when, looking into the court-yard belonging to the house, we beheld two women grinding at the mill, in a manner most forcibly illustrating the saying of our Saviour. They were preparing flour to make our bread, as is always customary in the country when strangers arrive. The two women, seated on the ground opposite each other, held between them the two round flat stones, such as are seen in Lapland, and such as in Scotland are called 'querns.' In the centre of the upper stone was a cavity for pouring in the corn; and by the side of this an upright wooden handle for moving the stone. As the operation began, one of the women, with her right hand, pushed this handle to the woman opposite, who again sent it to her companion; thus communicating rotatory and very rapid motion to the upper stone; their left hands being all the while employed in supplying fresh corn, as fast as the bran and flour escaped from the sides of the machine.—*Dr Clarke's Travels.*

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THE TARTAN MANUFACTURE.

It would be in vain to inquire into the origin of the tartan manufacture; it is lost in the mist of remote antiquity. Tartans have been worn, and no doubt woven in Scotland, since the days of Wallace and Bruce. How long before, no annalist records. No matter; our present business is with modern, not with ancient times. For a long period tartans were completely out of fashion throughout the most of Scotland, and only worn in the far north, and by a few Highland regiments. This might be owing to the proscription of the Highland dress by act of Parliament, from 1746 till 1782, during which time much of the old national spirit evaporated.*

About twenty years ago, however, there began to spread, among all classes, a taste for tartans, chiefly traceable perhaps to the writings of Sir Walter Scott and George IV.'s visit to Scotland, which brought into prominent notice and revived a romantic interest in everything characteristic of the Highland clans. Possibly, too, the *éclat* gained by the 'petticoat soldiers' during the war had some share in bringing their peculiar costume into fashion. At any rate, the tartan became all the rage about 1822, and began to be worn by both sexes, and in every rank of society. Since then, the fashion has gone on extending every year, till now the outward aspect of society is so be-tartaned, that were our forefathers to rise from the grave, they would suppose the land had been overrun by some unheard-of invasion from beyond the Grampians, and that Duncans, Dugalds, and Donalds of all the clans had fairly driven out the Saxons.

Thirty years ago, it was only in a recruiting party, or among the pipers at a country fair, that the 'skyring tarant trews' were to be seen south of the Forth; and in female attire, tartan was about as little used as corduroy. How strangely all this has changed! At every turn we are met by the party-coloured drapery of the clans. In the waistcoats, cravats, and inexpressibles of gentlemen, and still more in the gowns and shawls of the ladies, tartan is the favourite, nay, the almost universal wear. The variety of patterns is infinite. Besides the dark Argyle, the gorgeous royal Stuart, the genteel M'Pherson, the M'Donald dress and undress, the bright green Campbell, the rich M'Duff, and fifty or a hundred other standard patterns, there are fancy ones in endless succession. And so val-

able are some of these esteemed by the inventors, that they are registered for protection against piracy.

The manufacture has been improved in a degree corresponding to its immense extension. Tartans, till of late, were made only of native wool, which felt hard, and took on but indifferent colours. Now they are made of every variety of material, including soft silk and the finest foreign wools; and in fineness of texture and brilliancy of colours, the best specimens are calculated to gratify the most sumptuous taste. It may now safely be considered as an established branch of trade. In the mean time, it is one of the most flourishing of which the country can boast, and it is perhaps more purely national than any other, for, to the best of our knowledge, it exists nowhere else. Shawls, and other goods with checked patterns, are no doubt made in England and other countries; but the peculiar combination of colours which constitutes the genuine tartan, though admired and beginning to become fashionable everywhere, is as yet only produced in Scotland. The principal seats of the manufacture are Galashiels, Tilloccotry, and Alva. In Stirling, Bannockburn, and Kinross, tartan goods are also made extensively, but they are chiefly of the common old sort, termed hard tartans, fabricated of Scotch wool at very low prices, and suitable for the army or exportation. In the other places mentioned, soft tartans, manufactured from Saxon, Australian, and the best English wools, form the prevailing trade. Foreign wools are not only woven there, but also spun to a very great extent. In the large manufactories, every process is performed from the unpacking of the raw wool to the packing of the finished goods. Spinners, dyers, winders, warpers, weavers and callender men, all find employment within the same premises, and much of the work is done by women and children. There are a few fine tartans made in Edinburgh and Paisley. The Edinburgh manufacturers get a considerable portion of their work done in distant villages, even as far north as Dunblane. In the city, there is, however, a pretty extensive factory, where tartans, made partly of cotton, and called Gala plaids and Oregon checks, are produced. Goods of this description are also made in Glasgow in enormous quantities.

* So completely was the ancient tartan manufacture extinguished in Scotland at the end of the rebellion, that the grandfather of the present Clanronald, just a hundred years ago, had to send a pattern from the island of South Uist to Barcelona to get a silk plaid woven! This anecdote we find in a splendid new work on the costume of the Celtic tribes, by Charles Edward Stuart, a gentleman who

originally the trade of Galashiels was confined to plaiding and coarse blue cloth, and for many years the place seemed to advance but little. When Sir Walter Scott was rising to the zenith of his fame, he had but lately become a resident in the vicinity. In that character, and as sheriff of the county, he made a point of attending regularly at the annual elections of the deacon. When the good people of Galashiels crowded round their illustrious neighbour, and rejoiced in the honour of his presence among them at

the poet himself imagine, that his works were destined to promote a taste that would at no distant day prove a source of wealth to the country, and above all, to Galashiels? Yet, such has undoubtedly been the case. Had Sir Walter Scott spent all the profits of his works in gifts to the town, had he endowed it with the fee-simple of Abbotsford, he would have done infinitely less for it than he has effected by writing the *Lady of the Lake* and *Waverley*. In these charming fictions he has given a tone to public taste in favour of the ancient *brecan* fabric of Caledonia, which his industrious neighbours on the Gala Water have profited by more largely than the people of any other district. Such is the power of genius, such the strange turns of fortune's wheel. If the circumstance alluded to could have been foreseen when, twenty or twenty-five years ago, Sir Walter, sitting between the old deacon and the new, proposed 'Prosperity to the town and trade of Galashiels,' how rapturously would the toast have been given and received? But probably survivors, who were present on these high occasions, will deny the possibility of greater enthusiasm than was then manifested. At all events, the great man's memory among his neighbours must ever be revered, though it were but for the substantial benefits his genius has been the means of conferring on them.

Tartans, however, do not constitute the entire trade of Galashiels; and this is very fortunate for the town, for they are not much in demand for spring or summer wear, and were there not some other kind of goods made in the place, many hands would be idle or but partially employed during winter. The mixed stuffs called tweeds, which are in fact modifications of the black and white pattern, called the maid or shepherd's plaid, and chiefly used for trousers, are luckily wanted most at the very season when tartans for female dress give place to lighter fabrics. Most of the machinery and materials required for the one kind of work happen luckily to suit the other, and thus Galashiels goes on all the year round as busy as a beehive in June. It has been for several years past, and still is, one of the most prosperous towns in the kingdom.

But it is upon 'the banks of the sweet winding Devon' that the rapid progress of the tartan trade is most remarkable. There in the villages of Alva, Tillicoultry, Devon-side, and Keillar's Brae, where there is little else made but the many-coloured checkered cloth which formed the 'garb of old Gaul,' a degree of prosperity exists scarcely to be witnessed in any other part of Scotland. These villages are situated at the foot of the Ochils, and thereby enjoy the advantages of a considerable amount of water power, and abundance of the pure element for dyeing, washing, and other purposes. The two last-mentioned villages seem to have risen into existence but recently. Alva and Tillicoultry, however, are of some antiquity, and a century and a half ago were known as the seat of a trifling manufacture of coarse woollen goods. Tillicoultry serges and blankets had then a name in the market, but Tillicoultry tartans have only been heard of within the last twenty years. At first these were called blanket shawls, and very uncouth cumbersome articles they were; but the sterling qualities of comfort, durability, and cheapness, recommended them to public favour, and they have been perfected by successive improvements, till now they are considered almost an indispensable article of winter dress for every class of females. In the four 'foot of the hill' villages there are from eighteen to twenty extensive firms who have spinning and weaving factories of their own, besides a number of small manufacturers who purchase their yarn and give it out to be woven by weavers who have looms of their own. It is rather a remarkable fact, that the small makers are mostly confined to Alva, and that in the other villages there are very few manufacturers besides those who have sufficient command of capital to carry on the business on the factory system. What may be the cause of this difference we cannot say, but some of the effects of it are evident. For instance, in Alva there is little actual saving of money among the operatives. Those who earn more than they require for their support, if they do not adventure their savings in petty manufacturing

speculations, seldom save anything at all, but spend that surplus earnings, if not immorally, at least improvidently. They take the world as it comes, and think more of the enjoyments of to-day than the necessities of to-morrow. In Tillicoultry, however, and we believe also in the other places mentioned, the case is considerably different. There is there less 'corking,' as it is called, or manufacturing on a small scale, than in Alva, but more frugality and foresight among the operatives. The custom of saving spare earnings prevails to a considerable extent. About fifteen shillings per week is the ordinary rate of weavers' wages. Many of the men were members of a building society, which has lately concluded its operations. They paid five shillings per week so long as the society lasted, and by this means got dwelling-houses of a very comfortable description built for themselves. Another society is in the course of formation for the erection of houses of a superior class, and it is believed it is proposed to build more than the members require for their own accommodation, and let the rest to tenants on the usual terms. These are unequivocal symptoms, not only of prosperity, but of general good conduct, which every lover of his kind must rejoice to see.

Tillicoultry is by far the largest of the 'foot of the hill' villages. In 1841, the population of the entire parish was little more than 3000. At present we should suppose the village itself contains a much greater number. Certain it is, most of the houses seem of very recent date, many of them not above a year old, and a considerable number are in the course of erection. One of the factors alone, that of Messrs Paton, the most extensive in the place, and nearly new, employs 700 workers of all kinds. Many of these are children, earning from 1s. 6d. per week upwards. They do not seem to be overworked, but cheerful and healthy, and their wages must certainly form a very useful supplement to the income of their parents. Neither is their education neglected. The Messrs Paton maintain a school at their own expense, where all the children in their employment under thirteen years of age are taught the common elements of knowledge. The same enterprising company have also established a library of periodical literature, including this journal and many similar publications, for the use of all the people in their factory. They contribute £15 per annum towards its support, and the readers are only required to pay one halfpenny per week. Several other factories in the place are managed in a similar spirit of enlightened benevolence, and it gives us pleasure to say, the results seem excellent. A flourishing, industrious, and apparently contented community now

'Adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.'

And long may these happy valleys smile in a higher sense
than with the poet's

'Green spreading bushes,
And flowers blooming fair.'

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT.

DAVID CROCKETT was descended from Irish progenitors, who settled in Greene county, East Tennessee, U. S. His father was a poor man with a numerous family, of whom David was the ninth child. The future member of Congress had in youth few of those advantages which are deemed requisite to form a statesman, his father's indigence rendering him unable to educate his children, and making their early application to labour a matter of necessity. While David was yet a boy, his father removed from Greene to Sullivan county, and commenced business as a tavern-keeper, for the benefit of those who might travel upon the public road, and the comfort and convenience of pedlars and cattle-dealers. David's duties were those of ostler and waiter; and they were so onerous, that he was unable to execute them. He was an industrious and active boy, however, and wrought cheerfully, although his labour was beyond his strength. When he was about twelve, his father hired him to a neighbouring Dutchman, whose bus...
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driving cattle to the western part of Virginia. David t out with this drover, and from his activity and docility as a valuable assistant to his employer. He was treated very kindly; but the menial offices to which he was subjected, determined him at all hazards to return home. taking an agreement with a wagoner who was bound for Sullivan county, he left his master's house clandestinely during night, and succeeded in making his way during a severe snow storm to the place of rendezvous; he reached home safely, and for the two years that he afterwards remained at home, performed the same work as before. The boy evinced a strong desire for education, but his father seems to have been morally dead to the advantages of mental culture; or his own ignorance may have caused him to be satisfied that his son should be so also; for one of his biographers gravely tells us, that he was admonished by his father's poverty that the thing was impracticable; and instead of being sent to school, he was again hired out to a western Virginia cattle-dealer. During his second journey he was badly treated, and at the termination of the trip, was dismissed; being three or four hundred miles from home, with only three dollars in his pocket. Alone, but nothing daunted, the boy fell in with a young acquaintance who had been engaged in the same employment, and with one horse between them they set out for home. They continued in company for several days; but David's acquaintance, being his superior in physical strength, insisted on having exclusive possession of the saddle; and this conduct disgusting Crockett, he got into a wagon that was going in a counter direction from home, and bade good-by to his imperious comrade. He hired himself to the possessor of this vehicle, and went with him to Alexandria; and then set out for home. After travelling a day or two, the wagoner engaged himself to do some hauling; and Crockett entered into service as a ploughboy. In this service he remained till he accumulated eleven dollars, and, meeting with another wagon, the erratic boy set out for Baltimore. He made the wagoner custodian of his hard-earned wages, and trudged on for the capital of Maryland, high in hope. Here for the first time he saw a ship; and the sailors seeing him gazing about, asked him if he would go a voyage to Liverpool; David knew as much about Liverpool as he did of algebra, but he agreed to go nevertheless, and set out to find his friend the wagoner, that he might obtain his money and clothes, as he was to sail that evening. The wagoner refused to give up the money; and though David resolved to go without it, and was walking off with his clothes to join the crew, he was captured and brought back. The wagoner found means to cheat him of his money, and Crockett leaving him, hired himself as a common labourer. He acquired a few dollars by his labour, and set out once more for home; but his purse failing him, he engaged for five years with a Virginian hatter. The hatter became bankrupt in a few months, and David was once more constrained to betake himself to out-door labour. Being successful in procuring a little of the circulating medium, the youth set out again for Tennessee, where he arrived and lived with some relations. After two years' absence he eventually reached home, and his parents were glad to see him, for they had not received the least intelligence from him during his absence. The narrative of Crockett's youthful wanderings presents a curious picture of his unsettled disposition; but it will be seen, that young as he was, and much as he partook of wandering habits, he always manifested an inclination to work. His desire to obtain some education never abated; and after his return, he was still anxious to acquire the power to read and write. This desire, however, could not yet be acceded to, his father requiring him to work up a debt which he owed to a merchant in an adjacent village. David was averse to the proposal, as the village had a bad character; but his filial duty triumphed over his repugnance, and he agreed. By six months of diligent toil he liquidated his father's debt, and then sought employment amongst the quakers, of whom he had a high opinion. The first to whom he applied was a creditor of his father, to the amount of thirty dollars, who offered him liberal en-

couragement, if he would accept the bill upon his father as part payment. Crockett agreed to this proposal, and in six months had the satisfaction of presenting his father with the bill as a present. This action secured to him a creditable reputation, and ready employment; and after he had clothed himself respectably, he entered into an agreement with a quaker schoolmaster to give him three days' schooling for two days' work. He continued at school for nearly half a year, making rapid progress, and gaining esteem for his strict fulfilment of his engagement. This was the only schooling he ever received.

While David was at school, his preceptor was visited by a female relation, who made a serious impression upon the heart of the young man; and he soon discovered that the maiden was not altogether displeased at his admiration; but an offer of marriage by a wealthy suitor settled the matter at once, and Crockett was discarded. His spirit must have been most wonderfully resilient; for on the evening of his first love's nuptials, he had wooed and won a pretty girl, and a day was appointed for him soliciting his bride from her mother. The appointed day arrived, and Crockett, mounted on a borrowed steed, set out on his matrimonial visit; but he seems to have been the sport of fortune through life, for joining a frolic, he delayed asking his bride till the day after that which he had appointed, and when he arrived at his intended mother-in-law's, like the bride of Netherby—the bride had consented, the gallant came late, and was to marry another man that evening. The laggard lover had nothing else for it but to turn his horse homeward, and console himself as he best could for the loss of his mistress. Shortly after this event he went to a reaping and flax-pulling in the neighbourhood, and selecting a partner from amongst the girls, he began to pull flax by her side. This choice very soon became an intimacy, and this intimacy, with backwood rapidity, merged into love and marriage. David Crockett became a married man when he was not much over twenty, and he continued to live two years afterwards with his wife's mother; but his longing for change led him to settle upon Elk river, and he was there located, when the war of 1812 breaking out, he went as a volunteer to defend his country. He was in many skirmishes, and obtained a high reputation for bravery. His generosity and cheerful disposition rendered him a universal favourite amongst the soldiers; and his subsequent popularity is mainly traceable to that kindness and light-hearted gaiety which won him the hearts of his frontier companions in arms. While he was with the army he lost his wife, and this circumstance caused him to return home and take care of his children. His domestic cares and ties completely weaned him from martial pursuits, and he set himself to toil once more. After remaining a widower for some time, he selected the widow of a deceased friend as his wife, and removed with her and his children from Elk river to Lawrence county. And now we have to exhibit Crockett in a different capacity from that which he had hitherto figured in. He was elected a justice of peace for the district, and such was his popularity, that he was created a colonel by the suffrages of the militiamen; and finally, he became a representative in the legislature of the state. The colonel no doubt felt gratified at these instances of respect, but he was not blinded to the defects of his education and the consequent awkwardness of his position. He took his seat, however, and after some preliminary business had been settled, he discovered many of his brother legislators presenting bills; and being 'raised' in the backwoods, and therefore unacquainted with the rules of the house, he determined to present a bill too. The motion of the colonel was opposed by a gentleman, who forgetting the main question of debate, made some rather disparaging allusions to the new member. The colonel's spirit took fire, and exies of 'Crockett, answer him—Crockett, answer him,' called David to his feet. He was diffident, and completely unaccustomed to classic oratory; but for the finish of the scene we give the reader his own words—' Well, I never made a speech in my life. I didn't know whether I could speak or not; and they kept crying out to me—'Crockett, answer him—why don't

you answer him?' So up I popped. I was as mad as fury : and there I stood, and not a word could I get out. Well, I bothered and stammered, and looked foolish, and still there I stood; but after a while I began to talk. I don't know what I said about my *bill*, but I jirked it into him. I told him that he had got hold of the wrong man, that he didn't know who he was fooling with—that he reminded me of the meanest thing on the earth, an old 'coon dog barking up the wrong tree.' This revenge, however, did not satisfy the colonel, and he waited upon the opposing member with the intention of 'whipping' him, but the suavity of his opponent completely mollified him; and thus ended Colonel Crockett's first day's legislating.

Crockett served only one term at this period; and his determination to retire was heard with regret. With the proceeds of his industry the colonel erected a mill, but awaking one morning from dreams of comfort, he found that a freshet (that is, a swelling of the river from the breaking up of the frost), had swept every vestige of it away. Gifted with a light heart and a hopeful disposition, this misfortune did not much disturb him; he saw that it was of no use remaining without capital in his present location, so winding up his business, he loaded a couple of pack-horses and set out for a more remote station in the 'far west.' 'In advance of this party,' says one of his biographers, 'humming a song, walked a cheerful light-hearted backwoodsman, with a child on one arm and a rifle on the other, followed by half a dozen dogs.'

Crockett settled in that portion of the country east of the Mississippi, called the Shakes. Since the great earthquake of 1812, the country has been subject to periodical shocks, and the rent ground and dissevered trees too plainly attest the fact. Here he betook himself to hunting, and acquired a fame superior to that of even the celebrated Kentuckian hunter, Boon. Bears, wolves, panthers, deer, elk, wild cats, buzzards, geese, ducks, and swans, were in abundance; and it is certain that the colonel had plenty of employment for his dogs and rifle. The food so easily obtained was freely distributed to the settlers, who began to gather round him; and for this generosity he was universally beloved. The following anecdote, illustrative of Crockett's powers as a hunter, and of his passion for the chase, will no doubt amuse our readers. He had occasion to send his son upon some mission, when the boy, after being gone some time, returned at full speed to inform his father that he had seen some elks. The colonel mounted with him, and set off in the direction indicated by the boy; after finding their track the boy returned, and the colonel set out in pursuit alone. The following are his own words:—'I went, I s'pose, about a mile, when I seed *my* elk feeding in a little prairie; there were no trees near me, so I got down and tried to root my way to 'em; but they had got a notion of me, for they would turn their heads back and look for me, and then run off a little. We soon got into the woods again, and I begun to work 'em right badly. When they were feeding, I'd get a tree 'twixt me and them, and run as hard as I could, then peep round to see 'em, and get down; root myself behind another tree, and then run agin. The woods were mighty open, and I could see 'em a long way, and I'd have got a shot, but as I was creeping long after them, I see'd five deer coming towards me. I stopped right still, and they come feeding 'long close to me; when they got in about twenty yards of me, I raised old Betsy (his rifle), levelled her, and dropped the largest of them; the others raised their heads and looked astonished, went up to the one which was down and smelt hin, and didn't seem afraid of me. I spoke not, and the report of the rifle was the only noise. Having loaded, I raised old Bet again, and down came another; the others only looked more astonished. I shot down a third, and the remainder still kept looking on. I had only four balls when I left home, so I thought I must have my elk, so I wouldn't shoot another deer.' The colonel again set off in pursuit of the elk, and after keeping up the chase till sundown, he succeeded in shooting one; a feat of which he was very proud, as the game was formidable, and the achievement the first of the kind he had performed.

The colonel had occasion to visit a store in the settlements, that he might dispose of his skins in lieu of groceries and other commodities; and here he came in contact with several old acquaintances, who upon parting with him solicited him to stand as a candidate for a seat in the state assembly; this he declined, as he was a stranger, and the field was pre-occupied by others; but accidentally seeing himself named in a newspaper as a candidate, he determined to make the propagator of the joke repent. He commenced to mingle with the people, and occasionally heard of electors who intended to give their suffrages to the great bear-hunter. His adherents were becoming numerous, and his three opponents formed a determination to keep him out. Two withdrew, and the election was to be contested by Crockett and another; this point was to be settled at some great gathering, and the colonel went to it and mingled amongst the crowd unknown. When it was settled that Mr B. should run against him, Crockett, still *incog.* went to a little knot of electors and called for a quart of whisky, for which he paid half a dollar; while the liquor was circulating, the colonel hailed his opponent—'Hallo B., you don't know me? (B called his name and passed), but I'll make you know me well before August. I see they have weighed you out to me, but I'll beat you mighty badly.' After a little colloquy with B., Crockett explained his method of canvass, which we believe to be as successful as it was unique. 'When you see me electioneering,' said the colonel, 'I go fixed for the purpose. I've got a suit of deer leather clothes, with two big pockets, so I puts a bottle of whisky in one, and a twist of tobacco in t'other, and starts out; then, if I meet a friend, why, I pull out my bottle and give him a drink—he'll be apt before he drinks to throw away his tobacco, so when he's done, I pull my twist out of t'other pocket, and give him a chaw. I never likes to leave a man worse than when I found him. If I had given him drink and he had lost his tobacco, he wouldn't have made much; but give him drink and tobacco, and you are very apt to get his vote.'

The colonel's life was as eventful and stirring as it was possible for one in his remote situation to be; and his hunts and fights with bears are as graphic and daring as those of fiction. His endurance of fatigue, and his indomitable courage, are as wonderful as those qualities in Cooper's imaginary 'Leather Stocking,' and his devotion to his companions as marked. To give the reader an idea of Crockett in his domestic state, we subjoin the following from a sketch by one of his friends, descriptive of his first visit to the colonel:—'I pursued my journey, until a small opening brought me in sight of a cabin, which from description I identified as the home of the celebrated hunter of the west. It was in appearance rude and uninventing, situated in a small field of eight or ten acres, which had been cleared in the wild woods; no yard surrounded it, and it seemed to have been lately settled. In the passage of the house were seated two men in their shirt-sleeves cleaning rifles. I strained my eyes as I rode up, to see if I could identify in either of them the great bear hunter; but before I could decide, my horse had stopped at the bars, and there walked out in plain homespun attire, with a black fur cap on, a finely proportioned man about six feet high, aged, from appearance, forty-five. His countenance was frank and manly, and a smile played over it as he approached me. He brought with him a rifle; and from his right shoulder hung a bag made of racoon skin, to which, by means of a sheath, was appended a huge butcher's knife. 'This is Colonel Crockett's residence, I presume?' 'Yea, sir.' 'Have I the pleasure of seeing that gentleman?' 'If it be a pleasure, you have, sir.' 'Well, colonel, I have rode much out of my way to spend a day or two with you, and to take a hunt.' 'Get down, sir, I am delighted to see you. I like to see strangers, and the only care I have is, that I cannot accommodate them as well as I could wish. I have no corn, you see. I have but lately moved here; but I'll make my little boy take your horse over to my son-in-law's; he is a good fellow, and will take care of him.' Walking in, he said, 'My brother, let me make you acquainted with this

gentleman, naming me—my wife, Mr —, my daughter, sir. You see we are mighty rough here. I am afraid you will think it hard times, but we have to do the best we can. I started mighty poor, and have been *rooting 'long ever since*; but away with apologies, I hate 'em; what I live upon always, I think a friend can for a day or two. I have but little, but that little is as free as the water that runs—so make yourself at home. Here are newspapers and some books.' His free mode of conversation soon put the stranger at his ease; and a survey of the hunter's home was highly satisfactory. There was a look of cleanliness and comfort about his cabin, and trophies of the chase, with dogs basking in the sun, together with the accoutrements of sylvan sport, told that Crockett had well earned his wide celebrity. His family were dressed in neat garments of home manufacture; and the simplicity and kindness of their manners were very becoming. His daughters were very pretty, and although there were no schools near them, their conversation was comparatively refined.

Such was the colonel's popularity, that he came forward, at the solicitation of many friends, to contest the congressional election of 1827. He was opposed by a gentleman of pleasing and conciliating manners, whose good-humoured smile gave occasion for the following display of backwood eloquence. 'Yea gentlemen,' said the colonel, addressing the electors, and referring to his opponent, 'he may get some votes by grinning, for he can outgrin me—and you know I ain't slow; and to prove to you that I am not, I will tell you an anecdote I was concerned in myself—and I was fooled a little of the wickedest. You all know I love hunting. Well, I discovered a long time ago that a 'coon couldn't stand my grin. I could bring one tumbling down from the highest tree. I never wasted powder and lead when I wanted one of the creatures. Well, as I was walking out one night, a few hundred yards from my house, looking carelessly about me, I saw a 'coon planted on one of the highest limbs of an old tree. The night was very mooney and clear, and old Rattler was with me; but Rattler wont bark at a 'coon, so I thought I'd bring the lark down the usual way—by a grin. I set myself, and after grinning at the 'coon a reasonable time, found that he didn't come down. I wondered what was the reason, and I took another grin at him—still he was there. It made me a little mad, so I felt round and got an old limb about five feet long, and, planting my chin on it, I took a rest, and grinned my best for five minutes—but the 'coon hung on. I determined to have him, so, getting my hatchet, I cut down the tree. I ran forward, and found that what I had taken for a 'coon was a large knot upon the branch of the tree; and upon looking at it closely, I saw that I had grinned all the bark off, and left the knot perfectly smooth. Now, fellow-citizens, this must convince you that in the grinning line I am not slow; but when I look upon my opponent's countenance, I must admit that he is my superior. You must all admit it. Therefore be wide awake; look sharp, and do not let him grin you out of your votes.' This language sounds strange to cisatlantic ears, yet it gained the colonel a vast majority of suffrages, and carried him into Congress. This election afforded the gallant hunter much gratification; and leaving his home in the winter of 1827, he set out for Washington—unacquainted with forms and the niceties of refined intercourse, but with an honest, unsophisticated heart.

His appearance in the metropolis of the States gave rise to many pasquinades upon his rusticity and humour; and several speeches which he had made while upon his journey having found their way into the newspapers, made him a regular 'lion.' The following unique *morceau* was called forth at a country inn, at which the colonel arrived cold and 'wolfish.' The company round the fire did not seem disposed to let him share the warmth, and he commenced to edge his chair forward. Some one of the party had the hardihood to hurrah for Adams, to which Crockett gave no gentle rejoinder. 'And who are you, sir?' said the Adams-man. Crockett immediately replied, 'I am that same David Crockett, fresh from the backwoods, half

turtle; can wade the Mississippi; leap the Ohoi; ride upon a streak of lightning; and slip without a scratch down a honey-locust; can whip my weight in wild cats—and if any gentleman pleases for a ten-dollar bill, he may throw in a panther; hug a bear too close for comfort; and eat any man opposed to Jackson.'

The colonel, although he was fresh from the backwoods, soon became acquainted with the forms and rules of legislation. The press published some personal attacks upon his demeanour, entirely destitute of truth; and a burlesque description of the colonel's behaviour at the President's table called forth an appeal to the gentlemen who had accompanied him, in which he says—'I have never enjoyed the advantages which many have abused; but I am proud to hope that your answer will show that I never so far prostituted the humble advantages I do enjoy as to act the part attributed to me.'

The colonel continued to occupy his seat in Congress during various sessions; cultivating his little farm during the recess, or hunting and chopping with his constituents. His conduct as a politician was upright and manly; and from his independence in opposing General Jackson he lost his seat for a session, but was triumphantly re-elected in 1832.

Texas has occupied a considerable portion of attention for the last ten years, but during the colonel's latter days it was merely a rebellious part of Mexico, inhabited by settlers who had principally immigrated from the United States, and had thrown off their allegiance to Santa Anna. The Mexican chief had invaded the country, laying waste the lands, and destroying the lives of the Texians; and the cry of excretion and sympathy was heard in the United States, till many volunteers, called sympathisers, slung their rifles over their shoulders and set out for the theatre of war. Among these was Colonel Crockett. With his favourite Betsy on his arm, he stepped on board a Mississippi steam-boat in 1835, resolved to devote his life to the defence of Texian liberty. As he journeyed towards the south, on the mighty river, he mingled amongst a motley cargo of adventurers, all pursuing their own particular affairs, and thinking nothing of the object of the colonel's journey. Amongst these was a 'tall, lank, sea-serpent-looking blackleg, who had crawled over from Natchez, and was amusing the passengers with his skill at thimblerig.' 'Thimblerig' was an intelligent though dissolute character, and with the colonel he speedily became a favourite, from his powers of story-telling, and that light-heartedness which seems to be a characteristic of the people of young countries. After giving a detailed account of his voyage, and exhibiting some phases of the life of the thimble-conjuror, the colonel informs us that he arrived in good health at Natchitoches, a village in Louisiana, where he was joined by a stranger, who named him, and expressed a determination to accompany him to the war. This stranger was a bee-hunter—one whose avocation was to track the wild bee to its hive, and rob it of its wax and honey. He knew Thimblerig also, and prevailed upon him to accompany the colonel and him to Texas. The three adventurers pursued their toilsome and dangerous journey across the wilderness, with which the bee-hunter was well acquainted. They met with many adventures on their route, and once lost each other in the prairie. 'I looked around,' says Crockett, 'and there was, as far as the eye could reach, spread before me, a country apparently in the highest state of cultivation—extended fields, beautiful and productive, and groves of trees, cleared from the underwood, whose margins were as regular as if the art and taste of man had been employed upon them; but there was no other evidence that the sound of the axe or the voice of man had ever disturbed the solitude of nature. My eyes could have cheated my senses into the belief that I was in an earthly paradise. It required some effort to convince my mind that man had not some agency in this; but when I looked around and fully realised it all, I thought of him who had preached to me in the wilds of Arkansas, and involuntarily exclaimed—God, what hast thou not done for

narrowly escaped being slain by a fierce, sanguinary animal, called the Mexican couguar; but his strength and courage enabled him to conquer it. He gives details of situations of peril and loneliness, which none but a hunter could be in, and few so coolly endure. At length, after much danger and fatigue, the colonel and his two friends arrived at their destination.

The Mexicans pursued a sanguinary and cruel war with the Texans, sparing neither age nor sex; and at the arrival of our adventurers, rumours of a great invasion by the implacable Santa Anna were rife. Crockett and his companions threw themselves into a fort; for the Texans depended more upon this means of resistance than upon the operations of an army. They were agriculturists, and the country was not densely populated, so that the collection and support of a combined army was out of the question. These forts were garrisoned by hunters, sympathisers, and the inhabitants, whom Santa Anna's army had reduced to poverty, and rendered desperate; and the storming of the least considerable of them was a work of a serious nature for the besiegers. The bee-hunter was slain in a sortie, whilst endeavouring to preserve some scouts who were pursued by the enemy; and Colonel Crockett, with much feeling and beauty, gives an account of the sad event. He gives us also an account of the doings in the fort, and the operations of the besiegers, down to April, 1836; and then the hand that wrote the graphic pages became cold for ever. A night attack was made upon the fort by the Mexicans, and the only one alive of its defenders in the morning was Crockett. He stood before a breach, with the bent barrel of his rifle in his right hand, and his hunting-knife in his left; at his side lay the corpse of 'Thimblerig,' and around him the bodies of upwards of twenty of the enemy. He manifested no disposition to yield, but sternly defied the Mexicans to come on. On the assurance of the officer commanding the storming party that his life would be spared, Crockett consented to appear before Santa Anna. He was conducted to where the Mexican general stood, surrounded by his staff. When Crockett approached, Santa Anna made a signal, which the stern hunter of Tennessee knew to herald his death. Quick as thought he drew his knife, and sprung towards the general; but a dozen swords were buried in his breast, and he fell at the feet of his treacherous conqueror to rise no more.

Crockett furnishes a powerful example of the force of native energy and talent. Despite of the obstacles which his want of education threw in his way, he represented his native State with honesty and honour. His manners were rude and unpolished, but he never rendered himself ridiculous by assuming the character of a finished gentleman; while his goodness of heart and manly energy make his name remembered still with pleasure, amongst the far-off clearings of the west.

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE argument has been hitherto confined to the voice of conscience in the human soul, and the inherent pleasure or misery which is inseparably connected with the virtuous or the vicious affections. These act immediately; their force is at once felt, but it is of importance to ascertain whether the moral character of Deity is equally impressed upon the distant consequences of virtue or of vice. This brings us to the third chapter, whose topic is 'The Power and Operation of Habit.'

It is immaterial to our present purpose what philosophical theory of habit may be adopted. It is with the fact alone that we have to do. It is sufficient for us that there is a principle in human nature by which emotions, and thoughts, and actions have a tendency to perpetuate themselves. Let a certain class of emotions be once exercised, a particular train of thoughts be once indulged, or a specific set of actions be once performed, and there is felt a sort of instinctive desire to repeat the process, while it becomes easier the more frequently it is executed. Habit is

thus a powerful instrument either for good or evil. The same principle which enables the fingers to move the pen rapidly over the paper, when committing to writing the thoughts that are flowing from the mind, the same principle which gives acuteness to the intellect of the lawyer and strength to the arm of the blacksmith, lends also its mighty aid in the formation and cultivation of moral character. Frequent instances of this are seen in the history of vice. One evil step leads to another, one sinful indulgence stimulates the desire for more, until every virtuous affection is obliterated, and the wretched victim of his own passions is borne onward in the career of wickedness, with an impulse which he altho' feels to be irresistible, and of whose prodigious momentum he had no conception, when he first wandered from the path of duty. These cases of moral helplessness afford a dreadful warning to all who are tempted to the commission of the first crime.

But this melancholy process, leading to a vicious indulgence, may be counteracted by an opposite process of resistance, though with far greater facility at the first—yet a facility ever augmenting, in proportion as the effual resistance of temptation is persevered in. That balancing moment, at which pleasure would allure, and conscience is urging us to refrain, may be regarded as the point of departure or divergency, whence one or other of the two processes will take their commencement. Each of them consists in a particular succession of ideas with their attendant feelings; and whichever of them may happen to be described once, has, by the law of suggestion, the greater chance, in the same circumstances, of being described over again. Should the mind dwell on an object of allurement, and the considerations of principle not be entertained—it will pass onward from the first incitement to the final and guilty indulgence by a series of stepping stones, each of which will present itself more readily in future, and with less chance of arrest or interruption by the suggestions of conscience than before. But should these suggestions be admitted, and far more should they prevail—then, on the principle of association, will they be all the more apt to intervene on the repetition of the same circumstances, and again break that line of continuity, which, but for this intervention, would have led from a temptation to turpitude or a crime. If on the occurrence of a temptation formerly, conscience did interpose, and represent the evil of a compliance, and so impress the man with a sense of obligation, as led him to dismiss the fascinating object from the presence of his mind, or to hurry away from it—the likelihood is, that the recurrence of a similar temptation will suggest the same train of thoughts and feelings and lead to the same beneficial result; and this is a likelihood ever increasing with every repetition of the process. The train which would have terminated in a vicious indulgence, is dispossessed by the train which conducts to a resolution and an act of virtuous self-denial. The thoughts which tend to awaken emotions and purposes on the side of duty find readier entrance into the mind; and the thoughts which awaken and urge forward the desire of what is evil more readily give way. The positive force on the side of virtue is augmented, by every repetition of the train which leads to a virtuous determination. The resistance to this force on the side of vice is weakened, in proportion to the frequency wherewith that train of suggestions which would have led to a vicious indulgence, is broken and discomfited. It is thus that when one is successfully resolute in his opposition to evil, the power of making the achievement, and the faculty of the achievement itself, are both upon the increase; and virtue makes double gain to herself by every separate conquest which she may have won. The humbler attainments of moral worth are first mastered and secured; and the aspiring disciple may pass onward in a career that is quite indefinite to nobler deeds and nobler sacrifices.

The argument in favour of the moral character of Deity, which arises from the power and operation of habit, is much injured by the circumstance that our vision is limited by the intervention of death. It is not permitted us in this world to behold the consummation of virtue and of vice.

We see the good cut off when they are rapidly advancing to the perfection of their nature, and the bad taken away when their wicked propensities were every day increasing in strength; and it does violence to all our principles to suppose that man's moral history is terminated by the act of dissolution, and that his character for good or for evil is not to be perpetuated in that world which lies beyond the grave. What a scene then must eternity present!

'There is a distinction sometimes made between the natural and arbitrary rewards of virtue, or between the natural and arbitrary punishments of vice. The arbitrary is exemplified in the enactments of human law; there in general being no natural or necessary connexion between the crimes which it denounces, and the penalties which it ordains for them—as between the fine, or the imprisonment, or the death, upon the one hand; and the act of violence, whether more or less outrageous, upon the other. The natural again is exemplified in the workings of the human constitution; there being a connexion, in necessity and nature, between the temper which prompted the act of violence, and the wretchedness which it inflicts on him who is the unhappy subject, in his own bosom, of its fierce and restless agitations. It is thus that not only is virtue termed its own reward, but vice its own greatest plague or self-tormentor. We have no information of the arbitrary rewards or punishments in a future state but from revelation alone. But of the natural, we have only to suppose that the existing constitution of man, and his existing habits, shall be borne with him to the land of eternity; and we may inform ourselves now of these, by the experience of our own felt and familiar nature. Our own experience can tell that the native delights of virtue, unaided by any high physical gratifications, and only if not disturbed by grievous physical annoyances, were enough of themselves to constitute an elysium of pure and perennial happiness: and again, that the native agonies of vice, unaided by any inflictions of physical suffering, and only if unalleviated by a perpetual round of physical enjoyments, were enough of themselves to constitute a dire and dreadful Pandemonium. They are not judicially awarded, but result from the workings of that constitution which God hath given to us; and they speak as decisively the purpose and character of him who is the author of that constitution—as would any code of jurisprudence proclaimed from the sanctuary of heaven, and which assigned to virtue, on the one hand, the honours and rewards of a blissful immortality, to vice, on the other, a place of anguish among the outcasts of a fiery condemnation.'

In the three preceding arguments, man has been, for the most part, considered as an individual standing alone, and independent of external influences. Let us now consider him as a member of society, and liable to be influenced by agencies from without: and endeavour to ascertain how these act, and are acted upon in return by the three great principles which have hitherto occupied our attention. This task is performed in the fourth chapter, which is thus headed: 'On the General Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral Constitution of Man.'

There is in the first place conscience. All are familiar with the fact, that it may be brought into something like a torpid condition, but it is less observed that there is a power in external nature which in a moment can rouse it into activity. The sight of a tree or a rock, the lighting upon an old letter or book, the humming of a bar of music, the tone of a voice, or the glance of an eye, may at once awaken the liveliest recollections and the keenest remorse for the sins of a past life. The truth seems to be, that the power of remembrance slumbers in the human bosom, but never dies; and there is no feeling, no thought, no action, that has ever formed part of our history but may yet be resuscitated, and, as if by the spell of an enchanter, leap forth from the chambers of forgetfulness, and appear before us with the rapidity and vividness of the lightning's flash. This idea adds a fearful solemnity to the day of judgment, when the books will be opened, and each culprit become his own terrible witness, and under the scorching glare of a revived memory and an aroused conscience become his own worst accuser.

There is, in the second place, the pleasureable or painful feeling which is ever connected with the indulgence of virtuous or vicious affections. Mark now how beneficially this acts upon society. John does an act of kindness to Thomas, and experiences an agreeable sensation in the very performance. Thomas is grateful to John for the good that has been done to him, and this sense of gratitude flows forth upon the heart of John, and in this way he receives an additional gratification: It is not merely a double but a manifold blessing that is associated with every benevolent action. Let the law of holy love pervade all departments of society, and, with all its physical evils, earth would appear almost a paradise. 'Let there be honest and universal good will in every bosom, and this be responded to from all who are the objects of it by an honest gratitude back again; let kindness, in all its various effects and manifestations, pass and repass from one heart and countenance to another; let there be a universal courteousness in our streets, and let fidelity and affection, and all the domestic virtues, take up their secure and lasting abode in every family; let the succour and sympathy of a willing neighbourhood be ever in readiness to meet and to overpass all the want and wretchedness to which humanity is liable; let truth, and honour, and inviolable friendship between man and man, banish all treachery and injustice from the world; in the walks of merchandise, let an unfailing integrity on the one side, have the homage done to it of unbounded confidence on the other, insomuch that each man reposing with conscious safety on the uprightness and attachment of his fellow, and withal rejoicing as much in the prosperity of an acquaintance, as he should in his own, there would come to be no place for the harassments and the heart-burnings of mutual suspicion or resentment or envy: who does not see, in the state of a society thus constituted and thus harmonised, the palpable evidence of a nature so framed, that the happiness of the world and the righteousness of the world kept pace the one with the other? And it is all-important to remark of this happiness, that, in respect both to quality and amount, it mainly consists of moral elements—so that while every giver who feels as he ought, experiences a delight in the exercise of generosity which rewards him a hundredfold for all its sacrifices; every receiver who feels as he ought, rejoices infinitely more in the sense of the benefactor's kindness, than in the physical gratification or fruit of the benefactor's liberality. It is saying much for the virtuousness of him who hath so moulded and so organised the spirit of man, that, apart from sense and from all its satisfactions, but from the ethereal play of the good affections alone, the highest felicity of our nature should be generated; that, simply by the interchange of cordiality between man and man, and one benevolent emotion re-echoing to another, there should be yielded to human hearts, so much of the truth and substance of real enjoyment—so that did justice, and charity, and holiness, descend from heaven to earth, taking full and universal possession of our species, the happiness of heaven would be sure to descend along with them. Could any world be pointed out, where the universality and reign of vice effected the same state of blissful and secure enjoyment that virtue would in ours—we should infer that he was the patron and the friend of vice who had dominion over it. But when assured, on the experience we have of our actual nature, that in the world we occupy, a perfect morality would, but for certain physical calamities, be the harbinger of a perfect enjoyment—we regard this as an incontestable evidence for the moral goodness of our own actual Deity.'

It is obvious that a similar process of reasoning will lead to similar results in the case of a malignant action. Peter injures William, and, in the very exercise of the deed, his feelings are far from being enviable. William feels hatred towards Peter, who has injured him, which is also a painful sensation. Peter is conscious of the resentment towards him, and this awakens bitterness in his own heart. The process goes on, demonstrating at every step the profound observation of the historian Tacitus, that

it is a characteristic of humanity to hate those whom we have once injured. Let malice become the ruling principle of society, and what a hell would the earth soon become, with all its physical richness and beauty!

There is, in the third place, the power and operation of habit. Observe now how it acts upon society. At first sight, the argument seems to tell with equal force in both directions, for evil habits can be formed and matured as well as good ones. When carefully examined, however, it will be found that there is still a balance on the side of virtuous culture. In its own nature, wickedness is selfish, while holiness is expansive. Speaking generally, a bad man will not make the sacrifices to corrupt his fellows that a good man will do to improve them. A person may be himself steeped in depravity to the very lips, and yet, in an hour of solitude, shrink with horror from the thought that his son or his daughter become as abandoned as he is; while the virtuous are labouring and praying that their children may rise higher than themselves in the scale of excellence. It thus happens that, however feeble may be the tone of morality in society, the lessons taught in schools are all upon the side of truth and goodness, and we have thus in our hands a lever by means of which the purest and most comprehensive benefits may yet be realised. It speaks cheerfully for the condition of succeeding generations.

A FAMILY OF THE RUE DE SEVRES. FROM THE FRENCH.

BY LIEUTENANT A. A. HARWOOD.

Not only every quarter of Paris, but every street, and indeed each house, has its peculiar character. For example, one may classify the subdivisions of the faubourg Saint Germain by its angles and its limits. No part of Paris offers so many varieties and contrasts as this little city, enclosed, as it were, in the great metropolis.

The 'Rue du Bac,' which, setting out at the Pont Royal, intersects ten streets, terminating and losing itself in the 'Rue de Sevres,' is the mercantile street of the faubourg Saint Germain.

The 'Rue de Lille' (the first which crosses the Rue du Bac on the side of the quay) brings to mind those rivers of obscure and humble source, whose waters roll on majestically for a season and are confounded at last with the ocean, in the middle of some great haven. In fact, after having modestly hid its head amidst shops of trumpery and scrap-iron, it finishes with the palace of Count Demidoff, at the Chamber of Deputies.

The 'Rue de l'Université,' which is worthy of the name, is the centre of aristocracy. It is the queen of the quarter, in fact, if not by right; nevertheless, it has three powerful rivals, the 'Rue Saint Dominique,' the 'Rue de Grenelle,' and the 'Rue de Varennes.' These three streets look down upon that of the University as a *parvenu*, and quarrel together about the sceptre of the faubourg; in short, they resemble not a little a society of dethroned monarchs, who fall out in discussing unacknowledged rights. Besides, the houses of the ministers, those inns of all governments, have deprived the three noble streets of their antique and uniform character. They will never be able to resume their ancient preponderance, until public offices and private houses shall become as much friends as they are neighbours, a difficult affair to bring to pass, and yet one which is gradually verging towards its accomplishment.

Whatever may happen, a street not less remarkable than any which we have enumerated, is the 'Rue de Sevres.' Possessing no peculiar character of its own, it comprises, in some degree, that of all the others. From the old *hôtel* where Madame Recamier gathers around her all the lions of the age, to the uninhabited quarters where the hucksters of Vauvert assemble to hold their market in the open air, all classes of society have their representatives in the 'Rue de Sevres'; but in this jumble of houses and families, the most numerous and the most remarkable are those of ruined fortune and decayed gentility. In this respect, and in a particular point of its extent—from the Croix Rouge

to the 'Rue du Bac' especially—the 'Rue de Sevres' might be called with propriety, the street of the unlucky. This sad notoriety is attributable both to its ugliness and its antiquity, its smaller apartments renting for nothing, and its larger ones for very little. The first answer for those unhappy persons whose old habits of gentility will not allow them to inhabit the piggery dignified in Paris with the name of lodgings; the latter for people with small means, who are obliged to keep up appearances.

In a room which may be said to occupy a middle ground between these two categories, as it did in fact the middle of five massive stories, which loomed up heavily in front of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, a lady between fifty-five and sixty was seated in a settee. All the features of Madame de Sergy attested that she had been handsome, and everything around her that she had been rich.

A fire sufficient for warming the chamber, but fed with wise economy, burned slowly within a chimney-place of black marble; it was in the month of February. A screen of green silk, somewhat faded with use, was lowered even with the andirons, to prevent the glare of fire from reaching a bed that stood facing it at the other end of the chamber. Although nothing could be seen through the blue cotton curtains, which were carefully drawn round the bed, Madame de Sergy's eyes were constantly turned in that direction. In short, her daughter reposed there. To account for this circumstance at the hour of the day (it was three in the afternoon), and for the array of tea-cups, &c. which covered the stand at the head of the bed, one would have naturally supposed that the young lady was indisposed, and kept her bed by command of her physician. Nothing, however, of maternal solicitude could be traced in the attitude or physiognomy of Madame de Sergy; on the contrary, a certain silent placidity of expression seemed to indicate that her mind was indulging in pleasant day-dreams of future felicity. In order to unravel this mystery, we must introduce two new acquaintances to the reader.

Just as Madame de Sergy had buried herself in her settee and her reflections, the door behind her opened suddenly, but without noise, and a fat old man made his appearance, preceded by a young lady, who stood respectfully aside that he might enter before her. These persons were Mr. de Sergy and Mathilde, his eldest daughter.

'Marie is asleep!' said the old lady, extending her arms towards them to enjoin silence.

Mathilde, with a glance full of affection towards her sister's bed, quietly handed her father a chair: the old gentleman, however, instead of sitting down, crossed his arms behind his back and began to pace to and fro over the thin carpet which covered the floor, without much precaution, grumbling at the same time to himself. 'Madame,' said he at length, raising his voice, 'you will be the death of your daughter!'

'Not so loud,' murmured Madame de Sergy, quietly; but as the old man seemed every moment less disposed to listen to her injunctions in this particular, she led him to the adjoining room, making a sign to Mathilde to remain where she was.

'I tell you, you will kill her,' repeated M. de Sergy, resuming his walk in the saloon. 'Every night dancing at balls and all day in bed, either sleeping or swallowing barley-water; it won't last: one or two winters more like this and she will be dead.'

'Another ball and she will be married!' replied the old lady, with a confident air.

'Married!' exclaimed M. de Sergy, stopping abruptly, neither daring to contradict nor to believe his better half.

'Hearken, my friend.'

'Well, go on.' Here the old man gave a deep sigh and dropped himself into an arm-chair.

'The Baroness de Mauroy came to see me yesterday,' said Madame de Sergy. 'You know how much she is devoted to us, and how deeply she has interested herself to procure a suitable match for our daughter.'

'Alas! all to no purpose.'

'Now at least the prospect of success is promising;

listen to the facts. Last summer, at Bagneres, she met a Russian prince!

'A Russian prince!'

'Yes, a Russian prince. Having understood that he wished to marry a Frenchwoman, and that with this view he intended to pass the winter in Paris, the baroness (with the most perfect disinterestedness, since she has a daughter of her own to provide for, you know) thought at once of Marie, and has promised her to Prince Hirkoff.'

'Hirkoff?'

'That is his name.'

'Humph.'

'The baroness, I say, has made him promise to visit her and to attend her balls. In fact, last week she received a visit from him; he reminded her of his project of marrying in Paris, and indirectly requested her to select him a wife, enumerating the qualities he expected his partner to possess. In the first place, he is rich enough to disregard fortune.'

'They all talk in that way.'

'He declares he will be satisfied to possess a woman of honourable rank.'

'Well.'

'Then the prince desires that his wife should have talent; and first of all, that she should understand painting. Now, I ask you, who handles a crayon better than Marie?'

'A crayon! Do you call that painting?'

'It is the most beautiful style of all. You know nothing about the arts, my dear friend. Secondly, the prince delights in a fine voice. Where will he hear a finer one than Marie's, tell me that? Thirdly, she must be just twenty.'

'Marie is twenty-two.'

'Twenty, M. de Sergy.'

'Twenty-two; bless me, I ought to know the age of my own daughter, madame.'

'You count the months she was at nurse, and that is never done, you know. Fourthly, the prince prefers light hair. You will agree that Marie's is flaxen?'

'Flaxen!—fudge—it was only last month you said her hair was black, to suit the gentleman who had a predilection for brown.'

'A young lady's hair may vary from one month to another; besides, flaxen, chestnut, or black, what difference does it make? Finally, the prince wants a woman of sentiment, and I hope Marie—.'

'Marie either laughs or romps all the time she is not asleep.'

'It does not matter! She loves romances that make her cry, and that is what I call sentiment.'

'Very well, allowing all that, there are still plenty of girls, who are twenty years old, who can paint and sing, and, above all, who have no fortune.'

'That is very true; so observe how the baroness will proceed. Knowing that the prince, who knows nobody in Paris, will choose at her ball this evening the partner to whom he intends to offer his hand, she will invite as few blondes as possible, or will only ask such as are plain. She will make Marie sing so early in the evening that no one will sing after her; besides, you know that her daughter Eugenie has arrived this very morning from the tour in Italy, which she has just been making with the baron and his sister—very well! the portrait in crayon which Marie took, and which is such a capital likeness, will be placed in the middle of the saloon, directly opposite the original, so that the prince will be able to appreciate all the beauty of the work. You must agree that nothing could be better managed.'

'Granted.'

'And that here is a sure match, if ever there was one?'

'Sure—sure—all your plans, which have failed, madame, were just as sure as this; and independently of the difficulties which I have just enumerated, I must acknowledge, that to see a Russian prince tumble into our arms, in this sort of way, from the skies, appears to me to savour not a little of romance.'

I have told you a hundred times you do not know how to appreciate your daughter.'

'My daughter, zoinks! she is a beautiful and excellent person, and I should be glad to marry her to a king; but it is not the less true that she is deficient in an essential point—a dowry; and that a Russian prince—however, I leave the whole affair to you; I wish you all manner of success, and invest you with full power, on condition, however, that this ball is to be the last, and that after tomorrow Marie shall sleep at night, and keep awake in the day, like any other mortal.'

Having thus concluded his bargain, M. de Sergy sallied forth to take his walk, and madame returned to the chamber.

The Sergys were of ancient blood, and attached to the court, and in this condition had been ruined by the revolution of July. An income of six thousand francs, of which a large portion was derived from a life annuity, composed their whole fortune. The prospect was, therefore, that Mathilde and Marie would be left, at the death of their parents, in a state of indigence worse than miserable, for persons of their rank. The only means of assuring their future comfort was to marry them. Convinced of this truth, as of the sphericity of the globe, Madame de Sergy, after having tried every means to procure a husband for Mathilde, and seeing her approach the age at which they are rarely to be found, concentrated in Marie all her hopes and dreams, which revived and became more dazzling in proportion to the greater physical superiority of the younger over the elder sister. 'Marie, my daughter!' became the predominant idea in the old lady's mind; her every thought, word, and aspiration, was dedicated to this one idol; and as she regarded Marie as the paragon of her sex, she built all manner of airy castles upon her talents and beauty. Marie only required to be known to be appreciated. She must therefore be shown, shown again, and shown always. The great personage, whom she was to subjugate by a word or a look, would some day or other appear, and all would be accomplished. Thus, all summer Marie absolutely lived in the Tuilleries; and all winter in the ball-room. It was, in fact, a perpetual exhibition. It is true, that saving a little frigidity of soul, the necessary consequence of her artificial mode of life, Marie might be called an accomplished person. Far from entertaining anything like jealousy towards her sister, Mathilde suffered a perpetual eclipse, condescending with indefatigable devotion to serve as her sister's handmaid at home, her footstool in society, and her guardian angel everywhere. Careless of admiration, and even averse to matrimony, Mathilde was one of those celestial creatures whom Providence places upon earth to edify it by their virtues, and who pass their days in the solitude of a cloister, or by the bedside of the dying.

As to M. de Sergy, he was neither more nor less than what the world calls a good kind of a man. Too rational to participate in the illusions of his wife, but too weak to prevent her from running after what he called her phantoms, he surrendered to her the entire control of the house, and allowed her to take her own way; meanwhile, he shut his eyes to the future, counted occasionally upon a turn of fortune, and made every day the tour of Paris with the punctuality of a postman. While he is thus peripatetically employed, let us revisit the little chamber of Marie.

Madame de Sergy entered the room as her daughter awoke. Her first question was to ask what time it was. Like the living idols which the Japanese priests exhibit all day to the people, and which are never liberated until evening, she wished to know how long she had to wait, before she should begin to re-exist. Her mother answered her inquiries by a cup of gruel, which Mathilde administered to her as to a patient, after propping her up with pillows; then they talked of the baroness' ball. Mathilde had been already let into the secret of the plan, of which, as yet, Marie was in ignorance; and the time had now arrived when it became necessary to instruct her in the part she was expected to perform.

'My child,' said Madame de Sergy, 'you must put on

'Another!' said Marie, laughing loudly and with unaffected indifference at the recollection of all Madame de Mauroy's unavailing efforts in her behalf.

'Yes,' continued the mother, 'you will without doubt meet a cavalier to-night at the ball, who will pay you particular attention, and with whom you need not count the country dances.'

'Will he be presented to us officially?' asked Marie in a half alarmed tone.

'No, he will not require an introduction; he will present himself of course, and you will have nothing to do but to make yourself agreeable.'

'Ah! and who is he, pray?'

'Don't assume the disdainful, my dear, until you know all about him,' replied Mathilde, smiling. 'He is a Russian prince.'

'A Russian prince!' exclaimed Marie, who could not avoid blushing with ambitious hope.

'A Russian prince,' added Madame de Sergy, emphasising each syllable, as she approached the bedside of her daughter, to give her her cue, by recounting all the particulars of the treaty just concluded with the baroness.

The prince was of a character to be chary of maternal influences, and a great stickler for entire freedom of choice. Madame de Mauroy was therefore to avoid drawing his attention to Marie, in any other way than by certain little assiduities, by which she would distinguish her during the evening. She would speak to the prince of the Sergy family as her most intimate friends, and when the noble stranger, thus put in train, should make his bow to Marie, it would remain for her to justify all the pretty things that had been previously said of her. Madame de Sergy left this case entirely in the hands of her daughter, satisfying herself with the simple injunction to make her toilet complete, and to order it expressly for the occasion, from Palmyre. 'From Palmyre!' exclaimed the young lady, bounding almost out of bed with delight. This word had touched the most delicate chord of her heart, and it required two cups of barley water to moderate her transports and prevent them from imparting an unbecoming tint to her complexion. The joy of Mathilde was less exuberant, for she reflected that this equipment would cost her mother the savings of a whole year!

As the clock struck seven, Marie rose to dress herself, and her chamber being voted too small for this purpose, a large fire was made in the saloon. Every article of her new toilet was displayed upon the chairs. The young lady passed half an hour in examining each piece, falling from ecstasy into ecstasy, and flying like a butterfly from the dress to the mantilla, and from the flowers to the ribbons. At last they were obliged to remind her that all these wonders were not given to her merely as a feast for the eye, but in actual possession, and that having admired them sufficiently, it was time to put them on. Mathilde entered gaily into the performance of her functions of hairdresser, sempstress, and tirewoman. She began by that essential and fundamental part of the toilet which sets off the remainder best when it is itself best concealed, and whose humble appearance upon Marie formed a sad contrast to the rich and brilliant tissues which were to cover it. The affectionate handmaiden next proceeded to comb, braid, and perfume the tresses of her sister, with all the experience and dexterity of a professor of the art; and while she was putting them *en papillote*, Madame de Sergy, delighted to contribute her mite towards the perfection of this great work, clapped the curling tongs in the coals, slipped on the crêpe gown, adjusted the corsage, arranged every plait with the most scrupulous nicety, and fastened the mantilla with a hundred invisible pins. This done, the hair, after due application of the tongs, was liberated in front and fell upon Marie's fresh and fair cheeks in luxuriant ringlets, while behind it was gathered up in a knot composed of rich braids, ornamented with a white rose and its half-blown buds. When the idol was completely decorated, they paraded her up and down to criticise the *ensemble* and its details. The young lady then examined herself from head to foot, placed herself in various attitudes, practised a few

steps before every mirror in the room, and, at last, presented her fair forehead to her mother and sister for a kiss, with a proud and satisfied air—such as the conqueror Napoleon assumed when he said to his army—'Soldats, je suis content de vous!' M. de Sergy was now called in and permitted to contemplate his daughter for a moment, and then dispatched for a carriage, both of which duties he performed with equal resignation. Marie was installed alone upon the back seat, while the rest of the family were wedged in front, and thus, with palpitating hearts, they drove off for the ball.

Far from being a caricature, as might be surmised, of a great Russian lord, who had been to the waters of Bagheres and had come thence to Paris '*pour épouser une Française*', Prince Hirkoff was really a tall elegant young man of thirty-two, who had no other fault than that of detesting his country and countrymen, and who reminded one, by his delicate flaxen hair, slender waist, and engaging manners, of the young dandies of St Petersburg, who in 1814 made the Parisian belles forget the disgrace of invasion and the ferocity of the Cossacks. As to his quality of prince, he valued it so little as not to publish his titles; and to those who introduced the subject to him, he replied carelessly, that princes were as abundant in Russia as lords in England and marquises in France. As for the rest, in whatever degree he might be cousin to the Czar, he possessed the substantial enjoyment of an income of 200,000 pounds, with a still more considerable fortune in reversion. He had just arrived at the house of the baroness, and was chatting with her at the door of the first saloon, when the Sergys were announced. 'There he is,' whispered Madame de Sergy eagerly, giving her daughter's arm a convulsive squeeze, and rectifying her drapery hastily. Marie had guessed the prince before her mother put her upon the scent. She thought him superb; and a slight blush added new brilliancy to the freshness of her countenance. Madame de Sergy perceived it, and seized the propitious moment to advance towards the baroness. The prince, as he stepped a little aside without retiring, appeared to be struck with Marie's beauty, but failed in his attempt to suppress a faint smile at the sight of her mother.

Madame de Mauroy received the new comers with every mark of friendly courtesy, and having brought them into notice, lost no time in provoking a general conversation in which the prince was obliged to take part. Marie underwent this new trial with the modest self-possession of a person accustomed to such occurrences, and Madame de Sergy, who began to lose her wits, and was for going to work rather precipitately, allowed several extravagances to escape her, which Mathilde cloaked or corrected to the best of her ability. The orchestra at length struck up the prelude to a country-dance. The anxious mother placed herself between her two daughters with the conviction that the prince would invite Marie to be his partner; when she was quite astonished to see him take the hand of Mlle Eugenie de Mauroy. 'No doubt he had asked her before we came,' murmured she in her husband's ear. The good man shook his head dubiously, drew a low sigh, and stared with all his eyes. 'Humph! the daughter of the baroness is more of a blonde than ours,' thought he, though he took care not to communicate this unwelcome observation to his better half. M. de Sergy concluded afterwards he had reason to congratulate himself upon his prudence in this respect; and began again to participate in the sanguine hopes of his wife, when he perceived that Prince Hirkoff appeared to consecrate the remainder of the evening to Marie. He danced three country-dances with her, and they waltzed together still oftener, and during the brief interviews thus afforded him, he kept up a continued, animated, and attentive conversation with his fair partner. He spoke to her of the friendship existing between her family and that of the baroness; informed himself again and again of its duration and intimacy; examined and analysed the portrait of Eugenie in all its details; praised the fidelity of the resemblance, and the elegance of its execution, and complimented Marie upon her happy talent.

of reproducing, so naturally, the delicate features and sweet expression of so dear a friend as Mlle. de Mauroy must be to her. He listened, too, with the liveliest interest to the artless picture which Marie drew of her childhood, connected by all its endearing associations of pleasure and study with that of Eugenie. In short, whenever Marie resumed her seat by the side of her mother, she had but one answer to make to her questions : 'He is charming.' Upon this profound and significant phrase, Madame de Sergy erected the most splendid superstructure, which she described telegraphically to her husband by a single triumphal gesture, while the gentle Mathilde raised her eyes to heaven with an inward supplication that these too hasty hopes might not be blasted.

In spite of the remonstrances of M. de Sergy, who was seriously alarmed for his daughter's health, and who, without denying that affairs were in a prosperous train, judged that an hour more or less could make no great difference, they stayed to the end of the ball. When all the company had taken leave but a few friends, the baroness, under pretext of keeping them a few moments longer, led Marie to the piano, where she sang a duet with Eugenie from *la Norma*. The prince devoured every note, and paid a great many more compliments to Mlle. de Sergy than to Mlle. de Mauroy. While the loiterers eagerly surrounded the piano to listen to the melodists, the baroness seized the opportunity to lead Madame de Sergy aside.

'Well baroness!'

'Well my dear!'

'What do you think of it?'

'It goes on swimmingly.'

'He is charming!'

'Charming!'

'For the last four hours he has done nothing but ask me if you were not my best friend.'

'And me if you were not my oldest acquaintance.'

'Can you guess why he repeated that question so often?'

'I hardly dare ——'

'To know whether our intimacy would authorise him to call upon you after this meeting.'

'Do you think so?'

'You will see.'

While this delightful assurance raised the fond hopes of Madame de Sergy, she perceived in a mirror the reflection of the prince approaching and leading her daughter by the hand. Having learned that the ladies were waiting for a carriage, he begged the favour of taking them home in his own. At this proposition, which happened to corroborate the prediction of the baroness in so flattering a manner, Madame de Sergy felt her head swim and her heart melt with joy. She made out, however, to stammer a broken acknowledgment, accompanied by a curtsey, such as she had never before made except in presence of the king in the good old times.

'But we shall crowd the prince's carriage,' observed M. de Sergy considerately.

'My dear,' replied the mother briskly, 'since the prince is so good ——. Have you lost your senses?' added she in an under tone, which congealed in a trice all the old gentleman's objections.

The good lady, whose vigilance nothing escaped, foresaw that the packing of six persons in the same carriage involved a familiarity replete with consequences. In fact, the intimacy so progressed on the way, that the prince took leave of the ladies at their door with the promise to do himself the honour of seeing them again soon.

'That means that one of these days he will pay us a visit,' said Madame de Sergy as she ascended resolutely the flight of stairs leading to the third story of the old house in the Rue de Sevres.'

During the succeeding week, the whole family lived upon the hope and in the expectation of this happy event. A complete revolution took place in the house, so that one would have supposed that fortune had revisited it. Every morning the staircase and the apartments were waxed and rubbed, the first by a man hired for the purpose, and the latter by Mathilde and the cook alternately. Every

object which could shock a fastidious eye in the antechamber, the dining-room, and the saloon, was banished or replaced. The old arm-chairs were made respectable by a set of new white covers, which reached to the floor, and upon which no one was permitted to sit for fear of soiling them. The hearth was furnished with a new rug, the curtains were bleached, the stand, the piano, and the brackets were re-varnished. Madame de Sergy also wanted to have the saloon newly papered, but she was reminded that it could not be done in time, and that she would run some risk of receiving the prince amidst the chaos and confusion of the paperhangars. The fear of so unpropitious an event cut short this plan, and the paper was suffered to remain; a host of other expenses, however, which bore hard upon the present, were hypothecated upon the future.

At last, after six long days, which the whole family had passed in the parlour without daring to stir out, and trembling at every ring of the bell, the prince presented himself. His first visit was short, and less to the purpose than had been anticipated; nevertheless, Madame de Sergy found time to exhibit Marie's drawings, and managed to have her invited to sing. The prince was profusely complimentary, and took his leave, observing that isolated as he was in Paris, he would be too happy to repeat his visit frequently. Three days afterwards, Madame de Sergy sent her husband to return the visit, and had a horrible quarrel with him when he returned, because, not finding the prince at home, he left a card for that personage instead of waiting to see him in person. 'Cards and letters lead to nothing,' sagely observed the old lady; 'to advance an affair of this kind you must talk.' M. de Sergy promised to do better another time. Two weeks elapsed before the prince made his appearance again. Madame grew restless, and ran to ask the baroness what had become of him. She had seen him two or three times, and had a long talk with him about the Sergys.

'Well, well,' said the mother, 'he is making his inquiries; that is all very proper, and we are in excellent hands with the Mauroys. We must take care, however; the first step is everything.'

The prince returned at the close of sixteen days. He made a thousand apologies for his absence, which he declared had been longer to him than it could have been to any one else, and he was so warm in his expressions of regret that he revived all the hopes of the family. Madame de Sergy went so far as to call him the *friend of the house*, and he declared himself too happy to be deemed worthy of this title. At last, after behaving and talking like a man who is thirsty in for it, he proposed to the ladies to take them the next day to a race at the Champ de Mars.

It was almost 'popping the question,' at least such was the opinion of Madame de Sergy. So, without consulting either husband or daughters, she decided upon burning her fleet and striking a decisive blow, and invited the prince to finish the party which he had proposed by taking a family dinner with them. At this word *dinner*, which Madame de Sergy could not pronounce without a certain tremor of voice, Marie felt a deep blush mount into her cheeks, and Mathilde, pale and horrorstruck, exchanged looks with her father full of surprise and dismay. The prince, very far from suspecting the dramatic effect produced by this simple invitation, accepted it with the most natural air in the world, and rising from his seat, promised to call on the morrow for the ladies at two in the afternoon. His carriage, he observed, would be at the service of the family, and he would accompany them on horseback. Having concluded this arrangement, the prince took his leave familiarly, without giving himself time to hear the protestations which these good people endeavoured in vain to make against the expressive generosity of this proposal.

It is quite impossible to describe the scene which took place between Mathilde and her father and mother after the prince's departure. These poor people, already involved by the little expenses of the preceding month, and the extraordinary outlay occasioned by Madame de Mauroy's ball, could not give the prince a passable dinner

without sacrificing a quarter's income in a single hour. But as affairs were situated, a family dinner would be a masterly move—perhaps decisive. Such being the case, Madame de Sergy maintained that in matrimonial as in other speculations the maxim to be quoted was ‘nothing risk nothing gain;’ then arraying the probable advantages of the dinner against its positive inconveniences, she proved that it was playing one against a hundred, and abused both her logic and her authority so far as to prevail upon M. de Sergy to levy a thousand francs upon their meagre resources in order to do the thing handsomely.

The next morning Mathilde and her mother were up by six o'clock, and they set about making all the necessary preparations for the occasion; everything which they stood in need of being either purchased or hired, including a servant. A family council was then called to decide upon the bill of fare, and a good portion of the thousand francs had already been disposed of, when a letter arrived from the baroness. The prince had announced to her the evening before, with the decided air of a man who has made up his mind, that he would the next day have *an important conversation* with M. and Madame de Sergy; she therefore hastened to communicate this joyful intelligence. There was no longer room for doubt; this important conversation, *of course*, would be to demand the hand of Marie! So delightful an assurance was at least worth another course. The thousand francs suffered a further depletion, and it was decided that the dinner should be furnished by Chevet. M. de Sergy, carried away with the rest, charged himself with this commission, the execution of which answered in the place of his daily tour. The prince appeared punctually at two, Madame de Sergy contrived to leave him a seat next Marie in the carriage by making Mathilde stay at home, who was ever ready to deny herself whenever she could contribute to the happiness of others. During the whole jaunt the conversation ran upon marriage, and was full of allusions of the most favourable omen; the race was magnificent. The prince won a bet of a thousand crowns, and the party returned in high glee to enjoy their dinner. The prince was placed at table between Marie and her mother. He exhibited by turns the familiar officiousness of a guest, who is received as a *friend of the house*, and the involuntary preoccupation of a man who meditated some desperate act, such as to leap into the gulf of matrimony. When the dessert appeared the latter disposition predominated decidedly, and Madame de Sergy, feeling that the long expected hour had at length arrived, made a signal to Mathilde to disappear with Marie when the cloth was removed. This was a moment of terrible solemnity. The poor and respectable couple felt their frail hopes depending upon a single word from the opulent young man, who had been unconsciously ruining them. This word, in fact, was a sentence of life or death, for it would either place upon their heads a richer diadem than that which had graced their early days, or would bind still closer the crown of thorns with which poverty had encircled their grey hairs.

While at the approach of the crisis, as it always happens, doubt began to usurp the place of confidence in their minds, and something within whispered that they had hoped too soon, Mathilde knelt in prayer in an adjoining room, and Marie, smitten with a sentiment which if it could not be called love, might be mistaken for that tender passion by a person of her inexperience, felt her whole frame assailed by an unusual trepidation. The prince approached obliquely the subject which occupied his thoughts, and as far as politeness toward M. de Sergy would permit, addressed himself particularly to the old lady, a mode of proceeding which gave equal satisfaction to them both.

‘Madame,’ said the prince, ‘I have congratulated myself for a long time upon the good fortune which led me to the waters of Bagneres, at first, because I owe to that circumstance my acquaintance with the Baroness de Mauroy and the honour of her friendship, and afterwards, because her friendship has procured me yours.’

‘You are very good, sir, to place these two advantages in the same scale; but the congratulation should rather

come from us. Your acquaintance is one of the greatest obligations we owe the baroness.’

‘The old friendship, madame, which unites her family with yours is very affecting.’

The pertinacity with which the prince had persisted from the first in leading every conversation back to this point, had often struck Madame de Sergy. Now, however, she only regarded it as a natural defection, and endeavoured to assist the young man in coming to the point.

‘Madame de Mauroy has always been the kindest friend to *my daughter*,’ continued she, emphasising the last word, to give him a chance, as it were, of *catching it at the bound*.

‘The baroness,’ replied the prince, abstractedly, ‘is of an ancient and wealthy house of Dauphiny.’

‘Many of her friends live in Grenoble, and all her estates are in the neighbourhood of that city. I spent last summer there with *my daughter*.’

‘Her fortune is not considerable, I believe.’

‘Why, nearly a million.’

‘Ah! I was told more than that; however, that is something—when there is but one daughter; by the way, Mlle. Eugenie spent her childhood at her mother's estates, did she not?’

‘Yes, until she was thirteen years old—with *my daughter*; they finished their education together at Paris.’

‘She seems to possess a charming disposition.’

‘Charming, full of amiability and gentleness; she has less vivacity, however, and less sensibility than Marie—’

‘She is a good musician, and plays prettily.’

‘She plays and draws sometimes with *my daughter*.’

For some time M. de Sergy, who had been listening attentively to the conversation, observed that the prince spoke only of Mlle. de Mauroy, while Madame de Sergy kept ‘harping on *my daughter*.’

This equivocation appeared to him to prolong itself in a distressing manner, and a mortal presentiment pierced his very soul. ‘If you desire, sir,’ said he, with a feeble and almost tremulous voice, ‘particular information with regard to the Mauroys, you cannot do better than address yourself to us.’ The prince blushed slightly, looked confused, and remained some time without making a reply.

The old couple exchanged looks of inexpressible anxiety.

‘Really,’ replied the stranger at last, in a friendly tone, ‘I do not see why I still hesitate to open my heart to you.’

He turned towards Marie's chamber; was she the object of this mysterious movement, or was it to assure himself that he could not be overheard? A glimmer of hope irradiated the countenance of Madame de Sergy, who held her breath to catch every word.

‘A month ago,’ continued the prince, ‘I knew nobody in Paris but Madame de Mauroy and her family, and I burned with impatience until she should introduce me to her friends. I thought I remarked at her ball, that she treated you with more affection than any one else, and from that moment it has been my ambition to cultivate your acquaintance. Your kindness has rewarded my eagerness; I can now say with sincerity that I congratulate myself upon your friendship for its own sake; but I must confess to you that my first steps to obtain it were not wholly disinterested. From the moment in which I first beheld her, I felt that Eugenie was the woman destined to make me happy. I have every day become more and more persuaded of this, and without disclosing it to any one, I have formed a resolution to demand her in marriage. Before taking this step, it was proper to obtain, with regard to herself and family, that information which is indispensable in so serious an affair. Such, I repeat frankly, was my first motive for seeking, so earnestly, your acquaintance; and now that I enjoy the privilege of addressing you as friends, instead of interrogating you officially, I beg you to give me, without reserve, the particulars relating to Eugenie, which you began so delightfully to—’ Here the prince was abruptly interrupted: Madame de Sergy, after contending in vain with the thousand emotions that convulsed her mind, drew a deep sigh and fainted in her arm-chair.

The evening of the same day, without the slightest suspicion of the domestic drama of which he had been the involuntary hero, and the last act of which he had terminated in so tragic a manner, Prince Hirkoff made proposals to the Baron de Mauroy for the hand of his daughter. He was accepted, and the wedding took place a month afterwards. The prince, faithful to his resolution to disregard fortune, contented himself with 300,000 francs dowry, and sent as a wedding present to the Sergys, a magnificent tea-equipage of Sevres porcelain. For two months Madame de Sergy's life was despaired of. M. de Sergy grew ten years older in the same period, and neglected, for the first time, to get a new 'suit of sables' at Easter. Mathilde gave lessons in music secretly, to maintain the toilet of Maria.

WILLIAM PENN.

In a recent number, under the title of 'An Incident in the Life of William Penn,' it was stated that this philanthropist, during the earlier part of his settlement in Pennsylvania, found it necessary to take up arms in *defence* of the life and property of himself and his followers. The incident we found recorded in an Italian work, entitled 'Novelle Morali, di Francesco Soane, R.C.S.' On further examination, however, we discover that such a statement conveys an erroneous impression of the principles of one who was thoroughly a man of peace. The history of his colony affords a beautiful specimen of human government on strictly pacific principles; for although his authority was to some extent subordinate to that of the King of England, and by the terms of the charter it was stipulated that all laws enacted by Penn were to be presented to the Privy Council of England for ratification, still from the justice and liberality with which he uniformly treated all parties, no voice was ever raised against any of his enactments. The following account of the colonisation of Pennsylvania will remove any impression which our readers may have been led to form injurious to the peaceful character of this great and good man.

In 1681, a tract of land in North America was granted to William Penn by Charles II., in lieu of a debt due to his father, the late Admiral Penn, in honour of whom, the king named the district Pennsylvania. William Penn, however, did not consider this grant or possession by the law of England, sufficient to establish his right to the country without purchasing it by fair and open bargain from the natives. He therefore sent his secretary, accompanied by commissioners, to buy it from them; and to establish, at the same time, a treaty of permanent friendship. In the following year he arrived in the new country, and on an appointed day proceeded with his friends to meet the sachims of the tribes, with their followers, at Coequannoc, the place where Philadelphia now stands. The Indians were seen in the woods as far as the eye could reach, and presented an appearance really frightful, both on account of their numbers and their arms; the quakers were in comparison only a handful, and without any weapon. In the neighbourhood was an elm-tree of prodigious size, to which the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its wide spreading branches. William Penn appeared in his usual clothes; he had no crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halbert, or any other insignia of office, being distinguished only by a skyblue sash of silk net-work tied round his waist. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise, which, when they came near the sachims, were spread upon the ground. The chief sachim then put on his own head a sort of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This signal was understood by his followers to render the place sacred, and the persons of all inviolable; they therefore laid aside their arms, and seated themselves round their chiefs in a semicircle upon the ground. The chief then announced to William Penn by an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began: The Great Spirit, he said, who made him and them, who ruled heaven and earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man,

knew that he and his friends had hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against any of their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no unfair advantage was to be taken on either side; but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love. He would not call them children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers, for brothers differ. The friendship between them he could not compare to a chain, for that the rain might rust, or the falling tree might break. They were the same as if one man's body were in two parts—all one flesh and blood. After these and other words he unrolled the parchment, and by means of an interpreter, communicated to them the conditions of the purchase, and the words of compact then made for their perpetual union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits; even in the territory they had alienated, they were to have the same liberty as the English had in improving their ground, and providing sustenance for their families. If any disputes arose between the two, they were to be settled by twelve persons, half of whom were to be Indians. He then paid them for the ground, and made many presents besides, from the merchandise which he had spread before them; having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people; he then took up the parchment and presented it to the chief, desiring him and the other sachims to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained with them to repeat it. The Indians, in return, solemnly pledged themselves, after the manner of their country, to live in love with William Penn and his children, so long as the sun and moon should endure. Of this treaty Voltaire says, 'it was the only treaty between these people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and that was never broken.' L'Abbé Raynal says, 'William Penn thought it proper to obtain an additional right, by fair and open purchase from the aborigines; and thus he signalized his arrival by an act of equity, which made his person and principles equally beloved. It was at this time when he first entered into that friendship with them, which ever afterwards continued between them, and which for more than seventy years was never interrupted, or so long as the quakers retained power in the government.'

In a note to Clarkson's life of William Penn, it is stated, that in the war between America and Great Britain, General Simcoe was quartered at Kensington, where the great elm-tree was still standing. He so respected it that when the soldiers were cutting down every tree for firewood, he placed a sentinel under it, that not a branch of it might be touched. As to the roll of parchment containing the treaty, it was shown by the Mingoes, Shawanees, and other Indians, to Governor Keith, at a conference in 1722.

A TALE OF THE PLAGUE.

WHEN Byron for the last time sailed from his native shores he carried along with him into Italy the genius of British song. The treatment he gave her is well known: a mill-horse has an easier life of it than she had for the amount of years that, in order to get rid of his spleen, his lordship kept her at work. He made Ariel do the drudgery of Caliban, and gave her no thanks, never called her 'fine spirit,' never rewarded her (oh, how different from Scott!) with a smile, 'though she did his spirit gently.' When that nobleman died, she flew away, and no one can tell where she has been since. If, like Logan's cuckoo, she has been making a circuit round the earth, she seems to have alighted nowhere. We have, however, a shrewd suspicion that she has come over again to her native shores. The winter of prose is past, the snows are melting away, the flowers of poesy appear, and the chords of the harp of

song, as they are run over by human fingers, discourse once more sweet music—witness M'Kay's recent productions; the 'New Timon,' not by Edward Bulwer; and last, though in our judgment not least, the present volume by Pelham Knott.*

We never had the pleasure of meeting Mr Knott before in the walks of literature, but he is certainly a poet of the very greatest promise. If the volume has a fault, it consists in the somewhat too sombre garb in which the majority of the poems contained in it stand enrobed; yet it is far from being a gloomy much less a heavy book. The poem entitled 'Dissipation' is finely mellifluous in its metrical flow. The 'Old Jack Daw,' too, is an exceedingly happy poem; but the one which we most admire is that which furnishes the book with its title. Many attempts have been made to render interesting, by poetic description, the various pestilences and plagues which have visited Britain; much has been done powerfully on that terrific subject, but nothing pleasingly till now. In reading Wilson's 'City of the Plague,' or Ainsworth's novel in which its havocs are described, we feel as if we were about ourselves to catch the infection; Mr Knott's poem can, however, be read without any such unpleasant feelings. His poem is not faultless; but, in the language of Johnson, Mr Knott has the merit of doing better than any what no one ever did well. From his 'Tale of the Plague,' therefore, we give the following passages:—

The miser old, he counteth his gold.—

Ten thousand pieces and ten;
Day by day he counteth it o'er,
And day by day he increaseth the store,
Crawling, like sin, from door to door,
Robbing the rich, and cheating the poor,

And searing the hearts of men.

The miser old, he counteth his gold,

And none may his labour scan,
Save a starveling mouse, with a visage gray,
That hath been his companion many a day,
And a spider that hangs on its airy thread,
And an old tom-cat, with a hoary head,

That may catch the mouse if he can.

The miser old, he eyeth his gold,

And the spider eyeth him;

And the cat gives a stare at the mouse's lair

With a whisker'd visage grim;

And the plague peeps in at the peep of day,
But passeth, in scorn, on his baleful way;
For a hoary head and a shrivell'd limb
Would be but a daintless dish for him.

The plague is abroad on the peopled land,
And life hath fled at his stern command;
He thunders at the palace-gate,
And drags the king from his throne of state;
He hovers o'er the dungeon lone,

And mocks the voice of the captive's moan,
While wild and sad the note of wail

FLOATS forth upon the burning gale.

Remorseless death is in the air;

Contagion creepeth everywhere:

He gems the flowers with poisonous dew;

He burns in the sheen of the azure blue;

He reigns supreme, with a kingly hand,

The despot lord of the quailing land,

Till reason pourts its balm in vain,

To soothe despair, or soften pain,

And superstition's iron chain,

In bondage holds the minds of man.

At the dead of the night, he hateth the light

And the face of the goodly day.

The miser old, he leaveth his gold,

And glideth swift away;

And many might deem that the hoary head

Is bound to the hovel where pain is laid.

By the couch of the sick to pray;

But a jealous eye and a stealthy pace

Betoken a spirit devoid of grace.

The miser old, he hurries along

The shadowy ways of the city among.

And his aged frame and trembling eye

Quail at the breath of the breezy sigh,

And the dying groans that ring in his ear

Sink on his soul with a note of fear;

And ever he starts with a chilling heart,

And ever he longs to flee,

For the solitude hangs with a crushing load,

And he trembles to feel there is nought abroad,

In the glance of an all-ayegging God.

But the breath of the plague and all.

The miser old, he seeketh for gold,

By the bed of disease, in the haunts of death;

He heareth in vain the cry of pain,

And the prayer scarce breathed in the flut'ring breath;

But he feareth that even a dying one

May tell of the deed that his hand hath done,

And he stifles the spirit that warms within,

And crowneth his guilt with a darker sin.

The miser old, he counteth his gold

At the dawn of another day;

And sure 'tis strange that the golden store

So far should exceed what it seem'd before;

And stranger still that his sallow cheek

Should bear on its surface a sanguine streak

Which he cannot wash away.

Ha! surely an evil deed hath been done

While the sullen hours of the night roll'd on;

But God hath an eye upon every scene,

And man shall be judged as his works have been.

The miser old, he hath counted his gold

And stow'd it safe away,

Where the prying eye may ne'er espy,

Nor the midnight robber stray:

He hath buried it deep, he hath cover'd it o'er,

To remain untouched till he gathers more,

And he salies forth on his path of sin

Through the mazy haunts of man,

With a steady step, and a fearless eye

That can gaze on the smile of the placid sky,

Nor blush at the deeds of iniquity

Which its glory gazes on.

'Ho! whether away so fast, old man?

Whither so fast away?

The night is dark, and the plague spread,

'Tis not an hour to stray.'

The miser hurried swiftly on,

The voice was still a-night,

And it sounded like the stifed tone

Of one that soon must die;

The miser glanced in terror round,

A stalwart form was nigh,

The plague was painted on his cheek,

And madness fired his eye.

The miser hurried swifter on,

And swift the maniac ran,

And ever the voice rang hollowly—

'Ho! whether away old man?

Hot, breathless, panting with the chase,

And full of direful fear,

The miser glanced his eye around—

No hiding-place was near.

He hurried on—the voice was still

A ringing as he pass'd,

And a hot breath fann'd his blanching cheek

Like the breath of a furnace-blast.

A palace-gate stood open wide,

The miser hurried in;

He paused—
The madman too was there,

With frenzied eyes of fiendish glare,

While loud and long his laughter rung,

And echoed shrill the halls snap,

With ever swelling din.

He hurried him on to chamber lone—

Too well the miser knew it—

And his heart waxed chill, and his limbs waxed weak,

As the madman led him through it.

One glance around and he shut his eyes,

And his spirit sank within,

For every object conjured back

A deed of blood and sin:

Not many hours had pass'd away

Since here he stood alone,

And heard that corps so starkly laid

Emitt the dying groan.

'What art afraid?' the madman cried,

And he laugh'd in wilder glee,

And set him down, and danced the corse

Like a babe upon his knee;

And ever he did with a noiseless glide

To where the miser gat,

And eyed him from his rolling eye

With a sidelong glance slate.

It was a wild and fearful mirth

That gambol'd in his eye,

And the miser's heart beat audibly

As he saw him creep a-night;

'Twas but the weakness of a thought

In guilt's unperving hour,

And soon the courage of despair

Resumed its wonted power.

His dagger's hilt was in his hand,

The steel was bright and keen;

He still could dream of murder here,

Where murder once had been,

But not unseen the fell intent,

Though by a madman's eye,

And louder swell'd his merriment,

And closer crept he nigh;

He dropp'd the corse, he sprung alo

As the miser's stealthy arm arose
 With a dagger gleaming bright,
 One glance he gave of proud disdain,
 As through his arm it tore,
 Then grasp'd the miser's shudd'ring form,
 And sank upon the floor.
 The wand'ring visions of his brain
 Departed in that hour of pain,
 And reason came with cloudless ray
 To chase the fiends of mind away.
 Supine he lay, of strength devoid,
 With every nerve unstrung,
 While the miser raised the gleaming steel,
 And o'er his victim hung.
 The miser old he hurried away—
 From the scene of his guilt he fled ;
 Through the lonely streets like a shade he pass'd,
 His spirit on billows of frenzy toss'd,
 For he felt the clutch of the plague at last,
 And trembled as he fled.
 He thought of the grave, and he thought of hell,
 And the thought like a flame on his spirit fell,
 And the deeds of his life rose one by one
 From the tempest abysses of moments gone.
 One by one, in a motley train,
 Visions of avarice, guilt, and pain,
 Mingling ever with dreams more old,
 Ere the heart was sear'd in its thirst for gold,
 While ever and ever the burning breath
 Of pestilence sang in his soul of death.
 No friend had he in the world of men,
 No friend in the world of spirits had he :
 He must die as he lived, unattended in pain,
 And be borne to a mystic eternity.
 He strove to believe in an utter death,
 That would swallow the body and soul for ever,
 But a voice seem'd d singing a song of wrath,
 And a laughing hand seem'd to whisper 'Never.'
 Never, oh! never—for ever and ever—
 The pangs of the wicked are ended never.
 The miser old, he return'd to his gold,
 But it fail'd to charm him now,
 For terror's dart was in his heart,
 And fever on his brow.
 He sat him down upon the floor,
 He scann'd his treasure o'er and o'er,
 And one by one the pieces raised,
 And long on each intently gazed,
 And one by one, with glazing eye,
 He poised them ere he laid them by.
 And ever as the lucre pass'd,
 A drop of life dissolved away ;
 And shriekingly his voice awoke,
 And moaningly in murmurs broke,
 And now in curses deep he spoke,
 And now he strove to pray.—
 To pray—alas! the prayer of fear
 Availieth not when death is near.
 Then came disease's despot reign,
 In every nerve, in every vein—
 It sear'd his heart, it sear'd his brain,
 It bound him in the bonds of pain ;
 Twas pain without and pain within—
 The pang of death, the pang of sin—
 The groaning of the heart ;
 And then the dreadest pang of all—
 When life and hope together fall—
 When soul and body part.
 Amid his gold, confusedly roll'd,
 The miser groaning lay,
 And on his breast the old torn cat,
 Like an expectant demon, sat,
 His glaring eye dilated wide,
 As if to watch the pangs subside,
 And catch the spirit as it died.
 On darkling wing away ;
 And the spider swung on its airy thread,
 And spun its web round the miser's head—
 A fitting type of the mesh of sin
 That coil'd around the heart within ;
 And the tiny mouse sat at his ear,
 And fill'd him with a direr fear,
 For ever in its still small voice
 He deem'd a devil sang,
 That seem'd in rapture to rejoice
 At every bitter pang.
 And thus he lay, that evil man,
 And thus his spirit fled,
 And when the plague had pass'd away,
 And health resumed its wonted sway,
 That squallid den
 Was ope'd again,
 But all within was dead ;—
 The cat, the mouse, the miser old,
 The spider in its silken fold,
 In one corrupting mass were spread ;
 And life that from corruption springs—
 The worm and maggot—loudestome things,
 Were busy with the dead.

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN GREECE.

Captain Anthreas Miaoules, one of the worthy admiral's sons, accompanied me to the house destined to be the abode of the future pair. I found that the admiral was to be groomsmen. In this house we found the impatient bridegroom, and a large company of both sexes in their holiday attire. On our entrance the bridegroom politely received us, and no sooner had we seated ourselves crosslegged, round the apartment, with our backs to the wall, than he himself presented young Miaoules and myself with raki, pipes, and coffee. Raki is a spirit distilled, I think, from aniseed, and seems to me to be the arrack of the Orientals. Of this the Greeks are much too fond, for I have often witnessed excess, and heard the drunken Greek most valiantly vociferating defiance to the foe in the war-songs of the day, while under the influence of tis drink. 'Sparta, Sparta, why in slumber?' After coffee, the men played several airs, all warlike, on the violin and tambourine. The females were as yet in another apartment, for the bride had not made her appearance. In this moment of expectancy, during which the wine circulated very freely, a scene occurred that even Hogarth's pencil would in vain essay to pourtray to the life. I know not whether on other minds it would have made the same impression, but to mine it seemed unique. In rushed some half dozen sturdy, noisy, merry fellows, bearing the furniture of the future tenants of the house. One had a load of pans and kettles; another a pile of mattresses; a third cushions for the divan; the next stumbled in under a mountain of carpets and bed-covers; two others laboured like Atlas under an immense chest, containing linen, wearing apparel, and other property; while one clamorous, boisterous, jovial, chubby-faced fellow, bounded in before us all, carrying some utensils that must be nameless.

Now shifts the scene. A couple of hardy-looking men arose, and danced in a slow, irregular step; then two others, and finally a third pair, while music played and bottles circulated with not much moderation. As I sat and gazed, absolutely astounded at the novelty of the scene—the noise, the giddy movements, the costume, the rude mirth, all this on a rock of the sea where Homer's heroes sailed and fought—some one turned to me and said, 'Behold the brave men, who have just beaten the Turks.' Alas! I have much ground to believe, that some of those very men fell subsequently beneath the flash of an Othoman cimeter. After this, we all set out to fetch the bride, accompanied with music all the way along the streets. I remarked that as soon as the bridegroom entered the house of the bride, those within flung small pieces of money at him—an augury, I suppose, of abundance; while other friends threw upon his shoulders a number of silk kerchiefs, and handed him presents of gold coin. This scene over, we all proceeded to the church, to complete the marriage ceremony. Though we marched in procession, yet I observed that each sex formed a separate party, we of the masculine gender accompanying the bridegroom, while the females attended the bride; and each party had a separate chorus or band, who played and sang too as we passed along the streets. One thing vastly surprised me: we went at the slowest pace the reader can well imagine. I suppose about one step in three seconds, or twenty in a minute! During all this time the bride kept her eyes on the ground; and had a native of China met us, he would probably have concluded that instead of a marriage, we were performing a procession for the dead. This I thought unmeaning, and not at all in keeping either with the joyous occasion, or the sounds of hilarity all around us. We reached the church: we came to the altar, and the priest began his functions. The ceremony lasted about three quarters of an hour, and altogether was very interesting to me. The minister read, and then placed the rings on the hands of each party, while the comparos, or groomsmen, adjusted them on the fingers with his own hands crossed. I stood close by the bride. She never raised her eyes. She was about eighteen, rather on bon point for her years, but pretty. About her person she wore a profusion of gold

coins and other gauds, and on the whole *elle me semblait fort charmants*. One part of the ceremony consisted in the mutual interchange of garlands between the bride and bridegroom; the tasting of a glass of wine, and casting around their shoulders the long piece of silk, to which I have already made allusion. The garlands were of imitation gold; but are sometimes of artificial flowers, while the rural population use on these occasions wreaths of real flowers. The silk, the garlands, and rings, are usually furnished by the comparos; but in some churches there are garlands kept on purpose. Those who choose to supply themselves with these nuptial crowns, keep them subsequently for some time suspended in their houses. The marriage rites concluded, we all returned as we came, in solemn line of march, yet with merry drums and violins. On reaching once more the house, coffee, rum, and pipes were served up; while ever and anon the ear was saluted with discharges of muskets and pistols. One act of the bride struck me as highly singular: on reaching the door she paused, made the sign of the cross close by the lintel with an immense pomegranate, after which she dashed the fruit forcibly to the earth at the door, and rushed in. The seeds of the pomegranate scattered on all sides, are an emblem of connubial fecundity. On my being presented with a glass of wine, I inquired in what terms decorum required me to salute the marriage pair with friendly wishes. The reply was, 'May you live, and reach a good old age!' This compliment I cheerfully paid, and added, 'May you have many children with the blessing of God!' To this a Greek near me replied, aloud, and with much sincerity, 'Amen.' Between the groomsman and myself the following little dialogue passed: I asked, 'Have this bride and bridegroom seen each other before to-day?' 'Many a time: they are not of the most respectable class; it is the rich who are so fastidious on this point; but the war has made some innovations.' 'I think almost all in Greece are betrothed in early life?' 'Not all; many marry at once; but they are of age when the contract is made.' 'Were you betrothed?' 'Yes; at ten.' 'Have you ever got sight of the lady destined to be your future wife?' 'Sometimes we never see each other till the wedding-day; yet, in other cases, the parties frequently get together, especially among the poor; but it is not respectable.'—Wilson.

MALAGASY METHOD OF SMELTING IRON.

Their method of smelting is exceedingly curious. Their foundries, if such they may be termed, are always situated near the bank of a river or running stream of water; sites of this kind are selected on account of the convenience of the water in washing and purifying as much as possible the ore before it is placed in the furnace. The ore is washed, and then broken into small pieces not larger than nuts; it is then repeatedly washed in the river, for the purpose of separating, as much as possible, the earthy particles from the iron, which, after repeated washings, is gathered up in large coarsely-wrought baskets, and kept till submitted to the action of fire. The furnace and its appendages are exceedingly rude and simple in their construction; and the ore, at best, is but imperfectly smelted. In building the furnace, a hole about six feet in diameter, and one or two feet deep, is sometimes dug in the ground; at other times the earth is only levelled. The walls of the furnace are of rude stone-work, built up to the height of three or four feet, without mortar, and thickly plastered on the outside with clay. No aperture is left in any part of the wall for the purpose of drawing off the metal. The blast for the furnace is obtained by a singular and ingenious contrivance, very much resembling those in use in some parts of south-eastern Asia. Two rude cylinders, about five feet long, the aperture of each from four to six inches in diameter, are formed out of the trunks of trees of hard wood; these are made air-tight at one end, and are planted in the earth, about a foot apart, in an upright or slightly inclined position, within about eighteen inches or two feet of the furnace; a hole is made in each cylin-

der, a few inches above the ground, into which one end of a bamboo cane is inserted, the other entering a hole made in the stone or clay wall of the furnace; a rude sort of piston is fitted to each of the cylinders, and the apparatus for raising the wind is complete. No coal has yet been found in Madagascar, and charcoal is the only fuel employed in smelting the ore. On this account the furnaces are generally built in those parts of what may be termed the iron districts, that are nearest to the forests where the charcoal is made. In smelting the iron, they first kindle a fire in the bottom of the furnace; over the fire they spread a quantity of charcoal, and then throw in the ore, either mixed with charcoal or spread in alternate layers, till it reaches the top of the walls. Over this, a sort of covering of clay, in a conical shape, with an aperture in the centre, is occasionally spread. In procuring the blast, the pistons are sometimes worked by a man sitting on the inner edges of the two cylinders, holding the shaft of one of the pistons in each hand, and alternately raising and lowering them by the action of his arms. Sometimes the man working in the cylinder stands on a low bank of earth raised behind them. There are, in general, two cylinders to each furnace; but when only one is used, it is of much larger dimensions than those already described, and the piston is worked with both hands. The contents of the furnace are brought to a white heat, and kept in this state for a long time; after which the fire is allowed to go out. The covering is taken off; and the iron, which is described as being partially melted, and forming one solid, or a number of smaller masses, at the bottom of the furnace, is removed, beaten with a hammer, and then again submitted to the fire, prior to its being conveyed to the capital for the use of the native smiths.—Ellis.

WAR PREVENTED FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS BY PERMANENT ARBITRATION.

Iceland was peopled by a Norwegian colony in the latter part of the ninth century. These colonists were some of the most independent and intelligent inhabitants of Norway, who, rather than submit to the tyrannical exactions of Harold, the reigning monarch, chose to leave their native land. Shortly after their settlement in the new country, an admirable form of republican government was established, which continued undisturbed for several centuries. At length, some of the most ambitious members of the national assembly attempted to encroach on what others considered to be the rights of the people. Harsh debate and contention ensued. A hostile spirit, thus awakened, led to the arming of the followers of the two parties; and then, about the middle of the thirteenth century, for the first time since the introduction of Christianity, which occurred in the year one thousand, the annals of Iceland are disgraced by the record of sedition and bloodshed. Such an exhibition alarmed the peaceful inhabitants, and ultimately produced on the assembly a resolution to vest a certain amount of power in the king of Norway, by which, in case of any such contention in future, he was constituted legal arbitrator. Certain stipulations were entered into on both sides; one of which was, that on no occasion should the king of Norway attempt to introduce an armed force into Iceland. This condition has never been violated, either by the Norwegians or the Danish monarchs; so that, during the six centuries that have since elapsed, we are told that no military band has been raised in, or set foot in the island.—*Modern Geography simplified*.

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A CHAPTER ON 'JENNY HUSBANDS.'

We are about to treat on a species of mankind well enough known to most of our readers, though perhaps under a variety of other equally significant appellations with the one which heads our present article. Who, looking around the circle of his acquaintance, cannot point to one or more married men, well entitled to the familiar title of 'Jenny Man'—that plague of the servants, dry nurse of the children, and general annoyance to every body with whom he comes in contact? They may be divided into two classes, widely opposite in motives yet similar in actions in many respects. The first may be described generally, as something between the mother, servant, husband, and physician; combining partly the qualities of each, yet perfectly adapted for neither. Speaking of his physiognomy, or the peculiar idiosyncrasies of this class—have you ever seen a thin walking spectre, apparently haunted by some indefinable terror; ever restless and anxious, so much so that at times it is painful to look at him, his countenance furrowed with premature lines of care; dressed, peradventure, in a greatcoat buttoned up to his chin, be the day ever so mild, or with a perpetual umbrella under his arm, though the heavens above him be like brass? He does not walk, but strides along at a rapid unequal pace. When you speak to him, and inquire after his own and family's health, he launches forth into an endless string of complaints, such as the goodwife has had influenza lately—been confined to the house—is getting better. William, poor fellow, is very ill of a sore throat, and the two youngest just recovering from the hooping-cough. Then follows the various prescriptions of the physician, and, not improbably, if you have the honour of being on terms of intimacy with him, he details for your special pleasure the rise and progress of the peculiar complaint of each member of his household. You have in this a dim outline of the man; but let us lift the veil and look at his social position. His daily life is most unhappy. He rises in the morning, hears one of the infants crying, pokes his head into the nursery to ascertain if the maid is not injuring it in any way, and cannot be convinced of the contrary. Then he superintends the making of the children's breakfast, and having done this meets them and his better half at table. One of his family looks pale and has no appetite; he is sure there is something seriously wrong, and inquires accordingly. The child replies there is nothing the matter, but the father is convinced there is something. He calls it over to him, makes it protrude its tongue, feels its pulse, and concludes by prescribing a dose of physic and an injunction not to move out of the house. Before leaving for office he generally consults the weather-glass, and enjoins the nursery-

maid, when she goes out with the children, not to allow them to run and heat themselves or walk where the ground is damp, and, above all, to take great care of horses and carts. His commands on this point are generally so complicated that it would defy the most extraordinary organ of memory ever existing to recollect one half of them. Of course the maid has a most critical time of it, and is ever liable to be summarily sent off. Indeed, we once knew one of this class who discharged a very faithful servant for not walking behind the children up stairs. During business he is fidgetty and querulous; hurries home as soon as possible; finds, as a matter of course, the little girl or boy no better since being physicked, sends it to bed, and next day calls the doctor. The 'Jenny Husband' is particularly careful what his children should eat and what avoid, and, in consequence, becomes nearly as well versed in the 'Complete Cook' as in 'Buchan,' yet withal he is not happy at home and always uncomfortable from home. He cannot even enjoy a joke; a good hearty laugh we never heard one utter; any attempt at it sounded most dismal in our ears. His wife, poor woman, owing to the continual or supposed ailments of her family, though he be no less careful and considerate about her health than theirs, is kept continually harassed. She can scarce ever spare an hour to visit or receive a friend; and when she attempts to stir abroad, is pestered with a hundred inquiries from her spouse as to where she is going, if there is any epidemic in the house she is about to visit, when she will return, if her clothing is sufficient, her boots watertight, her shawl comfortable, and so forth, probably terminating with a request to return by a certain hour if possible, as little John will require his gruel or Mary her powders. If it so happens that the whole family are well enough to permit of a pleasure excursion into the country on a holiday—an epoch in their lives exceedingly rare indeed—then it is that the father's talents are called into full operation. Steamboat or railway he has an instinctive horror of, and endeavours on all possible occasions to avoid. We knew one who, during a few summer months, when his family were at sea-quarters, rather than venture on board certain steamboats, chose to walk a distance of nearly ten miles, often dragging a child along with him. But supposing they go on such an excursion as we have alluded to, an open low-wheeled carriage is always preferred as being the safest conveyance. The father takes the reins, and drives at a pace excessively cautious, somewhere about the rate of three miles an hour. His eyes, however, are not five consecutive minutes off his children, although the mother is quite competent to take full charge of them. 'Andrew,' he begins, 'draw in your fingers or the wheel will catch them; John, don't lean over the side;

Janet, my dear, I am afraid the baby is too much exposed; Peggy (to the maid), can't you hold that child's head up, and not let it roll about on your knee in that manner.' Then, when the carriage stops at some country house, the children, released from 'durance vile,' naturally rush to the bushes and meadows for brambles and flowers, are all life and vivacity, while the anxious father hastens from one to another, cautioning, reproofing, and remonstrating. He feels at a dead loss, they cannot be left out of sight, and it is impossible to get them all at once in view. For all the world he looks like a hen collecting strayed chickens—utterly miserable and helpless.

Perhaps we have dwelt too long upon this class of 'Jenny men,' and will now turn a little to another widely different and far less praiseworthy class. This other, instead of caressing his family, contrives always to caress himself. While the former is not remarkably over-attentive to his own comforts, the latter's great aim in existence is to be as comfortable as possible, no matter at what sacrifice to others. He also superintends the domestic arrangements, but actuated by an opposite motive. If, for instance, the dinner is a little over or under done, he scolds the servants, gloats at his wife, and gets into ill-humour with himself. He finds fault continually with the merest trifles. He entertains particular likings and dislikings to a great variety of food, and can seldom touch anything unless it is cooked after a certain manner; in a word, he is in this what the Scotch call 'fikey.' His wife is a mere cipher; her opinion is seldom consulted, or if consulted disregarded; the husband alone manages the household concerns. Like the other, he is frequently ailing, but takes the greatest possible care to get well again. If he lacks attention to his family he makes it up to himself. A slight cold, a sprain, or a bruise, is a sufficient reason for afflicting his wife with a continual drag on her time to nurse him, and after all, that can be done he is never satisfied.

These two classes embrace the general features of Jennyism, if we may use the word. Sometimes it exhibits itself under slightly different aspects, but always impressed with one of these leading characteristics.

From very different sources do these two classes derive their habits. In the former, the disease, for aught else it cannot be termed, originates probably in a derangement of the nervous system, leading to a painful anxiety over others, and which is fostered to such an extent that in the excessive precautions he employs, Providence is entirely overlooked. In the second, Jennyism springs from love of self and utter indifference to all else. The one spreads discomfort by kindness overmuch, the other by a total lack of it. Neither is desirable as a husband, parent, or friend. The first excites pity, the second contempt.

Jennyism seldom prevails in any class except amongst those who are easy in their circumstances. Poverty is adverse to it; wealth, for some unknown reason, does not encourage it. Such husbands may most frequently be found among those who have an easy business, a government situation, or who hold a sinecure office, leaving them thus a good deal of spare time to exercise their disagreeable hobby.

A word in conclusion. As the disorder may be detected in all its milder forms in a patient during the bachelor state, we would advise seriously all unmarried ladies, as they value their own peace and comfort, to have nothing to do with such individuals. Men may be cured of many

foibles, but this propensity is one which age only ripens, time only accelerates, and which no persuasion, reason, or influence can counteract.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

DR ARNOLD OF RUGBY.

It is already four years since the spirit of the great man whose name stands at the head of this notice passed out of the body to the Saviour in whom he trusted, and whose doctrine his life formed so beautiful a commentary. The biography of Dr Arnold came upon the world as dew upon the parched herb. While living, known only within a limited circle, no sooner was he dead, and the hand of an affectionate pupil had reared a monument to his worth in the form of an ample biography, than good men of all parties resorted to the reviews and every available channel in order to express their common admiration of Dr Arnold, and to give circulation to his name among those readers whose means of knowledge were less general than their own. Into many a youthful heart his memory has sunk deeply, and it is impossible to predict the extent of his influence upon the minds of the existing and future generations of his countrymen. To a few, contact with the life of so remarkable a man will be the beginning of an era of splendid progress; while to all who have been so happy as to come into acquaintance with it, it must have proved a well-spring of life, refreshing old and faded truths, and fructifying into being what had else lain dormant. It is seldom that a man displaying so many admirable qualities in so large a measure as Dr Arnold, appears in the world; and scarcely too much can be done to extend his name, and to make his character familiar to all who are aiming at the acquisition of truth and the formation of right principles.

The interest of Dr Arnold's life is that of character, as of incident, although a more active life, and one withal so effective, it is scarcely possible to conceive. The outward form of his history consequently furnishes but a few points by which to note its advance; but of these it may be proper briefly to take notice. Dr Arnold was born June 1st 1795, at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. Receiving the rudiments of his education at a private school in Wiltshire, he was sent in 1807 to Winchester, where he remained till 1811. The influences and associations of his early life seem to have had a considerable share in moulding his opinions and in directing his tastes. To West Cowes he resorted afterwards as often as he could; and his frequent references to Wight show how lasting was the impression which the experience gained there when a youth had made upon him. In 1811, he was elected as a scholar at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and in 1815 he was chosen a fellow of Oriel College. The entrance to Oriel was a point of remembrance to Arnold. Here he met many of those since remarkable on both sides of the controversy which has now for so many years been raging within the university and over British Christendom. Of these it may be proper to mention the names of Copleston, Whately, Keble, Hawkins, and Hampden. Mr Newman was elected into the fellowship vacated by Arnold when he left Oriel College; and Dr Fusey, not long after, became a fellow of the same college. At this time Dr Arnold freely availed himself of his access to the Oxford libraries, from which his busy mind drew the materials of that lore which afterwards stored up in the hives of ancient Roman and also of modern history. The period of his stay here awakened in him so enthusiastic a passion for Oxford that no subsequent changes, whether of place or of friendship, could eradicate or even impair his affection for it. The next event in his external life was his settlement, in 1818, at Laleham, near Staines, where, for nine years, he occupied himself in preparing pupils for the university. During the year following, he married a Miss Penrose, his only and still surviving wife. In 1828, he became head-master at Rugby, where he was destined to work out for himself that reputation which has embalmed his memory in the

hearts of the living, and will make him known to the ages yet to come. It was at Rugby that he gained an adequate sphere for realising his splendid ideas upon education; and from Rugby, as a centre, emanated influences which have reached the most distinguished as well as the less known schools in England, and are likely to produce a revolution in the entire method of teaching. In a sketch like the present, it would be unjust alike to Dr Arnold and to our readers to attempt any exhaustive account of the plans of this intrepid teacher; but we may say, that the central idea of his system—the idea towards the realisation of which all his efforts were directed—was the investment of school exercises with that solemnity of life too seldom conceded even to the business of maturer age. For this purpose, the era of responsibility was anticipated, and boys were dealt with as men and gentlemen, in so far at least as boys are capable of feeling self-respect, and of cherishing lofty sentiments of regard for others. Love, not fear—obedience to God and profoundest reverence for truth and holiness, not servility to a master—were the powers he aimed to use. The master identified himself with his pupils, mixing in their field-sports, bathing with them, giving and claiming friendship, conversing, laughing, sorrowing with them: in short, he became a boy in all boyish feelings. But, with him, everything was raised in character, so that frolic blended with study, as two sides of the same thing—life. No wall of partition was raised between them, so as to degrade the pupil into a broken, mutilated agent, acting as two distinct beings, when in amusement and in school-exercises. A love, a seriousness of spirit, an elevation of aim, were thus created in the minds of the boys, which made the schoolroom and the playground a microcosm, a little world, in which every manly sentiment, every Christian aim, had preparatory scope. The grand result was, that Dr Arnold's pupils went up to the universities with characters remarkably distinguished from those of other youths; and even men least favourable to the general sentiments of the teacher were struck with the contrast, and constrained to join in applause. But a higher sphere, if there could be higher, yet awaited Dr Arnold. In the year 1841, he received from Lord Melbourne the appointment of regius professor of modern history at Oxford. The holding of this office was not inconsistent with his duties at Rugby; and, for many reasons, Dr Arnold rejoiced in the appointment, especially as it lay in the direction of his tastes, and as it would give him a proper channel of influence through which to balance the power of the Tractarian party. The introductory course of eight lectures was delivered in 1842. Their delivery created an extraordinary sensation in the university; and, being published immediately afterwards, they have been read with avidity and admiration by many beyond the audience for which they were at first prepared. But in the midst of his usefulness, and while his friends were looking forward with joyful hope to the harvest which faculties so matured and spiritualised as his were sure, if spared, to produce, the 'fashion of his countenance was changed,' and he was removed to that place where 'his works do follow him.' His death was sudden and unexpected. On the 11th of June, 1842, he closed the business of his school for the summer half-year, and with the utmost cheerfulness of spirits passed the evening of that day in employments appropriate to the season. Before retiring to rest, he wrote in a diary, commenced but a few weeks before, the following head, which, as illustrative of his character, and as a specimen of the elevating influence of Christianity, we cannot withhold from our readers:—

'The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say, 'Vixi!' [I have lived.] And I thank God that as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a

higher. Still, there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh—especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it.'

The light of next morning was the last which in this world was to dawn upon him. Early in the day he was attacked, for the first time in his life, by the symptoms of angina pectoris; and, after two or three hours of suffering, he expired, surrounded by his wife and those of his children who had not yet gone forward to Fox How, where the family designed to spend the holidays.

This passed away from among us one of the few whose influence will survive their residence in this world. It is scarcely possible, perhaps, to mistake the lessons of his life. Men, when strongly marked in their character, seem to stand out as certain mighty incarnations of ideas, designed to give them publicity and influence, when otherwise they should have failed to attract notice. To Paul, for instance, we point, without any hesitation, as an example of zeal; to John, of love; to Luther, of magnanimity; to Napoleon, of ambition; to Wellington, of self-command; and, in like manner, to others, as men remarkable for some one quality. Dr Arnold was the embodiment of *earnestness*. In his eye nothing was trivial: sports, diet, books, conversations, manners, education, religion—everything, was important; and he viewed them not as separate entities, but as the parts of a whole which were to be subordinated to law, in order to any of them effectually attaining its purpose. To him, life itself, in its lowest form and under its humblest guise, was a wonder; and nothing that formed part of it was deemed too unimportant to be taken cognisance of, and to be subjected to the one great end.

The term earnestness, however, without explanation, is a very inadequate exponent of the character of Dr Arnold. As applicable to him, it is not synonymous with *intensity*; a quality which, indeed, he had in large measure, but which has been possessed in equal degree by men otherwise far inferior. Nor was it mere zeal that distinguished him; which is often one-sided, and projects a man forward into a single idea, so that he loses himself in it and is lost to the world. The earnestness of Arnold described rather the state of his mind in contact with life, and the medium of reality through which he saw everything. Nothing, however contemptible, presented to him a blank; everything, in his opinion, was written outside and in for whosoever could read the characters. This insight communicated an unintermittent activity to his life, as far removed from the feverish efforts of the pseudo-philanthropist, as it was from the ceaseless attempts of the trifler to while away time as only too long and too dull for endurance. With him every moment had a use—not a separate use; he did not divide and subdivide his allotted existence into fragments, and assign to each this or the other thing to be done. He was wisely methodical; and, trusting details to themselves, he ever kept his eye directed to the grand end of life, so that everything marshalled itself, as if of necessity, into the order which best suited it.

The same idea manifested itself in another form. It was the constant theme of Arnold's thoughts, and is perpetually recurring to his writings and correspondence—the necessity of transusing Christianity into common life, so that it should cease to be a local and temporary influence, confined chiefly to the church and the Sabbath, and should become, what it was designed for, the regenerator of society through all its branches, the approver and elevator of our amusements, and an ever-present guide in the intercourse and business of daily life. In this belief we rejoice to be participators; and it is no slight source of gratulation that our *INSTRUCTOR* is an attempt to realise, in one important department, the idea which Arnold justly wished extended to all. Objectors to this view of the object of Christianity file off into two lines: those who think

Christianity by far too sacred a thing to be once mentioned, and much more to be enforced, in the course of amusements however innocent, or even in common business; and those who are for ever obtruding the subject, without regard to place or seasonableness, and who wish to expel all sorts of employment which are not explicitly authorised by Christianity. Both these classes, how unlike soever at first view, are radically the same, and repose upon mistaken ideas of Christianity and some lurking vanity which lies secreted in the centre of their nature. A mind of healthy constitution like Arnold's saw through the hollowness of these schemes, and perceived that both tended to scepticism, by divorcing religion and life, though in different and apparently incompatible ways. Rising above these false ideas, Dr Arnold, like Dr Chalmers, wished to see religion and common life in perpetual union; so that the sympathies which had each as their object should, at one and the same time, have both. Now that a truth of so transcendent worth as this has gained a new prominence, we hope the Christian world will not rest till it has succeeded in informing the whole fabric of the church with its spirit and presence. On no prop can Christianity rest so securely as on this, the main pillar of its support; nor will evangelism long survive the inroads making by the pantheistic tendency of German philosophy, unless it absorb what is vital in the other, and re-embodiment it in a lovelier form.

Yet, though Dr Arnold was earnest to a degree almost unexampled, he was not intolerant. On the contrary, the two qualities of earnestness and catholicity seemed to vie with each other in mutual compliment in his character. Little sympathy is accorded to such a man by those who possess either of these qualities apart. The two together disqualify him for being a partisan; and the consequence was, that no sect could claim him for its own, but had to accept its share at his hand, along with the vigorous protest which all the other parts of the character lifted up against its partialness of view. Eminently beautiful as was this union of elements, too often found in separation, the fact has, with narrow-minded men of both kinds, led to the misappreciation of his character. Although minds of enlarged view and sympathy are much more numerous now than they were half a century ago, or even a decade or two, it perhaps remains for another generation fully to understand such men as Arnold. Meanwhile, his influence has been great; and a shock has been given to old prejudices, which, under the successive batterings of a few like-minded men, will ere long give way and sink out of sight into quiet oblivion.

Dr Arnold never came prominently forward in public affairs, although no one ever took a keener interest in them than he did, and few have done more, with as much success, to renovate the political edifice. His eyes were spread over the empire; and the most insignificant circumstance was not thought beneath his consideration, if it threw light on the tendencies of society, or could be made available for its safety and advancement. Chartism, and every other significant movement, he scrutinised with paternal anxiety; and on every occasion, setting aside personal convenience, he strove to apply the appropriate remedy. He had a profound insight into the causes of the discontents among the working-classes; nor could he for a moment sympathise with those who would preach up submission to the insubordinate, while they left untouched the real cause of their complaints. Through his own domestic comforts he easily pierced in imagination, and vividly realised the condition of the working-classes, as if it were a personal matter. Few things present men in so elevated a character as this universality of sympathy. Ages yet unborn will remember Arnold's name with gratitude, as the friend of the poor and the degraded—or man, wherever and in whatever circumstances found.

The private life of Dr Arnold is scarcely less instructive than his professional life. The partner of his joys and sorrows seems to be all that was fitted to draw out the profoundest feelings of his heart. His domestic happiness appears scarcely to have admitted of increase. The health-

ful mental and moral, as well as physical, habitude of his constitution prevented every care that could arise from personal disorder; and so influential was his example in his family, that no murmur is found to have escaped from his lips.

HERNANDO CORTES, AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

THIRD ARTICLE.

CORTES having restored the health and courage of his followers, and acquired a sufficient body of allies among the Indians, resolved to avenge his late disaster. He had now about six hundred Europeans, of whom forty were cavalry, and with these and a large body of auxiliaries he marched to Tezcoco, on the shore of the great lake. The ruling prince fled on his approach, but Cortes procured the election of a brother, named Ixtlilxochitl, who became the firmest ally of the Spaniards. Before proceeding to the siege of the capital, Cortes reduced several of the inferior cities on the mainland. The first he attacked was Iztapan, which was taken by storm, plundered, and about six thousand of the inhabitants massacred by his savage followers. The enemy, in despair, broke the dykes by which it was defended from the waters of the lake, and timely retreat alone saved the Spaniards from destruction, but with the loss of all their booty. The fate of this city, however, terrified many others around, who sent in their submission to the conquerors. Soon after, thirteen brigantines, which had been built at Tlascala under the direction of the Spaniards, were transported across the mountains, and preparations made for launching them on the great lake. Meantime, Cortes continued his attacks on the Aztec cities situated on the mainland, which, often after a desperate resistance, were generally subdued and given up to be plundered by his followers. In this predatory warlike march he marched round the whole Mexican valley, carrying fire and desolation into its fairest and most fertile region. The story of the courageous but fruitless resistance of the natives, of the cruel massacres perpetrated by their ruthless invaders, is too revolting in character, and too monotonous in detail, to be repeated here.

At length every thing was in order for the assault on the capital. The brigantines were afloat on the lake; reinforcements of Europeans had arrived, and a vast army of Indian auxiliaries assembled. Even then a conspiracy to assassinate the general and his chief supporters, and to abandon the enterprise, was discovered in his own camp. Cortes hung the ringleader, but allowed the subordinate to escape, pretending to be ignorant even of their names. He then divided his troops into three bodies under his most trusty followers, while he himself took command of his small fleet. On their march to their stations, Xicatencatl, the Tlascalan chief, who had offered so brave a resistance to the Spaniards on their first march to Mexico, left the army to return home. He was followed by messengers, but refused to return, hating the Spaniards in his heart, as far more dangerous enemies to his native land than the Aztecs. Cortes then ordered him to be arrested, tried him for desertion, and hanged him in the great square of Texcoco, glad perhaps to be freed from such a formidable foe.

In the end of May, 1521, the three divisions of the army had assumed their several positions, and the siege of the city began. The frail canoes of the natives could offer no effectual resistance to the Spanish brigantines armed with the thunders of the artillery. Cortes was soon master of the lake, and pushed his forces along the causeway to the very gates of the city. He then ordered an assault from two points, and the party commanded by himself, after an obstinate resistance forced their way into the great square, the scene of their former disasters. Some of the party stormed the teocalli or temple, and hurled down the idol from its summit. This insult to their god roused the fury of the Mexicans to the wildest fanaticism. They sprang with a yell of horror on the Spaniards, forced them in disorder out of the square, and drove them, mingled in inextricable confusion with their allies, along the street. All

seemed lost, when a party of cavalry emerged into the square from an adjoining street, drove back the enemy, and allowed Cortes to recover his ground and rally his men. As the evening was at hand, he however retired to his quarters without the walls. On a following day, Cortes again penetrated to the great square and burned some of the palaces by which it was surrounded; but the natives still continued their obstinate defence; and as Cortes had always to retire in the evening, their labours were to be renewed every morning. In this way the contest long continued with variable success, though the Spaniards were suffering much from the rains which now prevailed, and famine had begun to rage in the capital, as its supplies from the country were cut off. This was however less fit, as both the Aztecs and the Indian auxiliaries of Cortes made no scruple to feast on the victims who fell in the continual combats. Desirous to shorten the siege, Cortes again ordered a general assault, resolving to fix his quarters in a square in the centre of the hostile city. The Aztecs were driven back with customary facility, and the Spaniards moved on, leaving the canals open behind them. When they were deep enough entangled in the streets, the sacred horn of the emperor sounded from a neighbouring temple; the fugitives turned fiercely on their pursuers, and the Spaniards were driven out of the city, while, besides the killed, sixty-two of their number remained captives—a fate more dreaded than death. Cortes himself had a narrow escape; six athletic Aztecs had seized him, and were bearing him off to their boats, when he was rescued by his followers. This sad reverse greatly disheartened the Spaniards, who saw their captive companions led up the fatal temples and sacrificed to the gods of the Aztecs. It also encouraged the latter in their resistance, their priests prophesying that in eight days the invaders would be utterly destroyed. This oracle even penetrated to the camp of Cortes, and many of his Indian allies retired to their homes.

The fatal day however passed over, and the Spaniards still hung around the devoted city, where famine was now added to the miseries of war. His auxiliaries returned ashamed of their desertion, and Cortes adopted a new plan of warfare, razing the buildings as he advanced, and filling up the canals. In this he was aided by his Indian allies, notwithstanding the warnings of their opponents, 'that the more they now destroyed, the more they would have to rebuild, either for them or the white man.' Cortes would gladly have spared the city, but Guatemozin would listen to no terms, and answered them only by renewed attacks. The most terrible famine now raged in the city, where the most loathsome substances were greedily consumed, and the miserable victims were no longer able to bury the dead. Yet there was no talk of surrender, and even the women encouraged their husbands to maintain the contest. At length the Spaniards took possession of the market-place, and shut up the Aztecs in one quarter of the city, which now resembled 'a vast charnel-house, in which all was hastening to decay and decomposition.' Cortes again attempted to bring the Aztecs to terms, but Guatemozin, mindful of the fate of Montezuma, would not trust himself to the Spaniards. At length Cortes ordered an assault, but night compelled him to withdraw his troops from the work of murder before it was completed. It was renewed next day, the 15th August, and though the Aztecs were now too weak to offer any effectual resistance, yet the carnage was horrible. The Indian allies spared neither age nor sex; and Cortes himself affirms, that the piteous cries of the women and children were enough to break one's heart. At length Guatemozin, trying to escape across the lake, was captured by the brigantes and brought to Cortes, when even a shadow of resistance ceased. It is estimated that above 120,000 of the Aztecs perished in the siege; and when the city was ordered to be evacuated, thirty to seventy thousand famine-stricken wretches, besides women and children, wandered away from the desolate home of their ancestors. Such is the miserable reality of war; such the awful curse brought on this beautiful city by the cupidity of the invaders.

With the fall of the capital, the empire of the Aztecs was at an end. Nothing now remained but to divide the spoil, which proved far less than the conquerors had expected. The murmurs of the soldiers rose against their leader, whom they accused of conspiring with the Mexican emperor to deprive them of their due reward; and in an evil hour, Cortes resigned the brave Guatemozin into the hands of the torturers, to compel him to reveal his hidden wealth. The Indian bore all with heroic fortitude, reprobating the groans of one of his companions by the remark—'Am I then taking my pleasure in my bath?' and the shame of their cruelty alone accrued to the Spaniards. The capital, purified from the dead, was rebuilt almost in its former magnificence, and again inhabited by a busy population. Most of the surrounding tribes and cities sent in their submission, and a terrible vengeance was taken on all who dared to resist. Meantime Cortes had been acting wholly on his own authority, unaided and unrecognised by the Emperor Charles V. He now wrote an account of his proceedings, and sent it with the fifth of the spoil to Spain, but the vessel was captured by a French privateer, and only the letter reached its destination. Velasquez made another vain effort to deprive Cortes of his hard won conquest; but at length, in October, 1522, the acts of Cortes were ratified by the emperor, and he was appointed governor and captain-general of New Spain, with full power and authority. His troops were also thanked for their services, and liberal promises of land held out to them. These were subsequently granted, and the natives parcelled out among them as slaves, according to the Spanish system of repartimientos. Missionaries were sent over to convert the heathen to Christianity, and in a few years the bloody idolatry of the Aztecs had given place to a purer faith. Though often heavily oppressed, and greatly declined from their former numbers, the Indians have survived all the revolutions in the land, of which they still form more than half the population, and have even, at least in name, regained some political influence.

The subsequent career of Cortes exhibits the same ingratitudo which formed the chief reward of Columbus for all his glorious discoveries. Agents from Spain sent out on various pretences, but in reality spies, watched and opposed him in the capital; whilst in the more distant provinces, his deputies revolted, or disputed his authority. Among others his old comrade, Olid, endeavoured to establish an independent jurisdiction in Honduras, where he had been sent to found a colony. Cortes resolved to chastise him in person, and marched thither with about 140 Spaniards and 3000 Indians, among whom was Guatemozin, the captive emperor, whom he durst not leave in Mexico. The army encountered great difficulties in marching through the thinly peopled country thickly covered with wood, dripping with constant moisture. About midway Cortes arrested Guatemozin and some other chiefs on the charge of a conspiracy, and hanged them on a tree, though asserting their innocence. Even the followers of Cortes thought the execution unjust and the accusation unfounded, whilst the heroic conduct of the Aztec emperor inspired even his enemies with respect. After a march in which he suffered greatly from famine, the climate, and the hostilities of the natives, and in which Robertson truly says, 'he exhibited greater personal courage, more fortitude of mind, more perseverance and patience, than in any other period or scene of his life,' Cortes reached the settlement, where he found Olid slain and his authority re-established. He returned to Mexico in June, 1526, about two years after he had left it, and was gladly received by the people; but his enemies had been busy calumniating him at court, a commission was sent out to supersede him, and he was requested to return home. In May, 1528, he landed at Palos, in Spain, and proceeded to the court, where suspicion being dispelled by his presence, he was honourably received, created Marquess of the valley of Oaxaca, and received large grants of land and vassals. He was, however, refused the government of the country he had conquered, though allowed to retain his military command. His first wife had joined him in Mexico soon after the conquest, but

died suddenly in about three months. He now contracted a second marriage with a daughter of the Count de Aguilar. In 1580 he returned to New Spain, and resided some time in the capital, but soon quarrelled with the new government, and retired to his estates in the country. These he managed with much prudence, introduced the sugar-cane, the cultivation of silk, and other valuable products. His restless spirit led him to engage in new projects of discovery along the north-west coast of America, which turned out unsuccessful, and involved him in much debt. His disputes with the government also continued, and in order to obtain redress, he returned to Spain in 1540, but found his services forgotten, and a cold ear turned to all his requests for justice. In 1541, he accompanied the expedition against Algiers, and when it was resolved to retreat, indignantly offered to storm the town in person if the army were intrusted to him. On his return to Castile, he found all his claims rejected with cold civility, and was about to return to Mexico, when he was taken ill at Seville, and died in a neighbouring village on the 2d December, 1547, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was buried in Seville, but his remains were removed in 1622 to Tezcuco, in New Spain. In 1629 they were taken to the church of St Francis in the capital; and in 1794 transferred to an hospital he had founded in that city. In 1828, 'the patriot mob' of the capital, the descendants not of the Indians, but of the conquerors, had prepared to break open the tomb and scatter his ashes to the winds in token of their detestation of the 'old Spaniards;' but the friends of his family removed the relics secretly by night, to some more secure resting place.

This change in the capricious favour of the multitude, with the ingratitude he experienced in life, shows the false foundation on which Cortes built his hopes of fame, of fortune, and of happiness. A man of blood, violence, and injustice, unscrupulous in the means of accomplishing his own ambitious designs, he had no right to expect others to forego theirs in his favour, and the falsehood and ingratitude he experienced were the due rewards of his previous conduct. 'His character is marked by the most opposite traits; avaricious, yet liberal; magnanimous, and bold to desperation, yet cautious, calculating, cunning; courteous and affable in his deportment, yet inexorably stern; lax in his notions of morality, yet a sad bigot. The great feature in his character was constancy of purpose; a constancy not to be daunted by danger, nor baffled by disappointment, nor wearied out by impediments or delays.' The success and splendour of his enterprise has thrown a halo round his name, which his real merits seem scarcely to deserve. The weak superstition of Montezuma, and the defection of his subjects, secured success in an enterprise, which had it failed, would have been viewed only as the mad attempt of a desperate freebooter. The progress of civilisation, the diffusion of Christian principles, has already destroyed much of the false lustre that attaches to successful war—to robbery and murder, conducted on a great scale; and there seems little doubt that in future ages his cruelty, his injustice, his avarice, will blot out the glory of his military achievements. He is but another proof that it is the benefactors of mankind, not their destroyers, who can alone look for a growing and enduring fame.

LUKE MORTON.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

MERRILY the 'Dolphin' steamer, one summer forenoon, ploughed her way down the Clyde, laden with a goodly freight of passengers. The day was sultry and oppressive, and the sun, high in the meridian, poured down his scorching rays upon the deck. Not a breath of air fanned the silver tide, or filled the sails of innumerable distant barks, that studded, like dark specks, the vast expanse of water, as the ship neared the mouth of the river. On the quarter-deck the passengers had resolved themselves into little clusters, and were engaged in conversation, or lounged, gazing into the green depths beneath, while at the bows, a

host of drovers, Highlanders, and eggwives, lay basking listlessly in the sun, or smoking and listening to the strains of a blind Apollo, who extorted 'Logie o' Buchan' from a cracked cremona. Suddenly a terrific shriek was heard, and an instantaneous shout of 'stop her' issued from a dozen stentorian voices, mingled with the shrill screams of females. Every heart beat with terror, and faces but a moment previously full of glee, were pale and awe-stricken. A hundred eyes were directed towards the captain, who, standing on the plank that stretched between the paddle-boxes, gave the word to stop the vessel, and then rushed hurriedly down to the deck. The word spread like wildfire that a boy had fallen among the machinery. A rush was made to the engine, but instead of the fearful spectacle of a mangled corpse being exhibited, a little ragged lad was handed up almost uninjured. To the shame of human nature be it said, that to some indeed it was almost a disappointment that matters were no worse; and most, after having gratified their prurient curiosity with a gaze at the lad, returned to their seats. One elderly gentleman, however, who stood a little apart from the others, when they had gone, beckoned the lad to him, and having taken a copious pinch of snuff, inquired how the accident occurred.

'My bannet fell aff, sir, when I was glowerin' at the wheels, an' as I lootit ower to grip it, I tummilt in a' the gither,' replied the urchin.

'Well, my little fellow, you have had a most providential deliverance, and ought to thank God for having preserved you. Little short of a miracle has saved your life.'

'I hope, sir, I am thankful,' replied he, touching his cap. 'My mither tells me gin I dinna forget *Him*, hell watch over me to keep me frae harm; and I has read in the Bible, "though father and mother forsake you, the Lord will take you up."

The old gentleman was evidently touched with the ingenuousness of the boy's reply, and taking off his spectacles and wiping them, inquired his name.

'Luke Morton, sir.'

'And pray, Luke, how do you gain a livelihood? Do you work at anything?'

'I sell oranges in the steamboat in the summer, and help mither at home in the winter time.'

'You can't make much at that, I fear. Would you not prefer some regular employment?'

'Deed would I, but what can I get, sir? Ever since feyther dee't, wha used to get me wark in the mill wi' hin, I could get naething but this to put my hand to, and wi' a' I can do, mither and wee Eppy are often sair put to for the bite.'

'Have you been at any school, and learned to write yet?'

'Ay, sir, in the winter time I gang to the schule, and can write sma text gayan weel.'

There was an evident smartness about the boy, who though meanly was neatly clad, coupled with a natural quickness of perception, that seemed to take the old gentleman's fancy, and after a pause he said—'My boy, years—many years ago—I had a young friend to whom you bear a close resemblance, so marked that you have excited many pleasant and painful recollections of the past. I live a long way from here, but if you are willing to become industrious, and assist your mother, you have now an opportunity of rising in the world. See, there is five shillings, and if you choose to come to the direction of that card, I shall find employment for you.'

The unknown walked off, and Luke read on the card. 'Jeffrey Bell, W.S., Prince's Street, Edinburgh.' Putting it carefully in his pocket, he gathered up his fruit, which owing to the fall of the basket, lay strewn upon the deck, and resumed his seat with a mind agitated by many conflicting thoughts. Here we shall leave him a little, and glance at another personage connected with our tale.

Mrs Morton, as Luke truly said, was a widow. She had been the mother of a numerous family, but had witnessed them, like cankered rosebuds, all drop and die, one by one, save the two youngest, ere arriving at maturity; but

a heavier stroke awaited her in the sudden death of her husband, who one morning was brought home from the mill a mangled corpse. He had been engaged in repairing the machinery, but owing to some unexplained cause, a large wheel, upon which he was standing, got loose, and suddenly revolving, crushed him to pieces. Any common woman, under such circumstances, would have succumbed beneath the accumulated trials, but Mrs Morton entered the school of adversity with a mind imbued with strong religious principles, and the test of her faith, though a severe one, instead of driving her from the source of comfort, drew her more closely to Him who wielded the rod, thus lightening the stroke. With Job she could resignedly say, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,' and add, in his spirit, 'blessed be his name.' Immediately after her husband's funeral she began to arrange her plans for the future maintenance of her family. The proprietor of the factory kindly sent her the sum of thirty pounds, and with this she determined furnishing a little shop in the neighbouring village of Thornclough. Though the shop yielded little, the widow's wants were few; her contented cheerful disposition amply illustrated the axiom, that happiness does not consist in the abundance of a man's goods. It was a part of her principles, that a child, however young, could be taught the value and necessity of rightly applied industrious habits, and acting on this, she sent Luke, in lieu of better employment, to sell fruit, while little Eppy she taught to sew and knit stockings, from which a trifle was occasionally realised. At the same time their education was not neglected. Widow Morton had sense enough to discern the vast advantages it gave a man or woman over those who had neglected it, and combined with school instruction, fireside precept was employed in instilling the germs of practical religion into the young minds of her children.

Night was casting his sable garment over the 'earth, as the widow, having closed the shop, sat by the hearth engaged in knitting, while Eppy, a flaxen-headed, rosy-cheeked little maiden, was hammering away at a portion of the 'Shorter Catechism' for the school, by the light of a glowing fire. On the hob rested Luke's supper, consisting of a huge bicker of porridge—slowly simmering in grateful music. Everything wore an air of cheerful content, comfort triumphing over poverty. Surely if angels minister to man's happiness, there was one breathing down a blessed joy and peace into that lowly dwelling. A tap was heard at the door, and Eppy rising from her lesson opened it to admit Luke, who, with eyes sparkling with pleasure, rushed in, exclaiming—'Grand news, mither! I'll be a gentleman noo—but bide a minute an I'll tell ye a'. So Luke sat down and narrated, with numerous annotations, what had passed in the steamer, and concluded with a panegyric on the kindness of the old gentleman. Mrs Morton remained silent a few minutes, wrapt in thought apparently, and then said—'Weel, my bairn, I really think this is a manifestation o' the goodness o' Providence which shouldna be overlookt. If so be you desire to gang to Embro, I will allow you, and trust it may be a means, rightly employed, of raising you aboon the downdraught of poverty. Meantime, tak your parrich, an' I'll think owt.'

This was a command Luke found no difficulty in promptly complying with, and it was really amazing to witness the rapidity with which the contents of the bicker vanished. After this pleasant duty was finished, the widow lifted from a little niche in the wall the well-thumbed 'big ha' Bible, and having read a chapter or two, knelt down with her little family at the footstool of God's throne, and poured forth a simple but fervent prayer. In gratitude she thanked her Maker for the kindness manifested toward her child, and pled that His arm would be a shield and defence during separation—that the light of His countenance would shine upon him and lead him safe through danger and temptation. Then the children retired to rest, and their peaceful slumbers were disturbed by no evil visions. The morning was far advanced ere

little and was early astir, making preparations for her son's departure—mending his worn garments, and packing up such necessaries as she thought would be required for the journey; with these she enclosed a small pocket Bible, and tied them all up together, with a letter she had written to a sister of her own, who resided in the Cowgate, explaining the purpose of her son's journey to Edinburgh. Having accomplished all this, she awoke Luke, who was soon up and stirring, dressed in his Sunday clothes, of which he was not a little proud. Breakfast dispatched, he bade a sorrowful farewell to his mother and sister, and then departed. Many a tearful look was cast behind to the spot in which lay centred every object of his heart's purest affection. The world before him seemed a void—a blank; the cord that bound together early joys for ever snapt; every spot he passed—the clump of old trees that shaded the road, the little brook that meandered through the meadow, the primitive wooden gate that swung across the path, even the ownerless dog that wagged its tail and fawned upon him when a little way out of the village—all recalled remembrances of bygone happiness. Over-powered by his feelings, he sat down by the roadside and wept. But Luke was no child in purpose, and after thus relieving a loaded heart of its first gush of sorrow, he braced up his spirits and strode manfully along.

Between Thornclough and Edinburgh the journey was a long and toilsome one; it might be a distance of seventy miles or more—a weary road truly for one so young to travel a-foot. Luke sometimes got a lift from a wagoner for a few miles of the way, and sometimes met with travellers, poor as himself, who kept him company, and by their conversation helped to beguile the tedious hours. At night he rested in some farm outhouse or roadside inn, and seldom when his story, which was soon learned, was known, was he unkindly treated. He was not, however, always so fortunate. One afternoon, having arrived at a point where the road diverged into three separate pathways, he felt at a loss how to proceed, when observing a party of country lads approaching, he waited and accosted them, inquiring the way. He luckily found that they were going to a neighbouring fair to be held next day, and that they travelled the same road with himself for a considerable distance. He kept company with them, and at parting about sunset one of the number advised him to make light heels, as he would have to pass through Killogan Glen—a place reported, in consequence of some fearful deed of bloodshed, to be haunted by spirits, and in which it was of course unsafe to travel after dusk. His informant described the spot, and after a final admonition to make haste, departed with the others by a cross-road. Luke's education had been such, that unlike the generality of children, he had little fear of spirits; and, notwithstanding the warning he had received, he pushed boldly forward. Night, however, set in more rapidly than he had anticipated, and it was nearly dark ere he reached the haunted ground. Here the gloom increased, for the path through a narrow ravine was shrouded by tall trees, whose dense foliage, almost meeting at the top in some parts, totally excluded the grey light. The glen was sufficiently gloomy and solitary to induce superstitious terror, even had no such authority been given as that which Luke had heard. To say that he did not feel uncomfortable as he entered it, would be violating the truth, for at first a strange uneasy sensation seized him, his heart beat quickly, and the rapid dart of a bat across his path caused him to start and shrink. Shall I go on, thought he, or return? All the old legends he had heard rushed into his mind, and for a moment or two he wavered; at length he took heart, and began to repeat scraps of psalms he had learned. 'Surely,' said he, half aloud, 'if spirits be near, God is nearer still, and why should I be afraid?' The thought restored his sinking courage, and chanting the twenty-third psalm, he proceeded cheerfully forward. On emerging from the glen, not a house nor a light save the lamps of heaven's vault was discernible. He looked anxiously in every direction for some indication of human dwelling, but in vain; there

strength was almost exhausted. Fortunately there was at hand a field lately mowed, the meadow hay of which was gathered into heaps. Luke approached one of these, and having first implored the protection of his Heavenly Father, crept into it. Next morning the sun was shining brightly, and the feathered songsters pouring forth their hymn of praise, when he awoke refreshed and invigorated, and having washed himself at a neighbouring brook, proceeded on his journey. Late in the afternoon of the fourth day, he arrived in Edinburgh, and, on inquiry, discovered the abode of his aunt, who received him kindly. The worthy woman, not a little surprised at his appearance, had a great many questions to ask, and Luke was compelled to go over, with numerous interruptions, his whole adventures since meeting Mr Bell in the steamer.

Next day he proceeded to the house indicated on the card, and fortunately found Mr Bell in the office, who courteously received him; and after a lengthened conversation, in which he pointed out to him the advantages of perseverance, honesty, and sobriety, and their inseparable connexion with success in his new sphere, Luke entered upon his duties.

It may not be improper to say a word or two concerning Luke's new master, who has hitherto been but partially noticed. Jeffrey Bell was a type of a class of men—a class it is to be regretted exceedingly limited. Of the most unimpeachable integrity, strictly just, yet equally generous, though at times hasty and irritable, he was a man whose friendship was worth coveting. He had been married in early life, and not long previous to the commencement of our sketch, his wife had died, leaving him a young daughter, the only fruit of their union. Jeffrey's business was limited, and he made no great effort to increase it, being otherwise independent of his profession. An old clerk, who appeared as much a fixture as the desk at which he sat, acted as conveyancer, copier, and light porter to him. Job Taquet, for so he was called, had been so long confined to the employment of law, and his other worldly experience was so limited, that the former became in a manner amalgamated with his constitution, and it was quite as impossible to separate the law from Job, or Job from the law, as it would have been to rub the ink out of a charter. Yet there was in the old fellow's composition not a little of the milk of human kindness, albeit exhibited often in a strange and erratic manner, like a vein of rich ore partially hid under a rough surface, appearing at unexpected places—betraying itself often when least looked for.

Our young hero was duly installed in office—perched on a high stool, at a high desk, with a copy of a deed to make, and orders from Job 'to resign and surrender himself entirely to his task.' In the evening Mr Bell invited him to tea, and introduced him to little Minna his daughter, who was a good deal amused by his simplicity, and often troubled to understand his broad provincial accent. At parting, the lawyer patted him on the head, and bade him remember the advice he had received in the forenoon, and act upon it, and he would endeavour to promote him as soon as possible. Thus month after month rolled on, till a period of seven years had elapsed, and Luke from a boy of fourteen, had grown into a handsome young man. During all this time he had assiduously striven to secure and obtain the friendship and esteem of his master—an effort not unrewarded—and at the same time to educate himself for the law. His manners had become polished, and though exposed to many temptations, his heart still remained uncorrupted, because religion had taught him practically that humility was before pride, and a safeguard against temptation. Old Job had from the first conceived an attachment for him, and in many ways rendered him valuable services. Little Minna, now a blooming young lady, had however become reserved towards him, for reasons doubtless best known to herself. Formerly Luke was the companion of many of her girlish pursuits, and almost always accompanied her in her walks, but now that she was grown up, she had become distant and reserved. Often did Luke wonder what the reason of this could be,

for, however much he had liked Miss Bell when a child, he certainly now felt a greater increase of attachment. The fact simply was, though Luke could not bring himself at first to confess it, he had fallen in love with Minna; but at length half doubting, half believing the reality, he resolved on making old Job his confidant. Job, though thoroughly conversant with law, knew nothing practically or theoretically of love; and after suggesting a great many vague and visionary plans, whereby he might regain Miss Minna's esteem, the matter remained where it was. An opportunity, however, soon presented itself, of ascertaining Miss Bell's own mind on the subject. It happened that she and Luke met at a party in the house of a friend, and as a matter of course he undertook the pleasant duty of accompanying her home. The night was very dark—a heavy city fog had settled down, and the lamps but dimly illuminated the streets. There were few passengers afoot; and save the prolonged drawl of the night-watch, proclaiming the hour as he passed on his dreary rounds, all was still. With quickened pace they proceeded along Leith Walk, and struck into Picardy Place, through which it was necessary to pass ere they arrived at Mr Bell's house. Suddenly shouts of boisterous merriment reached their ears, proceeding apparently from some half-intoxicated individual's coming down the street. Minna shuddered and drew closer to Luke, proposing they should cross the street and take the opposite side, in order to escape observation. Luke at once assented to the proposal, and they had hardly done so, when half a dozen young men came swaggering along, arm in arm, shouting a bacchanalian song.

'Ha!' exclaimed one of them, 'there goes a petticoat, let's have at it, and send the snob who guards the treasure to Coventry.'

A simultaneous rush across the street took place, and one of the party posting himself in front of Minna, began in a tone of mauldin inanity to accost her.

'Richard,' said Minna, 'go home, this conduct is unbecoming, I shall inform my father of it. Let me pass, I say.'

'Bless me, is it possible!' retorted he, 'my pretty cousin chaperoned by the saugacious snob! This won't do by any means. Take my arm, and allow goosequill to wander in silence alone;' and he rudely laid hold of her by the waist.

'Sir,' retorted Luke, 'for your own sake, allow the young lady to pass; she is under my care, and shall not be insulted on the street—stand off.'

The others, who had stood looking on, now chimed in with, 'At him, Dick—show him the science—don't be cowed by such a sneak.'

Dick required no such stimulant; his passions were aroused—he flew at Luke like a madman. Luke stepped back to avoid a blow, and seizing him by the collar, threw him prostrate on the earth. An instantaneous shout got up of 'a ring, a ring,' during which Luke vainly endeavoured to quell the disturbance; and the matter was assuming a serious aspect, when one of the party exclaimed that the 'Charlies were coming.' The words acted like magic. In two minutes the assailants were out of sight, and the assaulted allowed to proceed peaceably home. On the way, Luke entreated the forgiveness of Minna for his precipitancy, a request easily obtained, and after some inquiry, she reluctantly confessed that Richard, her cousin, the night brawler, whom Luke recollects to have seen before, had for some time past been paying his addresses to her with her father's approval; but he had met, Minna added, feeling Luke suddenly start at the avowal, with no encouragement from her, as she half suspected his character. We do not know how to account for it, but one subject led on to another, and ultimately the conversation turned into that channel which Luke was most desirous it should take. Somehow the two lingered very much by the way, and albeit we cannot tell all that passed, this we know, that there were many words spoken in soft whispers, tremblingly uttered and tremblingly listened to; that Luke parted with Minna at her father's door, after passing and repassing it many times, and then walked home a happy man. But it was not long till this happiness was over-

cast. Next evening, sitting alone in his lodgings, he was surprised by the appearance of Richard Sullivan and two of his associates, who walked in, and without uttering a word, seated themselves. Luke gazed at the company in some surprise, but with a vague suspicion in his mind of their errand, and then inquired—

'Well, gentlemen, to what circumstance am I indebted for this visit?'

'I suppose you haven't got the slightest idea—eh?' retorted Richard with a sneer; 'well, there's no use going about the bush, so we'll be plain with you. I am given to understand that you are making advances to a cousin of mine, Miss Bell, and as I have an interest in that young lady's welfare, I do not wish her to be made the prey of any nameless adventurer who may think fit, for the sake of aggrandisement, to entrap her. Now, sir, as you must be aware of my claims on the young lady, you will be good enough, in presence of these gentlemen, to sign this letter, renouncing all right to her hand, or take the alternative of meeting me at some convenient spot to-morrow morning.'

When he had finished, Luke without a moment's hesitation replied, 'I will do neither, gentlemen. I am perfectly convinced you, sir, have no claim on Miss Bell's hand, and I should be sorry if you had; as to meeting you, it is out of the question—my principles forbid it—my Bible forbids it—common sense forbids it; and whatever men may think or say, I do not feel it my duty to conform to any absurd code of honour, falsely so called, that the world may institute. You have my answer.'

'Coward,' exclaimed Richard in a rage; 'is this your answer—base sneaking villain?'

'There is no need for further talking. Coward I am none, nor villain either. You may spare your expletives for a better opportunity. Walk out,' said Luke, in a firm tone.

'Then you refuse. I'll brand your name with infamy wherever I go, till society shall point to you with the finger of scorn and disgust. I'll proclaim your cowardice at every hand—then see if you don't rue it;' and beckoning his friends, he walked away in a rage. As he closed the door he turned, and casting a glance of diabolical hatred at Luke, spat at him and retired.

Hitherto Richard Sullivan has not been formally introduced to our readers, and it is now necessary, by way of explanation, that we should take a short retrospective glance in order to explain satisfactorily those proceedings. As already related, he was a nephew of Mr Bell's. His parents had died when he was in early youth, and young Sullivan, left to the care of an indulgent yet foolish relation, grew up without any settled principles, religious or moral, taking root in his mind. We need not wonder, therefore, that Richard grew up a libertine. He had, with the willing aid of a few such kindred spirits as himself, at the time of our narrative, squandered nearly the whole of a large patrimony, placed early within his reach, and involved himself deeply in debt; but hitherto Mr Bell entertained no suspicion of his nephew's true character or situation, so artfully had he dissembled. As an only means of retrieving his fortunes, he looked forward to a union with Minna, and Mr Bell had given his sanction, provided that of his daughter should be obtained. She, however, for women have quick perceptions in such matters, more than guessed the object Richard contemplated—her money, and not herself—and had shown him but little encouragement. The unfortunate rencontre previously narrated confirmed these suspicions, and her former indifference now changed into absolute contempt; but Richard, nowise disconcerted with her coldness, turned his attention to another quarter, and plied every effort to gain the confirmed favour and esteem of Mr Bell; and his studious deference and insinuating manner soon won upon the old man's heart, who was absolutely blind to his nephew's motives. Richard, in this method of procedure, had a double end in view, the gaining of Mr Bell's favour, and thereby securing Minna, who he doubted not would comply with her father's will. But there was 'a lion in the way'—Luke Morton, whom Richard feared and hated, and resolved that no stone should be

left unturned to effect his ruin. This could only be accomplished by undermining his master's confidence, apparently a difficult, if not an impossible task, so strong were Mr Bell's convictions of the honesty and integrity of Luke. It is said, and with some show of plausibility, that the father of mischief favours his children; so it evidently turned out in the present case. Richard might have schemed and plotted long enough in the usual way, without effecting his purpose, had not a most fortuitous event occurred.

Mr Bell and his nephew were seated by a comfortable fire one evening, engaged in close conversation. It was evident from the surprise evinced by the old man, and the keen inquiring glances of the young, who watched with a tremulous eagerness each change of his uncle's countenance, that the subject was one of deep interest to both. At length the elder, casting himself back in his chair, exclaimed—

'No! I cannot believe it. What! the boy I have treated as a son—have watched over, and raised from obscurity to comfort, thus treacherously deceive me—the associate of vagabonds, and haunting dens of infamy. Impossible!'

'But, my dear sir, it is nevertheless true. I regret it much, as I have been deceived in the young man as well as yourself. No one would ever have two months since convinced me of what I now state as truths. But, dear uncle, I make no idle assertions, as this will fully prove,' and he handed the old man a crumpled soiled letter, while a gleam of malicious triumph shot through his countenance as he added, 'read that and be convinced.'

Mr Bell adjusted his spectacles and looked at the paper. It was a letter written in a female hand, ill spelled, and scarce legible, sealed with a bit of chewed bread, and addressed to Mr Morton. It ran thus:—

'DEAR SIR,—Do come if possible to-night. She is very ill, poor creature, and wants to see you. I fear the worst, and you know the child must be provided for; we have flitted to No. — Court, Leith Wynd. Yours, BETSY AIRD.'

Mr Bell laid down the note, exclaiming—'Well, his villainy is too clear; shame that I should so long have nourished such a viper; but let me see, why, it is to-night he is requested to come. I have it; we'll go to this den, catch him, and bring home his guilt.'

The resolution was such as a hasty man might be expected in the circumstances to form. Mr Bell was a person of sudden impulses, and often acted upon them without much reflection.

Richard demurred considerably; he had no wish to meet Luke in such circumstances; and strongly urged his uncle to delay taking such a step for a day or two, by which time some event might occur that would equally well, if not better, answer the end they now contemplated; but Mr Bell thought otherwise, and partly by persuasion, partly by constraint, his nephew set out with him.

A twenty minutes' walk brought them to the spot, a narrow lane composed of tall ricketty old houses, where the densely crowded inhabitants vegetated in an atmosphere polluted by such effluvia as the dwellers in a great city alone know of. It was with considerable difficulty they discovered amid the gloom the number of the house indicated in the letter. After scrambling up a frail stair, they arrived at the lodging. The door of one house on the stair-head stood partly open, from which issued the sounds of a voice Mr Bell at once recognised as Luke's. Motioning his nephew to be silent, they cautiously entered, but what a scene presented itself—how different from their expectation. A single glance sufficed to tell that it was the abode of poverty—hard gripping poverty. A few stray articles of furniture were scattered about a bare dark gloomy room. In one corner a child lay asleep in a cradle near the fire, which an old woman on her knees was endeavouring to excite into a flame, in order to boil a small tin pan. With his back towards them, by the bedside of some person in sore sickness, from whom a faint moaning sound occasionally proceeded, sat Luke, reading aloud a portion of the Bible. He had not heard the entrance of the visitors, for he still continued reading without pause, save an occasional remark on the words of the inspired page. Richard, whose face wore an aspect of mingled incredulity and disappoint-

ment, motioned to his uncle to withdraw; but the old man seized him by the arm and led him forward to the couch of the invalid, a young woman, on whose countenance the hues of death too plainly appeared. The poor creature, hearing the sound of their approach, opened her piercing dark eyes—they rested on Richard a moment—then springing half way out of her bed, she shrieked aloud—

'Richard, Richard, have you come at last! They told me you were false, and had deserted me, but I disbelieved them. I knew you were far away and could not come, or you would have been. 'Tis now too late, I am dying fast, there is no help.'

A meteor glancing in the sky is not more rapid in its flight than was the sudden change wrought on Richard Sullivan. His face became ghastly pale, his limbs shook and quivered, as if seized by an ague fit. Grasping the arm of a chair for support, he strove for a few minutes, while Mr Bell looked on in speechless surprise, to resume his wonted audacity. Summoning up by a strong convulsive effort a degree of calmness, he hissed rather than spoke—

'Woman, I know you not—I never saw you before—you must be mistaken.'

'Liar,' responded a loud stern voice; and old Job Taquet stood before them. 'Liar, I say again; look at your cruel murderous work there—at that poor girl, and perjure your soul, if you dare, by denying that you know her. Your time is now come, sir, when your villainy shall be made known to men at least. Pardon me, friends, for a few moments, till I tell you all. Two years ago, Emma Wight was a happy girl, the child of poor but honest parents. She reached womanhood with a mind a stranger to and unstained by vice. Then Richard Sullivan, your trustworthy nephew, Mr Bell, saw her, conceived a guilty passion for her, sought by every wicked art which he is master of to destroy her peace, and succeeded but too well. After betraying the girl with many a false promise, he left her on the plea that he was compelled to go from home, but would return soon and marry her. She believed him, and waited hopefully for that return. By and by that child was born; and forced to flee from her father's wrath, she came to Edinburgh to consult me, an old relation of her own; and—you know the rest, gentlemen.'

During this short narrative, in which Job forgot all his usual technical phrases in the natural indignant eloquence with which he gave vent to his deep feelings, the dying girl interrupted him with occasional hysterical sobs; and at the close, clasping her hands, turned to Richard and exclaimed, 'Oh! it was cruel, cruel, thus to treat me, and how fondly I loved him too. Richard, I am about to appear at the bar of God's impartial tribunal; shortly you will meet me there face to face, and may He then forgive you as I now do. But my parents—oh! who will tell them of their daughter's painful end—my poor father, it will break his heart. May God strengthen him for the trial!' Suddenly her eyes seemed riveted on something—her hands dropped by her side, and uttering a deep moan, she fell back. The angel of death had done his work.

Simultaneously Mr Bell and Job flew to the bedside and endeavoured to raise her up, but on perceiving that vitality had for ever fled, they gazed in deep solemn awe, while an unchecked tear trickled down each cheek on the now placid features that suffering and sorrow could no longer mar. At length Mr Bell turned round to Luke who had not yet spoken, and in a choking husky voice held out his hand, saying—'To-night, my dear sir, I deeply wronged you in suspecting your fidelity and unblemished reputation. I have acted hastily and foolishly, but this I have learned in a manner never to be forgotten, that God sooner or later brings the hidden works of darkness to light, and punishes the transgressor, though his ways to man are mysterious. My nephew, where is he?'

Richard was gone.

'Well, no matter. I trust he will not forget what tonight he has so impressively seen. I was about to stigmatise him for his villainy, but this is neither time nor place for angry feelings. You, Luke, I trust, will forgive

an old man's weakness in taking up and believing an ill accredited report against you. Let it be my duty to make such reparation as yet remains in my power.'

The asterisks here inserted supply a hiatus usually filled up by story-tellers, but for obvious reasons left blank just now. Let the sequel explain. More than a year after the painful incidents faintly depicted above had occurred, we happened to be in Edinburgh, and called in the evening on our friend Mr Morton. Greatly did we marvel on entering a snug little parlour to see old Job Taquet seated beside the fire, awkwardly dandling a fine plump baby, while opposite him were Mr and Mrs Morton, a happy young couple. Job explained with a familiar nod, that 'it had all been with mutual advice and consent duly contracted, agreed, and matrimonially ended'—an assertion, which on further reference to our friend Luke, we found to be correct. It was then and there we heard the story of his early struggles. It need scarcely be added that Widow Morton and little Eppy were not forgotten.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE nightingale is a bird of passage, and visits our islands, and the adjacent parts of the continent, at the close of April, or beginning of May, returning southward in August, or early in September. As is usually the case, the males precede the females, and taking up their respective stations (for each has its own little district), await the arrival of their mates; which, if no sudden alteration in the weather happen to retard them, occurs in the course of a few days. On their coming, they are greeted with strains of the richest melody.

On the Continent, the nightingale extends its range far to the northward of our islands, even to Sweden. But with us it is very local in its distribution. It does not reside in the Channel Islands, Guernsey, Jersey, &c.; nor does it visit Cornwall or the western portion of Devonshire; it is not found in Wales, excepting, perhaps, occasionally on the borders of South Wales; and it never visits Ireland. It is of rare occurrence in the midland and northern counties, though it is stated to be not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, in Yorkshire. If this be the fact, it is an exception to the general rule. We have never heard the nightingale either in Cheshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, or Lancashire. It is principally to the southeastern section of our island, including Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire, Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Cambridge, and Essex, that this bird limits its range. On the Continent, it is very widely spread; and is abundant in Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

The haunts frequented by the nightingale are close copses in deep humid valleys, rich parks, sequestered shrubberies, embowered coverts, and wooded lawns. In such situations, we may hear, throughout the month of May, the music of this bird, not only during the dusk of evening, and all night long, but poured forth from some shaded retreat, from 'morn till dewy eve.' Cowper, when he wrote—

'A nightingale that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song.'

adhered to what poets often overlook; namely, truth to nature. It is quite a mistake to suppose that this feathered musician—the Paganini of the feathered tribes—'sings darkling' only. How often have we listened in the shadowy covert, screened from the glare of a midday sun, to his long-continued gush of richest melody, and that, too, but a few yards from the *artiste*, perched on a twig, and completely exposed to view. It is not only in modern days that the nightingale has been celebrated for his song: in the times of antiquity his melody delighted as now; nor need we wonder at it, for, in truth, a fine-toned nightingale—and there is great difference between individuals—has no European competitor among the feathered minstrels. On this point, both Buffon and Bechstein have largely written—the former most eloquently; the latter with a full relish for his subject. According to Bechstein, 'the first good quality of a nightingale is undoubtedly its fine

voice.' He then informs us, that this bird expresses his different emotions by suitable cries and particular intonations. The most unmeaning cry when he is alone appears to be the simple whistle, 'fitt'; but if the syllable 'crr' be added, it is then the call of the male to the female. The sign of displeasure, or fear, is 'fitt,' repeated rapidly and loudly before adding the terminating 'crr'; while that of satisfaction, pleasure, and complacency, is a deep 'tack,' which may be imitated by smacking the tongue. In anger, jealousy, rivalry, or any extraordinary event, he utters hoarse disagreeable sounds, somewhat like a jay or a cat. Lastly, in the season of pairing, during their playful gambols, a gentle subdued warbling is all that is heard.

'Nature,' he continues, 'has granted these tones to both sexes; but the male is endowed with so very striking a musical talent, that in this respect he surpasses all birds, and has acquired the name of the king of songsters. The strength of his vocal organ is indeed wonderful; and it has been found that the muscles of his larynx are (proportionally) much more powerful than those of any other bird. But it is less the strength than the compass, flexibility, prodigious variety, and harmony of his voice, which make him so admired by all lovers of the beautiful. Sometimes dwelling for minutes on a strain composed of only two or three melancholy tones, he begins in an undervoice, and swelling it gradually by the most superb *crescendo* to the highest point of strength, he ends it by a dying cadence; or, it consists of a rapid succession of more brilliant sounds, terminated, like many other strains of his song, by some detached ascending notes. Twenty-four different strains or couplets may be reckoned in the song of a fine nightingale, without including its delicate little variations; for among these, as among other musicians, there are some great performers and many middling ones. This song is so articulate that it may be very well written.

The nightingales of all countries, the south as well as the north, appear to sing in the same manner; but there is, as has been observed, so great a difference that we cannot help acknowledging that one has a great superiority over another. On points of beauty, however, where the senses are judges, each has his own peculiar taste. If one nightingale has the talent of dwelling agreeably on his notes, another utters his with peculiar brilliancy; a third lengthens out his strain in a particular manner; and a fourth excels in the silveriness of his voice. All four may excel in their style, and each will find his admirer; and it is very difficult to decide which merits the palm of victory. There are, however, individuals so very superior as to unite all the beauties of power and melody; these are generally birds which, having been hatched with the necessary qualifications, in a district well supplied with nightingales, appropriate whatever is most striking in the song of each. As the return of the males in spring always precedes that of the females by seven or eight days, they sing before and after midnight, in order to attract their companions on their journey during the fine nights. If their aims succeed, they then keep silence during the night, and salute the dawn with their first accents, which are continued through the day. Some persist, in their first season, in singing before and after midnight; whence they have obtained the name of nocturnal nightingales. After repeated experiments for many successive years, I think I am authorized in affirming that the nocturnal and diurnal nightingales form distinct varieties, which propagate regularly; for if a young bird be taken out of the nest of night-singer, he will in turn sing at the same hours as his father, not the first year, but certainly in the following; while, on the other hand, the young of a day-nightingale will never sing in the night, even when it is surrounded by nocturnal nightingales. I have also remarked that the night-singers prefer mountainous countries, and even mounts themselves, whilst the others prefer plains, valleys, and the neighbourhood of water. I will also venture to affirm that all the night-singers found in the plains have strayed from the mountains. Thus, in my neighbourhood (Walterhausen, Saxony), enclosed in the first chains of the mountains of Thuringia, we hear only night-singers: on the plains of

Gotha they know only the day nightingale.' Whether Bechstein be correct in these latter statements, we have no means of ascertaining; none of the counties in our island which the nightingale frequents in abundance are mountainous; and yet the nightingale may be heard in the proper season both by day and by night; indeed, if we be not mistaken, the same bird which sings by day also pours forth his strain during the hours of night.

The song of the nightingale is scarcely continued through three months, when it ceases, and the bird utters only a hoarse croaking cry. At this period, however (August), the young males, of the first brood particularly, may be heard recording, or warbling as it were, in imitation of their parent, whose notes they appear to have studied. At the age of five or six years, the nightingale begins to fail in the execution of his strain, and sinks by broken snatches, instead of pouring out one continuous stream of melody: this also often occurs after one or two years of captivity; it is then recommended to give the prisoner liberty in the month of May; and birds so restored to freedom, have been known to regain their song in all its original force and beauty; owing, no doubt, to the invigorating influence of fresh air and natural food.

And here, it may be asked, Do young birds learn their lesson, copying the strain of the male parent? or is the song spontaneous and instinct-taught—that is, what they must and would sing, granting that they had never heard the voice of any one of their species? We think the following theory not improbable. Various birds are expressly organized for song, and more than that, for the utterance of certain notes and modulations, more easily than of others, and have a certain quality of tone, as we find in the voice of different people. With the organization enabling them to sing, they have at the same time an instinctive impulse to sing, and also the faculties of imitation and memory. The strain itself, the succession of notes and modulations, has to be learned; and most easy to them, in every sense, is the strain of their parents—they learn it rapidly—they record it—and, when the proper season arrives, break forth into the strain of their parents. It has been remarked that young male nightingales begin to warble before their tails are quite grown; but if then captured, 'they must be put under the instruction of a nightingale which is a good singer, otherwise they will be only stammerers, mutilating their natural song, and inserting in a confused manner, tones and passages which they have caught from other birds.' Of twenty nightingales reared from the nest, scarcely one turns out a brilliant and perfect songster; they seldom possess their natural song in all its purity, but introduce, in spite of all instruction, foreign and unpleasing tones. Young birds caught in the month of August, and which have learned under their parents their music, almost always prove good; especially if in the following spring they are placed beside a fine singer.

Mr Daines Barrington says, 'the death of the male parent, just at the time his instructions are required, will occasion some variety in the song of the young ones, who will thus have their attention directed to other birds, the notes of which they will imitate or modify according to the conformation of their larynx; and they will thus create new variations, which will be afterwards imitated by their young ones, and become hereditary, until a circumstance of a similar nature may introduce greater variations.' No caged canary-bird, we may add, sings a natural note—the habitual strain of the wild race; and no two sing precisely alike: their music is a mixture of that of the nightingale, sky-lark, tree-lark, and others, and is the more agreeable as that of the former predominates.

The shrike imitates the voices of various song birds with great fidelity. The bullfinch, and other birds, when young, will learn strains, or airs, whistled or played to them every day. Thus, then, song birds have the formation of the larynx requisite for the production of notes—an impulse to exert their powers—imitation, and memory; but the strain they utter, they have learned. But this does not apply to simple cries or tones—as the croak of the raven, the clang of the wild swan, the gobble of the turkey;

such noises are due to the conformation of the larynx and its muscles, and may be paralleled by the shriek of terror or agony, the moaning of anguish, or the sounds of laughter or weeping, in the human race; in contradistinction to acquired language, or the voice of song;—and that birds are susceptible of improvement in their music, and capable of increasing the strength and flexibility of the muscles of the larynx by practice, as is the human speaker or singer, is beyond a question.

To return from this digression. The nightingale breeds in dense thickets, in deep embowering hedge-rows, and in close copses, generally in a low position, near or even on the ground. The nest is very artfully concealed, and is composed externally of dry leaves, and lined internally with soft hair and vegetable fibres: the eggs, five in number, are of a brownish green; incubation lasts a fortnight. The young are fed with soft insects and caterpillars, and quit the nest even before they can fairly fly. The food of the nightingale consists of various insects and their larvae; and towards the end of summer of various berries, as currants, elderberries, &c. ‘In confinement, meal-worms and fresh ant’s eggs are the first things which should be offered to the birds just caught; and when ants’ eggs cannot be procured, it is better to set the birds at liberty than sacrifice them’ by forcing upon them improper food. Two or three meal-worms a day, in addition to the ants’ eggs, are sufficient; when none of the latter remain fresh, they must be supplied by ‘dried, or rather roasted ox-heart, and raw carrot, both grated, and then mixed with dried ants’ eggs’ (*the pupæ of ants*). Fresh water, for bathing as well as drinking, must be supplied every day—for the caged nightingale habitually bathes after singing; and the utmost attention should be paid to cleanliness. For want of care and proper food, most of these birds soon die after being caged; some have been known to live fifteen years in captivity; and Bechstein says, ‘I have an instance of a nightingale which has lived twenty-five years in confinement.’

This bird, according to the same authority, ‘is capable, after some time, of forming attachments. When once he has made acquaintance with the person who takes care of him, he distinguishes his step before seeing him; he welcomes him by a cry of joy, and, during the moulting season, is seen making vain efforts to sing, and supplying by the gaiety of his movements, and the expression of his looks, the demonstrations of joy which his throat refuses to utter. When he loses his benefactor, he sometimes pines to death; if he survive, it is long before he is accustomed to another. His attachments are long, because they are not hasty; as is the case with all wild and timid dispositions.’

The capture of the nightingale, we are sorry to say, is very easy. Notwithstanding its shy disposition, a simple trap, with a few meal-worms for a bait, is sure to secure it: a bird-catcher may in fact, in a few hours, depopulate a district of all its nightingales. In most parts of Germany, it is forbidden, under a heavy penalty, to capture these birds: we wish the exercise of the bird-catcher’s trade was everywhere suppressed; we have seen these men spreading their nets at all seasons of the year, with heartless indifference as to the amount of torture and suffering they are about to inflict on unoffending creatures.

The nightingale measures five or six inches in length; the plumage above is brownish grey, tinted with rust red, especially on the lower part of the back and tail; the sides of the neck, of the chest, and the flanks, grey; throat and centre of the chest, and under surface, whitish: purer in the male.—*Our Song Birds.*

TRAVELS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.*

If this book disappoint many, it will, we do not doubt, please more. We confess ourselves tired of Lady Hester, and the task of sitting down to read her travels did appear to us rather a necessary than a pleasant one. Having read so much about her before, we thought it a pity not to finish

* Forming the completion of her Memoirs. Narrated by her Physician. London: H. Colburn. 3 vols. 8vo. 1846.

the affair, and therefore began to read, more to have it said that we had got all the news about her that could be got, than with the expectation of being either pleased or profited. We feared, in short, that instead of the book giving us graphic and interesting descriptions of persons and places, it would be all about Lady Hester. No such thing—Lady Hester is about the dullest performer in the drama. Like the personages in many a fashionable comedy, the waiting maid rejoicing in the name of Mrs Fry, makes a more interesting figure than the mistress. The title of the volumes before us, we must therefore warn our readers, is a deliberate misnomer. Dr Moore might as well have entitled his volumes *travels in France and Italy*, by the Duke of Hamilton. Brydone might, on the same principle, have called his travels in Sicily and Malta, those of the noble Lord whom he accompanied as tutor. These are the physician’s travels, not Lady Hester’s. This, as we said at the outset, will to some be a disappointment, but to the majority the surprise will prove agreeable. Lady Hester is no doubt in the carriage with us, but she is either drowsy or asleep, and we travel along with her eloquent physician, who tells us the names of all the fine cities, gardens, and villages we pass, without annoying us with sarcasm or scandal, which, were her clever ladyship herself the charwoman, would assuredly be the case. The interest attached to Lady Hester has, in short, greatly subsided. We confess her a talented and clever lady, but we feel that in admiring her, we have been neglectful of others whose merits were much more unequivocal, and that we have been seduced out of an amount of admiration which might with more propriety have been bestowed on more deserving persons. The object for which her ladyship lived was to attract notice, and she succeeded. All wherein she differs from humbler coquettes, is the extent of the sphere in which she operated. They are content to ogle a fop or two at church, or in a private ball-room, whereas, perched upon the cliffs of Lebanon, Lady Hester ogled Britain, France, and part of Germany besides. There she sat, rode, stood, or lay, scolding pachas, spacing the fortunes of young artists, travelling at the cost of Fisher & Co., to take drawings of eastern scenes, and gaining praise from Lamartine, by the artful manner in which she feigned madness. And yet, what after all is Lady Hester. Her uncle Pitt spoils her by injudicious, if after all it was not ironical, or at least tipsy flattery. After the death of that statesman, and the concurrence of a variety of unfortunate accidents, she loses her importance, her occupation is over, liver complaint is induced, and she becomes interestingly nervous. The mountains of Wales are tried, but she gets no one to notice her in the land of leeks. She sets off in a fit for the East, gets shipwrecked at the island of Rhodes, dresses like a male Turk, and finding the thing to take, makes all possible haste to get into repute. To acquire importance by such means as her ladyship practised, does appear to us of all possible tasks the least difficult. Let any clever and high-spirited girl, though merely the wealthy heiress of some city merchant, whose name beyond ‘Change was never hinted, just try the experiment, and though no lady, she will soon get distinction enough. The cliffs of Lebanon are at present out of the question, but let such a person try Ben Nevis, and rearing a rich and fantastic abode midway up its steeps, hire Celtic lasses dressed in tartan to wait on her, employ a score of kilted and bonneted Celts with claymore and skeneadh, bear-skin purses, and Birmingham pistols, to attend her when she descends the hill; let her have six bagpipers, and ten stout young fellows who may stand behind her back at night, holding up fir torches instead of moulded candles; let her keep a good table, hang out a banner from the eastern turret of her romantic castle, inviting all the Cockneys, a few of the Yankees, and most of the Welsh dealers in wool who pay visits to such districts in the dog-days, to give her a call; and we predict that in less than five years, if she do not get the celebrity of Lady Stanhope, she will, however, be much more talked of than either Joanna Baillie, Mary Mitford, or Mrs Crowe.

Lady Hester was indeed a singular woman. But she

only stands at the head of a class. We could name country villages in remote districts of Scotland where there are a kind of Lady Stanhopes at the present hour. They have some little wealth, and can purchase consequence, and so they figure away. Such persons, as well as Lady Stanhope, can lie abed till five, ringing bells, scolding servants, writing cards to friends, sending for doctors, and ordering soup to be carried to the cottages of the poor. They get the repute of being fine ladies, very clever, but *so singular*, so out of the way in their modes of doing things. Now, though her position was loftier and her sphere more extensive, Lady Hester was just such a person as these; so that, all things considered, therefore we are glad to announce to our readers, that though we intend to furnish them with extracts from the physician's book, they will not hear much of Lady Stanhope herself.

The author of these volumes had scarcely completed his medical studies, when an invitation to accompany Lady Hester Stanhope in the capacity of physician into foreign parts was laid before him and accepted. Her ladyship's health was not good, and two years' residence in the delightful island of Sicily had been recommended for her benefit. There is something so fresh, vigorous, and lively, in the opening part of the narrative, that we cannot forbear giving it entire; and in the author's own words. 'Her ladyship, we premise, was, besides her physician, accompanied on her voyage by her half-brother, the Hon. James Hamilton Stanhope, and his friend Mr Nassau Sutton.

'On the 10th of February, 1810, we embarked at Portsmouth, on board the Jason frigate, commanded by the Hon. James King, having under convoy a fleet of transports and merchant vessels bound for Gibraltar. Our voyage was an alternation of calms and gales. We were seven days in reaching the Land's End; then, having passed Cape Finisterre and Cape St Vincent, we were overtaken, on the 6th of March, by a violent gale of wind, which dispersed the convoy, and drove us so far to leeward that we found ourselves on the shoals of Trafalgar. It was for some hours uncertain whether we should not have to encounter the horrors of shipwreck, on that very shore where so many brave sailors perished after the battle which derives its name from these shoals; but, on the following morning, by dint of beating to windward, under a pressure of sail, in a most tremendous sea, we weathered the land, and gained the Straits of Gibraltar, through which we ran. We anchored in the Bay of Tetuan, at the back of the promontory of Ceuta, facing Gibraltar, on the African coast. Mount Atlas, the scene of so many of the fables of antiquity, was visible from this point; but its form was far from corresponding with the shape pictured by my imagination, presenting rather the appearance of a chain of mountains than of one single mount. The wind abated the next day, when we weighed anchor, and entered the Bay of Gibraltar. As we approached the rock, we were struck with the grandeur and singularity of its appearance. Lady Hester and her brother were received at the convent, the residence of the lieutenant-governor, Lieut. General Campbell. Mr Sutton and myself had apartments assigned to us in a house adjoining the convent, where we occasionally partook of the hospitality of Colonel M'Coomb, of the Corsican Rangers, although we dined and lived principally at the Governor's palace. I visited the fortifications in company with the Lieutenant-Governor and Captain Stanhope. As I had never before sailed to a latitude so southern as Gibraltar, I was much struck with the difference of temperature into which we were now transported. There were flowers in bloom, shrubs in leaf, and other appearances of an early spring; and I hastened, the morning after our arrival, to enjoy the luxury of bathing in the sea. These feelings of pleasure at the change of climate were, however, greatly abated by the attacks to which we were daily and nightly exposed from the mosquitoes, which entirely destroyed our rest. How impartial has nature been in all her dealings! Go where you will, if you sum up the amount of good and evil, every country will be found to have about an equal portion of both; and, in many cases, where Providence has seemed to be more beneficent than was equit-

able, a little fly will strike the balance. Gibraltar seemed to me to be a place where no one would live but from necessity. Provisions and the necessities of life of all kinds were exceedingly dear. The meat was poor and lean; vegetables were scarce; and servants, from the plenty of bad wine, were always drunk. Out-door amusements on a rock, where half the accessible places are to be reached by steps only, or where a start of a horse would plunge his rider over a precipice, must be, of course, but few; although, to horsemen, the neutral ground, which is an isthmus of sand joining the rock to Spain, affords an agreeable level for equestrian exercise.' This, we are persuaded, will seem to our readers a very fair commencement.

After cruising about from place to place, and island to island, in the Levant, the account of which forms very pleasant reading, they come to Constantinople, where 'all that one sees is odd and strange, but it is difficult to make another person understand in what that strangeness consists. The mere act of walking in the streets has something in it incompatible with recreation. There are no carriages or vehicles of any kind, and consequently the streets are so silent that people's voices are heard as in a room. All the shops are entirely open to the air; you are therefore subjected to the gaze of the shopkeepers; so that the effect is similar to what is felt in walking through a hall, with a row of servants on each side. All persons of the same trade here have their shops in the same place. Thus, there will be a row of tailors, a row of furriers, and a row of shoemakers; and such a street is called the tailors' bazaar, the furriers' bazaar, the shoemakers' bazaar. But, if the commodities are of a precious nature, or susceptible of injury when exposed to the air or wet, as jewellery, drugs, and the like, then the street is covered in, the shops are fitted up in a somewhat more ornamented manner, and the place is called bezestan. There was no audience of an English ambassador while we were at Constantinople, so that I had not an opportunity of seeing his highness the sultan, excepting on Fridays, when it was his custom to perform his public devotions at a mosque. The sight was magnificent and striking, but it is impossible to convey an adequate impression of it in a description: and I can only give the reader a general idea of it. The origin of it, as we are told, was this—that subsequent to some insurrection among the janissaries, in the reign of one of the early sultans, a sort of charter of rights was obtained from their monarch; one of which was, that, instead of keeping himself shut up in his seraglios, as his predecessors had done, he should show himself once a-week to his faithful subjects; since which time it has become a custom for him to go publicly to mosque every Friday, which is the Moslem's sabbath. On these occasions, when the sultan issues from the harem, the janissary-agas holds his stirrup whilst he mounts his horse, and (as I was informed) draws on his legs a pair of new yellow boots, a ceremony always repeated. To secure a good view, I had taken a convenient situation in a street through which the sultan was to pass; and, presently, the procession approached in the following order. First came some dozens of water-carriers, who bore skins of water across their backs, with which they laid the dust as they advanced. On the right and left of the street was a double file of janissaries. Bostangis, with knotted whips, kept the crowd from pressing on the procession. Next to the water-carriers came a group of nondescript persons; grooms to hold horses, servants to unrobe their effendis or masters, and other hangers-on or attendants of great men. After these, upon a finely caparisoned horse, surrounded by a dozen valets on foot, followed a fierce-looking Turk, with a black beard; and I and my companion exclaimed, 'Here comes the sultan'—it was only his coffee-bearer. We made the like remark at a second and a third; but they were his stool, sword, and pipe-bearers, who, with the emblems of office in their hands, passed in succession. The surprise which the splendour of these inferior officers of the palace excites is increased when the captain pasha, the reis effendi, the kakhya bey, and the grand vizier, pass by, muffed in pelisses worth £200 each, wearing in their girdles hangers or daggers

studded with diamonds, and mounted on horses almost sinking under the weight of gold housings. Our ideas were confused by the magnificence which we saw displayed. And now, on a sudden, the crowd, which had been noisy and making their remarks on the scene before them, was hushed. A solemn and really an awful silence prevailed, whilst only low whispers were heard that the commander of the faithful was near. Every Turk immediately folded his long robe over his breast, crossed his hands before him, dropped his head on his bosom, and, in a tone of voice just audible, prayed Allah and Mahomet to preserve the perpetuity of the royal race. Our object was curiosity, and we looked eagerly for the sultan, but could hardly obtain a glimpse of him. His person, too sacred to be gazed on, was almost hidden by the lofty plumes of feathers of the attendants who surrounded him, each of whom wore a vest of glittering stuff representing resplendent armour, and on his head a crested helmet. Fancy must assist the reader in imagining the gorgeous housings, studded with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, on a ground of gold, that covered the sultan's horse, which was a milk-white stallion. He passed, and lo! an ugly blackamore, the minister of his pleasures, entitled the Kislar aga, followed him. His deformity rendered him hideous, yet was he rivalled in it by fifty other black eunuchs, and as many white ones, who filled up his train. These were succeeded by a dwarf. Three hundred chokhadars, or pages, closed the procession, all clad in white, and all extremely beautiful in person. There were several men appointed, according to custom, to throw money to the mob; and several others whose duty it was to beat them unmercifully if they thronged too riotously to pick it up; so that, between the sixpences and the blows, which seemed to be dealt out in about equal shares, there was much diversion for a bystander. The procession arrived at the mosque. Prayers were said. But within those sacred walls, on such an occasion, no infidel dared cast even a glance, and we retired to our homes delighted with what we had seen, but mortified by our exclusion from the termination of the ceremony.

We have hitherto had almost nothing of Lady Hester; now, however, she hires a house in the village of Therapia, ten miles from Constantinople, and is attacked with a severe indisposition. That her ladyship may not pass altogether unnoticed, we here give a letter which she despatches to a friend. It is certainly a poor affair:

Terapia, upon the Bosphorus, December 21, 1810.

'My dear —, Since the fire at Pera good houses are so scarce that I have taken up my abode at this place, where I have a fine view of the coast of Asia, and mouth of the Black Sea. Lord S— and B— are about to set off upon a tour; the latter returns here in a few weeks, but my lord means to take his passage to Malta by the first opportunity, and to return to us in the early spring. I flatter myself that you will take my word for his having the best of hearts, and being a most friendly creature, till you can judge yourself of his good qualities. B— desires to be most kindly remembered to you. Canning [now Sir Stratford Canning], has behaved to me in the civilest, kindest manner possible, but has never once mentioned his cousin's name.'

They spent the winter, therefore, near Constantinople; the physician of Lady Hester enjoying, he tells us, capital shooting. 'There was abundance of wild fowl on the Bosphorus during the cold weather; and I used sometimes to cross into Asia in a wherry to shoot. On two different occasions, I brought home two pelicans. They swam towards the boat, and suffered the gun to be levelled at them without showing the least symptom of alarm. Those who are desirous of shooting on the canal, or indeed anywhere in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, must obtain a teskery, or permission to that effect. I was stopped more than once by the keepers, who resorted to various stratagems to get money. One keeper, when I showed him my license, told me it was very true I had a teskery; but that an order had come down that no guns were to be fired on the canal, because two of the sultan's ladies were lying-in—at a distance

of eight or ten miles! A piastre, however, would always set matters right, and cause me to be left undisturbed.'

Lady Hester had expected great benefit from the climate of Constantinople, but met a severe disappointment. She is told that the sulphureous baths of Asia might be of service, and she resolves to go thither. Brusa is well described, but there is nothing about it sufficiently interesting to make us detain the reader. They return again to Constantinople and hire a house. Poor Lady Hester is all along sadly neglected, the worthy physician being too much engrossed with himself. This is amusing.

'My long residence in Constantinople had given me time to form an extensive acquaintance, and, from some successful cures, I was much solicited to settle there. It would indeed have been a desirable situation as far as money was concerned; but I was under engagements with Lady Hester which precluded such a thought. The Turks, and also the Armenians, were exceedingly liberal in their fees; the Greeks were not so. During the summer I learned to throw the *giryd*, or blunt javelin; and, as I conceive it to be thrown by the Turks in the same manner as practised by the ancients during the time of the Trojan war, I shall endeavour to make the reader understand it. When a javelin is put into the hand of a person unused to handle such a weapon, and he is desired to throw it, he invariably elevates his hand and arm; and, holding the javelin on a level with his head, or still higher, throws it overhanded. But this I conceive is not the mode employed by the ancients: nor is the same degree of power acquired as in the underhanded manner, which is as follows. The javelin, being from three and a half to five feet long, and of equal weight at both ends, is taken in the palm of the hand, resting in a position out of the horizontal one by a trifling elevation of the point, and is pressed almost entirely by the finger and thumb alone. The arm is straightened, the bend of the arm faces outwards, and the elbow is turned inwards, so that it points to the hip-bone. Then a position is assumed, exactly such as a man would take who should fence left-handed, and, in this way, the javelin is discharged as if slung from the whole arm, without any effort at the wrist, and little at the elbow. On horseback, the impulse is greater, because the horse is brought to a sudden halt and a wheel about to the left, just at the moment of throwing the javelin. *Giryd* is an Arabic word, meaning a branch of the palm-tree; such a branch being generally used for a sham javelin, as being firm, heavy, and elastic, and having a slight tapering from one extremity to the other.'

Having applied without success to the war minister to get permission to locate herself for a season in the south of France, Lady Hester resolves, at all events, not to risk another winter in Constantinople—and so preparations are made for quitting that city. She first thought of trying Athens, but at last resolves to go to Egypt. They hire a Greek vessel with a Greek crew, and are again upon the waters. Live poultry, sheep, wine, every thing that could make the voyage comfortable, had been provided; but alas, on the 27th of October, four days after sailing, the ship sprung a leak, and the cry of all hands to the pump showed that some danger impended. The description of the shipwreck must be given entire. Lady Hester, for the first time, appears to exhibit something like character.

'It is seldom that the Levantine ships have pumps, or, when they have, they are so little used as generally to be found unserviceable when wanted: and such was the case with ours. The water increased rapidly, and every exertion was necessary to check its progress. Mr B., Mr Pearce, myself, and all the servants, were unremittingly employed in raising and lowering the buckets, which were plied at the hatchways as well as at the wells; whilst the pilot directed the ship's course towards Rhodes. In the meantime, Lady Hester, who had been informed of the leak, became aware, from the confusion which prevailed, that great danger was apprehended. She dressed herself, and quietly directed her maid to furnish a small box with a few articles of the first necessity, to be prepared against the worst. There was a cask of wine in the cabin, which

had been brought to drink on the voyage. This her ladyship, with her own hands, drew and distributed among the sailors, to cheer them under the labour, which became very severe. The wind had now risen to a complete gale, and, about twelve o'clock, the ship heeled gunwale down, and was so waterlogged that she never recovered an upright position afterwards. As our situation became more alarming, two or three of the Greek servants began to lose courage, and, throwing themselves flat on the deck, vented the most womanish lamentations, nor could they be induced by either threats or promises to work any more. One shook as if he had an ague fit; and another invoked the Virgin Mary, with continued exclamations of '*Panagia nou! panagia nou!*' Things wore this unpromising appearance when, about three o'clock, the south-west point of the island of Rhodes was discovered on our weather bow. The pilot immediately put the ship's head as direct to it as the wind would permit. Every person took fresh courage, and our exertions became greater than ever. But the ship was no longer obedient to the helm, and we lost, in lee-way, what we gained in progress. We were perhaps not more than two miles from the island, and it was resolved to let go an anchor. The anchor, however, proved of no use, and the ship still drove. The leak had now gained so much upon us that there was every probability the ship could not long keep afloat, and it was resolved that the long-boat should be hoisted out as our only resource. This was made known to Lady Hester, and the order having been given that no one should burden the boat with luggage, it was with much difficulty lowered into the sea. Whilst this was doing, I went down into the cabin, and took from my trunk a bag of dollars, which, with my sabre and a pistol, was all that I saved. I hastened upon deck, and, jumping into the boat, where already twenty-four persons had got before me, we let go the rope, and placed all our hopes on reaching a rock, which was about half a mile to leeward of us. No sooner were we free from the lee of the ship than the danger to which we were exposed became still more formidable than before. Almost every wave beat over us. Providence, however, watched over our safety; and we at last got to the leeward side of the rock, where a little creek, just large enough to shelter the boat, received us, and we landed. But when we came to reflect on our position, it seemed still very deplorable. There was only one place, a sort of cavity in the rock, which afforded shelter from the spray. There was no fresh water, and, in the hurry of quitting the ship, that, as well as provisions, had been forgotten. Fatigue, however, was at present the most urgent sensation; and we all composed ourselves, in our wet clothes, to sleep; the cave in the rock being assigned to Lady Hester and her maid. About midnight the wind abated a little, and the master proposed attempting to reach the land; averring it was as well to perish at once as to be starved to death. He suggested that, if the crew only was taken with him, there would be a much better chance of effecting his purpose; and that, once arrived, he could provide boats for our deliverance: whereas, if all went, the boat would in all probability sink. These arguments were deemed valid, and, accompanied by our prayers, they launched off. It was agreed that, when they reached the shore, they should make a fire as a signal of their safety; and, in the course of two hours, we saw the wished-for blaze. Daylight came, and we remained without food or drink, anxiously looking out for the return of the crew. Our reflections were by no means comfortable: for, knowing the character of the Greeks, we could not be sure that, once safe themselves, they would not abandon us to our fate. We watched all day, and it was not until about a quarter of an hour before sunset, that a black speck was seen on the sea, which we at length distinguished to be a boat. It contained the crew, but without the captain, who had declined the danger of coming off again. They brought us bread, cheese, water, and arrack; and thus, after thirty hours' fasting, we satisfied our hunger and thirst.'

They get safely landed, and Lady Hester seeks with her waiting-maid the temporary accommodation of a windmill.

Things, however, continue in a bad state for a requisite length of time—almost all their property, including linen and body clothes, had been lost in the wreck; and after going to Lindo, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, Lady Hester falls ill of a fever, on recovering from which, she sends a long letter to a friend. The following is a specimen. She is describing the wreck:

'We have lost a poor dog, which was quite a treasure; it was so frightened and so sick, we could not get it into the boat. I lament this every day, and little else, except the most beautiful collection of conserves for you and two other people, violets, roses, orange-flowers, and almost every sort of fruit.' [Fudge!]

On her ladyship's recovery she went to reside at Rhodes, and took up her abode in the house of a person named Philippaki, who was, it appears, an archon, and nearly allied to a prince. Rhodes, however, could not supply all that her destitute situation rendered indispensable, and the physician is sent off to Smyrna to procure money and clothes. Lady Hester, whose brain had, let us in charity guess, been affected by the recent storm and her subsequent hardships, adopts now the resolution of dressing like a man and a Turk! Her physician does his best to defend her conduct on different grounds, but with nothing like success. If it was no fault in Lady Stanhope's case to renounce the dress of her sex and assume the robes of a Turk, it can be no fault in any other lady who visits these parts to do so too; it was not, and it could not come to good, but it got Lady Hester into repute—it gratified her vanity, and she from that hour attracted notice and recovered health. Our author sets off for Smyrna, and after living there for a month or two, he returns with plenty of money and gay new dresses to Rhodes. He found Lady Hester and her maidens living in a fine cottage by the delightful sea-shore, and after being, reasonably, it would seem, scolded for remaining so long away, is ordered to unbuckle his pack and exhibit: 'It was accordingly opened, and the party assumed their dresses.' The island of Rhodes, the physician tells us, surpasses in picturesqueness and fertility all others of the Archipelago. The town bears still the marks of having been anciently very handsome. It has baths, mosques, and derives much wealth from holding maritime intercourse with Egypt. A squabble between Lady Hester and her servants is next recorded, and here in the Salsette frigate she sets sail for Alexandria. We cannot call this portion of the physician's volume the most interesting part. He does not seem to have a mind susceptible of those sublime emotions which are consequent on recollections of the past, associating themselves with scenes of present grandeur or dreary decay. Judging from his polished style, he must be a scholar, and yet he unquestionably eschews pedantry or classical allusion with most religious scrupulousness. The scenes through which he has already led us were singularly rife with memories of the past, and yet he will no more quote Horace or make reference to Virgil than Beau Brummel would, in assemblies of *ton*, praise spinage or make mention of greens. He has one excuse for being deficient in this respect in Egypt—though Darwin, Volney, and Dr Clarke, might with equal justice have adduced the same—he was 'consumed' plagued with mosquitoes and fleas—'stung like a trench,' in short. The party remained a few days at Rosetta, and greatly admired that famous town. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the gardens in the suburbs. They left Rosetta on the 9th of March, and proceeded up the Nile. The villages of the peasants are described as being an assemblage of hovels, or of mud bricks baked in the sun. When sailing in this manner, and within ten miles of Cairo, the Pyramids are announced, but though the physician went on deck to see them, 'they excited no astonishment, for the size of their base is so large as to render their height much less striking than it otherwise would be.' Oh, my dear doctor, get down again and finish your sherbet! They soon after this arrive at Cairo, where one of their first employments was to see the best riders of the old Mamelukes, whose reputation for horsemanship in Turkey is unrivalled. The opening of a mummy was the next exhibition that seemed to

delight, and not knowing how to spend the evening, they send for the dancing women. In the prospect of being paid, these amiable personages left their beds, obedient to the summons, and presented themselves before the English party half asleep. In order to rouse them, it was necessary to give them drink, and then they became gay, though, on the whole, their movements excited disgust! The Egyptian women, he says, are 'most graceful walkers,' they seem so many tawny Venuses, and yet they do not wear stays. To save appearances they give a day to the Pyramids—but a modern tourist would bestow more notice on the old castle of Rosyth in Fife, than this young and learned physician does on those celebrated works of old times. It is with a kind of vindictive satisfaction we discover that, on their return, the whole dandy cavalcade narrowly escaped a sound ducking in the Nile; they got, however, a good fright. After five days' sail from Egypt they reach Syria, and land in Jaffa.

They had now been absent from England two years and three months, and had become accustomed to the manners and habits of the Turks. Lady Hester has now totally renounced the dress and manners of her sex. When she rode out in a splendid Mameluke dress, 'she was usually mistaken for some young bey with his mustachios not yet grown; and this assumption of the male dress was a subject of severe criticism among the English who came to the Levant. Strangers, however, would frequently pass her without any notice at all; a strong proof that she felt no awkwardness in wearing a dress which would otherwise have attracted general attention. The fairness of her complexion was sometimes mistaken for the effect of paint.'

Jaffa is next described, but not with much interest. From Jaffa they proceed to Jerusalem, and we are at last put into good humour and reconciled to the worthy doctor, by the touching way in which he alludes to the feelings which a first sight of that venerable city produced.

'We approached Jerusalem, all more or less awed by the recollection of the scenes which had been acted on this memorable spot, a feeling which the appearance of it is well calculated to inspire. For several miles around it, the mountains are bare, rugged, and rocky, presenting a uniformly deserted appearance. The city is seen standing as if cut off from the rest of the world, and its high walls, on the outside of which no object meets the eye but here and there an insulated church, add to the gloominess of the prospect. We entered by the gate of Bethlehem.'

Still his accounts of the holy sepulchre and the hill of Calvary are coldly and briefly given. He was much more at home dining with British officers at Malta, or at Constantinople shooting teal. They left Jerusalem on the 30th of May; and in our next we shall take the liberty of marching on with the cavalcade.

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

Who else was it but the God of Elijah, who, a short time ago, in our neighbourhood, so kindly delivered a poor man out of his distress; not, indeed, by a raven, but by a poor singing bird? You are acquainted with the circumstance. The man was sitting, early in the morning, at his house door; his eyes were red with weeping, and his heart cried to heaven, for he was expecting an officer to come and distrain him for a small debt; and whilst sitting thus, with his heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down, as if in distress, until, at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself within an empty cupboard. The good man, who had little imagined who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to the man as if it were the tune of a favourite hymn, 'Fear thou not when darkness reigns;' and as he listened to it, he found it soothe and comfort his mind. Suddenly some one knocked at the door. 'Ah, it is the officer,' thought the man, and was sore afraid. But, no; it was the servant of a respectable lady, who said that the neighbours had seen a bird fly into his house, and she wished to know if he had caught it? 'Oh yes,' answered

the man, 'and here it is,' and the bird was carried away. A few minutes after, the servant came again. 'You have done my mistress a great service,' said she; 'she sets a high value upon the bird, which had escaped from her. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks.' The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the sum he owed; and when the officer came, he said, 'Here is the amount of the debt; now leave me in peace, for God has sent it me.'—*Dr Krummacher.*

THE SONG OF THE SUN.

At morning I rise
From the eastern skies,
And mount my golden car,
And, hurrying, night,
All pale with affright,
To her deserts flies afar.

Each starlet on high
Shuts its twinkling eye,
For it dare not look on me,
When I fling the blaze,
Of my dazzling rays
O'er heaven, earth, and sea.

Oh, I never lag,
But o'er mountain and crag
With my glittering wheels I go.
The streamlets rejoice
With a many-toned voice,
And the sea-waves dance below.

Down, down to the deeps
Where the sea-snake creeps,
And the bright fish sparkle by,
To the fathomless bowers
Of the coral flowers,
I look with a fearless eye.

I seize the streams
With my burning beams,
And stretch an arch o'er heaven;
I cross the storm
On that sory form,
When the tempest clouds are riven.

I burst through the shroud
Of the thunder cloud,
And smile at the tempest's wrath;
I waken to mirth
The drooping earth,
And beauty I spread in my path.

Crystalline towers,
And diamond bowers,
I build in the northern sea;
My streamers bright
I unfurl to the nights,
Where the icebound regions be.

I linger awhile
By some lonely isle
That gems the brow of ocean;
Yet never I rest,
But away to the west
I hurry with ceaseless motion.

When wearied and worn,
To my couch I return,
And sink on the western bollow;
The twilight skies,
With their myriad dies,
Are curtained round my pillow.

When the morning stars sung
O'er the world yet young,
I join'd in their heav'n-echoed hymn;
And on shall I glide
In my glory and pride,
Till the stars in their spheres grow dim.

Chaotic night fled
When my banner I spread
O'er a world in the flush of its prime,
And its folds shall wave free
O'er the earth and the sea,
Till Eternity conquereth Time.

R. P. S.

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PROGRESS OF MECHANISM IN SPINNING.

AMONG the many wonderful changes in modern society wrought about by the stupendous discovery of James Watt, at the least wonderful is that effected in the manufacture of fibrous substances into fabrics of various kinds; and which has issued in the development of the modern factory system. Processes which formerly were difficult, tedious, imperfect, and exceedingly scanty in their results, are now performed with the utmost ease, rapidity, and certainty; the production of fabrics of all kinds has been increased to an amazing extent; and immense populations have been accumulated in the manufacturing towns, numbering by hundreds of thousands, and constantly increased by accessions from the agricultural districts, who derive their sole subsistence from tending and guiding the spindles and power-looms driven by the never-tiring steam-engine.

As with all other arts, that of spinning fibrous substances was originally of the rudest description. So far as we can now ascertain, the distaff and the spindle were the first simple instruments employed by the spinner. The distaff was a stick or reed about a yard in length, with a fork or expansion near the top, round which the flax or wool was wound, previously prepared by carding or combing. The distaff was usually held under the left arm, and the fibres were drawn out from the projecting ball, being at the same time spirally twisted by the forefinger and thumb of the right hand. The thread so produced was spun by the turning round of the spindle, and was then wound upon it, until the quantity was as great as it could carry. A fresh spindle was then mounted, and those already loaded with thread were stored in a basket until a sufficient quantity was collected for the weaver. The Hindoos to this day form their distaff of the leading shoot of some young tree, carefully peeled; and for the spindle they select part of a beautiful shrub, which has hence obtained the popular name of the Spindle Tree. With these simple implements, and by aid of that exquisite touch which the Hindoos possess, they are enabled to spin those delicate cotton yarns from which the celebrated Indian muslins are made. The ancients appear to have had no other method of spinning than by the distaff and spindle, and as these primitive tools are still made use of by the modern Egyptians, it is probable that the cloth with which mummies are bandaged was spun by the same method 3000 years ago.

The use of the spindle and distaff was superseded in England by the spinning wheel about the reign of Henry VIII. It was probably introduced from Hindostan, where it had been in use for ages. Two kinds of household

wheels have been described as long in use among spinsters. One of these is commonly called in this country 'the big wheel,' from the size of its rim, or the 'wool wheel,' from its being chiefly employed in the spinning of wool; the other is the Jersey wheel, used for the spinning of flax, and of which the Saxony wheel was an improvement, inasmuch as it enabled the spinner to mount two spindles on the same wheel, so as to form a thread with each hand. The demand for cotton, linen, and woollen goods, having very much increased about the middle of last century, the manufacture of these articles greatly extended, giving abundant occupation to the female members of every poor family. According to Dr Taylor, this was the commencement of the system of infant labour; for spinning being found so profitable, every child in the cottage was forced to help in the process. And when the father was a weaver, and the mother a spinner, the tasks imposed on the children were often cruelly severe. The articles so produced, it need scarcely be said, were very much inferior in quality to those now in use among even the poorest classes.

An improvement was made in this comparatively rude process about the year 1764, when James Hargreaves, then living in the neighbourhood of Blackburn, invented his spinning jenny. The principle of this machine is precisely that of the common spinning wheel; its merit consisting in its greatly increased productiveness. Hargreaves was, it seems, quite satisfied to spin yarn sufficient for his own loom, without telling his neighbours by what means it was produced. This secret was, however, let out through the vanity of a female member of the family, who boasted to a sick friend of having spun a pound of cotton since her last visit, shortly before. This was soon noised abroad, and when Hargreaves' neighbours at length discovered that he had invented a machine by which one woman could easily spin, within the same time, as much as had formerly been spun by twenty persons, they broke into his house, destroyed the machine, burnt nearly all his furniture, and threatened him with violence. Probably this was one of the first exhibitions of the popular hostility to machinery, which has since so often broken out in England, sometimes with devastating fury.

Soon after this, the method of drawing the fibres by rollers, instead of by hand, came into operation. The first mill for this purpose was erected at Nottingham, and the machinery was turned by horses; but this method being found too expensive, another mill was shortly afterwards built at Cromford, in Derbyshire, which was worked by a water wheel, and hence the spinning machinery was called the 'water frame,' and the yarn produced by it 'water twist,' a name still continued to be applied to similar descriptions of yarn. The progress of invention from this

point continued to be very rapid; and the Factory System was soon fairly commenced. Its beginning originated in this way: Up to the time of which we speak cotton-flax had been prepared at the houses of the workmen, with such simple machinery as the hand or stock cards, the spinning-wheel, and the loom. When the spinning-jenny came into use, and the number of spindles was greatly increased, a workshop was added to the cottage. But when carding and other machines had been invented, and when improvements in them had also introduced a greater number of processes and a more marked division of labour, more space was required than a cottage or a workshop could furnish. The weight of the new machinery also needed strongly built mills; and to put and keep them in motion they required more force than the human arm could supply. Hence mills arose on the banks of streams, and their waters were placed under contribution to supply the power to drive them. But water power was found so variable and uncertain—influenced as it was by the state of the weather—there being sometimes too much and sometimes too little water, that that regularity of speed which is so essential to the spinning of fine numbers could not be obtained. This obstruction, however, to the progress and perfection of our textile manufactures, was completely removed by the invention of the steam-engine; after which there rapidly sprung up, on the hills, plains, and valleys, throughout the manufacturing districts, mills for the spinning of cotton, flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances. The progress made in every department of machinery has been so great, that we soon outstripped the whole world; and have attained to such rapidity and cheapness of production, that we are able to bring the cotton and silk of India from a distance of thousands of miles, and after manufacturing it into goods, send it back to India again, and there undersell the native Hindoo even in his own market. It is the same with wool and other articles.

Some idea of the extent of the modern factory system may be formed from a few facts stated by Mr Leonard Horner, in a report just made to Parliament, respecting the district (Lancashire and Cheshire) over which he is Inspector. He states, that 1519 firms in his books occupy 2088 factories; having 1552 steam-engines with the power of 44,883 horses, and 515 water wheels with the power of 5,418 horses. They employ 221,437 persons of all ages; of which number 14,441 are children between 8 and 18 years of age, 65,546 between 18 and 28 years of age, and 77,208 above 28 years of age. Of the whole, 77,208, or about one-third, are females. This estimate, be it remembered, excluded the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Nottingham, Ireland and Scotland.

From a paper lately read before the Leeds Mechanics' and Literary Institution, by Mr Horsman, it appears that the firm of Marshall & Son, Leeds, with which that gentleman is connected, employs upwards of 3000 persons, and above 500 horse power. In one single room of their manufactory, 40,000 spindles are constantly at work, making from 2000 to 3000 revolutions *every minute* for 64 hours per week, and turning off in that time probably a great deal more than the whole spinster population of Great Britain could do in a year with the one-thread spinning-wheel, about a century ago!

While the immense abundance and cheapness of all spun and woven productions has brought them within the reach of almost all classes of the population, it is also gratifying to be able to state, that the earnings of the labourers have, on the whole, nearly kept pace with the rapidity and cheapness of the productions. Formerly, spinners made the most miserable wages—little more than sempstresses do now. The number employed, also, was comparatively small to what are engaged now—a-days in manufacturing processes. The population of all rural districts still keep flocking to the manufacturing towns to obtain employment in the mills. And notwithstanding, we say, the immense increase in the productiveness of the machinery, and the immense increase also in the numbers of those employed, the wages of the operatives have kept up wonderfully well; and in the flax trade, they have even increased, notwithstanding

standing a diminution in the hours of labour. On comparing the two periods of 1831 and 1840, it appears from the books of Messrs Marshall of Leeds, above referred to, that in the former year the average wages of 139 men were 19s. 10d. per week; of 385 women and girls, 5s. 8d. per week; and of 250 children, 3s. 2½d. per week; the mills running 72 hours per week. Whereas, in 1840, when the hours of running had been reduced to 66 hours per week, that is, by about one-eighth, the average wages of 135 men had risen to 21s. 8d., and of 478 women and girls to 5s. 11½d. In the case of the children, the average had fallen to 2s. 5½d. per week, in consequence of the Factories Regulation Act limiting their labour to half-a-day, fresh relays of children being employed during the other half; so that here, also, the actual wages for the period of labour allowed is also increased by more than one-third. Many of the young women employed, both in the flax and cotton mills, are paid from 8s. to 12s. per week; which is more than the average of sempstresses can earn, and more even than many highly educated young women acting as governesses receive.

It is well observed by Mr Hickson, in the last report of the Handloom Commissioners, that 'one of the greatest advantages resulting from the progress of manufacturing industry, and from severe manual labour being superseded by machinery, is its tendency to raise the condition of women. Education only is wanted to place the women of Lancashire higher in the social scale than in any other part of the world. The great drawback to female happiness among the middle and working classes, is their complete dependence and almost helplessness in securing the means of subsistence. The want of other employment than the needle cheapens their labour, in ordinary cases, until it is almost valueless. In Lancashire, profitable employment for females is abundant. Domestic servants are scarce that they can only be obtained from the neighbouring counties. A young woman, prudent and careful, and living with her parents, from the age of 16 to 25, may, in that time, by factory employment, save £100 as a wedding portion. I believe it to be the interest of the community, that every young woman should have this in her power. She is not then driven into an early marriage by the necessity of seeking a home; and the consciousness of independence in being able to earn her own living, is favourable to the development of her best moral energies.'

This, we believe, is a fair representation of what might be the consequence of factory occupation, and what would have been the actual condition of the great body of female operatives now had moral and intellectual culture kept pace with the development of the factory system. It has been the result of factory employment at Lowell and elsewhere in the United States; and why should it not be so in England? Certainly there is nothing in the occupation of spinning either flax, cotton, or silk, which is detrimental to moral and social improvement, more than in any other occupation; on the other hand, there is every reason to believe, that with proper attention to the cultivation of the minds and morals of those employed in it, they would ere long become one of the most respectable and valued portions of our industrial community.

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

Bede, or **BEDA**, whom posterity has universally agreed to designate by the deserved title of 'venerable,' is the most distinguished name in Anglo-Saxon literature. His chief work, the 'Ecclesiastical History of England,' is likewise the principal original authority for the early civil history of his country. The following memoir of this learned and good man lately appeared in the *Newcastle Guardian*, and, though brief, brings together in a very able manner all the important particulars which have come down to us regarding his personal history:—

Hac sunt in fossa,
Beda Venerabilis Oca.

In the gallery of the Cathedral Church at Durham stands a low antique table monument, bearing the above inscription.

tion. It is a remembrance of one who stood prominently forth as a beacon-light to the benighted and tempest-stricken wanderers of a dark and stormy age; and although the broad sunlight of a brighter day has diffused itself around it, still, in its rugged strength, it presents a proud and lasting testimony to those spirits whose intellectual gloom it was its high province to illuminate, if not wholly to dispel.

It was during the stormy period of the Saxon heptarchy, when the antagonist principles of truth and error were still struggling for supremacy, that, in the year of our Lord 673, the venerable Bede, the great teacher of religion, science, and literature, and father and founder of a portion of the Christian church, was born. His birthplace, as recorded by himself, was at Monkton, in the territory afterwards belonging to the twin-monasteries of St Peter and St Paul, at Wearmouth and Jarrow. The whole of this district, lying along the coast near the mouths of the rivers Tyne and Wear, was granted to Abbot Benedict, by Egfred, king of Deira (Northumberland), two years after the birth of Bede. This event took place in the third year of the reign of that monarch, who was the son of St Oswy, concerning whom ample information has recently been given by our respected and talented townsman, the author of 'Tynemouth Priory.' The dominions of the son and successor of Oswy, by whom the union of the two provinces of Deira and Bernicia had, previous to his death, been completed, now extended from the Humber to the Firth of Forth, comprehending all the six northern counties of England, and the whole of the southern part of Scotland. Of the parentage of Bede nothing has been recorded. At the age of seven years, he was, by his own account, placed under the care of Abbot Benedict, in the Abbey of Wearmouth; that of Jarrow, his reputed birthplace, being not yet built. When, however, this last establishment was completed, he appears to have gone thither, under Cœlfrid, its first abbot, and there to have taken up his abode for the remainder of his life. For a youth endowed with habits so studious, an intellect so comprehensive, and industry so indefatigable, no situation could have been more appropriate. Benedict Bishop, the founder of the monasteries, was a man of extraordinary learning and devotedness. He formed an exception to the generality of the noblemen of that age, who were no further advanced in learning and literature than the Norman barons who succeeded them, being, though by birth a nobleman, unwarred in the pursuit of knowledge, and the amelioration of the condition of his country. Travelling, with this benevolent purpose, into foreign countries, he brought back and introduced into his own not only the literature, but the arts, heretofore unknown, of the lands which he visited. He was thus the first who brought masons and glaziers into Britain, having need of their services in the noble buildings of which he was the founder. In addition also to the vast and costly collections of books, works of art, reliques, &c., which this distinguished abbot imported on his return from his various travels, he introduced the liturgy of the Roman church, together with their manner of chanting, hitherto the Gallic or Mozarabic liturgy having prevailed, both in England and Ireland. With advantages so extraordinary, and a capacity so calculated for their full appreciation and availment, it may be assumed that the progress of Bede was every way commensurate. He was, moreover, under the guidance of many learned and distinguished fathers, the order of the Benedictines having, in all ages, been eminent for its encouragement of learning, and its provisions for its extension. It is certain that he possessed considerable knowledge, not only in the Latin and Greek languages, but also in the Hebrew. His own ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, was, however, his principal and greatest incentive; for it must be remembered that the rules of monastic discipline by no means afforded to the student the uncontrolled disposal of his time; the daily service and psalmody of the church combining, with other duties of a less intellectual nature, to occupy many of those hours which his inclination would willingly have devoted to other and higher pursuits. Such, notwithstanding, was his proficiency in the

acquisition of the necessary qualifications, that, by an extraordinary deviation from the ecclesiastical rules, he was, at the early age of nineteen, and full five, if not six years before the appointed period, admitted to the office of deacon. This ordination was, by the interest of Abbot Cœlfrid, conferred on him by John, bishop of Hagulstad, now Hexham, in the county of Northumberland, the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow being in his diocese, as the see of Durham was not then in existence. But, although thus early introduced into holy orders, his judgment and piety combined to forbid his hasty assumption of the full duties and responsibility of the priest's office; eleven years of patient and persevering study having passed before, from the same hand, he received his ordination as a priest. He is, moreover, said to have subsequently declined the dignity of abbot, from a fear lest its manifold cares and anxieties should interfere too much with his favourite pursuits. Although the duties of the office to which he was now called afforded him far less leisure than he had hitherto enjoyed, every hour that was not thus preoccupied was devoted to the attainment of spiritual and intellectual wisdom. He applied himself to every branch of literature and science then known; and, besides studying and writing commentaries on the Scriptures, he treated on several subjects; on history, astrology, orthography, rhetoric, and poetry; in the latter of which he was not inferior to any poet of his age, as appears by some of his writings yet extant. In addition to those arduous and multifarious avocations, he had under his tuition several pupils, many of whom, under the influence of his instructions, attained considerable celebrity. Thus, while shut up within the dark cloisters of his monastery, this distinguished and truly venerable man employed his time and labour in the amelioration of that world with which he, notwithstanding, seldom mingled. Rarely, save on some needful errand of mercy, did he set his foot beyond the limits of his monastery; and though the fame of his erudition had reached even to the ears of the great father of the church, Pope Sergius, at Rome, he is believed never in person to have sought the applause of his contemporaries. It has been, indeed, asserted that his presence in the Christian capital had been required in a letter sent by the Pope to Abbot Cœlfrid; but this requisition, probably from the death of the writer, which took place shortly after, may, beyond all controversy, be established as never having been complied with. He himself says distinctly that his whole life was spent in the neighbourhood of Jarrow; and what more conclusive testimony need be required? He is also, and with equal veracity, asserted to have been a resident and professor at the University of Cambridge: but as this residence and professorship are dated at a period when, according to all received chronology, he could not have exceeded the *ninth year of his age*, all further inquiry into this assertion becomes superfluous.

Of the many famous men who were disciples of the venerable Bede, are mentioned Cheulph, Maurice, Oswald, and Lador, who are stated to have been the founders of the university of Paris. He himself, as among his more favoured pupils, distinguishes Haëbert, afterwards abbot of Monmouth, to whom he dedicated his treatise 'De Ratione Temporum'; Cuthbert, the successor of Haëbert, for whom he wrote his 'Liber de Arte Metris'; Constantine, for whose use he edited a dissertation concerning the division of numbers; and, lastly, Nothelm, presbyter of London, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, at whose request he propounded thirty questions upon the books of Kings. Although there were probably other disciples, whose names he does not specify, we should not, upon other evidence than his own, be justified in including them.

Literary labours, and the routine of his ecclesiastical services, form the whole record that is left to us of the life of Bede. We may follow him, day by day, in the cell, the cloister, and the choir, and the same unvaried routine presents itself to our observation. Thus had he lived, and thus, to the hour which completed the circle of his earthly course, did he continue to live. But little, therefore, remains for us to commemorate, save the particulars of that hour, and the immediate agency which was depoted to

open the gloomy portals of the grave, and present to his gaze the light of that infinitude which lay, in hallowed glory, beyond it. He seems, at a somewhat earlier period, to have contracted a complaint which proved a source of affliction during the whole of his remaining life. An attack of this disorder had lately prevented his visiting his friend Archbishop Egbert, and led to his writing that valuable letter on the duties of a bishop, which is still in existence. During the last few years of his earthly pilgrimage, he experienced continual ill health; and, some weeks before his death appears to have suffered unremitting anguish. He was attended by Cuthbert, who had been one of his pupils, who, after Huetbert, became abbot of the monastery. The Christian resignation with which he suffered the dispensation that awaited him, has been the theme of universal panegyric; and, in a letter of Cuthbert, is so beautifully recorded, that, did our space allow, we would willingly transcribe the whole; but must content ourselves with a brief abstract, as affording the best and most authentic information on the subject:—

'He was much troubled with shortness of breath for about a fortnight, but continued cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God every day and night, daily reading lessons to us, his disciples; and whatever remained of the day, he spent in singing psalms; he also passed all the night awake, in joy and thanksgiving. By turns we read, and by turns we wept—nay, we wept always whilst we read. In such joy we passed the days of Lent, until the Tuesday before the Ascension of our Lord came, when he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet; but he passed all that day, and dictated cheerfully. But he seemed very well to know the time of his departure; and when the morning appeared, that is, Wednesday, he ordered us to write with all speed what we had begun. Having said much more, he passed the day joyfully till the evening. And thus, on the pavement of his little cell, singing "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," when he had named the "Holy Ghost," he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom.'

The date of Bede's death is fixed, in Cuthbert's letter, on Ascension Day, which occurred May 26, 785.

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE fifth chapter of Dr Chalmers's treatise is named, 'On the special and subordinate Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral Constitution of Man.' It differs from the former merely in the nature and character of the illustrations that are employed. Clear and decisive as is the evidence derived from the three great principles that have been previously discussed, in favour of the moral excellence of Him who has made us so fearfully and wonderfully, we delight to perceive the same glorious truth beaming forth from what may be reckoned the inferior parts of the mechanism. Certain special contrivances present themselves, which in operation are found materially to promote the interests of virtue; contrivances which have not originated in the forethought of man; but which may be resolved into ultimate principles in our nature, and have thus come directly from God. Food is essential to our preservation; without it we must die; yet partaking of it is an act which has not been left solely to the conclusions of our understanding as a thing right and proper to be done at certain periods. The instinct of hunger has been implanted for this purpose. It is similar in the moral constitution of man. What is needed for the protection of life, for the continuation of the species, has provision made for it among the class of instincts. This is seen in anger, and in the sexual feeling, both of which must be regarded as instinctive, though they are modified, refined, and guarded by the maxims of piety and education, the restraints of society and the law. This idea is followed out in the sixth chapter, which is called—"On the Special Affections which conduce to the Civil and Political Well-being of Society."

Under this department two illustrations present them-

selves. The first is the family arrangement. By the very law of our formation, an intense affection is generated in the mother for her infant, even before it sees the light; and man, who is born the most helpless of all animals, and who would perish without immediate and incessant care, has all his wants supplied in that overflowing fount of love, a mother's heart. Make a step farther, and perceive the filial and the brotherly affections, as manifested in that little group of individuals we call a family, and dwelling under one roof. How admirable such an arrangement for the formation of orderly habits, and for the rooting out of that selfish feeling which is so apt to characterize man, when he lives alone. How excellent such a principle for mutual defence, and how beautifully is it often developed, when the various members, scattered abroad through the world, still acknowledge the ties of relationship, and still care for each other's welfare. How much is society benefited by these numberless ramifications crossing and recrossing each other in every department of life. And how abortive and miserable have been all the attempts made to divorce man from the economy of that family system, which has been implanted by God, whether these endeavours are illustrated in the idle fiction of universal citizenship, or in the gloomy block of a poorhouse, where paupers are torn from all the blessings of home.

The acquisition of property, and the general acquiescence in the mode of its distribution, afford another instance of those special affections through which Divine wisdom and goodness are manifest. Property is not, as has been maintained by some politicians, the creature of law; it is antecedent to law, and law only interposes to secure that which has already been gained. It is curious to observe the manner in which the idea of property originates, and we shall lose nothing, if for the time we convert the nursery into a hall of political economy. A child at first grasps at everything: the little monopolist would appropriate to himself not only whatever his hands can touch, but also everything that is embraced within the range of his vision. He stretches out his arms to the moon, and bawls most lustily that it is not given him as a plaything. His wants afterwards become less extravagant; but let us now enter the nursery, and observe what is going on among the children. 'If one, for example, have just sat on a chair, though only for a few minutes, and then left it for a moment—it will feel itself injured, if, on returning, it shall find the chair in the possession of another occupier. The brief occupation which it has already had, gives it the feeling of a right to the continued occupation of it—inasmuch that, when kept out by an intruder, it has the sense of having been wrongfully dispossessed. The particular chair of which it was for some time the occupier, is the object of a special possessory affection or feeling, which it attaches to no other chair; and by which it stands invested in its own imagination, as being, for the time, the only rightful occupier. This then may be regarded as a very early indication of that possessory feeling which is afterwards of such extensive influence in the economy of social life—a feeling so strong, as often of itself to constitute a plea, not only sufficient in the apprehension of the claimant, but sufficient in the general sense of the community, for substantiating the right of many a proprietor. But there is still another primitive ingredient which enters into this feeling of property; and we call it primitive because anterior to the sanctions or the application of law. Let the child, in addition to the plea that it had been the recent occupier of the chair in question, be able further to advance in argument for its right—that, with its own hands, it had just placed it beside the fire, and thereby given additional value to the occupation of it. This reason is both felt by the child itself, and will be admitted by other children even of a very tender age, as a strengthener of its claim. It exemplifies the second great principle on which the natural right of property rests—even that every man is proprietor of the fruit of his own labour; and that, to whatever extent he may have impressed additional value on any given thing by the work of his own hands, to that extent, at least, he should be held the owner of it. This

then seems the way in which the sense of his right to any given thing arises in the heart of the claimant; but something more must be said to account for the manner in which this right is deferred to by his companions. It accounts for the manner in which the possessory feeling arises in the hearts of one and all of them, when similarly circumstanced; but it does not account for the manner in which this possessory feeling, in the heart of each, is respected by all his fellows—so that he is suffered to remain in the secure and unmolested possession of that which he rightfully claims. The circumstances which originate the sense of property, serve to explain this one fact, the existence of a possessory feeling in the heart of every individual who is actuated thereby. But the deference rendered to this feeling by any other individuals, is another and a distinct fact; and we must refer to a distinct principle from that of the mere sense of property for the explanation of it. This new or distinct principle is a sense of equity—or that which prompts to likeness or equality, between the treatment which I should claim of others and my treatment of them; and in virtue of which, I should hold it unrighteous and unfair, if I disregarded or inflicted violence on the claim of another, which, in the same circumstances with him, I am conscious that I should have felt, and would have advanced for myself. Had I been the occupier of that chair, in like manner with the little claimant who is now insisting on the possession of it, I should have felt and claimed precisely as he is doing. Still more, had I like him placed it beside the fire, I should have felt what he is now expressing—a still more distinct and decided right to it. If conscious of an identity of feeling between me and another in the same circumstances—then let my moral nature be so far evolved as to feel the force of this consideration; and, under the operation of a sense of equity, I shall defer to the very claim which I should myself have urged, had I been similarly placed. And it is marvellous how soon the hearts of children discover a sensibility to this consideration, and how soon they are capable of becoming obedient to the power of it. It is, in fact, the principle on which a thousand contests of the nursery are settled, and many thousand more are prevented; what else would be an incessant scramble of rival and ravenous cupidity, being mitigated and reduced to a very great, though unknown and undefinable extent, by the sense of justice coming into play?

Let a third element now be added. There is an appeal made to the parents as to the proprietorship of the particular chair which is under dispute. The decision in this case is binding, and has all the authority of law, whatever be its nature, but it would be wise to respect those natural distinctions whose force is felt by each of the children. If this be done, we have the sanctions of law confirming the natural sense of justice, that every one has a right to enjoy the fruit of his labour. The application of this is obvious. It is only transferring our observation from the nursery to the world, and changing our actors from children to men.

The second volume of Dr Chalmers's treatise opens with a continuation of part first, which it will be remembered was on the adaptation of external nature to the moral constitution of man. It refers to those special affections which conduce to the 'Economic Well-being of Society.'

The word economic is used in contradistinction to the civil and political well-being of society; but the distinction soon disappears, and this chapter might, with great propriety, have been styled an extension of its predecessor. This chapter, moreover, labours under the serious disadvantage of opening up a large extent of debateable ground: some of the author's positions will be questioned, others of them will be positively denied, while a still larger number, we apprehend, will be considered as digressions which encumber and weaken his argument. It is no small defect, in a work which is intended to vindicate the ways of God to man, that its usefulness should be injured by plunging into a class of questions which cannot but provoke opposition among many persons of unquestioned piety and

and recommends that all tithes be compounded, as they are in Scotland. He attacks the poor-law system in England, and argues strenuously that all legalised assessment should be abandoned, and that the support of the poor be left to the unconstrained operation of Christian benevolence, a favourite theory of the worthy doctor, which we have always found most popular with those who are the least willing to give to the sacred cause of charity. He has introduced the doctrine of Malthus, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, a doctrine which, as last modified by its estimable author, has always appeared to us as nothing more than a harmless truism. Population pressed upon the means of subsistence when the little family of Noah came forth from the ark, and all the world was before them, and it would be the same now, if there were only a hundred persons resident in the extensive valley of the Mississippi. It matters not how prolific may be the soil, and how broad our territory, men will not, upon an average of years, labour to produce much more food than what can be profitably disposed of, either for their own wants or for sale to others. No attempt is made to analyse this chapter, for the reasons above stated, and instead we give the following enlightened extract, which will be read with especial interest at present, when commerce is establishing for itself a broad and liberal foundation.

'The philosophy of free trade is grounded on the principle that society is most enriched or best served when commerce is left to its own spontaneous evolutions; and is neither fostered by the artificial encouragements, nor fettered by the artificial restraints of human policy. The greatest economic good is rendered to the community by each man being left to consult and to labour for his own particular good—or, in other words, a more prosperous result is obtained by the spontaneous play and busy competition of many thousand wills, each bent on the prosecution of its own selfishness, than by the anxious superintendence of a government, vainly attempting to mediate the fancied imperfections of nature, or to improve on the arrangements of her previous and better mechanism. It is when each man is left to seek, with concentrated and exclusive aim, his own individual benefit—it is then that markets are best supplied; that commodities are furnished for general use, of best quality, and in greatest cheapness and abundance; that the comforts of life are most multiplied; and the most free and rapid augmentation takes place in the riches and resources of the commonwealth. Such a result, which at the same time no single agent in this vast and complicated system of trade contemplates or cares for, each caring only for himself—strongly bespeaks a higher Agent, by whose transcendent wisdom it is, that all is made to conspire so harmoniously and to terminate so beneficially. We are apt to recognise no higher wisdom than that of man, in those mighty concerts of human agency—a battle, or a revolution, or the accomplishment of some prosperous and pacific scheme of universal education; where each who shares in the undertaking is aware of its object, or acts in obedience to some master-mind who may have devised and who actuates the whole. But it is widely different, when, as in political economy, some great and beneficent end, both unlooked and unlaboured for, is the result, not of any concert or general purpose among the thousands who are engaged in it—but is the compound effect, nevertheless, of each looking severally, and in the strenuous pursuit of individual advantage, to some distinct object of his own. When we behold the working of a complex inanimate machine, and the usefulness of its products—we infer, from the unconsciousness of all its parts, that there must have been a planning and a presiding wisdom in the construction of it. The conclusion is not the less obvious, we think it emphatically more so, when, instead of this, we behold in one of the animate machines of human society, the busy world of trade, a beneficent result, an optimism of public and economical advantage, wrought out by the free movements of a vast multitude of men, not one of whom had the advantage of the *publica* in all his thoughts. When man is affected by

a combination of unconscious agents incapable of all aim, we ascribe the combination to an intellect that devised and gave it birth. When good is effected by a combination of conscious agents capable of aim, but that an aim wholly different with each from the compound and general result of their united operations—this bespeaks a higher will and a higher wisdom than any by which the individuals, taken separately, are actuated. When we look at each striving to better his own condition, we see nothing in this but the selfishness of man. When we look at the effect of this universal principle, in cheapening and multiplying to the uttermost all the articles of human enjoyment, and establishing a thousand reciprocities of mutual interest in the world—we see in this the benevolence and comprehensive wisdom of God.'

Chapter eighth has a long title—'On the Relation in which the Special Affections of our Nature stand to Virtue; and on the Demonstration given forth by it, both to the Character of Man and the Character of God.'

There are many evidences of a moral design so obvious, that the mere statement of them is sufficient to make their force be felt. There is the feeling of compassion, which could not have originated in a being who delights in misery: and there is also that strong tendency to speak truth, which would not have been implanted in the constitution of man had his Creator been a lover of falsehood. How dreadful would be the consequences were there no faith in human testimony, and no confidence in commercial transactions! Nay, the beneficial effects of truth are so great as to enlist the very selfishness of man upon its side. Particular occasions may arise, when much wealth may be gained by an act of deception, but, in the long run, the maxim will hold good, that honesty is the best policy. 'Man is not an utilitarian either in his propensities or in his principles. When doing what he likes—it is not always, it is not generally, because of its perceived usefulness, that he so likes it. But his inclinations, these properties of his nature, have been so adapted both to the material world and to human society, that a great accompanying or great resulting usefulness is the effect of that particular constitution which God hath given to him. And when doing what he feels that he ought, it is far from always because of its perceived usefulness that he so feels. But God hath so formed our mental constitution, and hath so adapted the whole economy of external things, to the stable and everlasting principles of virtue, that, in effect and historical fulfilment, the greatest virtue and the greatest happiness are at one. But the union of these two does not constitute their unity. Virtue is not right, because it is useful; but God hath made it useful, because it is right. He both loves virtue, and wills the happiness of his creatures—this benevolence of will, being itself, not the whole, but one of the brightest moralities in the character of the Godhead. He wills the happiness of man, but wills his virtue more; and accordingly, hath so constructed both the system of humanity, and the system of external nature, that only through the medium of virtue can any substantial or lasting happiness be realised.'

The ninth chapter is on the 'Miscellaneous Evidences of Virtuous and Benevolent Design, in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral Constitution of Man.' Among these may be enumerated the law of affection, whose power is invariably in proportion to the helplessness of the object; so that the more is needed the more is given. The external material world is rich in illustrations. There is the power of speech. Now, there is a distinct correspondence betwixt the organs of speaking and those of hearing, and the intermediate air is exquisitely adapted for the transmission of those sounds by which thoughts and emotions are conveyed from mind to mind. Not only so, but even the articulate tones of music, the expression of the countenance, and the beautiful and sublime scenes of nature, have such a wonderful relation to our moral constitution as to exercise an immense influence over it. Man is a compound being, and while the spirit dwells in a material habitation it cannot but be acted upon by the material world around us. There is one adaptation, however, derived from

the history of moral science which deserves especial consideration. We have already seen that there are many controversies respecting the origin of the moral sense, whether inherent or acquired; and if acquired, by what process: and not less numerous have been the disputes respecting the groundwork of morality, or what it is in a specific action that makes it right or wrong. And yet amidst all these clashing theories, one truth stands out in beautiful prominence, that there is a reality in virtue, that man is a moral being, and that his constitution is constructed with as evident a reference to holiness as the eye is for seeing or the ear for hearing.

'Each partisan hath advocated his own system; and each, in doing so, hath more fully exhibited some distinct property or perfection of moral rectitude. Morality is not neutralised by this conflict of testimonies; but rises in stately pride, and with augmented security, from the foam and the turbulence which play around its base. To her, this conflict yields, not a balance, but a summation of testimonies; and, instead of an impaired, it is a cumulative argument, that may be reared out of the manifold controversies to which she has given rise. For when it is asserted by one party in the strife, that the foundation of all morality is the right of God to the obedience of his creatures—let God's absolute right be fully conceded to them. And when others reply, that, apart from such right, there is a native and essential rightness in morality, let this be conceded also. There is indeed such a rightness, which, anterior to law, hath had everlasting residence in the character of the Godhead; and which prompted him to a law, all whose enactments bear the impress of purest morality. And when the advocates of the selfish system affirm, that the good of self is the sole aim and principle of virtue; while we refuse their theory, let us at least admit the fact to which all its plausibility is owing—that nought conduces more surely to happiness, than the strict observation of all the recognised moralities of human conduct. And when a fourth party affirms that nought but the useful is virtue; and, in support of their theory, can state the unvarying tendencies of virtue in the world towards the highest good of the human family—let it forthwith be granted, that the same God, who blends in his own person both the rightness of morality and the right of law, hath so devised the economy of things, and so directs its processes, as to make peace and prosperity follow in the train of righteousness. And when the position that virtue is its own reward, is cast as another dogma into the whirlpool of debate, let it be fondly allowed, that the God, who delights in moral excellence himself, hath made it the direct minister of enjoyment to him, who, formed after his own image, delights in it also. And when others, expatiating on the beauty of virtue, would almost rank it among the objects of taste rather than of principle—let this be followed up by the kindred testimony, that in all its exhibitions there is indeed a supreme gracefulness; and that God, rich and varied in all the attestations which he has given of his regard to it, hath so endowed his creatures, that, in moral worth, they have the beatitudes of taste as well as the beatitudes of conscience. And should there be philosophers who say of morality that it is wholly founded upon the emotions—let it at least be granted, that he whose hand did frame our internal mechanism, has adjusted it in the most correct and delicate dependency with all the moralities of which human nature is capable. And should there be other philosophers who affirm that morality hath a real and substantive existence in the nature of things, so as to make it as much an object of judgment, distinct from him who judges, as are the eternal and immutable truths of geometry—let it with gratitudo be acknowledged that the mind is so constituted, as to have the same firm hold of the moral which it has of the mathematical relations; and if this prove nothing else, it at least proves that the Author of our constitution hath stamped there a clear and legible impress on the side of virtue. We should not exclude from this argument even the degrading systems of Hobbes and Mandeville; the former representing virtue as the creation of human policy, and the latter representing its sole gain-

ciple to be the love of human praise—for even they tell thus much, the one that virtue is linked with the well-being of the community, the other that it has an echo in every bosom. We would not dissever all these testimonies; but bind them together into the sum and strength of a cumulative argument. The controversialists have lost themselves, but it is in a wilderness of sweets—out of which the materials might be gathered, of such an incense at the shrine of morality, as should be altogether overpowering. Each party hath selected but one of its claims; and, in the anxiety to exalt it, would shed a comparative obscurity over all the rest. This is the contest between them—not whether morality be destitute of claims; but what, out of the number that she possesses, is the great and pre-eminent claim on which man should do her homage. Their controversy, perhaps, never may be settled; but to make the cause of virtue suffer on this account would be to make it suffer from the very force and abundance of its recommendations.'

The tenth and concluding chapter of the first part is, 'On the Capacities of the World for making a virtuous Species happy; and the Argument deducible from this, both for the Character of God, and the Immortality of Man.' Some moralists have endeavoured to reduce all exhibitions of virtue to mere modifications of goodness; but there is a voice within us which proclaims that virtue has an inherent excellence, apart from its utility. There is also a class of shallow theologians who act in a similar manner, and attempt to generalise all the moral perfections of Deity into the single attribute of benevolence. Beautiful pictures are drawn of the loving-kindness of God, of the abundant provision which he has made to secure the happiness of his creatures, and that he has no other object in view. But however pleasing it may be for sinners to contemplate him under the character of a kind and indulgent father, who cannot persuade himself to punish any of his children, whatever may be their faults, and however current this flimsy sentimentalism is in our popular literature, it is rebuked by the natural theology of the heart. When standing in the court of conscience, man feels and acknowledges, even with every inclination to deny it, that the being with whom he has to do is a God of righteousness as well as of love, that he is a judge as well as a father, and that the heaven in which he dwells is not merely a paradise of delights, but a sacred temple over which holiness presides. This one-sided system meets with an irresistible condemnation whenever the existing state of things is examined. Evil is in the world; how came it there? There is much misery and wretchedness; how can this be reconciled with the notion that benevolence is the sole moral attribute of God? It is of no use to tell us, as is done; that there is good as well as evil, and that when a fair balance is struck, the former preponderates. All this may be true, but it does not affect the argument. It does not solve individual cases. It does not explain how this man has more happiness and that man more wretchedness. It is like comforting a thousand persons, who are perishing with cold and hunger, with the assurance that they have had no right to mourn, for if the income of a certain gentleman were divided into a thousand and one parts, there would be enough to supply the wants of them all. The proposed solution never fairly meets the difficulty of the moral problem. The difficulty experienced is not as to the amount of evil which is in the world, but why any should exist. If benevolence be the sole quality inherent in the Divine Mind, why do we see the smallest portion of misery? Nor will it avail to assert that the inequality will be repaired in a future world, and an ample compensation be afforded for all the distresses which have been experienced here. This is assuming the doctrine of immortality, and even though this were admitted, how can we tell, without a higher species of evidence, that matters will be improved in another world. In point of fact, all this is but an instance of that vicious reasoning which is called reasoning in a circle. It is first taken for granted that there must be an immortality, because there must be a compensation for present evils; that to humanize is to humanize; and

it is then alleged that God is benevolent, because there is a future state where all the disorders of earth will be rectified.

The voice of conscience thus assures us that God is a moral governor as well as a father; but this lesson may also be learned by a careful observation of what is taking place around us every day. There is much happiness and much misery in the world, which cannot be accounted for upon the principle of a weak and indiscriminating tenderness on the part of the Divine Being, such as is commonly adduced by our opponents. But would it not throw a flood of light upon the character of God, if it were found that no small share of the good and evil experienced among men has its origin in moral causes? But can this be disputed by any one? Are not the phrases holiness and happiness, vice and misery, found in every language, bound together by a natural and irresistible connexion? Is it not the fact, that much of the happiness which we feel is derived either from our own virtues or the good conduct of others; and is it not a matter of perpetual experience and observation, that much of the misery with which human hearts are wrung arises from our own misconduct or the vices of others? We are thus at no loss, amidst all the anomalies and irregularities of human society, to determine the question, upon what side God is, whether upon the side of holiness or of wickedness.

Conscience still, however, points us to a future world, where all the inequalities and anomalies of our present condition will be explained and adjusted, according to the immutable law of rectitude. Nor is it unimportant to remark that this indestructible feeling, as to the moral necessity for another state of existence, which will harmonise present facts with the government of a God of justice, forms a strong argument for the immortality of the human spirit. It may be thus stated: 'For every desire or every faculty, whether in man or in the inferior animals, there seems a counterpart object in external nature. Let it be either an appetite or a power, and let it reside either in the sentient or in the intellectual or in the moral economy, still there exists a something without that is altogether suited to it, and which seems to be expressly provided for its gratification. There is light for the eye; there is air for the lungs; there is food for the ever-recurring appetite of hunger; there is water for the appetite of thirst; there is society for the love, whether of fame or of fellowship; there is a boundless field in all the objects of all the sciences for the exercise of curiosity; in a word, there seems not one affection in the living creature which is not met by a counterpart and a congenial object in the surrounding creation. It is this, in fact, which forms an important class of those adaptations on which the argument for a Deity is founded. The adaptation of the parts to each other within the organic structure, is distinct from the adaptation of the whole to the things of circumambient nature, and is well unfolded in a separate chapter by Paley, on the relation of inanimate bodies to animated nature. But there is another chapter on prospective contrivances, in which he unfolds to us other adaptations that approximate still more nearly to our argument. They consist of embryo arrangements or parts, not of immediate use, but to be of use eventually—preparations going on in the animal economy, whereof the full benefit is not to be realized till some future and often considerably distant development shall have taken place; such as the teeth buried in their sockets, that would be inconvenient during the first months of infancy, but come forth when it is sufficiently advanced for another and a new sort of nourishment; such as the manifold preparations anterior to the birth, that are of no use to the fetus, but are afterwards to be of indispensable use in a larger and freer state of existence; such as the instinctive tendencies to action that appear before even the instruments of action are provided, as in the calf of a day old to butt with its head before it has been furnished with horns. Nature abounds, not merely in present expedients for an immediate use, but in providential expedients for a future one; and, as far as we can *wherever we have no reason to believe that either in the*

first or second sort of expedients, there has ever ought been noticed which either bears on no object now, or lands in no result afterwards. We may perceive in this the glimpse of an argument for the soul's immortality. We may enter into the analogy as stated by Dr Ferguson when he says, 'Whoever considers the anatomy of the fetus will find, in the strength of bones and muscles, in the organs of respiration and digestion, sufficient indications of a design to remove his being into a different state. The observant and the intelligent may perhaps find in the mind of man parallel signs of his future destination.'

D A F T J O H N B A N K S. A SKETCH.

'She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best o' ony!
But ah! the faithless, fickle quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.'

WELL sung Avon's immortal bard, that 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' and an observant Italian writer has remarked, that unrequited love sends its victims to the camp of the convent. He might have added that it lands many in the strait-jacket, and furnishes frequent tenants to the madhouse. Of this truth the subject of our sketch was an affecting instance. Poor John Banks! how often does thy figure fit across my imagination, when the busy memory, with a melancholy fondness, resuscitates boyish reminiscences, and conjures up the shadows of the past! Peace to thy injured manes, and light lie the lap of earth on thy mortal remains. Oft did thy story greet my juvenile ears, but it passed away unheeded and unfathomed; for the green, unharrowed soul of the boy could not appreciate the depth of those feelings that shattered thy form and desolated thy mind, though oft since I have meditated and wept over the wailful tale of thy sorrows and melancholy fate.

John Banks was the only son of honest and reputable parents, who rented a small farm in the parish of Reesslie, Black Isle, in the county of Cromarty. Being the only child, with that venial if not laudable ambition which is a distinctive feature in the character of the Scottish peasantry, they resolved to educate their darling Johnnie for the office of the holy ministry, 'seeing no reason why he shouldna wag his pow in a poopit as well as his neebours.' Accordingly, with this scope of ambition in view, the worthy couple rose up early and went to bed late, and ate the hard bread of carefulness, in order to save the means wherewithal to send their son to college. This arduous and ambitious project was not permitted to be put in force without some invidious reflections on the part of their neighbour cottars, who would have been happy to have done the same if they could have afforded it, or could have but practised the same self-denial. They were, therefore, designated as 'pridefu' and upsetting.' This was especially the case with Merran M'Gregor, who lived along with another old maid in a neighbouring cottage, both condemned to perpetual virginity. 'Oich, sirs, what next in the wide world!' this gossip would say when she forgathered with any of her cummers; 'sae Donald Banks and Lizzie Gillespie's bairn is gaun to be made a minister o', and nae less! set them up: weel it just beats the globe. Weel a wins, but pride is a weary burden and a bitter root at the last, and it maun ha'e a fa!' What will this wicked world come to; there are nowadays mair feck o' bairdless ministers than herdy callants.' And with this pithy remark on the rank growth of precocious parsons and the rare dearth of good ones, Merran was wont to wind up her speech and benison. At other times she remarked 'that Donald Banks himself was always a dounie, decent, quiet, and considerate man; it will be a Lizzie's doings; she was aye a forward, upsetting hussy when she was but a barelegged cuttie of a herring gutter in Cromarty.'

By way of accounting for the virulent volatility with which Merran M'Gregor's unruly member wagged, it may not be amiss to inform the reader that Donald Banks had been in his juvenile and bachelor days a courtier, as a

suitor in the north is called, of both Merran and Lizzie; that he had long wooed and wavered betwixt the two, and that he had at length determined in favour of Lizzie. It was popularly reported and believed that he had been swayed in his decision by unworthy motives. Lizzie was a favourite servant in the family of the judicial factor for the Cromarty estate, and by marrying her, canny Donald procured a notable bargain of his farm. Hence the grudge that harboured in Merran's bosom against her happy rival and her progeny.

Despite, however, Merran M'Gregor's jealous grumbling and ill-omened predictions, and despite the more formidable drawback of a slenderly provided purse, by dint of teaching a village school during the summer recess of college, and eking out his meagre means with a rigour of economy of which none but a Scottish student can form any adequate estimate, young Banks meditating his rustic muse, as Maro has it, *tenui avena* (*Scotticæ*, 'on a pickle oatmeal'), contrived to pass through four sessions of college with credit, having during that time acquired a competent knowledge of Latin, Greek, logic, and philosophy, both natural and moral. We have mentioned that the palliat was Banks's destination. He entered the divinity hall, and had passed with considerable eclat one stage of the curriculum prescribed for taking holy orders in Scotland, when his father's friend and patron the factor, wishing to do his protégée a service, besides that John was a meritorious, promising young fellow himself, recommended our now student of theology as resident tutor and chaplain to Major —, head of a family of some note in that vicinity. In this family Banks resided for two years before he resumed his studies at the divinity hall; but in the interim he had been initiated in and had studied profoundly a far different doctrine, and taken his degrees in another sort of school—that of Cupid. The situation of domestic tutor in some families is oftentimes a very dangerous and delicate one, and demands a rare degree of virtue and firmness to fulfil its engagements faithfully and with honour. Admitted as he is to intimacy of intercourse and familiar conversation with the members of the family, there is none where prudence is more ready to be lulled asleep, and where, in that equal civility which cultivated minds uniformly employ, a raw young man is more liable to forget and confound the disparity of ranks. There is none where the temptations and facilities to be a villain are stronger and more frequent. With this, however, Banks's conduct was not chargeable; he was only imprudent, and not destined to be a rare exception to the numbers of those who have owned the passion of love, or that weakness of the mind which has levelled the strongest of mortals, and from which the most sapient by their wisdom have not escaped. He may be called at once conqueror and sage who soonest recovers his reason. Banks became passionately enamoured of one of the young ladies of the family, and as it was necessary to conceal his passion, the flame burnt but with the greater intensity from confinement. It was some palliation of the tutor's indiscretion that the lady had made the first advances. She it was that struck and fanned the fire. Their passion was so far reciprocal, that their mutual faith was plighted, and the lady gave her lover her portrait in token and pledge of her fidelity. Judging even from his wreck, which alone I saw, Banks must have been originally, in form and in feature, a man upon whom, without disparagement to her taste, any woman might have felt disposed to look with partiality.

Meanwhile the vigilant eye of the mother had detected the secret of the lovers, and Banks was forthwith dismissed the house. The young lady was subjected to a lecture on prudence, and the customary topics on such occasions, which she seems to have so well digested as to banish Banks from her mind as effectually as if he had never made an impression there; and to complete the obliteration just in the nick of time, a formidable rival appeared on the field in the person of a West India planter, who had returned with tanned face, a hardened heart, and undimmed constitution, but as an equivalent, with a heavy purse, to drag out the dregs of his days in his native land. The tutor

had fondly indulged the idea that the virtue and affection of his mistress would have stood proof against the temptation; but he was deceived. The woman to whom Banks had given his heart, and from whom he could not now withdraw it, was wooed and wedded to his richer rival within a month from the time that the latter had made his first proposals. The wealthy West Indian valetudinarian might have exclaimed with the conqueror of the world, '*coni vidi vici.*' Banks's reason got a shock from which it never recovered. He abandoned for ever his career as a student of divinity, in which, having given offence to his patron, his prospects of preferment were now blasted, and having no alternative, entered the army—that ready asylum for unfortunate and desperate men. It was also a heavy blow to the old parents, from whose prostration they never rallied. Their proudest earthly hopes were withered when they just seemed ready to ripen into fruit. They never lifted their heads after, but drooped apace, and soon descended to their graves, the victims of broken hearts.

John Banks had been away some fifteen years fighting abroad the battles of his country; his story had almost been effaced from folk's minds, when he suddenly made his re-appearance in his native country, a hopeless maniac. Well has the ancient bard sung, that the love of fatherland is a strong, ineradicable, but inexplicable principle in the human soul. At once an instinct and a virtue, it seems to survive every other feeling. Had Banks retained his reason, it is not probable that he would have ever revisited the scene of his humiliation. But reason eclipsed, nature asserted and vindicated her prerogative.

Of his history abroad little could be learned, as even in his short lucid intervals—if faint rays of sense, looming fitfully, and gilding with a momentary tint the dense dark cloud, can be so termed—John's commentaries were vague and incoherent. That he had been a successful candidate for glory and gashed his numerous scars, 'all honest, all before,' but too legibly evinced. A severe wound in his temple from a bomb-splinter incapacitating him for further service, he had been charitably discharged. I never heard that government furnished one farthing to provide clothes or food to their faithful servant, who in their service had expended blood, brawn, and brain. They probably concluded that the glory and the gashes were remuneration enough.

John Banks, with the restlessness peculiar to those afflicted with his dreadful malady, frequented the haunts of his youthful days. "Muttering his wayward fancies as he went, he perambulated the north of Scotland, from Aberdeen to the Ord of Caithness. And, to the honour of the humanity of the inhabitants of these homely districts be it recorded, that the wanderer found a home and a welcome wherever he went. In all that wide beat he was nowhere a stranger. The story of his misfortunes added sympathy to their natural hospitality. To the honour of the female heart be it also recorded, that old Merran M'Gregor, who still survived, received him into her cottage with unfeigned affection, washed and bathed with warm water his wayworn and blistered feet with her own hands, boiled him a *cog* of *fresh sowans* for his supper, to get him a sound sleep, and wept over the son of her former rival, as if he had been 'her ain bairn.' It is said that her kindness strangely affected the maniac's mind—he would heave a sigh, as if his heart would break in twain, burst into tears, and lifting up his agonised voice, call her by that sound which thrills sweetest through a woman's ear and heart—'mother.'

Among other places which the peripatetic maniac frequently visited was the town of Tain, capital of Ross-shire. This ancient burgh at that time rejoiced, as it still does, in a very flourishing academy. The institution was then in its very zenith of a well-merited celebrity, being resorted to from quarters as remote as either Indies. It was a joyous occasion among the boys of the academy, when Banks made his appearance on a Saturday, or a play Wednesday, which he generally contrived to do—it being the only point where Banks, like the Prince of Denmark, showed 'a method in his madness.' We mustered on the *Linn*,

organised into a regiment, we were regularly drilled and initiated into the mystery and manoeuvres of the art military. General Banks, as he must now be called, was an enthusiast in his profession, and throwing his whole soul into the business, soon exercised his 'small infantry' into an admirable state of orderly discipline, and precision of step and movement. Our *cannocks* or clubs were easily converted into muskets; military caps, cockades, belts, swords, and other warlike accoutrements, were woven from the pliant *rashes*—a species of manufacture in which the Highland youth are eminently dexterous. Our regimental band was by no means despicable. Two kettle-drums, being watering-pans reversed, two fifes, one sheep-skin drum, procured by favour from the town drummer, one fiddle, one long horn, often by favour of Crony, the academy pauper, one bagpipe, one old buglehorn, gave variety, if they did not harmony, to our rough music. Our banners, too, were rude and homely as our music: but what of that? The standard, which advanced victorious o'er the subjugated world, was at first but a rustic maniple, or a handful of hay tied to the top of a pole. The internal economy of the regiment was most exemplary, and redounded highly to the honour of General Banks. No mercenary motives influenced him in the distribution and adjustment of honours and rank. With General Banks, merit, and merit alone, was the test and standard of promotion. We were paid punctually every month by the general himself, who might be seen busy coining and getting ready the day previous the cash, from useless scraps of white iron, in M'Gregor (brother to Merran) the coppersmith's shop, the use of which and the necessary implements were freely granted him by M'Gregor—a rough but warmhearted Highlander, as ever *capped quach*.

We had also our field-days, inspection-days, and days of grand review. On these occasions our general appeared in full regiments, booted, spurred, and cockaded. His figure was conspicuous from afar by the forest of white feathers that streamed from his hat. For epaulets his shoulders were gorgeously garnished with party-coloured ribands. His shirt, such as it was, was discharged from its place and office next the skin, and drawn, by way of surcoat, over his outer habiliments. Two or three folds of straw-rope encircled his waist and strapped his shoulders by way of sash and belt. A sword, which for size would have matched Rory More's own, or that of Wallace Wight himself, and which, had it been of iron and not of wood, had tasked the strength of either of these doughty champions to have lugged along, depended from his sinister side. This formidable weapon, or rather tree, was sometimes permitted to dangle down, with a graceful negligence, dinting the ground, and clattering on the *causey*, as its master moved majestically along; sometimes resting on his elbow, it protruded its huge length forward like the jib-boom of a vessel, while the general followed with stately step in the rear. Indeed, never did military hero, or any of those whom men style demigods on earth,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

possess in greater degree and genuineness the true martial ardour. His face was flushed, his dark eye kindled into lightning, which, enhanced by the scintillations of insanity, flashed on the rash spectator intolerable fire. I see him now in figure and attitude, vividly depicted to my imagination as he was wont to stand, making his right leg the centre of gravity, his left somewhat advanced in front, and looking around with conscious dignity and hauteur; or, as he paraded the streets with measured strut, scarce deigning to acknowledge by a supercilious nod the salutations of the vulgar civilians as they passed. If any female, however, chanced to pass, the general was the essence of politeness and gallantry. He would unbucklet himself, and making a leg, which would not have disgraced Beau Brummel himself, bow profoundly low to the lady. This was no blind worship, paid to rank, wealth, dress, youth, or beauty; the general's admiration, like a true son of Mars, was addressed to the sex. There are several anecdotes

out to an unexpected length, I shall bring it to a close by mentioning one, which goes far to prove the truth of Dryden's famous couplet—

‘That wit to madness closely is allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.’

It seems, on one occasion, the authorities of Tain had, for some petty misdemeanour, clapped John in prison. After being in durance vile for a week, at the earnest petition of the inhabitants, with whom he was a mighty favourite, and who became sureties for his future good conduct, the prisoner was liberated. Upon regaining his liberty, ‘daft John’ wrote with chalk on the door of the jail, in large and legible characters, the following quaint and laconic advertisement:—‘*A room to let. Rent no object.*’ The most melancholy part remains to be told. We have mentioned how John peregrinated at times as far south as Aberdeen, the theatre of his academic career. He was wont to take up his billet at the barracks. Entering the town late at night, he made direct for his customary quarters. An English regiment which had lately arrived, occupied the barracks. The sentry challenged the nocturnal intruder as he advanced, but received no satisfactory answer. Again and again the sentry challenged, and then, receiving neither sign nor countersign in reply, as was his duty, levelled his piece, and fired on the advancing object. It fell with a shriek. It is to be noted that this catastrophe took place when the east coast of Scotland trembled in hourly expectation of the menaced French invasion. When day arrived, poor Banks was found shot dead. He was soon recognised by the inhabitants. The ball had perforated his breast, as also the portrait of a lady, which was tied round his neck by a silk thread. It would seem the poor fellow had worn next his heart the picture of the woman, whose faithlessness had wrought his ruin. This touching discovery afforded the best commentary upon and explanation of a line from Catullus, which the love-lorn scholar was often heard to repeat to himself—a cherished fragment of his latinity—‘*Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, caro tamon,*’ which may be thus rendered:

Oh, treacherous, yet, despite thy treachery, dear!

As an appropriate conclusion to this sketch of ‘*Daft John Banks*,’ we subjoin a stanza of instructive warning from the most perfect pastoral ballad of which the English language can boast:

‘She is faithless, and I am undone.
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.’

CURIOSITIES OF BANKING.

THE OLD IRISH CURRENCY.

In this age of change and improvement, we are somewhat in danger of losing sight of the peculiarities which within the last half century characterised many of the every-day affairs of men. In no department of business is the revolution more marked, than in the change which has taken place in our monetary system. Twenty years ago the issue of notes for the most trifling sums prevailed to a most alarming extent in Ireland, and with the view of preserving what cannot but be regarded as a curiosity, the *Bankers' Magazine** for April gives *fac similes* of two of the notes then in circulation, one of these being for 1s. 1d. and the other for 8s. 9½d. To show the extent to which the system prevailed, and the somewhat ingenious and amusing shifts to which the bankers of those days were forced to have recourse, we transfer to our columns the following extracts from the magazine referred to. The writer says, that the entire currency of Ireland, until its assimilation with that of England in 1826, was a curiosity; the coin was deserving of a place in any museum of ancient medals; of which

none could present a more antique appearance; and the notes, ranging from some few pence upwards, were curiosities as specimens of what absolute rubbish a nation might be persuaded to accept in place of money. Mr Gilbart gives an interesting sketch in his History of Banking in Ireland, of many of the panics produced by the extensive issue of notes for small sums; and the subjoined extracts from several sources will enable the reader to understand some of the difficulties and inconveniences of a currency composed of such materials. Not the least evil was the extensive prevalence of forgery. Indeed, the wretched style in which all bank notes were formerly engraved, was a disgrace to the state of the arts in this country, and one of the principal causes of the continual forgeries which occurred. The following extracts from Mr Carr's Tour in Ireland will sufficiently illustrate the evils and inconveniences which existed from the imperfect state of the currency before its assimilation to that of England in 1826—only twenty years ago. ‘The production of a guinea in many parts of Ireland excites as much curiosity as the display of a ruble or a sicca rupee would. Upon the arrival of the first of those precious coins in Dublin, it speedily finds its way either to the banker's counter, or to shops called ‘specie shops,’ over the doors of which is written, ‘Guineas bought and sold here, and Bank Notes exchanged for Guineas.’ Here a guinea exchanged for a Bank of Ireland guinea note was some time since resold at one pound three shillings and one pound three shillings and sixpence, at present (1806) it is at one shilling, which is low. Small Bank of England notes are at a premium proportionate to guineas. The silver coin has always been inferior to the silver coin in England. In the beginning of the year 1804 the silver was so adulterated that, particularly the Treasury of the Castle refused to take it from the Post Office, and in consequence the postmen refused to take it from the public, and detained their letters; and the sellers of the necessary articles of life required a higher price for their articles paid for in silver. This distressing difficulty was softened only by permission to the buyer, if he had credit, to keep up a running account with the seller, until the articles sold amounted to a guinea note, when it was paid in paper to that amount. Many persons were obliged to part with what they received as five shillings for wages, for less than half the value in goods. The want of good silver coin (says the same writer) is particularly lamentable and embarrassing. Many of the great quantity of base shillings in circulation are not intrinsically worth fourpence; but if they are of sufficient weight, or what is admitted to be so by tacit consent, viz., two pennyweights and sixteen grains and a half, and do not present too brazen an appearance of their felonious origin, they are permitted to descend into the till, to prevent a total stagnation of trade. Even these shillings are rare, and their rarity is frequently disastrous to business. After having been detained half an hour for change, I have more than once been told by the shopkeeper, with great regret, that he had sent to all his neighbours for change but could not obtain any, and consequently the article purchased resumed its former place upon the shelf. It is worthy of observation, that the mint shilling weighs three pennyweights and twenty-one grains, so that even in *more weight* an Irish shopkeeper is compelled to submit to a deduction of rather more than one-third. The deficiency of silver may perhaps be attributable, in a great degree, to the effusion of silver paper notes during the great circulation of base shillings in the spring of 1804—the former of which the lower class of people preferred; and, in consequence of this cheap substitution, the good silver was sent abroad as the best mode of remittance. After the re-appearance of silver, upon the subsidence of the Rebellion, the interest of individuals induced them to export all the good shillings they could industriously procure to England, where twenty-one of them could be exchanged for an English guinea, and in Ireland no less number would be taken for an Irish guinea note; the difference between which, in point of exchange, left a handsome profit to those who engaged largely in the traffic.’

* London: B. Croombridge & Sons.

Of the manner in which such notes were forced into circulation, we have an amusing account in Hardcastle's Banks and Bankers, published a short time since. 'The issuers of the small notes resorted to expedients of all kinds for the purpose of forcing a trade. They supplied small traders with their notes, and used to pay a premium to get them into circulation. The bankers themselves were in the habit of attending markets and fairs, like so many hucksters, each putting off his own commodity as best he might. Their favourite issue was not promissory notes, but post bills at ten days' sight, which, being generally unaccepted, were paid, if paid at all, at convenience. But the mischief did not rest with the multitude of bankers. Besides the fifty private firms, there were as many as two hundred and ninety-five petty dealers and Chapman, grocers, spirit-dealers, apothecaries, and shopkeepers of all sorts, inundating the country with a species of I. O. U., called 'silver money,' which was a direct violation of the law, and ranged in nominal amount from threehalfpence to ten shillings. This fraudulent paper was principally spread over the south and south-west of Ireland, which further suffered under an enormous distribution of forged notes, the unlettered population being in that respect easily imposed upon.'

In Gilbert's History of Banking in Ireland, he quotes an account of an 'old Irish Banker' who maintained a 'small note' circulation on a capital of such a peculiar character, that we may very properly notice him here. The account is, we believe, by no means an exaggerated example of what frequently occurred. Speaking of the banks which issued such notes as those we give specimens of, the party quoted says:—'In the town of Killarney was one of those banks, the proprietor of which was a kind of saddler, whose whole stock in that trade was not worth forty shillings; but which forty shillings, if even so much, was the entire amount of his capital in the banking concern. I once accompanied a large party of English ladies and gentlemen to that enchanting spot; where, having amused ourselves for a few days, we were on the point of returning to Dublin, when one of the party recollecting that he had in his possession a handful of the saddler's paper. Accordingly we all set out by way of sport to have them exchanged; one principal object being to see and converse with the proprietor of such a bank. Having entered the shop, which barely sufficed to admit the whole company, we found the banking saddler hard at work, making a straddle. One of the gentlemen thus addressed him:

'Good morning to you, sir! I presume you are the gentleman of the house.'

'At your service, ladies and gentlemen,' returned the saddler.

'It is here, I understand, that the bank is kept,' continued my friend.

'You are just right, sir,' replied the mechanic; 'this is the Killarney Bank, for want of a better.'

'My friend then said—'We're on the eve of quitting your town: and as we have some few of your notes, which will be of no manner of use to us elsewhere, I'll thank you for cash on them.'

'The banker replied, 'Cash! please your honour, what is that? is it any thing in the leather line?—I have a beautiful saddle here as ever was put across a horse; good and shape upon my say so. How much of my notes have you sir, if you please?'

This question required some time for an answer, calculation being necessary; at length my friend counted them out as follows:—

	s.	d.
Three notes for 3d. each.....	9	9
Two ditto for 4d. each.....	0	8
Two ditto for 5d. each, half a thirteen.....	1	1
Three ditto for 8d. each, 3/8s of a thirteen.....	2	14
Two ditto for 9d. each.....	1	6
One ditto for 1s. 1d., or one thirteen.....	1	1
One ditto for 1s. 6d.....	1	6
One ditto for 3s. 3d., or three thirteens.....	3	3
One ditto for 3s. 9d., or 3 thirteens and a half.....	3	9

promises to pay, for the amazing large sum of fifteen shillings and ninepence, sterling money.' 'I should be sorry, most noble,' returned the banker, 'to waste any more of your lordship's time, or of those sweet beautiful ladies and gentlemen; but I have an illgant bridle here, as isn't to be matched in Yoorup, Aishy, Afrikey, or Merikey; its lowest price is 1s. 6d.—we'll say 1s. 6d. to your lordship. If ye'll be pleased to accept it, there will be a twopenny halfpenny, or a threepenny note coming to your lordship, and that will close the business at once.'

TRAVELS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

On the 30th May the party left Jerusalem, and after a march of nine days, they reached Acre in Syria. Acre contains a good many English residents both able and inclined to exercise the sacred rites of hospitality, and here our physician finds himself more at home, and breathes with an ease to which, amidst the pyramids of Egypt and the tombs of Jerusalem, he was obviously a stranger, for he sat down with his party to dinner in a large saloon, and after a cheerful evening, retired to his chambers. Indeed, they all seem to have taken it very coolly, for the next day was, we are told, also devoted to rest and domestic arrangement; and it is not till we have had to endure a variety of details in reference to Lady Hester's visit to a Jewish banker, that we are favoured at length with a view of the city. The subject, however, is not sufficiently interesting to tempt an extract. They paid a visit to Nazareth, which is represented as a large village, half Christian half Mahometan.

'It is subject to two bailiffs, each superintending his respective sect. The inhabitants, as mountaineers, have the character peculiar to that race of people. They are brave, hospitable, and ceremonious, but vindictive, cunning, and interested. The only trees to be seen about Nazareth are fig and olive, and verdure is as scanty as foliage. The soil is either rocky or stony, and so stony that, in the neighbourhood of the village, there was not a single spot to be found where I could gallop my horse for daily exercise. There are in Nazareth many places which the traveller is taken to as objects of veneration or curiosity. The chapel built on the site of the Virgin Mary's house, the room even that she inhabited, is shown though the belief in these traditions calls forth a wonderful exertion of faith. Indeed, the holy fathers yet bear in mind the scandal brought on their body in the eyes of the Mahometans and the Greek Christians, when Napoleon Bonaparte was led into the chapel of the monastery, and on being shown the suspended pillar with other miraculous appearances, beheld them with indifference, and kept his hat on even to the very foot of the altar!'

At Nazareth, the worthy physician began the study of Arabic; 'and thus,' says he, 'the time passed pleasantly away. He visited Mount Tabor, but does not describe it!'

One of the party about this time had the good fortune to meet the celebrated Burckhardt:

'Mr B., accompanied by his mameluke, Joseph, departed for the Sea of Galilee. On his return, after an absence of two or three days, he informed us of a singular meeting with a person who called himself Shaykh Ibrahim. At Tabariah he had been lodged at the house of a priest, to which Europeans were generally conducted. The weather was sultry, and Mr B., confined within doors, heard some one in altercation with his mameluke at the entry of the house. Joseph was endeavouring to turn out a meanly dressed man with a long beard, who insisted, in his turn, on speaking with the Englishman within. Upon advancing to the door, Mr B. was surprised to hear himself addressed in good English. Shaykh Ibrahim made himself known, and they spent the day together. The succeeding day Mr B. returned to Nazareth, having invited Shaykh Ibrahim to visit us. It is unnecessary to say he was the celebrated Burckhardt. On the morrow he arrived, and his appearance was calculated to interest those who beheld him, from the singularity of his dress, so different from that of a European.'

was a robust and rather an athletic man, of about five feet nine, with blue eyes, a broad German face, and a pleasing look. His teeth were very unevenly set. I did not, at that time, know he was travelling for the African Society, as he affected to pass for an Arab, and did not care to betray his secret to those from whom he could reap no advantage by the disclosure, and might derive some inconvenience. There was something in his speech that did not amount to a foreign accent, and yet it was at times enough to make a listener suppose he might be Irish, so well had he learned to speak a language not vernacular. He remained, if I recollect rightly, two whole days at Nazareth. Lady Hester's opinion of him was not a favourable one, and she never altered it. He took occasion, in conversation, to point out to Lady Hester the practicability of procuring certain objects of antiquity, which he supposed to come within the reach of her purse and influence, although not of his own. He was dressed as a peasant of Palestine, with a turban of about the length and fineness of a round towel. His shirt was coarse, long, and with pointed sleeves reaching considerably beyond his finger ends. His legs were bare, and his feet were thrust into an old pair of shoes, somewhat resembling inn slippers. He had loose drawers, and a tunic or frock of white coarse cotton, reaching down to his feet, open in front, over which was a woollen cloak or abah, the favourite mantle of every person throughout Syria when travelling.'

On the 5th of July our author returns again in the suite of Lady Hester to their residence at Acre. On their way back Lady Hester has a fall from her horse, the description of which occupies somewhat more than half a page, but she only bruises her leg, and after a few attentions recovers surprisingly. After this, active preparations are made for continuing their journey along the coast, and in a short time we accompany them to Tyre, whose 'peculiar situation on a tongue of land, with the ruins of some towers, which, afar off, have still a picturesque appearance, has much to interest the traveller, exclusive of the sacred and pagan recollections which its name excites. In a climate almost always pure, a tree or a bush seen through the haze of noonday, along a coast in some places presenting nothing but an even strand, becomes an object of attention. Much more beautiful was the sight of the town which now burst upon us; and of the plain, which, bounded by hills at first retreating and again at a distance of several miles bending towards the seashore, showed on its varied surface the ripened corn, the maize, the water-melon fields, and other grains and fruits which the inhabitant of the western world never sees growing. On entering the plain, some inconsiderable ruins were observable; and whatever they might have formerly been, exhibiting at present nothing more than dispersed stones, and very small fragments of columns, once parts of buildings, the foundations of which no longer existed. Four hours' march brought us to the skirt of a village, the direct road to which diverged somewhat to the right, through plantations of mulberry trees, whilst we proceeded along the seashore. In a quarter of an hour we came to a small rivulet, running over a gravelly bottom with a limpid stream. Here we were to halt for the night. The camels were unloaded, the tents pitched, and every disposition made for dinner, and for passing the night. The spot was truly romantic, and, when visited on subsequent occasions, although it had lost its novelty, it never lost its charms. The soil from Acre to Tyre we observed to be generally a rich black mould.' From Tyre, they proceed along the coast; and nothing can be more pleasing than the descriptions which abound of the varied and beautiful scenery through which they passed.

When they came within sight of Damascus especially, the author loses entirely the equanimity which formed so conspicuous a feature in his conduct on first view of the pyramids, and declares that with the exception of the plain of Brusa, he had never beheld anything half so fine. 'Damascus appears to owe half its pleasantness to the fountains which abound in every part of the city, and in almost every house. These fountains are supplied by running

streams, which traverse the city, and which are branches of a small river called the Barada.' The party seem vastly to have enjoyed the luxuries of Damascus. Everywhere Lady Hester was received with royal honours. As a proof of the esteem and veneration with which he regarded a person of so much wealth and influence, the worthy host in whose house they resided for a day or two, charged fifteen piastres for a tumbler of lemonade, and everything else in proportion!

We have no time, however, for Lady Hester's ride through the city, on which occasions we are told coffee was poured out on the road by several of the inhabitants to do her honour. The women, more especially, were clamorous in their praise, though of the two wishes expressed in the words we are about to quote, the latter does appear somewhat equivocal. The best sight, the Irishman assures us, he ever got of his lady, was the last; and something like a hint of small regret for their own loss in the event of its fulfilment, seems to insinuate itself in the following prayer of the Damascus women for Lady Hester — 'Long life to you! May you live to return to your country!' The following barley-sugar extract will gratify our juvenile readers:

'The Ottomans in general appeared to me to be very fond of sweetmeats, and indulged their children with them as much or more than fond mothers do in England. In Ramazán, the shops which sold them were much in request. There were several kinds unknown or at least not known to me. One sort, of which I was particularly fond, was haláwy jozy, or blanched walnuts embedded in a composition of dibs and almond meal. Damascus is famous for its preserved apricots, which are sent to all parts of the Turkish empire.'

If our author evinces small regret at the very meagre addition he was able to add to our previous stock of knowledge in reference to the wonders of the Holy Land—if he scorns to apologise for deficiencies to musty antiquaries, he is not deficient in gallantry. Hear how he asks pardon of the ladies:

'The bazaars of Damascus are rows of shops covered in: they are as well furnished almost as those of Constantinople, but are particularly rich in the stuffs which are manufactured in the place. I regret that I did not note down the names and texture of these brocades, and of the silks and satins, as also of the cottons. Of the taste displayed in the colours of these latter, some idea may be formed when it is known that all the prevailing patterns for gowns among us during the last eight or ten years have been copied from them.'

The author, while at Damascus, was sent for to visit a nobleman's son, who was exceedingly ill. Having felt the boy's pulse, inquiry was made as to the mode of treatment his previous medical adviser had adopted, when he was informed 'that nothing had been left unattempted which the faculty of the city could think of. His son had been seved up in a sheepskin fresh from the warm carcass; he had taken pills made of powdered pearl; he had lived six days on nothing but goat's flesh; he had had pigeons' skins put hot on his feet; but all had been unavailing. I merely observed that these remedies might have much merit in them, but that the practice of medicine in England was somewhat different; and, if he wished me to prescribe, my first condition was that I should not be controlled by anybody. After some other conversation, I went away.'

He of course cures the boy. The boy, his father, expresses his gratitude, and gives a proof of it in the usual way—we mean by making fresh demands on the benevolence of our good-natured physician.

'The bey, having conceived a favourable opinion of my skill, consulted me for himself and all his family. Among the rest was his sister, a young lady of sixteen, and of the most dazzling beauty. Upon that occasion, I was conducted to the harem by her brother the bey, the women being previously warned to keep out of sight, so that I saw no one but her. He desired her to unveil before me, which she did without any affectation.'

He leaves us to guess how he felt, and what were the

words he said. This, however, will be deemed interesting:

'There is a class of persons in Turkey unknown at present in Europe, but very common during the middle ages—I mean the captains of mercenary troops, who sell their services to the prince who can pay them best. There were, in 1812, three of them, who, living in the heart of the pashalik of Damascus, might be said to be independent of their legitimate masters, and to have a jurisdiction of their own. I was acquainted professionally with all three: their names were Ozdin Ali, Hamed Bey, and Muly Ismael. Ozdin Ali had a very fine palace in Damascus; the bey, Hamed, who was the son of a pasha, lived like a daring soldier, who devoted himself with equal ardour to Mars and Venus; but Muly Ismael, now somewhat advanced in years, was a politic chieftain, whose influence and weight had no doubt much sway in the province. Hamed Bay gave a horse to Lady Hester, who, in return, sent him a brace of pistols. These men were employed, on all occasions of insurrection, for levying imposts and contributions, for displacing mottos and inferior governors; and probably occasioned as much alarm to the pasbas themselves as to those against whom they were employed. There is to the south of the city, just without the gate, a spacious meadow reserved for the amusements of the inhabitants, whether horsemen go to play at the game of giryd, idlers to sit on the turf, and where sometimes caravans assemble previous to their departure on a distant journey.'

Lady Hester Stanhope, though well entertained, was not satisfied at Damascus. Her desire to visit Palmyra amounted to a passion, and after a few difficulties and objections had been started and answered in reference to the proposed expedition, she at length proceeds. A new scene in a few days opens before the travellers, for the marks of cultivation ultimately cease, and they entered at last upon the great desert. The following is good:

'The sun being set, we were witnesses to the return of the herds of camels and goats, and of the flocks of sheep from pasture. This, in a desert, is the most cheerful sight that can be imagined. The musical call of the herdsmen, joined with the bleating and lowing of such vast numbers of animals, covering, as they approached the tents, a circle of a league, formed a pastoral scene that can nowhere be witnessed but with the Arabs. The women milked the ewes and the goats, and folded the lambs and kids; whilst the flocks and herds, assembled within the circle of the tents, were guarded by the dogs, who patrol round the outside, and render the approach of wolves and hyenas with which the desert is infested almost impossible. The shepherds themselves, wrapped in their pelisses of sheep-skin, sleep in the midst of them. The women now prepared the supper. Opening a sack of flour, they kneaded a certain quantity with water; and, without the aid of rolling-pins, by a rotatory motion of the left arm, they flattened the paste into a thin circular shape, about one foot and a half in diameter. They then laid it on an iron plate placed over a fire, made in a hole in the ground, and in three minutes it was baked. Lastly, they threw it on the ashes to keep it warm, until a sufficient number of these cakes were prepared: and, this done, supper was served up. It consisted, on the present occasion, of a dish of scraps of mutton chopped up with onions, and fried with butter, and a dish of boiled rice with melted butter poured over it. A circular rush mat, about three feet in diameter, was thrown on the bare ground; and round it, before each guest, were likewise thrown (as the Arabs did not seem to make a practice of stooping) two or three of the above-mentioned bread-cakes; for it is considered as the highest dereliction of hospitality among them, not to put bread more than enough. As many persons as could find room round the table placed themselves at it. They doubled the left leg under them, and, sitting with their haunches on their left heel, their right leg crooked with the knee towards the chin, they rested their right arm, bared up to the elbow, upon it. Without spoons, with nothing else but their fingers, each thrust his right hand into the dish, and grasping a handful, devoured it as a workman does his allowance.'

until he had cooled it and squeezed out the superfluous butter, which, falling again into the dish, was taken up in the next handful, to be again served in the same way. This extraordinary mode of eating is the effect of necessity.'

The whole account of the march through the desert is of first-rate excellence; the physician, however, meets with an accident—the glance of a young female Arab does terrible execution.

'Sweet and graceful was thy form, black and full, like the antelope's, were thine eyes, lovely Raby (for thy father called thee by name), as thou didst vault from the ground, and, placing thy naked foot on the projecting bone of the camel's leg, didst bound on his rump again. Hard seemed such a seat for thy delicate limbs; and the undulating motion, communicated to thy body by the lengthened steps of the unwearyed beast whose back thou didst bestride, had a strange moving look through the clear atmosphere of the desert which thy sylphlike form intercepted. Diana's nymphs were gross peasants to thee, light aerial vision! And was it a natural feeling of goodness, or the coquetry, which wicked man too readily attributes to all thy sex, that made thee turn thy winning look on the stranger? How could a single smile of thine leave so lasting an impression, that he forgets it not after a lapse of full thirty years? Did it not seem to say—'Why gazest thou on me so earnestly, gentle cavalier? I know I am pretty, for many chieftains of my tribe have already (albeit I am but fourteen years old) asked me in marriage: but my father demands fifty camels and a mare of pure breed for my dowry, and he that would have me must pay the price of my charms.' And I murmured to myself, Raby, why dost thou expose those beautiful features, those nascent beauties which thy youthful neck betrays, to the rays of the hot sun? Be more niggardly of thy charms, for few can boast such as thine. A stumble of my horse recalled me to myself; but Raby was still before me, and from time to time occupied my thoughts. And here, I reflected, is a brown creature, full of life and activity, whose utmost accomplishments amount to gathering fuel, fetching water, pitching a tent, baking, cooking, and tending herds of camels, or feeding her father's mare. Yet she is esteemed valuable, and must be bought at a high price: whilst, in my own country, fair maidens, with complexions white as the driven snow, versed in literature and the fine arts, can find no market for their persons, and go down to the grave deplored their single wretchedness! Whence can such an anomaly proceed? if it is not that, in the one case the wife repays the purchase by her services, so useful to the comfort of her husband, and in the other a partner often becomes dear to him that weds her, by the expenses she entails on him, without any remunerating qualities which can contribute to his welfare, or a knowledge of domestic duties to ameliorate his condition. An English maiden must be dressed in a robe of bank-stock receipts and India-bonds before she is taken as a gift; a Bedouin girl, even *en chemise*, must be bought.'

They proceed through the desert in an easterly direction. The plain now showed no signs either of dwellings or of vegetation. They passed, however, several mounds, which the author makes no question to be artificial, and reared for warlike purposes; that they must, in short, in former days have served as watchtowers for the protection of villages built at their feet, an opinion which is confirmed from the circumstance of four mounds beyond the ruins of Salamyah, running in a straight line, an exactitude not often observable in the works of nature. As they advance through the wilderness 'immense flights of birds, known by the name of partridges of the desert, were seen in every direction; occasionally also some eagles and cranes. It is curious to mark how the size of objects is increased when seen on the edge of the horizon in these wastes. The eagles appeared like men: and there now seemed to me to be nothing ludicrous in the misconception of General Dessaix, who, when in Egypt, took a flock of ostriches for a troop of horse, and arranged his men in order of battle for their reception.'

On the 4th of January, towards noon, the look of the country, from having been like the Sussex Downs, changed to a rocky appearance. They here found rain water sunk in holes, and, alighting, drank, and unbridled the horses, that they might do the same.

'It was an affecting sight to observe the poor animals, after twenty-four hours' thirst, eagerly attempting to get at the puddles, which, being sunk in holes, were difficult to come at. One gave it up; the other fell on his knees, and contrived to moisten his mouth, but could not succeed in slaking his thirst. Hassan, in the mean time, observed all this with indifference, whilst we, commiserating our poor animals, could have almost wept at the sight. The former knew, that, if we were not unusually fortunate, we might have to endure hunger and thirst for double that period; whilst we, new to the scene, saw everything with the eyes of persons used to the comforts of civilised life. Our wallets were now examined, and we made a very humble dinner on dry bread, raisins, and water, and some fragments which Hassan had secured.'

Travelling in this manner they at length reach Palmyra. The description of the ruins, however, is not our author's forte, and we shall only detain the reader with a single extract. The ruins of Palmyra share a fate similar to the Egyptian Pyramids.

'The moon had now risen, and threw a gloomy solemnity over these ancient monuments of the dead, which continued for about a mile. As we approached the angle, where the vast mass of ruins (as I supposed) would burst on my sight, my bosom thrilled with expectation. We turned it, when, straining my eyes, I looked in vain for the grand objects which I had expected; for the straggling columns of the colonnade, sunk in a low disadvantageous spot, were hardly to be discerned. Other feelings, which hope had for a moment drowned, again took possession of me. I recollect that I had been twelve hours on horseback, and that I was hungry and thirsty. Following my guide among huge masses of stone, and pillars and fragments of buildings, towards the Temple of the Sun, we came to the gate, which we found shut; nor was it opened until Hassan had made himself known. Then, turning down a dirty lane, we reached the mud cottage which was to be my residence at Palmyra. The lintel of the cottage door was part of a sculptured entablature, and an elegant Corinthian capital, turned upside down, formed the horse-block. The cottage itself consisted of a small chamber, twenty feet by twelve. In it was Hassan's wife, her father, four children, two camels, and a donkey. We received a friendly welcome, and found a warm fire, although the smoke, having no chimney to escape by, almost blinded me. I seated myself on the bare ground, and, whilst a cup of coffee was preparing, reflected on the miserable state of the present inhabitants of this once celebrated city.' After eating a good supper, our physician gets into bed, and sleeps surrounded by the camels, his hostess, and the family.

Lady Hester had now abandoned the idea of returning to Europe, and after a variety of adventures, she for a season resides at Tripoli. The following description of that celebrated town will generally please:—

'In the middle ages, Tripoli was the scene of much warfare. It was taken by the crusaders after a siege of seven years, and retaken by the Saracens in 1229 by saps. Modern Tripoli is the head of a pashalik, extending north and south from Nahr Ibrahim to Bylán, and bounded on the east by the highest chain of the mountains which run parallel to the coast. Ali, a pasha of two tails, held it, but resided at St Jean d'Acre as kekhyah of Sulimán Pasha, whilst Mustafa Aga governed in his stead. It is the best built and cleanest town along the coast of Syria; perhaps, too, the largest; certainly, at the time we are speaking of, the most commercial, although now superseded by Beyrouth. The castle is at the south-east part of the city, and is of Saracen or Frank construction. There are five or six mosques. The Greeks and Maronites have their churches, and the Franciscans and Capuchins their monasteries. A river runs by the city, which serves to irrigate the gardens. As it is built at some distance from the sea (about one

mile) there is a small town, called the Myna, close to the harbour, if the insecure anchorage formed by two or three rocks deserves that name. Between the city and the Myna are the orchards and gardens, which are the boast of the place, both for their productions and beauty. Oranges were now in season, which have been before mentioned as very juicy at this place. One of the chief sources of wealth to the city was the manufacture of silk turbans, sashes, bath waist-cloths, and saddle-covers, which are in request throughout Syria. The Christians here were of the Greek church; and so violent were they against schismatics, that it was dangerous for a Greek Catholic to tarry in the place for a few hours. The bishop of Tripoli was an agreeable man, who spoke often in praise of the English: for he had known many of that nation, when our army invaded Egypt the second time under General Fraser, at which period he was residing as a priest at the Greek convent of Alexandria. I had an opportunity of seeing, in the bishop's house, the library belonging to the see. The books had been thrown into a lumber room, and left there to be devoured by the rats, or more slowly consumed by moths, and damp. There were some Greek manuscripts. The church was undergoing a thorough repair, and, to embellish the altar screen, a Candide painter had been sent for, whose skill in his art seemed to me far from despicable.'

Shortly afterwards, Lady Hester attains to the height of her celebrity. 'At the beginning of June, she had found the weather extremely hot; for she could not live comfortably but in a temperature of from sixty to eighty degrees; and, now that it was higher, she resolved to repair to a more elevated situation, as she had done the preceding year. Meshmúshy was accordingly chosen, and three cottages were taken for the accommodation of servants, the Abyssinians, &c. On the road, a romantic spot was selected for the first day's halt, at a hamlet overhanging the river Ewely, in the deep ravine through which it runs after quitting the vale of Bisra. The hamlet is named Musrat et Tabún, or the mill-field. Here dwelt a miller named Abu-Tanús, who became from this time a sort of purveyor to her ladyship; until, by making an improper use of her name at Acre, to gain preference to the place of shaykh of the hamlet, he fell into disgrace. On arriving at Meshmúshy, Lady Hester fixed herself quietly for the autumn, resolved to find amusement in wandering among the rocks and precipices, and in beholding the beautiful and magnificent views which surrounded us. The Abyssinians also occupied much of her time; and, in the numerous anecdotes she heard of the chief man of that nation, and of the productions of the country, she found herself almost induced to undertake a journey to it, and revolved in her mind the practicability of the scheme. Her success would not have been doubtful, had she undertaken it; since her plans were generally laid, as a prudent builder raises an edifice, upon a sound foundation; but other events intervened. Towards the end of July, to amuse myself, and relieve the sameness of our rides, I caused a sort of rural wigwam to be constructed of stakes and branches of trees in the midst of the forest of firs which lay at the back of Meshmúshy. For, although on the side of Bisra plain the mountain seems like a sugar-loaf, it is in fact no other than a promontory belonging to a lofty ridge, which runs south, with a gradual ascent, until it reaches the province of Suffad, where it begins to decline. This ridge afforded pleasing excursions for a great distance. To this wigwam an occasional ride in the course of the morning diversified the monotony of the life we led, where, sitting for an hour or two, one might peruse a favourite author, or indulge in one's own reveries, for which there was ample food. Meshmúshy is by nature so inaccessible, that no person, from mere idle curiosity, would think of ascending to it. There, her society was literally confined to myself; for the priests were too unamanered to gain access to her presence, and the shaykh of the village was a farmer, without any other knowledge than that required for his agricultural occupations.'

The physician, no wonder, tires of such a life, and says

leave of absence. This is granted, and his servant is sent to England to arrange matters for his return, and to bring out a successor. In the mean time our author himself is dispatched on a mission to Egypt, and on his return finds Lady Hester in the fidgets about a Miss Williams, who is expected from England. After a variety of disappointments, the approach of that lady is announced, and our author rides out to meet her.

On a certain occasion the celebrated Dr Wolff forwarded to Miss Williams a letter from her sister, Mrs David, which had been intrusted to him, adding a note from himself, saying that he should be happy to forward her answer to her sister at Malta. One hour after, Dr Wolff received a letter from Lady Hester herself, the contents of which were as follows :-

'I am astonished that an apostate should dare to thrust himself into notice in my family. Had you been a learned Jew, you never would have abandoned a religion, rich in itself, although defective, to embrace the shadow of one. Light travels faster than sound: therefore the Supreme Being could never have allowed his creatures to be left in utter darkness, until paid and speculating wanderers deem it proper to raise their venal voice to enlighten them,

LUCY STANHOPE.'

Dr Wolff immediately returned the following answer to her ladyship :-

'Madam—I have just received a letter which bears your ladyship's signature; but I doubt its being genuine, as I never wrote to your ladyship, nor did I mention your name in my letter to Miss Williams. With regard to my views and pursuits, they give me perfect tranquillity and happiness, and they must be quite immaterial to your ladyship. Your humble servant, JOSEPH WOLFF.'

'At the time this correspondence took place, Miss Williams may be supposed to have grown disgusted with an Eastern life, and to have wished to return to her sister. This feeling Lady Hester was probably fully aware of; and to have admitted Dr Wolff, who had seen that sister, as a visitor at her house, was to open a means of communication which might have led to Miss Williams's return. With her customary energetic tactics, Lady Hester therefore put an end to all such contingencies. Dr Wolff informed me, in furnishing me with these particulars, which I had begged for insertion in my Travels, that the bearer of his letter was bastinadoed by Lady Hester and kicked down stairs; and that the poor fellow returned to Sayda lame, and told him that 'the daughter of the King of England had beaten him.'

On Saturday, January 18, 1817, our author at length takes his departure, and after a variety of adventures, reached in safety his native shores. These volumes, in short, are admirably calculated to while away a leisure hour, and as a source of merely harmless amusement, we do not hesitate to recommend them to the attention of our readers.

A HINDOO'S NOTIONS ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

You doubtless have heard and read of railways, though perhaps you cannot form any conception of them. It was on this occasion that I, for the first time, travelled by one, a distance of two hundred miles. But how shall I describe it to you? If I had the words, I have not the knowledge—I scarcely know what happened to myself, much less could I take any observations of the mechanism of this wonderful piece of machinery. As soon as I got to the starting place, I found myself amongst a crowd of persons of all kinds, talking, ballooning, pushing, and all seeming in the utmost confusion and excitement; I thought some serious accident had happened, and, whilst I was vainly trying to gain information, my luggage was seized by some men whom I at first imagined to be robbers, but afterwards found to be only porters, and I was forced into a carriage, the door of which was instantly fastened upon me; before I could re-

mistrate upon this violence, the train started off, and I therefore resigned myself quietly to my fate. Soon we were rushing along like the wind in its fury; as I looked out upon the road, my head grew dizzy, my eyes dim, my senses were utterly bewildered, and I hid my face in my hands to recover myself. When I again looked up, we were flying onward at a still greater speed; the birds in their swiftest flight, the scud in the heavens, the comet shooting amidst boundless space, seemed sluggish in comparison with our furious headlong travelling. The sun was shining brightly upon a beautiful soft landscape peculiar to this country; my nerves were beginning to get reconciled to the unusual circumstances, and I even felt a sort of pleasurable excitement, a species of madness, a reckless desire for greater and still greater speed; when suddenly, as if by magic, we were cast into utter darkness—not a ray of light was perceptible; I felt, however, that we were still rushing through the air at the same furious pace as before—whether, I knew not, unless into the very bowels of the earth—on, on we sped; minutes, hours, seemed to pass, and yet no change; I thought I was doomed to be whisked through dark space for ever and ever, when we were again suddenly thrown into the bright light of the sun. In answer to my bewildered inquiries, I was told that we had merely passed through a tunnel or passage of three or four miles in length cut through a hill, which was too high for the train to surmount; and that, instead of having been hours in the transit, we had been but a few minutes. What wonderful people are these English! Here was a stupendous work—a combination of science and labour performed at immense cost—and for what purpose? I asked a fellow-passenger, who sat near me, whether the road could not have been taken round the foot of the hill at much less labour and expense? Certainly it could, he replied, and for about one half the money; but then we should have lost full ten minutes on the journey. All this science, this labour, this money, expended to save ten minutes in a journey of two hundred miles! Truly the English are wonderful people: They have a proverb that time is money, and, certainly, although they are very fond of money, they seem to think quite as much of time. It is a sort of phantom that they are always pursuing; they talk of saving time as if they could lock it up in a strong box, and keep it there for use on some future occasion. Want of time is as general a complaint as want of money; and to cheat a person of the one is looked upon as great a crime as cheating him of the other, as may be seen by the constant complaints in their newspapers against railways and steam-vessels which have been a little longer on their passage than the regulated time. We stopped at various stations to put down and take up passengers; and at one place everybody got out of the carriages to eat and drink. There was here quite a rush into a large handsome room, where tables were covered with a profusion of various kinds of food, which everybody scrambled at, and began to devour as if they were in a starving condition. While I was gazing in wonder at this scene, and just as I was endeavouring to find something that I could myself eat, there was a loud announcement that the train was again ready to start; and, accordingly, out everybody rushed, carrying me along with them. I was obliged to pay the same as the others, although I had eaten nothing; but I could not remonstrate, or the carriages would have gone without me. I understood that, not long since, fifteen minutes' time was permitted for this meal, but, upon many of the passengers complaining of the loss of time, it was reduced to eight minutes. We soon arrived at our destination, after having performed the journey at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, which I heard a fellow-passenger complain of as being very slow, saying, that he had lost twenty minutes, and threatening to write to the newspapers about it. As to myself, I was thankful to arrive safe, as I was in constant fear, from the excessive speed, that we should all be dashed to pieces. My kind host having sent a carriage to meet me at the end of the railroad, I was soon comfortably at rest in his magnificent mansion.—*Union Magazine*.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

It is difficult to discover what are the exact sources from which spring the thrilling feelings of joy and satisfaction with which we look back to the days of our early youth, and to the scenes in which our infancy was passed. It matters not, or at least very little, what are the pleasures which we have enjoyed in after-years—what are the delights that surround us—what are the blessings which Heaven has cast upon our lot—whenever the mind, either as a voluntary act or from accidental associations, recalls, by the aid of memory, the period of childhood and the things which surrounded it, there comes over us a gladdening sensation of pure and simple joys, which we never taste again at any time of life. It must be, at least in part, that the delights of those days were framed in innocence and ignorance of evil, and that He who declared that of such as little children consisted the kingdom of heaven, has allotted to the babes of this world, in the brightness of their innocence, joys similar to those of the world beyond—joys that never cloy and that leave no regret. What though some mortal tears will mix with those delights? What though the flesh must suffer, and the evil one will tempt? Yet the allotted pleasures have a zest which not even novelty alone could give, and an imperishable purity in their nature which makes their remembrance sweeter than the fruition of other joys, and speaks their origin from heaven. I love to dwell upon such memories, and to find likenesses for them in the course, the aspect, and the productions of the earth itself. I see the same sweetness and the same simplicity pervading the youth of all nature, and find in the dim violet, the youngest child of spring, an image of those early joys, pure, soft, and calm, and full of an odour that acts upon the sense more than that of any other flower. Thus it is, I suppose, and for these causes, that in looking back upon the days of my youth, though those days were not so happy and so bright as they are to many, I feel a secret satisfaction which I knew not at the time. Yet those hours indeed, as one who gives a diamond to a child, bestowed upon me a gift, the value of which I knew not, till many a year had passed away.—*The Man-at-Arms.*

PERSEVERANCE OVERCOMETH DIFFICULTIES.

There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks: they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will, can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the dull and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry might have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune but pleasure is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. ‘It is better to wear out than to rust out,’ says Bishop Cumberland. ‘There will be time enough to repose in the grave,’ said Nicole to Pascal. In truth, the proper rest for man is change of occupation. As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated,

so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but till it is made hot.’ Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that 90 or 100 hours clear enough for observations cannot be called an unproductive year. The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. I trust that my young friends will never attempt to recite them.—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

TO KEATS.

Well hast thou won the poet's bays,
Bard of ancient heathen days!
Like the murmur of the sea,
Or zephyr breathing pleasantly,
Or dreamy fragrance of the rose,
So thou woest to repose.
Silently enchantments creep,
In forgetfulness they steep
All that is of rougher birth
Than thy old god-peopled earth:
By thy music we are won,
Singer of Endymion!

So we listen to thy lays,
Singer of old heathen days!
Look upon the lusty flocks,
Or the nymphs with golden locks,
And blue eyes peeping out between
The lattice of a leafy screen,
So with fancied kiss we greet
The glories of their bare white ect;
Up their twining arms invite
To share their bowers and delight,
As with choral chant they stray
Through the old dark wood awlay.

And we know the deep blue bell,
Springing by the grey stone well,
Whose jagged outline roughly lies
Against the cerule of the skies,
Where the sheep are led to drink,
Where the lovers sadly think,
Where Diana gazes down,
And blesses beauty all her own.

ANAGRAMS.

An anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters as its elements, and then making some other word or sentence from it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence. There are words of this description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are truly surprising, and afford a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions:—

Astronomers.....	Moonstarers.....
Democratical.....	Comical trade.
Encyclopedias.....	A nice cold pie.
Gallantries.....	All great sins.
Lawyers.....	Sly ware.
Misanthrope.....	Spare him not.
Monarch.....	March on.
Old England.....	Golden land.
Presbyterian.....	Best in prayer.
Punishment.....	Nine thumps.
Penitentiary.....	Nay I repeat it.
Radical Reform.....	Rare mad frolic.
Revolution.....	To love ruin.
Telegraphs.....	Great helps.

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DANGEROUS BLEEDINGS.

THOUGH the present work be not one especially devoted to scientific subjects, it gives us great pleasure to notice the improvements and discoveries made in that walk of human exertion from time to time, and particularly such as bear more closely on the well-being and comforts of society in general. On this occasion, we are happy to state, that there has been placed in our hands an account of a recent invention, calculated, we think, to give wide-spread satisfaction to the public, as showing a mode of diminishing if not entirely removing the dangers hitherto attendant on the very common surgical operation, of *tooth-drawing*. Bleedings have frequently followed that operation, as most readers will be aware, so severe and obstinate as to prove utterly irrepressible by all the art of the medical man, and in many cases to terminate fatally. In our own city of Edinburgh, one lamentable occurrence of the kind took place in the year 1841. On the 19th of December, Mr C., a gentleman of respectable character and station, had his wisdom-tooth extracted from the under jaw, the operator being Dr Roberts, a dentist of well-known skill in his profession. At first, no unwonted flow of blood ensued, but, in the evening of the same day, a strong stream issued from the empty socket. Being compressed with a plug of cotton containing a small piece of cork, the bleeding was for a short time checked, but speedily broke out afresh and in increasing quantities. New professional advice of the first order was procured, and a great number of remedies were tried in succession, the use of caustic, and of the actual cautery (or red-hot iron), being resorted to among the rest with the view of *shrivelling up* the ends of the open blood-vessels—long the favourite way of stopping bleedings after operations, and often serviceable and successful. But the oozing of blood continued in the case of Mr C. P. almost without intermission up to the 11th of January, when he sank, twenty-three days after the extraction of the tooth, from loss of blood and its attendant bodily exhaustion.

Though at times a large blood-vessel has been discovered so as to encompass the human tooth as to be ruptured in cases of extraction, yet, in Mr C. P.'s instance, the mischievous effusion was ere long noticed to arise, not from any single vessel, but from the gums and soft parts generally around the vacant socket. In short, the case was found to be one where a *hemorrhagic diathesis*, as it has been called, existed in the sufferer; that is, where there was a singular constitutional tendency to the efflux of blood on the slightest injury or abrasion of the bodily surface. The ill-fated gentleman, whose accident has here been recorded, had had one tooth removed previously, and a bleeding of three days was the consequence. Numerous

instances of the same remarkable predisposition in the human system to perilous bleedings have been related by medical men. The famous English surgeon, Mr Blagden, mentions the case of a boy named Joseph Langton, who could not receive the most petty scratch on his person without a great flow of blood ensuing. In 1815, he was slightly hurt on the forehead, and the parts bled for a long period afterwards, all the skill of the surgeon being barely sufficient to find a remedy. In the subsequent year the same lad was seized with toothache, and his friends, aware of his constitutional peculiarity, were averse from letting the tooth be extracted. However, the operation was at last unhappily resorted to; and blood flowed so copiously and obstinately in consequence, that it could be checked neither by plugging the socket, by ice-applications, by caustic, nor by the red-hot iron. It went on with scarcely any remission till the fifth day, when the boy being obviously on the eve of sinking from exhaustion, the carotid artery of the side affected was cut down upon and tied. As the vessel in question mainly supplies the head and face with blood, it was imagined that the operation could scarcely fail of success. Alas! it but hastened the death of the unfortunate boy; for the wound *made in the operation* immediately began to bleed with profuseness as well as the mouth, and the sufferer perished on the seventh day after the extraction of the tooth.

Various other similar occurrences are recorded by Dr David Hay, in a paper drawn up by him on the case of Mr C. P.; but we need extend our citation of illustrations no further, and may but remark that this constitutional tendency to extraordinary bleedings has been found in many instances to be hereditary. Four members of one family in the United States of North America died in succession from trifling scratches on the skin, the fall of a pebble on the nail of a finger being the cause of one of the deaths.

The cause of this tendency to bleedings is now generally understood to be an over-fluidity in the blood—or a deficiency, in other words, of the fibrous or thicker portions, and a correspondent excess of the serous or thin liquid constituents. This over-fluidity prevents the formation of that natural *clot* which usually fills the mouths of wounded vessels, and stops the gory effusion. With regard to the important point—the remedy—it may be stated as a general rule, that *pressure* is the only safe and effective means that can be had recourse to in cases of bleeding resulting from the dangerous constitutional peculiarity just mentioned. To use caustics or red-hot iron, which substances blister and break the surface of the parts to which they are applied, is but to enlarge and increase the outlets for the sanguineous effusion; and such was even the result, it has been seen, where the carotid artery was tied. It is

not to be denied that where the blood is in a natural condition, and no singularity of system exists, the caustic and red-hot iron have often proved effective remedies; but where the case is of the peculiar kind noticed, they will be found almost always to be not only useless but injurious. Pressure, we repeat, is the only safe means that can there be resorted to. But the difficulty is, how to apply that pressure with sufficient force and duration in all cases to render it successful. To the general surface of the body it may be usually applied without much trouble by means of common bandages; but the matter is not so easy of accomplishment in regard to the sockets of the teeth, where hazardous bleedings are unluckily most apt to occur. Here we have to point to the subject first touched on, namely, to an invention for attaining the desired ends of compressing the bleeding sockets of teeth; and for the better comprehension and appreciation of which it is that the preceding observations have been penned.

Dr Roberts, the professional gentleman alluded to in the statement of the case of Mr C. P., has the merit of inventing this 'Compress for Suppressing Bleedings after the Extraction of Teeth.' His attention had long been directed to the subject, and such a fatality as that which occurred under his eye in 1841-2, naturally increased his anxiety to provide a remedy in the event of any similar accident ever afterwards taking place. He had formed the distinct and decided conclusion that that remedy was to be found in pressure alone. In a short sketch drawn up by Dr Roberts, he says, 'The ordinary plan of plugging usually adopted for checking bleeding from the gum or socket after a tooth has been removed, would in most cases be quite efficient were it possible to keep up a uniform pressure. But from the difficult nature of the parts, the moisture of the mouth, and the restlessness of the patient, a common unsupported plug soon becomes loosened, though externally all may even seem secure; and the effusion may be going on actively, the blood descending into the stomach, or, as it often does, forming a clot large enough to fill the mouth, and which acts most injuriously as a poultice in keeping up the bleeding.' In such circumstances Dr Roberts formed the idea of an apparatus for maintaining pressure, of a kind which we may feel it difficult to describe without a plate, but which is seen to be beautifully applicable on actual examination. It is plain that no large instrument could be used, as the mouth could not hold it for any length of time, and the breathing go on conveniently, not to speak of swallowing. The apparatus of Dr Roberts consists firstly of a flat padded shield, or small steel-plate, which is applied to one temple, and from which a strap passes over the head diagonally, meeting there another strap which encircles the head horizontally. Thus the outline of a cap, firmly fastened to the head, is given. From the same shield or small steel-plate to which these straps are attached, there passes downwards a double rod of steel, with a transverse bar inferiorly for entering the mouth. There are screws so arranged that this transverse bar, which has a stopper-point turned upwards at the inner extremity, can be fixed on any point or in any socket of the upper jaw, and made by a turn of the said screws to give any amount of pressure upwards, while the straps around the head give the necessary firm resistance at the other end. The bars of steel are slim though strong, and the part in the mouth gives no more annoyance than a pipe would do. Liquid food may be taken while it is used, and thus the grand desideratum of pressure might be kept up for any length of time.

The instrument, thus rudely described, is for use on the upper jaw. Another one has been formed by Dr Roberts for cases of bleeding from the lower jaw, and is of a more simple form. It consists merely of a padded bolster for placing beneath the jaw exteriorly, of an upright portion, and of a transverse rod for entering the mouth, with a pointed stopper, and a regulating screw-apparatus. By the resistance again given by the bolster on the jaw below, any amount of downward pressure can be applied. Under the stopper-point any soft substance, such as a plug of lint, can be placed as may be deemed fit. Dr Roberts

prefers a bit of sponge prepared with wax, which expands from the heat, and tends to the increase of the pressure.

These compressing instruments for checking bleeding, from the sockets of extracted teeth, have been shown by the inventor to the Royal Society, and have not only met with the warm commendations of the members, but have also been honoured with the reward of a medal. For our own part, it seems to us that such an apparatus is calculated to render the operation of tooth-drawing, once so common now-a-days, much less precarious than before, and that its timely use would prevent society from again having to lament such an unfortunate case as that of Mr C. P. It is true that predispositions to bleeding so violent as his are uncommon, but many more persons are seriously alarmed and injured by effusions of blood after tooth-drawing than the world at large imagines; and, as that disease is often too painful to be borne without an attempt to gain relief, it may do good to let the public know the human ingenuity has invented a remedy in case of the worst. Besides, the dangerous predisposition to bleeding may exist in the system, scarcely suspected, till it shows itself somewhat perilously. To know of a remedy before-hand is a comfort.

Since the preceding remarks were drawn up, a case has occurred, where, after two days' bleeding, from the extraction of a tooth, the inventor of the Compress was called on to apply it, and effected a stoppage and cure, a once immediate and lasting.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

The life, character, and peculiarities of this fashionable dictator have hitherto furnished the biographer and wit with ample materials for facetious narrative and scope for laughter; but it is not the province of the Instructor to laugh at the follies of men. Too much impressed with the importance of time, both in relation to this life and eternity, to view indifferently its precious hours utterly mispent, we purpose to exhibit the beau fairly, and to estimate him justly.

Gentlemanly conduct, when regulated by that kindness and forbearance which are the source of true politeness, must ever entitle its possessor to respect and esteem; fastidious, formal etiquette, which prescribes the temperature of a friendly greeting, or the extent of a bow, may produce a plausible exterior, but it is inevitably corrupts the heart. Teaching man to conceal his true sentiments and to throw the specious mantle of hypocrisy over his convictions and character, it also leads him by indirection to doubt all men and to despise them. Lord Chesterfield, while he sought to make his son a finished gentleman, inoculated him with the spawn of dissimulation and misanthropy. De Rochefoucauld, whose genius was superior to his station, wrote maxims for mankind which are heartless and debasing in their tendency, being composed from his observations of the smiling parasites who fluttered in the court of a highly polished nation and monarch. Many obscure individuals have also deceived themselves and others by the assumption of an unqualified mannerism. Dress has always occupied a great portion of attention in savage as well as civilised nations, and it must be confessed that if its worshippers do little good to the world they do little practical evil. A wish to shine in dress is one of the aspirations of ambition which is neither local nor dependent upon the collateral advancement of those arts which indicate a refined community. The Indian dandy decks his hair with feathers, polishes his red skin with buffalo fat, ornaments his shirt, leggings, and moccassins, with varnished and dyed hair, and then struts through the village to be admired by the children, laughed at by the women, and despised by the men. An Indian exquisite is a monstrosity who lives on the commonwealth, an object of contempt to the braves, but canonized by self-adoration; who reckons blows and scorn outbalanced by the compensation of personal decoration and self-worship. A civilised beau is

much more important person than the savage one, not abstractly, but in relation to the community of which he is a member. The vanity of the former is fed and stimulated by adulation and imitation; that of the latter is inherent and sustained by self-love alone, quickened by the reason which contempt always produces upon egotism. He is the ruler of the *beau monde*, the dictator to a philosopher of the cut of his coat, the cynosure of taste, the front of fashion, who, by discarding his vestments of to-day, renders them '*horrid*' to-morrow. The Indian is only ostentatious over himself; his *beau monde* can boast of only one cosmopolite; the wages of his 'macaronism' is contempt. Thus do different men estimate, according to their powers, the qualities of the same principle. Cleanliness and neatness of attire are public virtues which have been often regulated and enjoined by legislative enactments, as well as cherished and encouraged by the wise, who, while they decry the cynicism of a Diogenes, can also smile at the ultra-dandyism of a Brummell. We cannot estimate any man correctly unless we do so by contrast. The simple assertion of a quality involves a comparison, for it would be no distinction, no individual qualification, to say that a man was good if all men were so. When contrasted even with the lives of other men, the life of a beau presents different phases. It is either innocent or reprehensible. Innocence which is dependent upon ignorance or position merits little praise; while a life passed in indifference to the sterner duties and requisites of humanity is worthy of condemnation. Beaux are butterflies of ephemeral fashion which flutter about while the sun shines. Contrasted with the devastating locust, their lives are innocent; placed beside the ant, they become intrinsically insignificant, and even more contemptible than their borrowed tinsel. We fear the Caesars and Napoleons of our race because they were destroyers; we venerate the Howards and Wilberforces because 'they went about doing good'; but we have no sympathy with the Nashes and Brummells, for they waste the energies of immortal beings on what is profitless. They degrade man to the level of a peacock, or to a painted porcelain vase, which is externally beautiful, but cold and empty. They become the models of those who could from their wealth greatly benefit their brethren, and teaching them the idolatry of selfishness, close up their sympathies in the shroud of fashion, and instruct them to live for themselves.

George Bryan Brummell, the inventor of starched neck-chiefs and other fashionable peculiarities, was born in Westminster on the 7th of June, 1778. His father attracted the notice of Mr Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, and obtained from him a subordinate situation in the treasury office, which he filled with profit to himself and to the satisfaction of his patron, who recommended him to Lord North as a young man perfectly qualified for an office of trust. Lord North appointed him to be his private secretary, and retained him during his administration, which existed for the period of twelve years. Mr Brummell was a prudent and sagacious man, who, if he did not transmit a high pedigree to his children, as certainly left them no hereditary propensities of the beau order. He married the youngest daughter of Mr Richardson of the lottery office, and from his own accumulations and her portion, he laid the foundation of a very extensive fortune for each of his three children. After Lord North's resignation in 1782, he retired to the country, and resided at the Grove, near Donnington Castle, a place rendered famous during the wars of the Parliament.

In 1788 he was appointed high sheriff of Berkshire, and his house obtained the reputation of being one of the most agreeable in the county, as his visitors, among whom were Fox and Sheridan, were the most illustrious for wit and talent. The beau manifested no striking peculiarity in his childhood, and the only anecdote recorded of his almost infantile years is an account of his distress at not being able to discuss a whole pudding which his aunt had placed before him. He was sent to Eton at the age of twelve, and he was not long at that seminary till the boy indicated the man. He was possessed of ready wit and gentlemanly

manners, was quiet and self-assured in his deportment, was scrupulously neat in his dress, and so averse to mud and rain, that his fellows soon observed him, and named him 'Buck Brummell.' The boys of Eton and the Windsor bargemen frequently quarrelled, and one day about fifty lads captured an unlucky waterman. In the pride and triumph of the capture they were about to precipitate the unfortunate man from the bridge into the Thames, when Brummell approached them, and in his quietest most unconcerned tones said to them, 'My dear fellows, don't send him into the river, the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold.' The imperturbable gravity of the appellant and the bathos of the address were irresistible; the man was liberated, and the boys overcome with laughter. Brummell's schoolfellows had no reason to envy either his scholastic or athletic eminence; he neither sat at the head of the first form, nor was he an adept at fence or single-stick, but his stock was of the whitest and his buckles were made of gold. He attained in his riper years the perfection of exclusive worldliness; but one anecdote of his Eton days seems to indicate that he then valued the good opinion of his father. He had been guilty of some youthful indiscretion which had been reported to his father; the old gentleman, to mark his disapprobation of George's conduct, addressed a letter to him beginning with the simple introduction 'George,' at the same time his elder brother received a card commencing with the endearing epithet of 'My dear William.' Shortly after the advent of the butler with these missives, the beau was discovered in a flood of tears. When asked the cause of his distress he sobbed, and pointed first to 'My dear William,' and then to the cold appellative 'George.'

George Brummell left Eton in 1793, and entered at Oriel College, Oxford. He had every facility for rendering himself an accomplished scholar; but the solid advantages of education were discarded for the prosecution of that punatorial mannerism requisite to place him at the zenith of correct etiquette. He discarded a brother Etonian because he had entered at a junior college; and he sacrificed his oldest friends for the acquaintance of embryo lords and earls. He never seemed anxious to be reckoned a learned lad, and the lore of his tutor was held at a discount. But he became so fascinated with the comic songs and stories of a friend, and he studied so well the best means of giving them effect, that he left college with a higher reputation for wit and fun than his preceptor.

Brummell's father died in 1794, leaving a handsome provision for his children, each of his two sons and daughter receiving £80,000 when they came of age. About three months after the death of his father, Brummell was gazetted to a cornetcy in the tenth hussars, at that time commanded by the Prince of Wales. The cool assurance and easy deportment of the youth, it is said, pleased the prince; the boy, instead of being abashed or feeling any inferiority in the company of his highness, conducted himself with so much propriety and self-possession, that the cornetcy was an approving gift from the prince. Adorned with the gay trappings of a hussar, and admitted to the company of the prince, Brummell soon found himself intimate with some of the most dashing noblemen of the day. The Prince of Wales was thirty-two years of age, and Brummell was only sixteen when they became acquainted; but disparity of years did not affect their intimacy. The beau was almost always in attendance upon his royal patron; he attended him as a page at the ceremony of his nuptials with Caroline of Brunswick, and accompanied them to Windsor directly afterwards. Occupying a distinguished position in that circle which revolved round the heir-apparent to the throne, he soon acquired a reputation for wit and refinement, was copied and envied by the gentlemen, and admired by the ladies.

The following anecdote will answer a twofold purpose; it will first illustrate the influence he obtained in fashionable circles, and it will also demonstrate his consummate impudence: 'At a ball given by a great law lord in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, a proud and spoiled

beauty declined every invitation to dance. Every attention was paid to her, and solicitations, backed by protestations of admiration, were plied without effect; the lady kept her seat. At length, late in the evening, Cornet Brummell was announced, and he had scarcely made his bow to the scornful miss when she rose, gave him her hand, and was soon skipping amongst her discarded lovers. As the beau approached one of them he inquired, with an air of great curiosity, who the ugly man near the chimney-piece might be? 'Why, surely my good fellow you know him?' said the acquaintance; 'that is the master of the house.' 'No,' replied the confident cornet, 'how should I? I was never invited.' Brummell had too high an opinion of himself to submit his person to the swords of cuirassiers or the bayonets of vulgar infantry; and as he intended to be a harmless man of war, he did not apply himself very diligently to acquire the theory of slaughter. He appeared so seldom upon parade that he did not know his own troop; but as the mariner is guided by the lighthouse upon a dark and dangerous course, so was the accomplished Brummell cognisant of his troop from the colour and form of a fugitive man's nose. He was always late in appearing upon the parade ground, and he knew nothing of the position of his own troop from any local circumstance; he used therefore to walk his steed slowly along the line till he came opposite to the blue-nosed soldier, and then he drew up and took his position. During a longer than usual absence, a change had taken place in the arrangement of the troops, and the blue-nosed man was removed, unknown to the beau. The regiment was formed in line one day, the colonel was sitting on his horse looking proudly upon the warriors, when his delinquent subaltern rode slowly before the phalanx, and drew up in front of the man with the peculiar nose. 'How now, Mr Brummell,' shouted the colonel, 'you are with the wrong troop.' 'No, no,' muttered the beau, turning round in his saddle and looking confidently, first at the nose and then at the colonel; and then he added in a suppressed tone, 'I know better than that; a pretty thing indeed if I did not know my own troop.' As soon as the novelty of his military life wore off, he determined to retire from the service, and this consummation was hastened by an order for the tenth to station themselves in Manchester. As soon as Brummell heard the order he waited upon the prince, who expressed some surprise at such an unusually early visit. 'After due apology the beau said, 'Why, the fact is, your royal highness, I have heard that we are ordered to Manchester. Now, you must be aware how disagreeable this would be to me; I really could not go; think, your royal highness, *Manchester*. Besides, you would not be there. I have therefore determined, with your royal highness's permission, to sell out.' 'Oh! by all means, Brummell, do as you please—do as you please.' And thus the beau, before he was of age, resigned his troop in the tenth. A year after he left the army he came into possession of his patrimony, and established himself in No. 4 Chesterfield Street, May Fair. His establishment was small but elegant; and many noble lords, and even his highness of Wales, honoured him by eating his dinners. He was amongst those who early eschewed powder, and he introduced starched neck-clothes, and attained such perfection in the art of tying that article of dress, that he lived without a rival in that particular excellence. Like many a great discovery, much speculation and practice were requisite to consummate this important attainment, and if the cravat did not assume the right tie at the first attempt, it was thrown aside for a fresh successor and another effort. His valet was coming down stairs one day with a quantity of these discarded cravats under his arm, and being asked concerning them, he replied solemnly, 'Oh, these are our failures.' Such are the employments of the leaders of *ton*, and to such pursuits do they attach a fictitious importance. His collar, which he always attached to his shirt, was so high that it hid his face and head before it was folded down, and his neck-cloth was at least a foot in height before it was subjected to the same process. Brummell was a scrupulous dresser, and he subjected the habiliments of others to the most critical supervision. He was walking arm-in-arm with a

lord in St James's Street one day, when he suddenly stopped and asked his companion what he called those things on his feet. 'Why, shoes,' he replied. 'Shoes, are they?' said Brummell, as he stooped to examine them narrowly; 'I thought they had been slippers.'

The following is a parallel instance of the coolness and hypercritical character of the beau: 'The Duke of Bedford asked him for his opinion upon the merits of a new coat. The beau examined him from head to foot as carefully as Richard Swiveller did the person of Cheggs the market gardener, and after a long inspection of his dorsal view, ordered him to turn round while he proceeded with the examination in front. When the inspection was concluded, Brummell stepped forward, and feeling the lappel with his finger and thumb, earnestly inquired, 'Bedford, do ya call this thing a coat?' In short, so high did this consummate exquisite rise in the world of fashion, that he divided its empire with the Prince of Wales, and even held the preponderance. He became intimate with the most aristocratic families in the country, visiting their houses and meeting with a welcome reception; but the friendships which have not their foundation upon some stronger principle than that of fashion, are as fickle as fashion's self, and as weak as its regulators. The Prince of Wales and Brummell quarrelled at last, and felt for each other a violent enmity afterwards. The cause of this rupture is variously stated; some allege that the beau had used the liberty to say, 'Wales, ring the bell,' at some party, and the prince complying, ordered the beau's carriage; others, that it was in consequence of some sarcastic allusions to the prince's fat person. We doubt not that the cause was frivolous enough, nevertheless the rupture was final. Meeting Brummell with a companion one day, the prince determined to give him a cut; he accordingly stopped the beau's acquaintance, but took no notice of Brummell. Not in the least disconcerted, the beau lingered close beside them, and when they parted he inquired, loud enough to be heard by the prince and all the bystanders, 'I say, who is your fat friend?' The prince was greatly annoyed, and Brummell had ample revenge for the intended insult. After the termination of his intimacy with the Prince of Wales, Brummell became a frequent caller at the clubs.

Brummell became the leader of a club established by a person named 'Watier,' from whom the combination derived its title. They were distinguished by an antipathy to literary people; but excepted Lord Byron from this aversion, who applied to them the soubriquet of 'dandies.' They were gamblers, and Brummell inherited in a high degree the debasing passion for play. At one time he gained twenty-six thousand pounds, but ultimately lost his all, and became beggared. We have seen him at the height of fashion, courted and caressed by those who wished to shine in the giddy empire of *ton*; and so great in his own estimation, that he considered a nod to a debâtant as ample requital for a large sum of money. Now we behold him, unsupported by noble principles, unsustained by a sense of moral rectitude, exposing the hollow foundation of his Epicurean honour, and sinking into degradation, when his sense of right was weighed in the balance with his passion for pleasure. He became involved in a transaction with a friend, which rendered him amenable to the law, and he quitted clandestinely the stage of his glory and disgrace. His tradespeople had become clamorous, too, for money; but he preserved a calm unruffled demeanour amidst the ruin he had brought upon himself. The night before his flight to Calais he sent a card to a friend asking two hundred pounds in loan. That friend sent him a laconic falsehood in lieu of the money. On the night of the 16th of May, 1816, the beau attended the opera. He retired early, however, and stepped into a chaise, provided by a noble friend, which drove him rapidly towards the coast. On the way, he exchanged his first conveyance for his own carriage, which he had sent before, and arrived at Dover on the morning of the 17th. He put his carriage on board the packet, and landed in Calais, an expatriated man. He established himself in the house of Monsieur Silenus, a bookseller, and

although supported by the precarious donations of his aristocratic acquaintances, he launched into a course of extravagance unparalleled in the history of splendid meanness. His passion for grandeur was not in the least abated by his misfortunes. Furniture of the rarest workmanship, and Sevres china of the most beautiful patterns, were procured from Paris at great expense. The money which enabled him to support his extravagances, was sometimes sent to him anonymously, and sometimes paid into the bank of M. Leveux at Calais, to Brummell's credit; but independent of the sums sent him, and they were large, he was inextricably involved in debt. To deny that the beau's intellect was capable of high cultivation, would be to lessen the responsibility he incurred, in neglecting the improvement of his mind for the decoration of his body. When it pleased his fancy, or was likely to be productive of effect, he could exhibit no mean powers of poetry; and the facility with which he acquired the French language at Calais, was a reproof to his comic song acquirements at Oxford. He was admitted into the best society in Calais, and occasionally some of his English acquaintances would cross the Straits, call upon him, and invite him to dine at their hotel. Thoughtless and extravagant as ever, the ultra selfishness of his habits increased rather than diminished after his flight: he accepted invitations to dinner from even vulgar people; but he was careful to conceal these engagements from his fashionable friends. At length, at the urgent solicitations of his confreres in England, he was appointed British Consul at Caen, a town in Normandy: and after signing away £320 of his salary to Leveux the banker, until the liquidation of a debt of 24,000 francs, he departed for the scene of his appointment, with only the remaining £80 of his income to support his dignity, all hopes of elemosinary aid vanishing as he departed from Calais. He remained a week at Paris, on his way to Caen, and arrived at the latter place on the 5th October, 1830. While he remained in Paris he gave another instance of his gross assurance and folly. He examined all the snuffboxes in the Palais Royal and the Rue de la Paix, and finding none to please him, he ordered a celebrated goldsmith to make him an enamelled gold one, which was to cost him two thousand five hundred francs, or more than his consular income for a year. At Caen, as at London and Calais, he was still an impudent and punctilious rascal, insulting those who invited him to dine, by alluding sarcastically to the viands, and involving himself in debt, that he might have three clean shirts a-day, a corresponding number of collars and neckcloths, blacking at five francs a bottle, and perfumery of various kinds to scent and oil his wig. His duties as consul were not of a very serious or laborious order; that of his toilette occupied him for three or four hours each day; he had merely to sign his name occasionally at the consular office, the duties being all discharged by deputy. But he had to display his rascalism to the great people of Caen, and this could not be done by proxy. It was discovered, however, that the consul of Caen was a sinecurist, and Lord Palmerston annulled the office in 1832, leaving the beau without a regular income; and what was almost of as much importance, without credit. As soon as the abolition of the consulate was announced, his creditors flocked to his hotel with their counts, and completely besieged him; and so greatly was he annoyed by these applications, that he determined to send Mr Armstrong, a resident of Caen, to England, to explain his position and raise funds to rescue him from his embarrassments. Still amidst his troubles he maintained his usual easiness of demeanour; he wrote elegant trifles to the ladies of his acquaintance, and manifested as much affection for trifling occupations as he had hitherto done. He was, however, tormented with the dread of a jail, and his rascalism, and the deprivation of his usual recreation, perhaps, produced paralysis. He was twice attacked; the second time in April, 1834, at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel in which he resided. He still had hopes of relief from the government, in the shape of compensation for the loss of his consulate, or he expected a new appointment in Italy;

Granville, which aggravated his bodily infirmities, and drove him to the use of opiates to relieve his spasms. In May, 1835, the Hôtel d'Angleterre was surrounded by gendarmes, and the poor paralytic beau was taken to prison in an agony of tears, at the instance of M. Leveux, the Calais banker.

This recital might draw tears from the eye of compassion and stir the heart with pity, suggestive as it is of the utter misery of a fellow-being ill fitted to bear such a tremendous reverse; yet justice can sternly look upon his fate, and view in it an inevitable retribution. Brummell continued in prison for two months and seventeen days, sometimes desponding, sometimes gay and lively; but feeling and complaining bitterly of the want of his usual dinners, for he was a gourmand as well as a beau.

Meantime his friend Armstrong visited London, and calling personally on Brummell's old companions, obtained sufficient to satisfy M. Leveux and his other creditors; his relatives also largely contributed for this object, and a provision of £120 a-year was made for him after his liberation. Sixty pounds were paid for his board, and the other sixty was disbursed by Mr Armstrong for his other wants. The beau's accounts for primrose gloves, *eau de Cologne*, and patent blacking, amounted to more than the residue of his allowance, and consequently his executor had to resort to the alternative of crying down the beau's credit. To supply himself with fancy biscuits, and other trifles which had become necessary to him, he sold his watches and other articles of *bijouterie*. Gradually he began to manifest a want of personal neatness and cleanliness; and eventually he became as miserable as he had been imperial in the ranks of fashion. His intellect sunk into a dreamy obscurity; it occasionally flickered in the gloom of incipient insanity, recollections of the past came back upon him, and he held imaginary parties and received imaginary visitors, obtaining from the recollections of former days his only consolation for the altered present. In the close of 1837, his wits were gone, and his wardrobe also reached the borders of annihilation; he had only one pair of torn trousers, one coat torn in several places, and his linens were in shreds. Yet his misfortunes drew little compassion from his former associates; they passed him in the street with some sarcastic allusion on his wardrobe, and laughingly contrasted his present with his past condition. He was caricatured and jibed by the very boys, so utterly had he fallen. At length disease, combined with his derangement, rendered him so disgusting, that the keeper of the Hotel d'Angleterre refused to allow him to occupy his rooms any longer. Arrangements were therefore made for placing him in the Bon Sauver, a lunatic asylum, under the management of 'the Sisters of Charity,' and he was accordingly conveyed thither in the beginning of 1839. When his attendants went to carry him to this retreat, he was sitting dressing a wig, and so intent was he upon the operation, that he refused to take an airing. Force was at last resorted to, and then the miserable beau shrieked out, in the dread of being conveyed to prison. He was most carefully watched and attended during his residence in the Bon Sauver; and he was frequently visited by the English clergymen. We extract the following melancholy record from a letter by a reverend gentleman: 'Mr Brummell appeared quite incapable of conversing on religious subjects. I failed in every attempt to lead his mind (if he can be said to have retained any power of mind) to their consideration. I never, in the course of my attendance upon the sick, aged, and dying, came in contact with so painful an exhibition of human vanity and apparent ignorance and thoughtlessness, of and respecting a future state; for I have before visited persons whose mental powers were equally shattered; but still it was possible to touch some chord, connected with religion, to which they responded, perhaps weakly and imperfectly: with him there was some response when sounded on worldly subjects, none on religious.' In this state this victim of vanity died on the 30th of March, 1840, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery of the town of Caen, where a marble slab indicates his

What an illustration of vanity and the worthlessness of such a sentiment does this man's life furnish. Grandeur, gaiety, vice, expatriation, poverty, wretchedness, and insanity, were the alternations of his career. With wealth and talents, though of humble ancestry, he could have shone in a more honourable sphere than that which he adorned. But with inordinate ideas of self-exaggeration, and desires to lead, he became the victim of his self-created disease for fashionable follies. The Spartans intoxicated their helots to teach their children to shun the degradation of drunkenness. We do not admire the principle of imposing involuntary vices or pains on men even for an example; but when the vicious, the vain, or unfortunate are so, despite of the teachings and warnings of the experienced and good, they are legitimate objects of criticism; and it becomes imperative upon us to point out their errors and omissions, lest the varnish with which a spurious sympathy covers their actions, may induce the young or inexperienced to sympathise with them, and imitate their follies. We trust that those who have perused the preceding sketch will feel that reprobation and pity are the only sentiments that can stir them in their contemplation of the character of the celebrated Beau Brummell.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

THE EARTH.

The earth was supposed by the ancients to be an extended plane. Perhaps nothing at first sight appears more indubitable, and certainly there is nothing which the deductions and observations of science have more clearly demonstrated to be erroneous. Instead of the earth being a plane surface of vast extent, it is a spherical body, approaching nearly to a globular form. The proofs of this are so numerous, that, instead of encumbering the mind of the reader by all that might be adduced, we shall endeavour to select a few of the more convincing. Several navigators, as Drake and Magellan, by continuing to sail constantly in one general direction, have arrived at the same place whence they set out. It is quite evident that this could not have been the case, were the earth a plane, as the longer they sailed the farther they would have departed from the place which they had left. An eclipse of the moon is caused by the earth coming between the sun and the moon, and intercepting a portion of the sun's rays. When in this position, the earth casts a shadow upon the surface of the moon; and every person is aware, that the shadow of a body is uniformly of the same shape as the body itself. The shadows of a body differ in size, according to circumstances, but never in shape. It invariably happens that the part of the moon which is eclipsed, or that obscured by the shadow of the earth, has a circular appearance; and as no other than a circular body can cast a circular shadow, it is beyond a doubt that the earth must be circular. The pole-star is a fixed point in the heavens, which never appears to change its position with respect to the other stars. If the earth were a level surface, its height above the horizon would always appear to be the same. It is found, however, that as an observer proceeds northward, the pole-star seems to take a more elevated position above the horizon, and to sink as he goes southward. This can only be accounted for on the supposition that the earth is of a globular form. It has a daily motion round its axis, from west to east; and hence the sun appears to move round the earth from east to west; but as he does not become visible to all places on its surface at the same time, it is clear that the earth cannot be a plane; and the difference of the times at which he reaches different meridians, can be explained only in reference to the sphericity of the earth. This proves that the earth is also circular from east to west. These circumstances are so conclusive, that none can doubt or dispute the force of their concurrent testimony in favour of the earth's rotundity. From observations on the pendulum, which had been made in Cayenne, near the equator, Newton was led to reflect that the earth might not be an exact sphere. Various methods were accordingly employed to ascertain its curvature; and the results of the investigations harmonise

so fully, that their accuracy may be entirely relied on. Eleven measurements of arcs of the meridian have been made by the most eminent scientific men in different parts of the world—from Peru, within 1 deg. of the equator, to Sweden, 16 deg. north. It is interesting to observe from their results, that the degree measured at Peru is smallest, and at Sweden largest; and that the size of the degree gradually increases by a very little, till it reaches the greatest that has been measured. It is evident that the direct distance between two bodies separated from each other by a curved surface, will not be so great as that between two at the same distance from each other, measured on a plane surface. Hence, it appears that, since the apparent size of the degrees increases as they recede from the equator, they must be described on a surface approaching more to a plane. The curvature of the earth has also been deduced from experiments with the pendulum, and from certain inequalities on the moon's surface. The vibration of the pendulum is known to be produced by gravitation; and the farther the pendulum is from the centre of the earth, the slower is its vibration. A pendulum at the equator is found to move more slowly than at the pole; and hence it is concluded that the equator is farther than the pole from the centre of the earth. The measurements of the meridians make the degree of oblateness 1-299; the result is the same by the lunar method; and by the experiments with the pendulum 1-288. The earth, therefore, instead of being an exact sphere, somewhat resembles an orange; and the difference between the equatorial and polar diameters is generally reckoned about 27 miles.

It is ascertained by mathematical demonstration, that the earth has a mean diameter of nearly *eight thousand miles*, and consequently a circumference of about *twenty-five thousand miles*. Its whole surface, therefore, amounts to *two hundred millions of square miles*—an extent which no finite mind can grasp. Scotland, including all the islands connected with it, comprises a superficial area of *nearly thirty thousand square miles*; the surface of the globe is therefore about *seven thousand times larger* than the whole of Scotland. Europe comprehends *three million seven hundred thousand square miles*. The earth presents a surface *sixty-five times greater* than Europe, with its numerous and extensive kingdoms. If, as is highly probable from considerations afterwards to be stated, the earth be a solid body, and not a superficial shell, its solidity is equal to no less a mass of matter than *two hundred and forty thousand millions of cubical miles*. Figures may number, but the mind cannot comprehend the limits of our abode. It struggles in vain to form a distinct conception of such a mass, and desists from the abortive attempt, under the humbling consciousness of its utter incapacity. The earth, peopled by *nine hundred millions* of human beings, teeming with animated existence, is but an isolated spot in the vast and magnificent dominions of the omnipotent Sovereign of the universe. The countless myriads of living beings throughout the wide compass of nature, are not only all known to his omniscient eye, but their wants and wishes, their thoughts and purposes, are manifest to him to whom darkness is as light, and the creation as a speck. Their most trivial actions are subjected to his control, and rendered subservient to the accomplishment of his purposes. Shall puny man, whose loftiest flights of fancy cannot scan the mighty fabric of the universe, whose noblest powers of thought are inadequate to reach the grandeur, or appreciate the glory of creation, presume to resist the power, impugn the wisdom, and arraign the justice of him on whom depends the concatenation of all events?

Various methods have been employed to determine the density of the globe; and the investigations on this subject have attained such a degree of accuracy that, in the opinion of Sir John Herschel, the weight of the entire mass of the earth is as well known as that of any mineralogical specimen in a cabinet. It may seem astonishing and incredible to the inexperienced reader, but it is nevertheless true, that science has enabled man to tell precisely the weight of the terraqueous globe, and to ascertain how much heavier it is than if it were a cubical body of water. From ex-

riments with the plumb-line, the pendulum, and the torsion balance, it is demonstrated that the earth has a mean density of 5.6; or, in other words, that it is fully five and a half times heavier than the same bulk of water would be. The rocks and substances which form the solid part of the earth's surface have a mean density of 2.7; and it is reckoned that the mean density of the dry land and the ocean together cannot exceed 1.6. These facts lead us to conclude, not only that the earth is a solid body, but that the pressure towards its centre must be enormous, or that it contains within its bowels a mineral mass far exceeding the weight of the materials found near its surface. The researches of mankind into the interior of the globe have been confined within a limited range, the actual sphere of their penetration having in no case exceeded 3000 feet below the surface. The deepest mine in the world, that of Kitzpuhl, in the Tyrol, is only 2764 feet; yet, in consequence of those convulsions of nature which have deranged the position of the strata, geologists have extended their investigations over a depth of ten miles; they can discover the nature and form of plants that flourished, and of animals that existed, as is supposed, long anterior to the creation of man. They can track the path described by the tortoise, thousands of years ago, over the sands of Britain, with as much certainty as the huntsman can trace the vestiges of the hare on the soft snow of winter.

Pythagoras, four hundred years before the Christian era, conjectured and taught that the sun is the centre of our system, and that the planets revolve round him. His theory, being then unsupported by facts, attracted but little attention, and was entirely superseded by that of Ptolemy, who flourished in the second century, and inculcated the idea that the sun and all the other heavenly bodies revolve round the earth. This was universally believed till the middle of the sixteenth century, when Copernicus, a Prussian astronomer, revived the system of Pythagoras. His doctrine, at the time when it was published, rather startled the minds of men than convinced their judgment, and gained no adherents, except a few philosophers and students. Galileo, an Italian philosopher, adopted the view of Copernicus; but so powerful and prevalent was the bigotry of the church, that he was brought before the inquisition, on a charge of maintaining opinions at variance with the orthodoxy of the times, was thrust into prison, and forced to abjure his belief in the motion of the earth. It remained for our own immortal Newton to establish the truth of the Copernican system on a mathematical basis; and, notwithstanding the rivalry and prejudice of the continental mathematicians, it may be confidently asserted, that there is not now a philosopher in Europe who does not pay homage to the genius of Sir Isaac, by resting his belief on the facts which he has demonstrated. He established the existence of two forces in continual operation throughout all matter, denominated, from their different tendencies, centripetal and centrifugal. By means of these two influences, all the planets revolve in their spheres, with the sun as their centre, whose attractive power is greater than that of the other bodies which revolve around him, inasmuch as he is superior to them in magnitude.

There need be less wonder at the opposition which the Copernican theory experienced in an ignorant age, when it is reflected that it represents our world to exist under circumstances so very different from what the apparent evidence of the senses would seem to indicate. In the first place, the earth is proved to be continually revolving in a definite course or orbit round the sun, and performing a complete revolution of this kind in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.7 seconds. In this unchanging course she travels at the rate of 1110 miles every minute, while, by an admirable provision, different parts of her surface are alternately made to receive the direct rays of the great central luminary, thus producing the changes of the seasons, without which great part of that surface would be altogether uninhabitable. Again, the sun and all the other celestial bodies appear to our eyes to move round the earth from east to west every twenty-four hours. This

however, science proves to be an illusion, since, as already mentioned, this motion actually exists in the earth itself, which is incessantly revolving in a direction from west to east round its own axis—an imaginary line supposed to be drawn through its centre from north to south—and thereby producing the alternations of day and night.

It would be impossible here to adduce all the arguments by which these facts have been established. The sun's diameter is *eight hundred and eighty-two thousand miles*, or *a hundred and twelve times* that of the earth; his size is *one million and a third*, and his weight *three hundred and fifty-five thousand times* greater than the earth's. Were the sun, a body so much larger than the earth, to revolve round it, the effect would be absolutely *singular*, as it would be contrary to all the ascertained laws of matter by which the universe is bound together, and by which its phenomena are explained. There is no argument that can be adduced against the motion of the earth which carries the least force to a philosophic mind; indeed, the only thing in the shape of an objection is founded on the apparent stability of the earth. It is quite clear, however, that the testimony of our senses cannot be admitted as decisive evidence in such a case, since we are deceived by them exactly in the same manner when we pass along the coast in a ship, or a railway in a carriage. We are not sensible of our motion; and the objects which we know to be fixed appear to be moving. Besides, it is rendered more probable that the earth moves round its own axis than that the sun moves round the earth, by considering what must be the rate of motion of the two bodies in the different cases. Supposing that the earth moves round its axis in twenty-four hours, and that, as before stated, its circumference is 25,000 miles, it is found, on dividing the 25,000 by 24, that every part at the equator must move at the rate of a little more than *a thousand miles an hour*. Again, the sun is *ninety-five millions* of miles from the earth, and the circumference of the circle which he would have to describe in his motion round the earth may be found near enough for our purpose, by multiplying the 95,000,000 by 8, which would give a circuit of *five hundred and seventy millions* of miles; and, dividing this by 24, we find that the sun would have to travel at the rate of *twenty-four millions of miles an hour*. We cannot, of course, say that this is impossible; but any candid mind, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, will admit, that the former case is much the more probable. On contemplating the enormous size and velocity of the numerous bodies that float through space, the mind is led to think of the prodigious momentum of these swift and ponderous orbs. Who can conceive the dread concussion and direful destruction which would be occasioned, were one of them to deviate in the smallest degree from its fixed course! How sublime the thought, that these mighty masses are controlled by the same power that regulates the falling of the snow, and the gentle breath of evening—that directs the motions of the minutest animalcula, and weaves the attenuated web of the spider.

CLIFF COTTAGE.

In the south-western district of one of the northern counties of England, there is, or there was upwards of fifty years ago, a village, or rather a hamlet, so singularly secluded, that, without some clew to its locality, a stranger might have spent many months in search of it without succeeding in his object. This hamlet, which we shall call Cragburn, lay at the very bottom of a deep narrow ravine, which had evidently been formed by some powerful convolution of nature. A narrow, winding, toilsome horse-road formed almost the only method of ingress and egress to the few inhabitants of Cragburn. After winding hither and thither until it enabled its traversers, by slow and painful steps, to reach the upper surface of the mountain, the road took its course in a southerly direction until, after many a mile, it mingled its dust with that of a more frequented highway at a short distance from a small sea-port town.

We said that this road was *almost* the only path into

the hamlet; but we must except certain hazardous zigzag tracks from the bottom of the dell up the all but perpendicular cliffs by which it was hemmed in. These tracks exercised the skill and hardihood of the youths of Cragburn, who, at any time, would have preferred risking their limbs in the daring ascent, to having their effeminacy proclaimed by taking the more commonplace and safer road with which their elders were fain to content themselves. As to the hamlet itself, there was little about it to attract notice. About twenty small cottages were scattered here and there on either side of a brook or beck, which rising from a spring at one end followed the course of the valley until lost amid the interstices of the broken cliffs at the other; these cottages formed the more prominent part of the scenery so far as human habitation was concerned. More retired, and almost hidden from view by the trees with which they were surrounded, were two dwellings of a somewhat more commodious size and ambitious appearance. One of these was the residence of the curate of Cragburn; of the other we shall presently have to speak more at large. To complete the picture, we must not omit the little church, which, somewhat detached from the village, and surrounded by its correspondingly small grave-yard, seemed scarcely capable of containing even the limited population of the valley. Such then was Cragburn fifty years ago.

The arrival of a stranger in so primitive a village was an event which could not fail to excite some degree of curiosity among its inhabitants. Accordingly, every dwelling sent out its quota of gazers when, towards the noon of a summer's day, in the year 178—, an unknown wayfarer was observed slowly descending the road already spoken of. The stranger was a young man respectably accoutred, but evidently wayworn; and the observation he had attracted, together with a few clownish remarks from the villagers which reached his ears, appeared to improve neither his spirits nor temper. With a hasty exclamation, which sounded grievously like an imprecation, he quickened his pace and passed on. But another, though a more polite interruption awaited him. The curate of the village had, from his window, watched the stranger, noticed his demeanour, and, it might be, fathomed his wants, for, stepping from his door as the youth passed his garden gate, he courteously invited him to turn aside from his journey and take the chance which a bachelor's meal in a country parsonage-house might afford. It was no superfluous act of hospitality thus manifested. The young pedestrian had that morning left Seabeach, the sea-port town previously indicated, on an exploratory tour, and had been looking in vain for a roadside hostelry, upon the existence of which he had too rashly calculated for the necessary supply of his appetitual wants.

'And you must have travelled much farther before you would have met with any supplies from such a source,' replied Mr Evelyn, for such was the name of the rural divine. 'It is one of the blessings of this isolated spot that we have no village alehouse to corrupt our habits and morals.'

'Your people are somewhat rude and over-curious,' remarked the stranger, 'however good their morals may be.'

'Oh, you must allow something,' said the curate, 'for the rarity of a visit such as yours. When such a circumstance does take place, we all seem to have a right to make the most of it, though each in his own way. You see my very footboy looks at you with amazement; and as to myself, why, have I not tricked you into bestowing upon me the charity of your society—?'

'You have a fair right to it, sir,' interrupted the guest, 'for otherwise I should have fared as badly to-day as a sailor on short allowance. But are visitors so very scarce with you?'

'So much so,' rejoined Mr Evelyn, 'that during the six years I have lived at Cragburn, you are, I believe, almost the first actual stranger that has set foot within its borders.'

'Ha! indeed,' said the stranger, with an appearance of interest which he had not before exhibited. 'Well, I should not dislike it on that account.'

'A few weeks' residence might alter your views,' replied the curate, with a smile.

'Not at all; by the way, I observed an untenantanted house at the further end of the village; can you tell me whether it could be hired?'

'Certainly it can; though I fear there is little hope of its being so. The late owner occupied it himself until his death, which took place a few weeks ago; and in such a lonely spot as this, it is not likely to meet with another tenant.'

'I don't know that!' hastily returned the youthful guest. 'You must know that I have taken a strange liking to this village of yours. I have lived in a crowd, sir, until I am sick to death of it; and the solitude of this place has inexpressible charms for me. I hate the world, sir; I hate it with a perfect hatred. I would be a second Crusoe; could I but find his happy island; but this place *savages*—it shall do.'

He spoke so rapidly and fiercely that Mr Evelyn was both startled and amused. Apparently the better feeling predominated, for he looked humorously at his excited companion, and quietly interposed—'But the savages, my good sir.'

'The savages!' exclaimed the youth with evident perturbation. 'You don't mean to say, sir—but I beg pardon—ah, I take you now; you mean the natives. Oh, we shall be very good friends. But to come at once to the point: if you can direct me to the landlord of yonder cottage I shall feel obliged to you.'

'That is easily done,' said Mr Evelyn, 'since I happen to be the sole executor of the late owner, and have the key of the house in my study. There is some old-fashioned furniture in the house, which might be hired with it: and as to the terms—but are you really serious, sir, in your wish?'

'Quite serious, I assure you. I like your village amazingly; and I dare say we shall come to terms.'

'You had better look at the place before you decide,' resumed the curate. 'I must tell you honestly that it is not well adapted for a family.'

The young man laughed and then blushed. 'I have no family,' he said; 'I am alone in the world, without even a relation to care for me. Parents, sisters, brothers, wife, friends, are all terms of no import or significance to me. I stand alone.'

'Alas!' replied Mr Evelyn; 'so young and so entirely bereaved! Yours is a painful condition.'

'Not without its advantages,' hastily returned the stranger; 'since it gives me unlimited control over my own actions, as well as the means to indulge my own whims. As to the house,' he continued, 'I will take it on your recommendation.'

'But I have not recommended it,' said the curate.

'On your description, then.'

'But I have not even described it.'

'Well, well, without either description or recommendation, I will take it. The fact is, sir—but no matter—I am enraptured with this solitude. And as to the terms—be laid a bank-note of some value on the table—make your own terms, and place this to the credit of half-a-year's rent. Whatever else is necessary I will pay; and if I am not tired of the place at the end of that time, I shall consider it liberty to remain your tenant.'

'Well, sir,' said Mr Evelyn, 'I must not refuse a tenant thus offered; but—I mean when do you propose to take possession of the house?'

'To-morrow,' replied the stranger. 'I will return to-morrow and make what further arrangements are necessary.'

'And by what name—?'

'Brown, sir; Brown is my name; Henry Brown.'

Within a week after this interview, the untenantanted house showed unequivocal signs of occupancy. The window shutters were thrown back, the doors and windows were open, and a thick column of smoke curled from the one chimney, which arose in sturdy proportions above the roof. But, previous to this, it had been known by every

inhabitant of Cragburn, young and old, that a single gentleman was coming to live at Cliff Cottage, for so the tenement was called; that, through the medium of Mr Evelyn, he had engaged a young lad, the son of a poor widow, to wait upon him as his constant attendant; and that the widow herself, for a certain consideration, was to superintend all the necessary operations of housewifery to which her son was thought inadequate. The cottage, as Mr Evelyn had hinted, had nothing positively to recommend it. It was, in fact, but a step or two above the tenements occupied by the shepherds and labourers of the hamlet, either in appearance or comfort. A mud-floored kitchen, and a somewhat superior apartment, called by courtesy the parlour, and which could boast a pavement of brick, were the only rooms on the basement. A narrow wooden staircase conducted to an equal number of chambers above, which possessed an advantage in commanding a view of the hamlet and its sole entrance. The front of the cottage, like that of the parsonage, was separated from the common ground of the hamlet by a tolerably extensive garden, thickly stocked with fruit trees; and a corresponding strip of ground behind terminated at the foot of the cliff, from which the house itself derived its name. Such then were the conveniences and inconveniences of Cliff Cottage; and with them the new tenant seemed satisfied. On the occasion of his second visit to Cragburn he had taken with him a small knapsack, which he left in the care of his landlord; and when he finally returned to take possession of the cottage, he was accompanied by a countryman who carried a larger but still a modest portmanteau. With these, his only importations, he quietly set himself down in his new home, neither requiring nor making any alteration in its outer or inner economy, but professing to be well pleased that every thing should remain in precisely the same state and order in which the late owner had left it.

Little communication did the tenant of Cliff Cottage hold with the villagers. The widow and her son were indeed almost the only individuals with whom he deigned to converse, and this only for the purpose of making known his wants and securing his necessary supplies. With Mr Evelyn he almost entirely dropped the acquaintance which had commenced, as soon as the result of it had been secured. On the first week of Mr Brown's residence, the curate had called to inquire if anything more were needed to promote the comfort of his tenant, and was briefly answered in the negative. On the second week, he paid a morning visit as a neighbour; but was received with so much unconcealed reluctance, and treated with so much moroseness, that he was compelled to retire, grieving that his hopes of a pleasant and profitable companion were, like so many worldly hopes, blighted in the bud; and almost regretting that he had so hastily accepted such a tenant. But he checked himself with the reflection that, in all probability, some deep and painful disappointment had soured the mind of the young man, and that time, that great healer, and more especially the consolations of piety, might heal the wound thus made. And this very consideration produced a larger degree of friendly interest than would have been called forth by the most openhanded friendship. From this time, however, all communication between the young men—for Mr Evelyn was still young—ceased. A distant bow when they accidentally met, which was very rarely, formed their only token of acquaintance.

The six months of tenancy expired, and for the first time since the term commenced, Mr Evelyn received a visit from his tenant for the purpose of renewing the agreement. In this, as in all the pecuniary transactions of Mr Brown with the inhabitants of the place, the necessary amount of cash was promptly produced, and no opportunity afforded, had a pretext been sought, for discontinuing the connexion. The curate, however, ventured to hint a regret that the society of Cragburn, limited as it was, should afford no pleasure to the recluse; but this was met with the stern reply of the strange young man, 'I am perfectly satisfied, sir; if I were not I would leave the place.'

Time wore on. Three years of this solitary and mono-

tonous life had passed away, when Mr Evelyn was surprised by a visit from his incomprehensible tenant.

'I am about,' said Brown, 'to leave Cragburn for a few days, perhaps a week or more; and I will thank you to take charge of the key of my cottage during my absence.'

The curate assented to the request.

'I have another favour to ask,' he added, producing a small packet well sealed which he had brought with him. 'Will you have the kindness to take charge of this also; and if—if I should not return, or you should hear nothing from me in the course of one month from this day, then break open the seal. You will find directions there how to dispose of the little property I leave behind me; and if you ever think more of me, let it be as of one of the phantoms of a dream.'

'I accept the charge,' replied Mr Evelyn, 'though unwillingly. But alas, sir, you are no phantom; and though I cannot press for your confidence, I would that it were in my power to give that consolation which you evidently need. There is, however, a source of comfort of which you surely cannot be altogether ignorant. The Gospel, sir, has hope for the hopeless, life for the dying, and—'

'Enough, enough,' replied the young man fiercely. 'You mean well, sir, and I know what you would say. Oh, yes' he continued, and his voice assumed an ironical softness; 'there is a balm in Gilead. I know all about it, sir. Nay, and there was no longer irony in his tone, 'I have heard of it; I have seen its effects; I believe the gospel after a sort, that is as devils believe it; but I never shall know more of it. Adieu, I thank you for your good wishes, but they will not avail me.'

Near a small town in the south of England, some three or four hundred miles distant from the village to which hitherto our story has been limited, there was, fifty years ago, but it is now pulled down, a small mansion built in the style of the sixteenth century. This house was separated from the turnpike road in front by a shrubbery of large laurel trees, and from a narrow mill-lane behind by tolerably extensive pleasure and kitchen gardens.

Towards midnight, some time in the year 179-, a man, shrouded in a horseman's cloak, might have been observed, had observers been near, walking silently and slowly to and fro under the shadow of the tall hedge which separated the garden from the narrow lane just mentioned. At length he stopped, and removing the cumbersome wrapper, rolling it up and casting it over the hedge, he sprang upwards, caught the branch of an overhanging tree, and, with some exertion of strength and agility, drew himself up among the branches and descended on the garden side of the hedge. This accomplished, he looked around him for a few seconds, and then hastily paced over the paths which led towards the house. From time to time he stopped in his progress, and endeavoured to penetrate the gloom which hung over the limited scene of vision, and which the faint light of a waning moon could not entirely dissipate. Had more light been thrown upon the objects around, it would have shown evident marks of neglect and decay. That the garden had once been an object of care and attention, was manifest from the arrangement of the walks and beds; but this care must have ceased some time, for the paths were overrun with weeds, and the beds were rough and fallow. Again the intruder quickened his pace, and in a few minutes arrived at an open lawn which spread beneath the windows of the house. Here he paused and looked onwards. From one room of the mansion gleamed a pale sickly light, rendered more so by the moonbeams which played without, and besides this no sign of habitable life was betokened. Apparently the breast of the wanderer was agitated by conflicting emotions; he remained standing for some minutes still as a statue, gazing at the light; then a deep groan burst from his bosom, and he staggered like a drunken man to a garden seat which was near, and, covering his face with his hands, wept and sobbed as only man may weep and sob.

Let us turn to the chamber from which the pale light shone. It was the chamber of sickness, soon to be the chamber of death. It was not a bedchamber, at least it

had not the marks and appliances of one. It had more the appearance of a library, for one side was occupied by well filled book-shelves, and a lounging chair and reading table were pushed aside into one corner; on the opposite side of the room was a small bed with curtains half drawn, and by its side stood a small table on which the glimmering lamp was placed, and sustaining, besides, those usual accompaniments to a sick chamber, the labelled phial and a Bible. Yes, the Bible, banished too often from the business of life, finds its way at length to the chamber of death. On the bed was stretched a man evidently in the decline of years and near the termination of life. Occasionally he dozed for a few moments, and then rousing from the transient and light slumber he turned uneasily on the bed, and moved his lips though no audible sound escaped them. He was alone in the room, or thought himself to be so. There was one however, near, who silently had opened a concealed door, and now stood by the bedside, hidden by the curtains, and heedfully watched the movements of the dying man; could he have caught a glimpse of the countenance, he would have seen that big tears of bodily or mental anguish slowly rolled down the furrowed cheeks, and—but hush, the sick man speaks, he communes with himself and his God.

In agony and fervour the words burst from an overcharged heart, for they conveyed the prayer of a heart-broken parent for a guilty son; and almost before the sound had died away, the curtain was drawn aside, the intruder bent over the bed and faintly whispered, ‘Father, dear father, Herbert is here.’

The effect was electrical. The dying man started from his couch, reached the lamp, held it before the face of the unexpected visitant, and fixed his eyes there. ‘Yes, it is Herbert,’ he said, as he set down the light and sank exhausted back upon his pillow; ‘it is Herbert; but altered, altered since I saw him last. Herbert,’ he continued, though in so low and whispered a tone as to require the utmost attention of his son to catch the import of the words; ‘Herbert, I have been praying for you this night; what night or day have I not? And now tell me, are you a penitent? I do not ask you where you come from, where you have hidden yourself these three last weary years; but have you repented? Have you sought and found mercy? Tell me, oh, only tell me that you have, and I shall be happy—happy for the first time since that dreadful day. Speak, but speak low; it must not be known that you are here.’

The young man, thus addressed, remained silent, except that his hard breathings denoted a struggle within.

‘Herbert,’ repeated the mourning father, ‘I am dying. In a few days, perhaps a few hours, I shall be in another world. Oh, let me hope to meet you there.’

‘Father,’ replied the young man, ‘this is too much for you now. I did not know that you were ill; how could I? Let us talk of this to-morrow. But where is my mother and Lucy? Where is William? Why are you alone, and so ill, and in this room too? I could not rest without seeing you all once more; but I did not expect to find you thus.’

‘What could you expect, Herbert, after—but no, I will not reproach you. To-morrow! No, not to-morrow. Let it be now; say now that you have obeyed the voice that says, “To-day if ye will hear my voice, harden not your heart!”’

‘Father,’ replied Herbert, ‘I will not add hypocrisy to my other sins. I will not deceive you; I cannot. That I am sorry for that most unfortunate, that infatuated deed, which has cut up all my prospects, and driven me from society to hide like a hateful reptile from the vengeance of the law, I can truly say. My life has been a miserable dream of apprehension and dread since that day. But—but I have not repented. I cannot repent as you would have me repent. Had I done this my reward would have been the gallows. It is the sanguinary law that has made me what I am.’

‘Herbert,’ said his father, and there was an unearthly solemnity in his tone which pierced the heart of the son;

‘you think it was a little crime that you committed—a venial offence. It was perpetrated in an hour of weakness and without premeditation. The temptation was strong; the time occupied in the action but a moment; and you conceive that you are hardly dealt with in being liable, whenever you are found, to forfeit your life for the transgression.’

‘And is it not so, father? I would have restored the paltry dross, I never intended to retain it, if the—yes, it must out—if the forgery had not been discovered, the accursed bill would have been taken up, no one would have suffered, and my weakness and shame would never have been known to mortal. But I was compelled to save my life as I best could, and to avail myself of the funds I had obtained in doing it. To any punishment short of that most revengeful one I would have submitted; but nothing would have availed. Nothing could save Dodd,* and nothing would have saved me; and would you have had me murdered by law?’

‘I am no casuist, Herbert, nor do I justify the law which would thus condemn you. I cannot now tell you my thoughts on that subject. But, my dear son, there is another law to which you are amenable.’

‘God is more merciful than man,’ replied Herbert.

‘He is, and he has said ‘The soul that sinneth it shall die.’ But my strength is failing, and I must go back to what I would have said just now. You think your crime was a venial one. Now, listen, Herbert. You have asked for your mother, your sister, and your brother. As soon as the dreadful news of your forgery and flight reached us, William hastened to London to try and make terms for you with your employers; but they would not hear of it. He offered, on my authority, to make good the loss they had sustained by you, to the last penny, though to do this I must have been beggared. But they would receive nothing. ‘We do not want the money,’ John Savage said, ‘but commercial security requires that the scoundrel should be delivered up to justice.’ Well, your brother would not give up his efforts on your behalf. He endeavoured to find out your retreat, not for the purpose, as you may well believe, of delivering you up to the law, but to persuade you to restore what you had obtained by your fraud. It was said and believed that you had escaped to America, and he thought he had traced you to Liverpool, and to an American vessel there, which had sailed a week before. He followed in the next packet, to find you if possible, and to see what could be done for you.’

‘I did not go to America,’ said Herbert.

‘No. William discovered his mistake when he got to New York. It was not you whom he had followed, and he prepared to return—but he never did return.’

‘Not return!’ repeated the wretched young man.

‘No; he was attacked by a fever then raging there, and died.’

A deep groan burst from Herbert. His father continued to speak, and although his voice scarcely rose above a whisper, he seemed to gather strength as he went on, and to be almost supernaturally supported. His voice gained firmness, and he raised himself on his pillow so as to face his son, who sat by the bedside a prey to emotions which cannot be described. As one sorrow after another was recounted by his dying parent, he hid his face in the bedclothes, and interrupted the narrative only by broken sobs.

‘Your brother died. Why should I lament it? He is happy; and I shall go to him though he cannot return to me; I shall soon be with him. You asked for your mother. When the news reached us of William’s death, your mother sank under the blow. One son dead and the other forever lost to us in this world—a wanderer on the face of the earth—a wanderer from God and happiness too—a

* Dr Dodd was executed for forgery in 1777. The most powerful intercessions were made for his life, but in vain. Lord Thurlow, when appealed to, refused to entertain the petition or to exert his influence, declaring that ‘If Dr Dodd be saved the Perreens were murdered.’ The Perreens were two brothers, and the first victims of the law which made forgery a capital crime.

proclaimed felon! Your mother sank under it. She died, but her last breath was employed in praying for Herbert—her first born—her guilty Herbert. Your sister—‘For mercy's sake tell me no more,’ Herbert muttered. ‘Father, would you drive me to desperation?’

‘I have not much more to tell, Herbert; but it is necessary you should hear it. Your sister was to have been married; you knew it then though you may have forgotten it now. Well, the blow you struck fell upon her too. She was cast off as a worthless thing because—’

‘Because her brother was a villain. Speak the word, father, for it is a true one.’

‘I will not speak the word, Herbert; but let me go on, my mind begins to wander. Your sister is in a mad-house. And here am I alone, helpless, dying. The hands that should have smoothed my pillow, and at last closed my eyes, are already in the grave, or worse. But you, Herbert; oh, do not flatter yourself that sin is a small thing. No man lives to himself; you, wherever you have hidden yourself, have not been living to yourself. God forgive you!’

The young man slowly raised his head as his father, exhausted by speaking, and yet more by the most painful effort of recalling his sorrows, sank back on his pillow. ‘Father,’ he said, in a tone of enforced calmness, which was strangely at variance with his bloodshot eyes and death-pale cheek—‘Father! there is one thing more to do, to say.’ He knelt down by the bed-side. ‘Father, curse me. I never wished for your blessing so fervently as I now implore your curse. This only is wanting to fill up my full measure of wretchedness, and then—’

The aged man once more raised himself from his bed, stretched out his shrunken hands, and laid them on the head of his son. Herbert shuddered as he felt their touch, but he did not draw back, ‘The God of heaven BLESS you, Herbert; the Father of mercies forgive you. Blessed Saviour, save the poor outcast; have mercy on him; restore him; bless him. May he be brought to know that glorious truth, ‘Him that cometh to thee thou wilt in no wise cast out.’ And now, Herbert, my son, my dear boy; you must not remain here. Should you be seen, nothing can save you. Your liberty, your life, is in danger while you remain near this spot. Go; my best blessings are upon you; my last prayers shall be for you. Do nothing rashly; I do not know what you ought to do. The downward path is smooth; it is the way back—there is the difficulty. But at all events—at all risks—repent and turn to God. He will abundantly pardon, and he will direct you what to do.’

The young man threw himself by his father’s side. Their tears mingled together. One embrace of undying affection, and the scene was closed.

The next morning it was known in the little town of H——, and the tidings soon spread for many miles around, that the venerable and beloved but deeply tried rector of that place, was dead. His only attendant had, at the sick man’s request, left him, that she might obtain the repose which her long and tedious watchings had rendered necessary; and on entering his study, where, since the death of his wife he had always slept, she found him in the morning lifeless. He was raised on his knees in the bed, as though his spirit had passed away in prayer. Many followed him to the grave, and lamented him, saying, ‘Ah, my brother!’ but among the mourners there was not one who bore his name or owned his lineage.

We return to Cragburn. More than two years had elapsed since the last interview which we recorded between Henry Brown and Mr Evelyn. We again introduce them to the reader, but under altered circumstances. This time the place of meeting is Cliff Cottage, the visitor is the curate. But before we listen to their communings, we must, in as brief space as possible, glance at a few intervening events.

Nearly three weeks passed after the stranger, whom we have known hitherto as Henry Brown, left Cragburn before he returned. But he did return, and received back the packet from Mr Evelyn as he had delivered it into his

hands. But a change so fearfully affecting as that which the compassionate curate witnessed in the young man he had never before seen, and such he prayed never to see again. One thing only accounted for it, and that but partially, his unhappy acquaintance was clad in deep mourning. For some weeks after his return, the tenant of Cliff Cottage maintained the strictest seclusion. The first place in which he was seen was—to the surprise of the villagers and especially of the curate—the parish church. We shall not avail ourselves of the chronicler’s privilege, by dwelling upon the fervid eloquence of the preacher, and the unwonted emotions which agitated his breast with hopes and fears; let it suffice to say that, from this time, another and a happier change became gradually visible in the new hearer. He no longer absented himself from the house of prayer, nor refused the again proffered friendship of Mr Evelyn. On the contrary, frequent and long were their communications with each other. How much or how little of the previous history of the wretched young man was divulged, it is not for us to say; but to whatever extent it reached, the confidence reposed tended only to knit together more closely the bonds so recently formed.

Three other circumstances require also to be noted, since they did not escape the observation of the rustics of Cragburn. The first is, that night after night, for weeks and months in succession, a bright light was known to gleam from one room in Cliff Cottage long after the village was otherwise buried in darkness and hushed in repose. And day after day, as reported by the widow’s son, did the recluse sit in that same room, careworn and dejected indeed, but not idle, as the quires of paper which he covered with writing would have borne witness. Occasionally his unwearied industry was interrupted by a solitary walk, or by a visit from the benevolent curate, but except on these occasions the daily task was never intermitted. Then, again, on three or four several occasions, Mr Evelyn, who had never before absented himself from his secluded home for more than a single day at most, undertook journeys of no ordinary length, judging from his time of absence, and at such times his first visit on his return was to the solitary occupant of Cliff Cottage. And lastly, it could not but be plainly visible that the health of poor Brown began rapidly to fail. His cheek assumed and retained the pallor of death, except when overspread with that hectic flush which so surely betokens consumption. A racking cough had fixed upon his lungs, and it could not be doubted that his days were fast drawing to a close.

On the day to which we have already referred, the invalid was seated by his window, supported by cushions in an easy chair. Mr Evelyn sat opposite; he had been reading to him the words of life, and had just risen from the posture of devotion; they had been praying. A silence succeeded which was broken by the emaciated sufferer. ‘I believe my work in this world is nearly over; the last month has brought me low, very low.’

‘It were vain,’ replied his friend, ‘to attempt to raise your spirits with false hopes of recovery or even amendment. Disease has too surely marked you for its prey. But, my dear friend, I trust you can say, ‘O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?’

‘I know not,’ was the answer; ‘it were too much for one like me to exult over death and the grave. And yet I do believe, blessed be God, that my sins, which were many, are all forgiven me.’

‘I can but wish,’ said Mr Evelyn (we now take up another fragment of the conversation, which, be it remarked, was frequently interrupted by the distressing cough of the invalid)—‘I can but wish that you had listened to my entreaties; those long nights of watching, and days of mental labour, have worked your destruction.’

‘And why, my dear sir, should you wish it? What had I to live for but that one thing, and, thank God, it is accomplished. That last remittance from my publishers has cleared off the score with John Savage and his brother. Ah! the readers of those papers will little guess with what a burning brain and throbbing pulse they were written; or that they have proceeded from the pen of a vile felon.’

But there is yet another debt to pay,' and he convulsively clasped the hand of his friend; 'you have forwarded that letter?'

'I have.'

'You did not know its contents.'

'No, certainly not.'

'Then I will tell you. I have given up my secret; and by this time the government probably knows where to find Herbert B—the forger.'

Mr Evelyn started from his seat in intense alarm. 'My friend, my friend!' he exclaimed; 'surely this was not required at your hands. You have, as far as you can, repaired the injury you have done. Surely you do not think that your self-sacrifice can atone for your sin against God?'

'Ne,' replied Herbert; 'can you imagine that I think so? But I owe something to the broken law of the country.'

'It was not needed; it could not have been needed,' said Mr Evelyn, in a still agitated voice; 'I have long seen that the law which condemns to death for a crime such as yours is unnecessarily, cruelly severe; that justice, under its influence, becomes vengeance; and that the moral influence of punishment is destroyed—worse than destroyed, perverted.'

'All this I have said to myself,' replied Herbert, 'but it would not do. I broke the law, knowing its penalty, and I ought to submit to the penalty. Whatever be the result, I am now resigned. I have one favour only to ask of you. Will you be with me to the last?'

'I will do more,' said Mr Evelyn. 'I have some influence; my connexions are not powerless; I have never sought their aid, but they must, they shall aid us now.'

Herbert shook his head, and a melancholy smile played for a moment on his lips. He was thinking of Dr Dodd. And thus the friends parted.

In the middle of the night the widow's son hastily called up Mr Evelyn. His master was very bad; would Mr Evelyn come and see him?

There was no need for a second summons; he arrived at Cliff Cottage almost as soon as the messenger, and found his friend indeed dying. The exertion of coughing had ruptured a blood-vessel, and all the assistance that the skill of Mr Evelyn could suggest was given in vain.

'It is nearly over,' said the dying man, as he grasped the hand of his friend.

'Are you happy, are you safe for eternity?' was all that the curate could say in reply.

'I have found,' whispered Herbert, 'that my father's words were true. I have gone to Him, and I have not—I trust I have not—been cast out.' These were his last words.

A few days later than the last scene, a post-chaise was seen slowly winding down the hilly road into Cragburn. On its arrival at the hamlet, a man from the interior inquired the way and was directed to Cliff Cottage. As the vehicle stopped at the garden gate, the door of the cottage was opened, and the coffin which held the remains of Herbert B—was slowly borne forth, preceded by the curate and followed by the widow and her son. The progress of the funeral procession was arrested by the traveller, who exhibited to Mr Evelyn a warrant for the apprehension of the forger; but, convinced at length that he had arrived too late for the performance of his office, he departed, and was seen in Cragburn no more. A neat headstone, bearing only the initials 'H. B.', marks the spot where the penitent sinner was laid.

Reader, we should deem our tale indeed ill told if it has not conveyed with it its own moral. Take home that moral to your understanding and your heart, and it shall be well with you.

FLOWERS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

It may sound paradoxically, but we have no hesitation in asserting that the season when we least care for reading about flowers and plants, and the green foliage of shrubs and trees, is exactly that in which they exhibit themselves to our notice, in all the pomp, flush, and beauty of their

diversified charms. Those who are studying botany will no doubt, during summer recur frequently to their guide book, when, in returning from a long walk, they wish to ascertain under what genus some flower or vegetable substance which they never saw before, but which they have picked up and carried home with them, is to be classified—but mere lovers of flowers, who care nothing for botany—who are in this respect very

'Triflers in the land,

Content if they may but enjoy what others understand'—are not, we suspect, so apt to care for reading about the in the summer as in the winter months. The epicure who has just finished a sumptuous meal, would scarce at the moment thank you for putting into his hands *Randon's Book of Banquets*, or the sixty-first edition of the *Confectioner's Guide*; and on a summer evening when we return to our homes, dizzied and surfeited with the beauties of field and grove, hill and valley, garden and shrubbery, it is scarcely to be expected that we can have an immediate longing for Hervey's *Meditations*, or the *Book of Flowers* by Miss Anne Pratt. The season when we must luxuriate in the flower-garden of the first-mentioned writer is that of winter certainly. We know, in reference to ourselves, that when young this was distinctly the case: the rich luscious and classical descriptions of garden flowers, occurring especially at the commencement of the dialogues, made us long for the return of spring, with all the fond ardency of adoring votaries. Oh, how in dull, louring, raining weather (for we confess that during smart frosts, when skating was to be had, it was something different) did we wish the dismal December by, that spring might arrive, causing the green shootings of lilies and tulips to gleam through the dark cloths, making the snowdrop to exhibit its white petals, and the golden crocus to riot in the suns of March! It was in winter that we first became acquainted with the 'Task' of Cowper, and for fully three months it is impossible to describe the craving we had for long summer walks amidst rural fields, where fragrant thyme and yellow tylthe, golden buttercups and ruddy foxglove, were to meet us at every step; and then on returning with chickenweed for the canary in our hand, tired enough with our protracted saunter, to know that tea, cakes, and marmalade awaited us at home—how refreshing, how delightful! It is needless to say, that exquisite as are the sensations experienced by us during our field excursions or garden walks in the rosy time of the year, we seldom realise the amount of enjoyment to which we looked forward when engaged in the reading specified during the howling of a January blast. A person accustomed to the luxuries and comforts of domestic life, while subjected to the hardships and inconveniences consequent upon a protracted residence in some barren island, where the bare necessities of life can scarcely be procured, will take far greater pleasure in reading about their happiness, who at grand dinner parties come frequently to resemble the ass in the fable, volition getting positively into a fix between the roast lamb at the table's head, recommended by the lady, and the beef and turnips at the foot as eloquently extolled by the gentleman of the house, than he will ever do again; for a few weeks familiarity with his old dishes will make him, to a considerable extent, forgetful of his mercies, and he will read with indifference a description of enjoyments which, when placed without his reach, were the subjects of his most intense desire.

If these remarks be correct, this is scarce the season to tax the patience of our readers by telling them how deliciously blue violets are, what a queenly symmetry characterises the lily, how impossible it is to tell whether we most love the rose for its delicious fragrance or its splendid hues, and how utterly scentless are these flaming dandies of the garden—midsummer tulips. But who chooses to be singular? What periodical would during the month of December admit odes to the blackbird, or sonnets to the lordly peony in full blow? And yet, according to our theory, that would be the very month when such poetry would be pondered with most delight. If summer is not the season when we most care for reading

out flowers, it is that in which we are best qualified to ride about them. Weather luxurious and warm like the recent is productive of influences so cheering, that we do delight to tattle about floral sweets; yet we distinctly warn the reader that the subsequent extracts are not intended for present perusal. If housewives in summery in their winter jellies, preserves, and jams, what could prevent us from laying in a few 'winter articles?' We would just as soon think of rousing a man from his siests or after-dinner nap to put Meg Dods into his hand, as we would thrust a book on pinka, carnations, ad auriculas into the hands of one who has, during the last summer, witnessed so many horticultural processions ad floral exhibitions, and botanical gardens, that his very midnight slumbers have been disturbed by visions of flowers, sweet flowers—who has almost come to feel that a change is requisite, and is beginning to examine the bill of fare to perceive what autumn or even hoary winter may have in store for his next enjoyment. An article in the INSTRUCTOR of this week, however, about frozen lakes, hoar frost, icicles, or crisp snow, although refreshing to the general reader, could scarcely be inserted with prudence. Such a 'daring innovation' upon old established usages might subject us to the charge of presumption, if it did not bring down upon us positive laughter or contempt.

In compliance with the usual practice, therefore, we beg to introduce to our readers' notice a beautiful little volume, being the one-hundredth of the series published weekly by Mr Knight of London, purporting to be written by Miss Anne Pratt, for the exclusive benefit of 'floral readers,' or, as she perhaps states it more definitely in the preface, 'those who are fond of flowers.' If every individual of the class specified purchase the volume, it will unquestionably have a sale that shall lack a precedent. Historical, political, theological, philosophical readers may be counted; but floral readers, who can number them up—is not legion their name? The 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' has only a limited number of admirers in reference to most of its descriptions; but we are sure that such lines as these sound pleasingly in the ears of all—

'So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue bells on Newark heath;
When thrushes sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd broad Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke!'

Some love fine music, and some have a fondness for fine paintings; some love old coins, and more rejoice in new sovereigns; but to assert that *some* love flowers would be absurd. It may safely be said that all men do; and that, though nature in a few of her creations exhibits an occasional freakishness, she never yet sported such a frightful 'lusus' as a hater of flowers. Beattie was like to go mad when he heard a cock crow, and Nat Lee disliked the bleating of sheep; Otway, towards the close of his life, could not endure the moon; and Milton's Lucifer rates fiercely the 'truly sweet' sun light; but who ever yet quarrelled with flowers? Sailors love them and gather them in handfuls when ashore, and landsmen sigh for a sight of them when far at sea! Falstaff, amidst all his sensuality and riots, carried about within his huge bosom the universal passion; and green fields, pansies, and cowslips, were praised in incoherent snatches by the dying knight, after his nose had become sharp as a pen, and he could only babble. How true to nature is the picture of poor mad Lear, dressing himself with flowers cropped from the corn fields; or of that still finer maniac, the beautiful Ophelia, who went about with nosegays in her hand, and gave away pansies, mint, and rosemary, only to her 'special friends!' Having said so much, it is now high time that we justify our praises of Miss Pratt's little volume by giving extracts. Nothing, in our estimation (of the sort we mean), can excel what follows:

'There is a charm in the thought, that the pleasure derived from wild flowers lies open to the youngest and the poorest of mankind. It has been said of birds, that they

are the poor man's music; and we may observe of flowers, that they are the poor man's poetry. For him, as for all, they are scattered unsparingly over the lap of the earth; smiling in clusters among the leafy wood, fringing the field path, glowing in the sunny regions of the world, or raising their pale heads above the dreariest snows. In viewing the beautiful colours, and inhaling the rich odours of plants; in examining their structure, and marking how well it is adapted to the situation for which it is intended, the mind is led to a cheerful gratitude to Him who has painted the meadow with delight—

'And thus, with many feelings, many thoughts,
We make a meditative joy, and find
Religious meanings in the forms of Nature.'

The lover of either the garden or the country landscape cannot have failed to remark the effect of the seasons upon the gradual development of its leaves and blossoms. Each month has its peculiar floral ornaments; and although the warmth or the coldness of the atmosphere has an influence in accelerating or retarding, by a short period, the unfolding of flowers, yet each month is so far constant in its processes that we look with confidence for the plants which generally grace it. January has its snowdrops, and June its roses. In the coldest weather the laurustinus and Christmas-rose are blooming in our gardens, and the furze gives its lustre to the lone moorland. Then that 'bonnie gem,' the spring-daisy—the morning-star of the flowers—appears here and there, and the groundsel puts forth its yellow blossoms. The garden beds present the fair snow-drop, and the rich golden luxuriance of the crocus. The boughs of the mezereon are clothed with lilac clusters; the hepaticas venture to unfold their small rose-coloured or blue flowers; the daffodil hangs down their yellow cups; and the brilliant vases of the anemones are open to the vernal showers; and then follow the many lovely blossoms of spring and summer. The trees, as they resume their foliage in the early part of the year, exhibit, each month, a greater richness and variety of colour. The young buds of the honeysuckle often unfold in January; the gooseberry and lilac about February; and the hawthorn is getting gradually covered during April, and preparing for its show of May flowers, while the lime is as yet scarcely producing a leaf. Then, when the lilac-tree is full, not only of its foliage, but covered with its flowery clusters, and the birch-leaves quiver to the winds, the elm and ash open their young buds, and a small leaf or two appears here and there on their branches. The garden acacia remains many days longer before it shows one token of spring, and the summer foliage has lent a rich glory to wood and garden before one full green leaf decks the stately walnut-tree.'

Our readers can easily at present verify the truth of observations like these—

'The flowers of summer, like those of sunny climates, are mostly remarkable for their bright colours and a great degree of fragrance. This odour is emitted by means of the sun's influence, and most flowers are either scentless, or yield diminished perfumes during darkness. The night-scented flowers are exceptions to this rule, but they are few in this country, and rare in any, except in those lands which are situated in the hottest regions of the globe. Light is of great importance to plants, enabling them to derive nutriment from the matter which they extract from the soil. Plants exposed to a great degree of solar influence are not only hardier and more vigorous, but also fuller of colour, than those of shady places; and odoriferous flowers are found in most abundance and greatest perfection, in countries on which the sun shines with fullest power.'

The following is both delightful and instructive:—

'Those countries only which are situated within the Polar regions, and constantly covered with snow, are entirely destitute of plants, if we except the summits of those lofty mountains of other countries whence the ice never dissolves. The plants peculiar to very cold and elevated districts are chiefly diminutive in size, and bear blossoms which are large in proportion to the leaves. In such situa-

tions mosses and lichens are numerous; and plants, having compound flowers, like the daisy, or cross-shaped blossoms, like the wallflower, are common, while some of the umbelliferous tribes, like the carrot and parsley, are found there. In the Torrid Zone vegetation assumes its most majestic form, and a tree like the baobab and the banian is large enough to cover a regiment of soldiers. The flowers of tropical countries possess the richest lustre and strongest odour; yet the plants of the different hemispheres vary greatly. Thus, throughout America there are no heaths, and in South America no rose-trees; while in Africa, vast tracts of land are gay with varieties of beautiful heaths, and Asia is the garden of roses. The plants of Africa are remarkable for their numerous thorns, the bluish green colour of their foliage, and for the succulent nature of the leaves of those flowers, which, like the fig marigold, bloom in the desert. The leaves of American plants are frequently long and smooth, and in North America the prevailing colour of the blossoms is white, nine out of ten being said to be of this hue. The trees of New Holland have a dull and uninteresting appearance, owing to the existence of glands upon both surfaces of the leaves; and there is no other part of the world in which vegetation has altogether so singular a character as in this. The leaves of many Australian trees seem twisted out of their usual position, and the leaf-stalk is often flat and expanded, performing all the usual functions of a leaf to its parent plant. An island climate is generally considered very favourable to the development of a variety of vegetation, and many islands have each its own peculiar flora.'

The following anecdote is told with that lack of mercy evinced by ladies for those unhappy exquisites who have been caught in the fact of peeping behind the curtain:

'The name of the myrtle is derived from a Greek word signifying perfume. The volatile oil, which exists in glands in the bark and leaves of this plant, is the cause of its sweet odour. It is thought to have considerable effect in improving the hair, and is therefore a frequent ingredient in the pomade employed for this purpose. The whole plant has a singularly astringent property, and this is peculiarly partaken by the oil. An amusing anecdote, taken from the 'Dictionnaire Portatif d'Histoire Naturelle,' may serve to prove its astringent nature. A gentleman who was accidentally left alone in the boudoir of a lady, employed himself in examining the contents of several vases, which were scattered about the room. Not being altogether destitute of that failing so generally attributed to the female sex, he placed himself before a glass, and endeavoured to improve the beauty of his lips, by putting upon them some pomade containing myrtle oil. He was interrupted in the operation by the unexpected entrance of the lady whom he was awaiting; and the youth upon attempting to address her, found his lips completely closed by the adhesive property of the pomade. A sudden glance at the open vase in which it was contained, explained to the lady the cause of his dilemma, and produced a burst of laughter at his expense, which, if it had not the effect of curing his vanity, would at least render him more cautious in its indulgence.'

This will reed finely in November:

'The several spring-blooming species of garden crocuses derive less of their attraction from their purple or golden colours, than from their early appearance. They spring up from the earth when as yet its surface is but little variegated by the numerous flowers of later months. The garden crocuses, indeed, appear much less beautiful than the wild kind, for the former are often planted upon the bed in formal rows, or enclosed by the little hedge of box, while the latter grow in tufts in various parts of the meadow—the free wild children of earth. Still, under all circumstances, the crocus is a handsome flower, and contrasts beautifully with its companion, the delicate snowdrop. Then, too, it enlivens the barren aspect of the garden, which has long looked desolate and dreary; so that we hail the crocus as a favourite, and it mingles with all our dreams of spring, as assuredly as the cherished violet or meadow daisy. It is, indeed, as much the precursor of

this season as its accompaniment, as it blooms both in February and March; and when it first gilds the bed, we know that spring is coming quickly. It is like the early beam of the morning sun—a promise of a rich moontide glow. We are glad, when the rain will cease awhile, and when the thaw is not dropping from the trees, to wrap our warm clothing about us, and venture forth into the garden to watch the first crocuses, and to predict the beauty with which the earth shall be soon covered.'

Our next extract shall be from the twenty-third chapter, the first four paragraphs of which we beg leave to quote. Like the pie we used to rhyme about when children, these chapters of Miss Pratt's are all dainty dishes which might be set before the Queen. Of Miss Pratt's pie we may almost record what Ebenezer Brown is said to have labelled on one of his father's—"All within is grass, and all its glory the flowers of the field."

'How pleasant it is to wander into the country when the breath of early morning is upon the dewy hills, the lark singing at heaven's gate, and when the slight mist in the atmosphere and the deep blue of the sky give promise of a warm summer's day. The spider is busy repairing the slender line which the dew-drop has broken, and weaving a tenement which will perhaps last some hours, since no breeze seems likely to arise that will do more than sway the bough on which it hangs. A pleasant day it will be to wander in the wild wood and gather strawberries; but still pleasanter is it, while the day is yet young, for the post and the lover of nature to linger on the borders of the quiet copse, to watch the opening flowers as they lift their meek eyes to heaven, silently, though unconsciously, speaking the praise of their Creator:

Sweet is the breath of morn, its rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.'

'The country is so calmly beautiful in the morning, that it seems rather to belong to the world of dreams which we have just quitted, to be some paradise, which suffering and care cannot enter, than to form a portion of a busy and anxious world, in which even the very flowers must share in decay and death. How glad are they who love nature too well to sleep when she is putting on her loveliest dress, to wander away into the woods and meadows! The mower, with his scythe, is laying low the flowers of the field, and like his great prototype, Death, will spare neither the proud nor the lowly, and now will fall many

A coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,
While that same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stands now within the pretty flow'rets' eye,
Like tears which do their own disgrace bewail.'

'But the flowers of the hedges and copses will remain to pour out their fragrance long after the hay is carried from the field. The sweet woodruff is secure, for it is a lover of the quiet wood, and can only be found where tree or bush will lend a friendly shelter from the rough winds or storms, which might fall too heavy upon its gentle head. A very pretty little plant is the sweet woodruff, with its thick clusters of purely white jasmine-shaped flowers, and its numerous coronals of bright green leaves, placed one above another around its stem. One might almost fancy that a great divine was thinking of this very flower when he said that the soul of a good man was like 'such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about it, all in like manner opening their bosoms to receive the light of the sun.' This little flower of the wild is indeed well adapted to suggest to the mind an image of purity and humility. The sweet woodruff (*Asperula odorata*) has slender leaves, placed around the stem in a whorl, the number of leaflets in each little coronal being generally eight. The foliage is something similar to that of the common cleavers, or goosegrass, but larger and much prettier, and the blossom, too, is far more elegant. It may be found in the woods during the whole summer, but is in flower in May and June. It emits from its foliage, while

growing, a delicate odour, perceptible to those only whose sense of smelling is acute. The Latin name of the plant, derived from *asper* (rough), was given it on account of the roughness of its stem and leaves. Its English name is supposed to be a corruption of the word woodrowel; as Turner says, 'the leaved represent some kinds of rowels or spurs.' 'The Asperula,' says Dr Drummond, 'is in English also called woodruff, woodrowe, and woodrowel.' Perhaps you may recollect a rhyme which often forms an amusement of children at school, and is taken from the ancient method of spelling the name of this plant. It runs thus:

Double U, double O, double D, E.

R O, double U, double F, E;

the old English word being Woodderwiffe.'

Miss Pratt, equally with Cowper and Harvey, rates summer slug-a-beds severely:

'How little do they who, rising at noon-time, spend the day in listless indolence, or in the frivolous pursuits of fashion, know how many of the charms of existence are lost to them! To them the wide-stretching landscape, the lone walk along the meadow or river-side, offer no delight. They are unenlivened by all those "skyey influences" which can raise the spirits to an overflow of exhilaration, and give a corresponding spring to the untiring footstep. The odour of the wild, if it greet their languid senses, needs the stimulus of greater fragrance, and equals not in their esteem the perfume which is borne to them from the vase of the distiller. Weary they are, yet they do not experience the fatigue induced by exertion, which makes the hardest bed agreeable and refreshing, and invites to a light slumber, unscared by the visitations of restlessness or terror. They lose in early life that freshness and vigour of feeling which a constant intercourse with nature serves to continue; they cannot taste the chief delights of poetry; they miss the music of many voices, and pass away life unconscious of the common sources of enjoyment which it offers to those of simple tastes and energetic habits.'

'Trees, and flowers, and streams,

Are social and benevolent, and he

Who oft communeth in their language pure,

Roaming among them at the close of day,

Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,

His Maker there to teach his listening heart.'

The drowsiest reader will perhaps be able to exercise the amount of energy necessary for reading what we have already entitled autumn's bill of fare:

'But autumn has its delights to those who, having known sorrow, find its pensive character more in unison with their quiet musings. To many, the silent sympathy of nature is more soothing than the consolations even of the human voice. There is a stillness, a sublimity in the close of an autumn day—when the shadows of the evening are stretched out—which inclines to meditation. The breezes may then, in their low utterings, be aptly compared to sighs: the daily fading away of the flowers, and the fall of the withered leaf, speak to the thoughtful like a voice from the dying of change and decay. And yet how much of beauty is there mingled with the sadness! How rich the colours which glow on the summits of the woodland boughs, green, brown, yellow, in all their varieties: here a dark patch of rich green, colouring those trees whose foliage will last through the winter; there an olive tinge, or one that is fast fading; now a crimson bough, and again a dark grey-looking mass, which seems as if it stood there to show to advantage the gayer colours of its neighbours. And then, too, how beautiful is an autumnal sunset! shedding a golden light on field and wood, till all seems one wide scene of lustrous brilliance. There is scarcely any flower which, more than the Michaelmas-daisy, seems identified with autumn. The chrysanthemums linger through a part of the winter, and may in fact be considered, with the laurustinus, as winter flowers; but the Michaelmas-daisy is the last of the summer wreath, and smiles upon a garden left almost desolate. More than a hundred species of Michaelmas-daisy are cultivated in England, and some of them may be found during the latter part of the year in almost every garden, growing sometimes as tall as shrubs, and covered with blossoms, which are called *autumnal suns* when their

Varying from a pale delicate lilac to a dark purplish colour, they are generally too sombre, or too pale, to be very ornamental; yet they are clad in a proper dress for the last flower of the season, and may seem to wear a slight mourning for their departed companions. When all flowers save themselves are gone, and the summer birds have winged their way afar, and the bright buttercup is bright no longer, and the brittle brown leaves are crushed by the footstep, then this large family of plants is a welcome acquisition to the garden bed. Upwards of two-thirds of their number have been introduced into England from different parts of North America, where they grow so abundantly among trees, that the 'aster in the wood' is as familiar to the schoolboy as to the poet; or their small stars, contrasting with the immense rayed blossom of the yellow sunflower, adorn some of the vast prairies of that country. They are found, too, on the muddy shores of rivers, and scattered about upon dry and sunny places. Some species are brought from the Cape of Good Hope, where they are numerous on low swampy grounds, or about the pasture lands. A few species are derived from China, and others from the south of Europe.'

In conclusion, we beg to give our readers a specimen of the poetic talent of the fair authoress:

THE FADED HEATHER.

[It is recorded of the Highland emigrants to Canada, that they wept because the heather would not grow in their newly adopted soil.]

There may be some too brave to weep
O'er poverty, or care, or wrong,
Within whose manly bosoms sleep
Emotions gentle, warm, and strong;
Which wait the wakening of a tone
Unmark'd, unthought of by the crowd,
And seeming, unto them alone,
A voice both eloquent and loud;
And then the feelings hid for years,
Burst forth at length in burning tears
He wept, that hardy mountaineer,
When faded thus his loved heath-flower:
Yet 'mid the ills of life no tear
Had wet his cheek until that hour:
You might have deem'd the mountain tree
Had sooner shrunk from the blast,
Or that his native rock should be
Rent by the winds which hurried past,
Rather than he a tear should shed,
Because a wild flower drooped its head.
It would not grow—the heather flower,
Far from its native land exiled,
Though breezes from the forest bower
Greeted the lonely mountain child;
It better loved the bleak wild wind
Which blew upon the Highland hill,
And for the rocky heath it pined,
Though tended both with care and skill;
An exile on a stranger strand,
It languish'd for its native land.
O! if the heather had but grown
And bloom'd upon a foreign scene,
Its owner had not felt alone,
Though a sad exile he had been.
But when he mark'd its early death,
He thought that, like his mountain flower,
Wither'd beneath a foreign breath,
He soon might meet his final hour,
And die, a stranger and alone,
Unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN ENTERING ON LIFE.

For the benefit of our youthful readers, we give *verbatim* the following copy of a letter, the original of which was recently put into our hands by a relation of the author's, who was (for he is now no more) a distinguished parish minister in one of Scotland's most remote northern localities. It is possessed, we think of no ordinary literary merit, even though we should take nothing into account except the energy and elegance of its style, and the concisely classical structure of its sentences. But this is its least praise. The running-fire of sound religious and moral advice which, from first to last it keeps up, render it a complete *vade mecum* for the young, especially that class of them for whose benefit it was more expressly penned:—

without friends, both of which you are to acquire for yourself—about to launch out into the wide world, where your fortune, under the direction of Providence, will depend entirely on your personal merit. I am to give you a few advices for the conduct of life, which you must treasure up in your memory, and apply diligently to your practice, as you would expect to thrive and be happy.

The first and most important is, that you study to cultivate the favour of Heaven. Early left an indigent orphan, you have been hitherto protected by the Father of the fatherless, who will conduct you through life with the same tender care which has hitherto watched over you, if you fail not in duty and gratitude to him. Never neglect to pray to him every morning and evening of your life. Be a regular attendant on public worship, and let the word preached sink deep into your heart. Never forget so much as for a moment that you are a Christian. Let all your thoughts, words, and actions, be regulated by the precepts of the gospel. Study the fundamentals of the holy religion in which you have been brought up. Read the Bible frequently and carefully. Be not ashamed of being found at such exercises by any giddy or licentious companion you may chance to associate with. Shun all bad company as you would the plague. Study the characters of men, and connect yourself with the most worthy. Let none having the least tincture of impiety, dishonesty, or libertinism, have place in your esteem. Choose the prudent, sober, and discreet for your associates. Be careful whom you take for your intimate friend: try him well; and when experience convinces you of his virtues, of his sense and worth, fidelity and honour, attach yourself to him with confidence and forsake him not with caprice.

Attend with the utmost diligence to your business, by which you are to earn your bread; mortify in your mind all notions of pride, and learn not to think yourself too high for your occupation. You must not think yourself a gentleman all at once; you must study to raise yourself by your industry to that rank in society, and therefore must apply with sedulous attention to all the mechanical parts of the trade in which you are about to engage. Study the disposition, and endeavour to cultivate the good graces of your master, and all who have the oversight of you. Be prudent in the management and expenditure of your earnings; spend none in folly. In your attire, as far as your circumstances permit, imitate the best and most respected of your fellow-apprentices; but shun the example of the vain and light-headed in this as well as every other particular. Shun taverns, gaming even for amusement, brothels, revellings, and licentiousness of every kind, as you would hell fire. Let no example or solicitation of any of your fellows ever tempt you to swerve from this last injunction, otherwise you lay your character and prospects at stake, never in all probability to be retrieved. Learn to moderate all your youthful passions. Be courteous in your manners, mild and affable in your deportment, friendly and benevolent in your disposition, subservient to the study of your religion, and of your secular occupation in all its branches.

Let your leisure hours be employed in cultivating acquaintance with the best English authors you can procure, to improve your knowledge and taste; it will be a great advantage to a weaver's apprentice, and will certainly be the first step to raise you above the level of your fellows, to be found capable of reading and writing like a gentleman. If application to study enables you to acquire superior endowments in literary education, your prospects will have the fairer opening, and by exerting your industry in the acquisition of useful knowledge during the term of your apprenticeship with a strict regard to the other good advices above tendered to you, you will infallibly gain the favour of Heaven, and you will amply fulfil the good hopes conceived of you by your affectionate uncle,

J. M.

P.S.—I recommend to you to keep this letter by you, and propose to yourself stated periods at which you are to peruse it carefully, comparing your conduct to these admonitions as you go along.

ROUSSEAU AND HOWARD.

Could a life of unchastity, intrigue, dishonour, and disappointed pride, like that of Rousseau's, be a happy life? No, amidst the brilliancy of his talents, remorse, shame, conscious meanness, and the dread of a hereafter, must corrode his heart and render him a stranger to peace. Contrast with the life of this man the life of Howard. Pious, temperate, just, and benevolent, he lived for the good of mankind. His happiness consisted in 'serving his generation by the will of God.' If all men were like Rousseau, the world would be abundantly more miserable than it is; if all were like Howard, it would be abundantly more happy. Rousseau, governed by the love of fame, is fretful and peevish, and never satisfied with the treatment he receives. Howard, governed by the love of mercy, shrinks from applause with this modest and just reflection, 'Alas! our best performances have such a mixture of sin and folly, that praise is vanity and presumption and pain to a thinking mind.' Rousseau, after a life of wickedness and shame, confesses it to the world, and makes a merit of his confession, and even presumptuously supposes that it will avail him before the Judge of all. Howard, after a life of singular devotedness to God and benevolence to men, accounted himself an unprofitable servant, leaving this for his motto, his dying testimony, 'Christ is my hope.' Can there be any doubt which of the two was the happier man?—*Fuller.*

THE VALUE OF SMOKE.

A striking instance of economic talent came to our knowledge in the district of Alston Moor. From the smelting earths of one 'house,' an arched tunnel conducts the smoke to an outlet at a distance from the works in a waste spot where no one can complain of it. The gathering matter or 'fume' resulting from the passage of the smoke is annually submitted to a process, by which at that time it yielded enough to pay for the construction of the chimney. A similar tunnel chimney, three miles in length, was erecting at Allendale. Its fume will yield thousands of pounds sterling per annum. Truly here it may be said that smoke does not end in smoke.—*British Quarterly Review.*

ANGLO-SAXON TOWNS.

Almost all the buildings were of wood, hence the complaint in King Edward's charter to Malmesbury Abbey, that the monasteries of the realm were to the sight 'nothing but worm-eaten and rotten timbers and boards.' Yet there were some edifices of stone at an early period; witness St Wilfred's Church at Hexham, built A.D. 674. The churches built of stone were probably of a simple form, resembling some of our oldest parish churches, with a nave and chancel, and sometimes side aisles. In cases where timber was employed, there was perhaps more of decoration. We read of glass windows in the monastery of Wearmouth as early as the seventh century; but as late as the time of Alfred they must have been very uncommon, for when the ingenious monarch tried to measure the time by burning candles, they so flared about in the wind which came rustling through the lattices of the apartment, that he made horn lanterns to shelter them from the blast. Chimneys were luxuries unknown; the fires in the houses being made in the centre of the floor, over which there was generally an opening in the roof to allow the escape of smoke, and when the fire went out or the family retired to rest, the place in which it was made was closed by a cover. What must have been the state of the highways in provincial towns, may be conjectured from the well-known fact, that in the eleventh century the ground in Cheapside was so soft, that when the roof of Bow Church was blown off, four of the beams, each twenty-six feet long, were so deeply buried in the street, that little more than four feet of the timber remained above the surface.—*Glimpses of the Dark Ages.*

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ALUM AND COPPERAS MANUFACTURE.

VISIT TO HURLET AND NITHILL.

ALUM is much used in dyeing and calico-printing, in consequence of the attraction of its base (sulphate of alumina) or colouring matter. It also removes the greasiness from printers' cushions and blocks in calico-printing, renders abid waters limpid, and in dyeing and bleaching is used to cleanse and open the pores on the surface of the cloth or other material. Alum hardens tallow, and on this account is employed in candle-making. It renders wood and paper, dipped in its solution, less combustible. Such paper is used in whitening silver, as well as in silvering brass without heat. Alum is employed in the composition of rayons and lake colours; in tannery, and in numerous other branches of art and manufacture. It is employed as an astringent in medicine.

COPPERAS, which is occasionally found in a native state in the galleries of mines, in grottos, caverns, &c., is obtained in general from pyrites. The colour of its crystals is bright green; its taste is astringent; and it is known in commerce as green vitriol. In this state it is used by dyers, tanners, ink manufacturers; woollen dyes, hat dyes (black), and others, are produced by it. It is the base of ink and of Prussian blue. Reduced to powder by fire in a crucible, and mixed with powdered nutgalls, it forms a dry portable ink. In surgery it is applied as a cauterity.

The slate clays and lavas of most countries contain native alum in the state of an efflorescence or mould upon their surface. The mica slate rocks of the United States present it in this form. In Italy, which, from about the middle of the fifteenth century, was the great centre of the alum (*allume*) manufacture, it abounds in a native state, in delicate hair-shaped fibres, in clefts of the bituminous shale; as also (*alumbre*) in Spain and (*alwin*) in Germany, to both of which, in the sixteenth century, the manufacture of this salt extended. But previously, in the middle ages, manufactories of alum (*shepp*) existed, as they do now at Rocca (*Edessa*) in Syria, whence arose the fabulous name of *rock alum*. Similar works existed near Smyrna and Constantinople, and the alum thus produced formed an extensive article of importation with the Genoese. The English alum-works of Whitby originated under Sir Thomas Challoner, in the reign of Charles I., but the mine was discovered towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, at Gainsborough, in that neighbourhood; and the field there is said to extend twenty-nine miles, but the manufacture has latterly considerably declined. The manufacture commenced in Sweden likewise in the seventeenth century. It is extensively prosecuted in China, and thence exported to India. The aluminae earth of China

is, however, principally diverted to the purposes of a more national manufacture. In one single province of that country, five hundred furnaces, and nearly a million of men, are said to be employed converting it into porcelain.

The British alum is considered to be inferior both to the Smyrna or rock alum, and to the Roman alum made at La Tolfa, Viterbo, and other places near Rome; so much so, that while British may perhaps be quoted at 11s. per cwt., the rock is 24s. to 26s. per cwt. But why this distinction should exist, or whether it can possibly be anything but an ancient prejudice which gives to 'far away fowls fair feathers,' may possibly be determined when it is known that the Roman alum is distinguished by the presence of a little reddish powdery matter—very probably that iron rust which is purposely imparted here to some descriptions of alum. It is the presence, however, of a small extra portion of iron which renders some alums—that of Solftara, near Naples, for instance—less valuable for many purposes. Such are the caprices of commerce! The process of preparation at the place mentioned, Solftara, in the vicinity of Vesuvius, is the simplest anywhere known. The alum field there is covered with a white clayey soil, through which sulphureous vapours are constantly emitted. This soil is always hot, and nothing more is requisite than to immerse into it cisterns, and subject the earthy matter to sixivation; after which the saline solution is evaporated (by means of the subterranean heat also) and placed in a situation to cool, when the alum is deposited in crystals.

The process of preparing the alum at the great Scottish works is rather more difficult. The Hurlet and Campsie works are the only ones in Scotland; and they are the most extensive in Great Britain. Hurlet is situated in Renfrewshire, about two and a half miles S. E. of the chief town, Paisley. Nithill is in the same vicinity. At Nithill, extensive copperas works also exist.* The history of these

* This copperas is altogether a commercial misnomer; the green vitriol being a mineral substance formed by the decomposition of pyrites by the moisture of the atmosphere, and containing not one particle of copper. It is a sulphate of iron. An artificial crystal, known as blue vitriol, being the sulphate of copper, is better entitled to the name. A curious blunder in the spelling of this word once laid the foundation of a vast fortune in Glasgow. The party wrote to his London correspondents to send him a ton of *c-a-p-e-s*—being the only spelling his educational attainments admitted of his making in the attempt to write copperas. The London house felt at first astounded at the request. By and by they thought they saw in it a stroke of genius. The Glasgow merchant, they believed, meant to forestall and regrate—to monopolise the entire stock of the little piquant Spanish product, and rule the market. They set to work to execute this unusual order, wrote to congratulate their unwitting correspondent on his bold and novel idea, stated that they had nearly obtained his quantity, and meantime requested a remittance to account, to a sum which, in turn, amazed the Glasgow commercialist. A banker happening to enter, however, into the spirit of the transaction, enabled him, without exposing his blunder, to proceed with the unintentional speculation, which realised a very large sum of money, and led to the elevation of the merchant to the first status in the Glasgow commercial circle of

alum and copperas works is this:—Messrs Nicholson and Lightbody of Liverpool commenced the manufacture of copperas, and established their works at Hurlet in 1758, having previously secured by contract a supply of pyrites, found in working the coal, at 2*qd.* per *hutch* of two cwt. In 1807 a similar manufacture was commenced at Nitshill. Messrs Nicholson and Lightbody also prepared considerable quantities of alum at Hurlet in 1766 and 1767, but abandoned that process in the course of a couple of years, in consequence of finding it defective. In 1797, however, alum works were erected at Hurlet by Mr Macintosh of Crossbasket (inventor of the *Mackintoshes*), and Mr Wilson of Thornly, and partners. These works now belong to the Hurlet and Campsie Alum Company, at the head of which Mr Mackintosh stands. Those subsequently established in 1820, now belong to Messrs John Wilson & Sons, to whom belong the copperas works at Nitshill. The alum manufacture at both works, producing a large and steady supply, is found to be formed on correct chemical principles.

On lately visiting Messrs Wilsons' works at Nitshill and Hurlet, we found that the alum there was obtained from an aluminous schistus abounding in the coal measures of this great mineral district. The Hurlet and Campsie Company obtain theirs from the estate of the Earl of Glasgow—the Messrs Wilson from that of Sir John Maxwell of Pollock—paying lordships to these respective proprietors. The schistus occurs in the coal measures betwixt the limestone and the coal, lying directly superimposed on the latter, and indeed is most frequently obtained from the roofs of the workings in old coal-mines. The strata are of the average thickness of five to eight inches. Copperas pyrites are found in detached blocks of similar thickness, mixed with the coal, in working the coal itself.

The preparation of both copperas and alum in Messrs Wilsons' works commences at Nitshill. There the alum is only carried through its first stages to the state of what is termed *green alum*. The copperas manufacture proceeds through all its stages on the spot.

The copperas ore at Nitshill being placed upon a prepared bed of well puddled clay, is saturated with water, and left to the action of the atmosphere. Oxygen being absorbed from the atmosphere, both by the sulphur and by the metal of the pyrites, converts the latter into an oxide, and the former into sulphuric acid, which consequently acts upon the oxide, dissolving it and forming the salt. We obtained a beautiful specimen of the pyrites, with the crystals of native sulphur as well developed as in the diamond in the slate, the dark copperas ore richly blended with them, and some crystals of carbonate of lime likewise embedded in the mass. The water, containing the crust formed upon the ore in a state of solution, is allowed to run off through roans into an open tank, where, even in this cold state, it is fed with quantities of iron filings, the action of which on the solution is manifested by the bubbling 'agitation' going on in the tank. Being then pumped up into the boilers for evaporation, the liquor is subjected to that process by means of a stream of flame and smoke sent along the upper portion of the interior of the boiler, and while undergoing this process still continues to be fed at intervals of several yards distance, where hatches exist for the purpose, with iron filings. These filings promote the 'agitation' to such a degree, that although the liquor is always six or eight degrees below boiling heat, it is seen to bubble

exactly as if it were aboil. In proportion as the evaporation proceeds, and the strength of the liquor increases, the cold solution is admitted to the appointed depth, and this is continued till the requisite strength is attained through evaporation. The strength is tested from time to time by dipping in a leaden bucket. The whole is ultimately run off into the coolers, and there allowed to form its great solid crystallisations in beautiful clusters round lead-covered 'riders' left dipping all over the face of the coolers.

The copperas crystals are of a pure transparent green, much more irregular and fantastic than those of the alum, although forming, like them, most frequently octahedrons generally truncated on their edges and solid angles. In some instances, however, resulting from the extraordinary agitation imparted by the iron, the crystals have been found to attach themselves vertically round the lead in long clusters of thin flaky leaves. Several fine incrustations of this character are preserved suspended from the roof of the cooling house at Nitshill, as curiosities. They occurred all upon one and the same occasion. It may be mentioned, that for particular purposes an extra constituent quantity of iron is demanded in the copperas. This produces upon it a rust, which consequently causes that particular description of article to be distinguished as *rusty copperas*. For other purposes again, the pure green vitriol alone will serve.

The kilns in which the alum schist is calcined are gradually accumulated to huge ridges of about ten feet base, tapering upwards to a height of at least twenty feet, and of very considerable length. The burning is a work of time, and extends over eighteen months or two years, gradually ascending in that space of time to the apex of the sloping mass, till it dies away altogether near the summit. When the 'young kiln' is first formed, it consists of a low base fire, with brushwood for firing laid on above, and over this the schist is deposited, more brushwood, layers of red shale, and so on in succession, schist, dried twigs and shale up to the ridge of the heap. When set on fire the shale fixes or absorbs the volatile aluminous principles expelled from the schist by the heat, and thereby becomes equally valuable with the calcined alum schistus itself. We were fortunate enough to see these kilns at Nitshill in all their various stages—the young kiln just at its foundation fire; the completed burning kiln, with the smoke of the incineration escaping from its slopes; and the extinct kiln, or fully calcined mass in process of being drawn off, and applied to the purposes of the alum manufacture. A bright yellow efflorescence marked any spot where the essential constituents of the alum were escaping through the red coating of shale. In general this was kept down by the application of adequate layers of the material.

On being drawn off from the kiln, the calcined schistus along with its equivalent of shale charged with aluminous matter, were deposited and steeped in open tanks. The 'raw liquor' after a time is run off into the range of boilers, for strengthening by evaporation. These boilers are seventy-five feet long, four and a half feet wide, and five feet deep. The 'raw liquor' is here submitted to the separating process, the same as the copperas liquor already described, but of course without being fed with any iron filings. The contents of these vast boilers are disgorged into the vats lined with lead, for 'reaching' or cooling, twice in the course of twenty-four hours, viz., at six in the morning and again at six in the evening. In the coolers

be heated liquor crystallizes into *green* or unrectified *alum*, being left there until it forms its unclarified crystals on the sides of the cisterns, to the thickness of about three feet in each. The portion of liquid left still uncrustated is then run off, and put through the process anew. This first 'roaching' extends over the period of about a fortnight from the first steeping of the calcined matter. The green alum,' after this first stage, is immediately conveyed to the Messrs Wilson's Hurllet works to be clarified.

The process which the alum undergoes at Hurllet is in all its stages, but particularly in the last or finishing stage, exceedingly interesting. The green alum is first dissolved in a large vat, into which a steam pipe, drilled with nozzles, descends for the purpose. It is then run off as clarified liquor' into the roaching-pan, allowed to recrystallize in a more purified and perfect form, and is then dissolved a second time into 'mother of alum liquor,' after which it is filled up into the 'roaching tuns' to crystallize into 'roach alum.' These huge tuns are composed of accurately fitted staves, lined with lead and hooped with iron hoops. They are noble specimens of cooperage. In these the liquor finally congeals for the space of ten days. At the end of that time the hoops are knocked off the tuns, the staves fall away, and reveal to view a row of dazzling cylinders of solid alum of exquisite purity and whiteness, each standing upright and unsupported on its own basis. We walked along the floor of the 'finishing house,' betwixt two long extended ranges of these splendid and brilliant objects, each as tall as our heads, and moulded into the extremely handsome forms imparted by the tuns. The central liquid had not all congealed; but it is not the practice to wait for its congelation. A workman, accordingly, with a few blows of a pickaxe, inflicted at from about a foot and a half to two feet from the floor, soon formed a passage for these pent up liquors, and they gushed out and flowed away along grooves in the floor into a distant receptacle, to undergo the finishing process again. The hollow inner superficies of the large cylinders of alum were now found to be studded with brilliant crystals. Nine of these huge 'tuns,' each weighing about twenty-five cwt. of 'roach alum,' are turned out finished three times in the week.

These large incrustations are hewn into blocks or pieces of a size convenient for being packed on carts and carted off. The debris, comprising a large proportion of the fine internal crystals broken off, is packed into hogsheads for transmission to a distance.

Such is the process of the alum manufacture at Hurllet, so far as we had an opportunity of inspecting it. Having done so in the absence of the managing chemist, Dr Quinlan, we think it right to add an abridged view of the account given in Dr Ure's new work, of the various stages undergone by the alum made at Mulgrave works, near Whitby. These works are what are termed 'secret works,' and we are not aware that they have ever hitherto been so fully described as we now do. It is evident from what Dr Ure gives as the substance of a communication made to him by a gentleman who once had charge of the Mulgrave works, that the system there is different from that at Nitabil and Hurllet. The one, however, somewhat illustrates the other.

It appears that in the Mulgrave works eight different liquors are met with: First, 'raw liquor'—calcined alum shale, ~~steamed~~ ^{boiled} till the water has evaporated, and

maker's specific gravity of nine or ten dwt., i. e., nine or ten dwt. more than water. Second, 'clarified liquor'—the raw liquor brought to the boiling point in lead pans and suffered to stand in a cistern till clarified; the gravity raised to ten or eleven dwt. Third, 'concentrated liquor'—clarified liquor boiled down to twenty dwt., and kept merely as a test of the comparative values of potash salts, used by the alum-maker. Fourth, 'alum mother-liquor'—clarified liquor boiled down to twenty-five or thirty dwt., then mixed with a proportion of potash salts in solution, and run into coolers to crystallize. Fifth, 'salts mothers'—the 'alum mother-liquor' purified from these rough crystals, boiled down to a crystallizing point, and affording a crop of 'rough epsom,' which are a sulphate of magnesia and protoxide of iron. Sixth and seventh, 'alum washings'—the first and second washings of the rough crystals of No. Four in water—No. Six being four dwt., No. Seven about two and a half dwt. of the alum-maker's gravity. Eighth, 'tun liquor'—the washed crystals dissolved in boiling water, and run into the 'roaching tuns' (wood vessels lined with lead), to crystallize into 'roach alum.' At Mulgrave, six and a half tons alum rock yields, after calcination, &c., one ton of alum.

Large quantities of muriate of potash and sulphate of ammonia are also made at Hurllet, in connexion with the alum work. In addition, we observed a process proceeding for extracting naphtha from the gas liquor, obtained in hogsheads from the gas works, whence the coal tar being obtained by evaporation, the naphtha is extracted from the tar, leaving as a residuum the bitumen or pitch, extensively employed in the making of asphalte pavements.

A VIEW OF ENGLISH LITERATURE BETWEEN 1727 AND 1780.

HISTORY.

HUME—ROBERTSON—GIBBON.

HISTORY we have no hesitation in placing next to epic poetry in dignity, whether it be viewed in relation to the subjects of which it treats, or the various powers which in combination it demands in order to success. Though it cannot be ranked with critical propriety among the fine arts, it partakes in the execution very much of the spirit and objects of these. As an epic poem, like the Iliad or Paradise Lost, requires the artist to possess and employ almost every power essential to the historian, with the object of communicating aesthetical pleasure; so history often calls upon the historian to use the characteristic instrument of the fine arts, the imagination, in order to give the dramatic interest to his characters, the evolution and harmonious succession, as well as the picturesque reality of events, and the light and shade of arrangement so necessary to qualify the reader for deducing the lessons of experience and receiving pleasure in the exercise. But, though in piercing the dim past, it may be often requisite to employ the imagination to fill up what either the scanty records of the period or the ravages of time have left wanting; yet it is not, as in epic poetry, allowable in history to transgress the laws of strict truth, for the purpose of supplying a more pleasing or less broken picture than the materials relating to the period warrant. Fidelity to facts, however, is not enough. The historian must possess the highest moral and intellectual qualities, and these in a high or the very highest degree. Above all, he must have judgment, the basis of genius, to discriminate truth from error or from opinion; a knowledge of the human heart from reflection and experience, to know and appreciate its struggles for objects whether good or evil; love of his fellow men, to interpret their wanderings with charity and view them with a constant devotion to liberty and to the happiness of

mankind; and transcending these, though including them, faith in God, the noblest exercise of reason, and humility, the last result of piety and religion. If to these qualities any others should be added, we should mention patience and industry. The union of such powers with a passion for historical composition, would produce a perfect history.

This mixed nature of history, which admits of the employment of imagination by the historian, though in subordination and subserviency to the other qualities we have mentioned, has, more than anything else, made history too often so deficient in the characteristics which, of all others, we should most rigidly exact in works of that kind. Nor would we have introduced with this digression our notice of the historians of this period, had we not been satisfied that it is owing chiefly to the near relation of history to the fine arts, that the three most illustrious of these, especially Hume and Gibbon, have left in their historical monuments so much to deaderate and so much to deplore the presence of. Hume, the first we shall notice, was unquestionably a man of extraordinary powers; and viewed with respect to the composition of history, he possessed some of the highest qualifications for that species of writing, and these in a degree rarely equalled, perhaps never surpassed. Accustomed from his youth to philosophical speculation, and looking on mankind with an eye of the keenest interest, he came, as we should suppose, fully prepared to investigate the springs of human action, and to reduce all the complicated phenomena of human life to a few general principles. Much of this expectation he realises. His narratives, also, are conducted on the happiest models of simplicity. Minute circumstances are allowed either to drop out of, or fall back in the picture, and the leading personages and events are brought boldly forward. There is a fascination, indeed, in his narratives; in his almost always ingenious, and often adequate explanation of events, which is apt to put the reader off his guard, and to take him captive rather by the spell of the imagination, than by the certainty, or even probability of the account. The portraiture, too, of his historical personages, are drawn with master-strokes of discriminating criticism; the opposite qualities of their characters set off with great art against each other; and if a favourite or the contrary, the lights and shades managed with consummate skill. It is impossible to speak too highly of the style for ease and simplicity, without wanting dignity, and for an exquisitely euphonious and varied structure of the sentences—qualities which, with a spotless and yet ornate diction, give a dramatic life to the work. Hume, though generally calm, is not deficient in ardour when the subject affects his tastes or prejudices, and the ‘plain ground’ of which so much of his history consists, only serves to render his occasional sallies the more piquant and inspiriting, while it permits the reader to gather up strength by the way to rise with the higher objects of interest in his path. In addition to all that we have mentioned respecting the execution, there is, in the history of Hume, a grandness of outline about the whole, as well as a unity and entireness; which strike the reader with astonishment and admiration.

More than this we cannot say in commendation; and we must now remark, with pain, that Hume was deficient in the qualities, if not esteemed the most shining, yet the noblest and most indispensable in a historian. A man of the world, his virtues, accommodated to his tastes and temperament, sat lightly on him, without authority except what necessity compelled; a philosophical atheist, he had no religion, and his cool contempt for revelation was only equalled by his utter incapacity to explain or to appreciate the feelings with which other men are animated. In his history, more than in any work of respectability which we have read, do we see the iron heel of a utilitarian put upon the necks both of the right and of the wrong. He is not a friend to any party who is in earnest. Considering truth and error equally good, if tolerant, he desires moderation, and rebukes every tendency to seriousness. His voice faintly echoes the notes of liberty, whether from political or ecclesiastical bondage; and for no other reason but that wherever she exists the days of submission are num-

bered. He breathes a different atmosphere from mankind. His tastes were too much the result of an effort to tame down the roughness of life, and accommodate rather life to his tastes, than himself to right and truth. Not even in the slightest measure can he sympathise with human desires rising to passions. Every feeling, when strong, naturally course more or less introduce the elements of disturbance; and a passion directed even to right ends is viewed by him with suspicion. Hence, innumerable inconsistencies in his history; since he lifts up one man and puts down another, for the presence or the want of earnestness. Yet he would reduce to mechanical agents, guided only by instincts, which he would regulate by expediency. The holiest sentiments that have borne forward the human race are by him translated into the vilest or most paltry impulses. The purest heroism in his hands becomes inexplicable folly. With him all self-denial dwindles into a calculation of profit made by cunning and duplicity, or into a miscalculation of folly, seeking applause by suffering. It will be obvious to the reader, that we place Hume, as an artist, in the highest place; as a historian of civil and religious liberty, if not in the lowest, very nearly so. It is pleasing to turn from Hume to Robertson, though he too is deficient in the loftier qualities of humanity.

The ‘History of Scotland, during the reigns of Queen Mary and of James VI., till his accession to the Crown of England,’ took the world by surprise. Robertson was one of the few clergymen of the Church of Scotland whose talents were diverted from the practical channel in which those of the great body had been running, into that of literature; and a work, which all concurred to applaud, both for its matter and its style, emerging from such a quarter, was justly esteemed an indication of great merit in the author. To the ‘History of Scotland,’ Robertson, at successive periods, afterwards added his ‘History of the Reign of Charles V.,’ and ‘History of America.’ He has more seriousness of manner than Hume; and the influence of his professional character upon the course and form of his thoughts is visible, though it by no means sectarianises them. We think, however, that his feelings, while steady and pervasive, were, like Hume’s, constitutionally unfitted to estimate the depth of religious emotion which agitated the whole body of society during the period of which his histories treat. A peculiar notion, too, of what is due to the dignity of history, appears to have repressed the expression even of such feeling as he had. There is a stateliness in the course of his thoughts, and in the structure of his sentences, which is in striking contrast to the graceful flow of both in Hume. However, these are comparatively trivial faults. There is in him a powerful philosophical reflection, which ranks him in the highest order of historians. Although certainly not so learned as succeeding writers, he is not surpassed by them in the judgment he displays among what materials he had collected. But his sympathies were more with the scholar and the aristocracy than the people; and there is wanting that air of brotherhood and community of feeling with mankind, which characterise the histories of McCrie and of Hallam. Somehow or other, whatever may have been the social qualities of Robertson, he is not a man that one thinks he would care to have known. Such is the impression which his histories make on our mind, although we believe that his private intercourse was as acceptable among his associates, as his histories for their philosophical depth, candour, and graces of style, will ever be with the public.

Gibbon was more artificial than Hume or even Robertson; but he was more learned than either, better acquainted with general literature, and, on the whole, more comprehensive in his views. His style, notwithstanding its uniform pomp and occasional turgidity, is softer than Robertson’s, and more pliant and versatile. There is a capaciousness about it that transports the mind not a little. His dislike of Christianity, though not so openly avowed as Hume’s, was as real, and not less effectively displayed. In his mode of attack there is a superior subtlety, and from its want of candour, you feel your religious sympathies more severely trifled with by the slow poison

he administers than by the open thrusts of Hume. Of course, when we represent Hume's opposition as open, we speak of it relative to that of Gibbon. In general, you can put your finger on the spot that smarts after Hume has dealt his blows; but you are only conscious of unfairness in Gibbon, though in what it consists it is possible only by minute and unintermittent circumspection to detect. The 'solemn irony' of the one we can least stand than the undisguised, though cautious banter of the other. Gibbon's history, unquestionably a greater than Hume's, has never been so popular. This, no doubt, is owing a good deal to the subject; but, we suspect, more to the style.

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE ON DR CHALMERS'S ESSAY.

We have now arrived at the second part of this work, which is 'On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Intellectual Constitution of Man.' The first chapter in this part states the chief instances of this adaptation. The law of association is first mentioned, which exercises such an important influence over all our intellectual processes. It may be thus described: When two objects have once been seen connected, either in time or in place, then the sight or thought of one of these at once suggests the other. A particular tune may have been a favourite of yours, because it was played by a dear friend. Many years may have passed over your head since you saw the person or heard the tune. Let but a bar or two be played, and the image of your friend rises full in your view, and crowds of forgotten scenes come rushing back upon the mind. But this is not all. Not merely is the canvass glowing with life, but you are satisfied that it is not a fancy picture upon which you are gazing, but a faithful representation of the past. A consideration of still greater value must now be presented in connexion with this law of association. It gives faith in the future as well as in the past. One event is perceived to be followed by another: and whenever this is seen, the intellect at once jumps to the conclusion that this will be the same in all time to come. A child strikes the table with a spoon for the first time in his life; a noise is heard; delighted with this novel exhibition of his powers, the young philosopher strikes a second time with the full and undoubting assurance that he will again hear the sound which has attracted his attention. Experience does not create this belief; it only confirms it. Without this unequivocal conviction of the constancy of nature's operations, mankind would soon perish, and hence it is implanted by God as an original principle in our mental constitution. And the more external nature is examined, the more accurately and extensively does she correspond with the almost instinctive conclusions of infancy.

'Yet the immutability of nature has ministered to the atheism of some spirits, as impressing on the universe a character of blind necessity, instead of that spontaneity which might mark the intervention of a willing and a living God. To refute this notion of an unintelligent fate, as being the alone presiding divinity, the common appeal is to the infinity and exquisite skill of nature's adaptations. But to attack this infidelity in its fortress, and dislodge it thence, the more appropriate argument would be the very, the individual adaptation on which we have now insisted—the immutability of nature, in conjunction with the universal sense and expectation, even from earliest childhood, that all men have of it; being itself one of the most marvellous and strikingly beneficial of these adaptations. When viewed aright, it leads to a wiser and sounder conclusion than that of the fatalists. In the instinctive, the universal faith of nature's constancy, we behold a promise. In the actual constancy of nature, we behold its fulfilment. When the two are viewed in connexion, then, to be told that nature never recedes from her constancy, is to be told that the God of nature never recedes from his faithfulness. If not by a whisper from his voice, at least by the impress of his hand, he hath deposited a silent expectation in every heart; and he makes all nature and all history conspire to realize it. He hath not only enabled man to retain in

his memory a faithful transcript of the past; but by means of this constitutional tendency, this instinct of the understanding as it has been termed, to look with prophetic eye upon the future. It is the link by which we connect experience with anticipation—a power or exercise of the mind coeval with the first dawns of consciousness or observation, because obviously that to which we owe the confidence so early acquired and so firmly established, in the information of our senses. This disposition to presume on the constancy of nature commences with the faculty of thought, and keeps by it through life, and enables the mind to convert its stores of memory into the treasures of science and wisdom; and so to elicit from the recollections of the past, both the doctrines of a general philosophy, and the lessons of daily and familiar conduct—and that by means of prognostics, not one of which can fail, for, in respect of her steadfast uniformity, nature never disappoints, or, which is equivalent to this, the author of nature never deceives us. The generality of nature's laws is indispensable, both to the formation of any system of truth for the understanding, and to the guidance of our actions. But ere we can make such use of it, the sense and the confident expectation of this generality must be previously in our minds; and the concurrence, the contingent harmony of these two elements; the exquisite adaptation of the objective to the subjective, with the manifest utilities to which it is subservient; the palpable and perfect meetness which subsists between this intellectual propensity in man, and all the processes of the outward universe—while they afford incontestable evidence to the existence and unity of that design, which must have adjusted the mental and the material formations to each other, speak most decisively in our estimation both for the truth and the wisdom of God.'

A second instance is the following:—Certain truths having been ascertained from the external world, it is in our power to deduce certain results from them, and if this has been done with mathematical accuracy, the reasonings of our closets are found in entire harmony with the phenomena of nature, which had hitherto escaped our observation. Beautiful illustrations of this are found in every department of science, but the most marvellous are recorded in the history of the mixed mathematics, 'as when Newton, in the calculations and profound musings of his solitude, predicted the oblate spheroidal figure of the earth, and the prediction was confirmed by the mensurations of the academicians, both in the polar and equatorial regions; or as, when abandoning himself to the devices and the diagrams of his own construction, he thence scanned the cycles of the firmament, and elicited from the scroll of enigmatical characters which himself had framed, the secrets of a sublime astronomy, that high field so replete with wonders, yet surpassed by this greatest wonder of all, the intellectual mastery which man has over it. That such a feeble creature should have made this conquest—that a light struck out in the little cell of his own cogitations should have led to a disclosure so magnificent—that by a calculus of his own formation, as with the power of a talisman, the heavens, with their stupendous masses and untrodden distances, should have thus been opened to his gaze—can only be explained by the intervention of a Being having supremacy over all, and who has adjusted the laws of matter and the properties of mind to each other. It is only thus we can be made to understand how man by the mere workings of his spirit should have penetrated so far into the workmanship of nature; or that, restricted though he be to a spot of earth, he should nevertheless tell of the suns and the systems that be afar—as if he had travelled with the line and plummet in his hand to the outskirts of creation, or carried the torch of discovery round the universe.'

A third adaptation is, when some apparently isolated phenomena are subsequently applied to practical purposes. Here also the mixed mathematics furnish the richest illustrations.

The fourth adaptation is this: The highest intellectual processes are found capable of useful applications, the value of which is appreciated and acknowledged by all men

This is substantially the same as the third, and, as if conscious of this, the reverend author has launched into what we shall mildly call digressions upon the aristocracy and upon demagogues who would destroy all distinctions of rank and property. We are as anxious as he can be that our nobility should make a proper use of their wealth and leisure, and that they should be characterised for their high intellectual achievements; but, with a few honourable exceptions, this has never yet been realised. Not a few have fought their way to the woolsack through poverty and privation, but the son of a Lord Chancellor has never sat upon his father's seat. It is unwise to expect it. The oak does not grow in a conservatory, but upon the mountain side, where it has free exposure to the winds and storms of heaven.

The fifth adaptation arises from the great diversity of the sciences, and from the corresponding variety which is found to exist in the tastes and talents of men. Each intellectual labourer has his own department in which he excels, and which he finds the most suitable to the faculties with which God has endowed him. The severe processes of the higher mathematics require a different cast of mind from that which luxuriates in the faded letters of an old and musty manuscript, and the astronomer who scales the heavens with his mysterious calculus has little sympathy with him who dotes upon a rusty coin of the Antonines as if it were hid treasure. Every one is apt to exaggerate the value of his own particular pursuits, and to count little better than foolishness (in comparison) the researches of his fellow-labourers in the great vineyard of science. And yet it is by this intellectual sectarianism, by this voluntary division of mental labour, that great achievements have been realised, and each department of knowledge has obtained its present perfection. It is thus a harmony is established betwixt the world of matter and the world of mind. The sixth and last adaptation is the correspondence of one faculty with another in the same mind. It is not sufficient that we have one faculty in great perfection, for this might exist in connexion with very inferior faculties of another class, and thus as a whole the mind would be out of proportion. It is not what is commonly called a well-balanced mind. A prodigious memory is sometimes possessed by persons whose judgment is beneath the average of the race, and in a few cases even by those who are not much removed above the level of idiocy. This predominance of one faculty over another is that which constitutes the great intellectual diversity among mankind; it is the faculty which stands out from the rest, in its solitary majesty, that forms the individual character, and marks out the man as the orator, the mathematician, the painter, the musician; and from this it follows that the man whose mental powers are in most admirable proportion, and whose mind is in such perfect symmetry that it errs neither by excess nor by defect, is underrated by the mass of the race. A shower of fireworks attracts more eyes than the solemn grandeur of the heavenly bodies, and a Martin will secure more admirers than a Phidias. Edmund Burke is mentioned by our author as a remarkable instance of this, and to his name may be added that of Robert Hall.

We have occupied so much space already, that we must make a more rapid analysis of what follows. The second chapter is on the connexion between the intellect and the emotions. By emotions is understood those phenomena which arise from certain influences acting upon the mind, when it is in a passive state, and which are altogether unmodified by the will. They differ from the appetites in this respect, that they are mental not bodily. There is the desire of knowledge, which, like the craving for food, urges on a person to obtain intellectual nourishment, but which, unlike the physical appetite, is the means of conferring benefits upon others as well as himself. But this impelling principle is not merely useful in ascertaining results highly valuable to all; but, at the same time, the intellectual processes through which these are obtained afford the richest store of delights to the noble spirit who is hungering and thirsting after knowledge. The student who is worthy of the name, dreams not that his labour is drudg-

ery; the work is its own bright reward. In addition to this, another motive may be mentioned—the esteem in which high intellectual endowments are generally held. The respect which is coveted may be that admiration with the masses may give, as a reward for those qualities which are popular, splendid, and fit for exhibition; or it may be the tribute which is given by the select few who can alone appreciate profound attainments in scholarship and science. Still it acts with much power, for, to use the lines of Milton

' Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days.'

The connexion betwixt the intellect and the emotions is also valuable, as bearing upon the moral part of our nature and the practical government of the heart. A certain object must be present to the mind, through the channel of sense or memory, before corresponding emotions can be produced. 'Now we hear both of virtuous emotions and of vicious emotions; and it is of capital importance to know how to retain the one and to exclude the other—which is by dwelling in thought on the objects that awaken the former, and discharging from thought the objects that awaken the latter. And so it is by thinking in a certain way that wrong sensibilities are avoided, and right sensibilities are upheld. It is by keeping up a remembrance of the kindness, that we keep up the emotion of gratitude. It is by forgetting the provocation, that we cease from the emotion of anger. It is by reflecting on the misery of a fellow-creature in its vivid and affecting details, that pity is called forth. It is by meditating on the perfections of the Godhead, that we cherish and keep alive our reverence for the highest virtue and our love for the highest goodness. In one word, thought is at once the harbinger and the sustainer of feeling: and this, of itself, forms an important link of communication between the intellectual and the moral departments of our nature.'

It may not be out of place here to observe two great classes of intellect which are found among men. The one may be called the conservative intellect; the other, the movement intellect. The former is afraid of change; the latter is eager for it. The one gazes with veneration upon the past; the other looks hopefully into the future. Upon the former banner you read finality; upon the latter progress. Both of these classes of intellect are perceived in the schools of philosophy and politics; and we need them both. It is by the union of both that the machine moves on at a regular and proper pace. Were it intrusted to the care of one party, it would either stand still altogether or drag on at a snail's pace; if it were in the hands of the other party, it would soon break in pieces by its immense velocity. 'But this property in the machine of a government to which we now advert, does not preclude that steady and sober-minded improvement which is all that is desirable. It only restrains the advocates of improvement from driving too rapidly. It does not stop, it only retards their course, by a certain number of defeats and disappointments, which, if their course be indeed a good one, are but the stepping-stones to their ultimate triumph. Ere that the victory is gotten, they must run the gauntlet of many reverses and many mortifications; and they are not to expect by one, but by several and successive blows of the catapulta, that inveterate abuses and long established practices can possibly be overthrown. It is thus, in fact, that every weak cause is thrown back into the nonentity whence it sprung, and that every cause of inherent goodness or worth is ultimately carried—rejected, like the former, at its first and earliest overtures; but, unlike the former, coming back every time with a fresh weight of public feeling and public demonstration in its favour, till, like the abolition of the slave trade or that of commercial restrictions, causes which had the arduous struggle of many long years to undergo, it at length obtains the conclusive seal upon it of the highest authority in the land, and a seal by which the merits of the cause are far better authenticated, than if the legislature were apt to fluctuate at the sound of every new and seemly proposal. We have therefore no

quarrel with a certain vis inertiae in a legislature. Only let it not be an absolute fixture; and there is the hope, with perseverance, of all that is really important or desirable in reformation. The sluggishness that has been ascribed to great corporations is, in the present instance, a good and desirable property—as being the means of separating the chaff from the wheat of all those overtures that pour in upon representatives from every quarter of the land; and, so far from any feeling of annoyance at the retardation to which the best of them is subjected, it should be most patiently and cheerfully acquiesced in, as being in fact the process by which it brightens into prosperity, and at length its worth and its excellence are fully manifested.'

The third chapter is on the connexion between the intellect and the will. A distinction may be made between a mental susceptibility and a mental power. The power has a reference to something consequent, and the susceptibility to something antecedent. For example, anger is a susceptibility of the mind, and will is a power. But, dismissing metaphysics, one principle stands out broad and prominent. It is this. Nothing is moral or immoral which is not voluntary. If a man by some secret agency were physically impelled to thrust a dagger into the heart of his friend, he would be no more worthy of blame than the instrument of steel. Many actions may be mentioned that are highly important; some of them may be painful to ourselves or distressing to others, and yet unless volition has been exercised, moral qualities cannot be predicated of them. The question may however now be asked, if this doctrine be correct, if it be true that nothing is virtuous or vicious unless there be the consent of the will, how then does it happen that a moral character is attached to mere susceptibilities and emotions? Compassion is a virtuous feeling, hatred a vicious one, we are told; but how can they be reduced to the province of the will? It is not difficult to answer this. It may be by an instinctive law of my nature that the sight of disease and wretchedness excites sympathy and the desire to relieve it; but it is clearly the result of my own volition, when I seek out the haunts of poverty and misery and make myself acquainted with the circumstances of their inmates. Moreover, the faculty of attention comes also into operation. It is in my power, when a certain class of objects is presented to my mind, to keep them there, to examine them as long as I please, and not to dismiss them until I am satisfied. This is difficult at first, but my successive attempts make it easier, and I can thus acquire a complete control over my intellectual processes, which is one of the highest triumphs of a cultivated mind. It is a truth which can never be too earnestly impressed, especially upon youth, that it depends upon themselves whether the will becomes the master of their mental constitution or its slave. How miserable the condition of a man who has been habitually warring 'against the principles of a better and higher nature. And he is domineered over by passions, because domineered over by thoughts; and it is only by the force or mastery of counteracting thoughts that the spell is broken—or, in other words, it is through an intellectual medium that the moral distemper is cleared away. If he be rescued from his delusions to sobriety and virtue, ideas will be the stepping-stones of his returning path—the sirens that will recall him to himself, by chasing away the fascinations where-with he is encompassed. Could the peripient part of his nature be set right, the pathological part of it would become whole. He would yet behave himself aright, did he only bethink himself aright; and noble recoveries have been effected, even from most deep and hopeless infatuation, simply by the power of thoughts—when made to dwell on the distress of friends, the poverty and despair of children, the ruin of health as well as fortune, the displeasure of an angry God, the horrors of an unprovided deathbed or an undone eternity.'

But if the will can thus acquire the command over our intellectual states, it follows with an irresistible conclusion, that there is a moral element in belief, and that man is responsible for it. The opposite doctrine is as absurd in

philosophy as it is unsettled in theology. It is the misfortune of a blind man that he does not perceive the light, but that person surely is not free from blame who obstinately shuts his eyes and then declares that he cannot see the sun. A person is undoubtedly chargeable with guilt, who either refuses to examine the evidence upon a subject which is intimately connected with his interests for eternity, or makes an improper and prejudiced use of it. It is a universal maxim that purity of motive is the best preservative against error in drawing our conclusions, and it is a matter almost of universal observation that intellectual infidelity has its source in moral depravity. Take an illustration. A case is submitted to a judge. It has the air and aspect of truth. It may be incorrect after all, but there is still such a character of probability, that he proceeds at once to a thorough and searching examination. It would be criminal in him to decline the investigation.

The fourth and last chapter is on the defects and uses of natural theology. Let us state the distinction between unbelief and disbelief. Unbelief says there is no evidence of a God; disbelief denies the existence of a God. Unbelief declares that he cannot find him; disbelief affirms that he is nowhere to be found. The unbeliever is an Atheist; the disbeliever is an Antitheist. Now, we must ever carefully insist, that the farthest stretch of philosophical argument can go no farther than this, that the existence of God has not yet been discovered. The following illustration may be useful. 'To be able to say then that there is a God, we may have only to look abroad on some definite territory, and point to the vestiges that are given of his power and his presence somewhere. To be able to say that there is no God, we must walk the whole expanse of infinity, and ascertain by observation that such vestiges are to be found nowhere. Grant that no trace of him can be discerned in that quarter of contemplation which our puny optics have explored—does it follow that, throughout all immensity, a being with the essence and sovereignty of a God is nowhere to be found? Because through our loopholes of communication with that small portion of external nature which is before us we have not seen or ascertained a God—must we therefore conclude of every unknown and untraversed vastness in this illimitable universe, that no divinity is there? Or because, through the brief successions of our little day, these heavens have not once broken silence, is it therefore for us to speak to all the periods of that eternity which is behind us; and to say, that never hath a God come forth with the unequivocal tokens of his existence? Ere we can say that there is a God—we must have seen, on that portion of nature to which we have access, the print of his footsteps, or have had direct intimation from himself; or been satisfied by the authentic memorials of his converse with our species in other days. But ere we can say that there is no God—we must have roamed over all nature, and seen that no mark of a divine footstep was there; and we must have gotten intimacy with every existent spirit in the universe, and learned from each, that never did a revelation of the Deity visit him; and we must have searched, not into the records of one solitary planet, but into the archives of all worlds, and thence gathered, that, throughout the wide realms of immensity, not one exhibition of a reigning and living God ever has been made. Atheism might plead a lack of evidence within its own field of observation. But antitheism pronounces both upon the things which are and the things which are not within that field. It breaks forth and beyond all those limits that have been prescribed to man's excursive spirit by the sound philosophy of experience; and by a presumption the most tremendous, even the usurpation of all space and of all time, it affirms that there is no God. To make this out, we should need to travel abroad over the surrounding universe till we had exhausted it, and to search backward through all the hidden recesses of eternity; to traverse in every direction the plains of infinitude, and sweep the outskirts of that space which is itself interminable; and then bring back to this little world of ours the report of a universal blank, whereto we had not met with one manifestation or one movement of a presiding God.'

For man not to know of a God, he has only to sink beneath the level of our common nature. But to deny him, he must be a God himself. He must arrogate the ubiquity and omniscience of the godhead.'

It is thus logically and physically impossible to prove that there is no God. It never can be done. The problem of the divine existence can never be solved by marching from atheism to antitheism. If it admits of solution, we must advance from atheism in the road which leads to theism. In other words, the man who asserts, I am in doubt whether there be a God, can never arrive at the conclusion that there is no God. On this side of the question there is nothing but chaos. If anxious to relieve his mind from a state of painful suspense, he must examine the evidences for the divine existence. It can never be demonstrated that there is no God: it may thus be true, after all, that there is one, and it is his duty to ascertain this. And as there are numberless presumptions that this is the case, and that there is a divine being who made and preserves all things; if he refuses obstinately and perversely to entertain this question, no small measure of moral guilt, and no slight degree of condemnation must be his, if he should never discover his error until his eyes are opened in the eternal world.

Even in this unresolved state of the question, as to the divine existence, three important applications may be deduced. (1.) All men have as much religious knowledge as invests them with responsibility, and makes them the proper subjects of moral government; they all know something about God. (2.) Religious education should be given as early as possible to the child; it may not immediately enlighten the mind on the being and character of God, but it at least awakens the question, and the man is accountable if he does not pursue the inquiry which was presented to the child. (3.) However rude and debased man may become, there are elements in his character upon which the religious instructor may operate. It is an important question in morals whether there be a divine being. It is possible it may be so. It is probable. It is highly probable, and thus he may be drawn on step by step to the right conclusion.

We have thus seen what is the state of mind in which the study of natural theology should be commenced and pursued; but another inquiry suggests itself. What are the proper leadings of mind at its close? It is wrong to argue, as some do, that natural theology is of no use, in consequence of its imperfect evidence. Its light is dim in comparison, but it guides us to the source of pure and eternal truth. It is not the temple itself, but it points the way to it. And it is equally wrong to suppose that the more strength is given to the arguments of natural theology, there is a corresponding disparagement of the claims of Christianity. Natural theology is one of those sciences which is more fertile in starting difficulties than in solving them, and the more profound the discoveries which are made in it, and the more highly it raises our estimation of Deity, the more boldly does it disclose the moral worthlessness of man, and the darker and more desperate becomes the problem—What must I do to be saved? Natural theology thus proposes a difficulty which it cannot answer. How shall man be just with God? How can sinners be pardoned without dimming the lustre of the law, the holiness and government of Jehovah? To meet this difficulty, natural theology is absolutely helpless, and we must have recourse to the pages of revelation, where the cheering doctrine is proclaimed, that the Son of God came into this world to seek and to save that which was lost.

'It were foreign,' says the author, at the close of the work, 'to our prescribed subject to attempt an exposition, in however brief and rapid a sketch, of the credentials of Christianity. We only remark, that, amid the lustre and variety of its proofs, there is one strikingly analogous, and indeed identical in principle, with our own peculiar argument. If in the system of external nature we can recognise the evidence of God being its author, in the adaptations wherewith it teems to the moral and intellectual constitution of man—there is room and opportunity for this very

evidence in the book of an external revelation. What appears in the construction of a world might be made to appear as manifestly in the construction of a volume, whose objective truths may present as obvious and skilful an accommodation to our mental economy, as do the objective things of a created universe. And it is not the less favourable, for an indication of its divine original, that whereas nature, as being the original system, abounds with these fitnesses which harmonise with the mental constitution in a state of health—Christianity, as being a restorative system, abounds in fitnesses to the same constitution in a state of disease. We are not sure but that in the latter, from its very design, we shall meet with still more delicate and decisive tests of a designer than have yet been noticed in the former; and certain it is, that the wisdom and goodness and even power of a moral architect, may be as strikingly evinced in the reparation, as in the primary establishment of a moral nature.'

PAT MURPHY'S FORTUNE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Dr Gregory had just returned from an early professional call, one biting morning in November. On alighting from his chaise, he caught the eyes of his daughter, as she stood at a front window, riveted upon some object in his equipage, with an expression of countenance in which pity and mirth seemed to be struggling for the ascendancy. Turning round to ascertain what thus attracted her attention, the doctor (he was in haste for his breakfast) now for the first time perceived a little ragged and barefooted boy, who was hanging at the bits of his horse, with an air of as resolute determination to hold on, as if he had seized Bucephalus by the head-stall. Dr Gregory was both humane and a humorist; and was in particularly good spirits just then, having relieved a fellow-creature from intense suffering, and received therefor a reasonable fee—two events which, conjoined, constitute a physician's happiness; and though the good physician, like Dr Gregory, would infinitely rather miss the last than the first, it cannot be denied that they are pleasant associate circumstances.

'Hullo! you little centaur reversed,' he cried, 'who pays you for holding a horse that wouldn't run if you whipped him?'

'Is it me you mane? It's the less trouble to hold him then, if he won't run,' said the boy; 'and if your honour should forget to give me the sixpence, I'm no poorer than I was before!'

'Ah! ha!' said the doctor, imitating his brogue, 'it's a wit you are! Here, John,' he said to the groom, who had now come round, 'turn the horse into the stable, and this little savage into the kitchen, and administer some hot coffee with rolls, and half a pound of chops.'

'Sure that will not be bad to take,' said little Pat, following the groom. 'Your honour has the name of the best doctor in the country.'

Dr Gregory, at his comfortable breakfast with his family, soon forgot that such a being as little Patrick existed. This we say without scandal to his benevolence; for so many calls were made upon him for professional and other aid, that he fell into the habit of prescribing for temporary relief, and thinking no more about the applicants. But his daughter Helen, who had youth, charity, and leisure, took good care that her father's humane credulity should never be misdirected or imposed upon, so far as she could prevent it; nor did she permit it to slumber, when any object came under her attention which deserved more than the casual notice which served for immediate assistance. Mrs Gregory was pleased at the influence which Helen exerted over her father, and an excellent understanding knit together the inmates of the happy household. The doctor, though he had two or three young sons, was himself the youngest person in his family. A mind conscious of rectitude, good bodily health, and a most cheerful temper, kept up in his spirits the continual flow of youth. He never permitted himself to be startled out of his equanimity, or made angry by any

trifle, and thus, in prosperity never unduly elated, and in adversity never unreasonably cast down, he kept ever on the sunny side of life. To such a man, no day was a blank, and no night came without pleasant reflections. The little beggar boy, whose wits had been sharpened by poverty, divined so much of his character from his manner, and from what was seen and heard in the kitchen, that he resolved not to lose his acquaintance. Helen, who was disposed to see how the shivering boy looked after a warm breakfast, returned from the kitchen, reporting :

'Well, father, your little Irish patient says he is ready to go now.'

'Irish patient—oh, the little rogue I sent into the kitchen after his breakfast! Well, why don't he go then?'

'Because, he says, you would never forgive him, if he left without paying his respects. Betty says he is "a dry little stick," and my own ears have heard that he keeps the kitchen in an uproar of laughter.'

'So! well, we might as well laugh too. Have him passed up, Helen.'

'Now, then,' said the doctor, affecting a very stern look, as Pat awkwardly bowed into the room : 'now, then, young man, what do you wish to see me for?'

'I'm entirely too much like yourself to forget that, your honour. Sure you don't give up a fat case till you're regularly discharged!'

'Indeed!' said the doctor, laughing heartily. 'I have a most precocious subject in you, at any rate. Pray what have you been doing in all your little life?'

'Oh, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another.'

'But what were you doing last?'

'Eating my breakfast at your expense,' answered Pat.'

Helen laughed now, and so did her mother, but the doctor was puzzled, and only muttered 'So-o-o,' as was his custom when in a quandary. Pat was a more curious specimen of natural history than he had ever met before, and the doctor did not know exactly where to place him. His wife, who had been looking with pity at the lad's unprotected feet, brought a pair of one of the children's shoes, and bade Patrick put them on.

'Oh, *millia murther!*' shouted Pat, throwing up both hands with well-feigned horror. 'Sure it's not my mother's son would do the likes of *that!*'

'What?' cried the doctor, astonished at what he supposed was the insolent pride of the little beggar boy. 'What is it you would not do, pray?'

'There's many things I wouldn't do, your honour,' said Patrick, looking rogishly around the circle whose eyes were now curiously fixed upon him. 'Beautiful teeth your ladyship has!' he said to Helen, who closed her lips with half a pout at his impertinence, but lost all command of them in a clear bell-like laugh, as Pat added.—'Many things I would not do—and one of them is to disgrace the shoes of a son of your honour's by putting *my naked* feet into them. Sure they never saw the like!'

'Give the young scamp a pair of silk hose!' shouted the doctor, as soon as his cachinnatory paroxysm permitted.

'Lamb's wool will answer, if you please, ladies,' said the little adventurer, nothing abashed at the storm of laughter he had raised.

'Where do you live? Have you a father? mother? sisters? a place? do you want one?' said the doctor, hurriedly, rattling one question after the other, in order, if possible, to confuse the young hopeful.

'Blind Alley,' answered Patrick, putting his hands behind him, and standing erect.—'No, sir. Yes, your honour. Five of them. I wish I had. Try me once.'

'Are you really in distress, or only shamming?'

'May be I shammed hunger! Ask Betty if I ate any breakfast—then go and ask my mother and five sisters when *they* took meat enough off the table to feed six, after they had done?'

'Another hint, Mrs Gregory,' said the doctor, smiling. 'Just load a basket for this little original.'

Pat was soon fitted out with shoes, warm socks, and a basket of broken food. 'Now,' said the doctor, 'will

'Will a duck swim, your honour? Will a fly come back to the treacle?'

'Be sure then and bring home the basket,' said Mrs G.

'I'll do that thing, and another one too,' said Pat, making them his best bow, as he backed out of the room, wishing them all 'the top of the morning.'

Pat hardly reached the street, before he sat down on the curb-stone to put on his shoes.

'So-o,' said the doctor, watching him from the window; 'Helen!' The daughter came and stood beside him. 'Now!' continued the father, 'see how little is necessary, how easily a person may be satisfied, and with how little we ought to be content. A toilet-table, glass, and bureau, for somebody's chamber, when she reached her twentieth birthday, a short time since, cost me three cases of hooping-cough, two fevers, and a compound fracture—a whole year's practice of extraordinary amount in my cabinetmaker's family; and yet that little fellow borrows my pavement, and makes it answer in the place of all those superfluities!'

'Yes, most magnanimous papa—but who asked you for 'all those superfluities'? Who contrived that his daughter should be packed off on her birthday, directly after breakfast, that when she came in to dinner, the furniture of a princess's chamber might surprise her? You are quite a good preacher, I will admit, even to finding your own text, as you did in this case. For my part,' she continued, blushing scarlet, and turning half aside as the old gentleman looked her keenly and somewhat quizzically in the face—"for my part, I should be satisfied with a house furnished at no more cost than my single room is. I am willing to give up superfluities, if—if—if—"

'So-o-e—here we come again. Love in a cottage—the romance of ardent affection—proof against adversity, like a salamander safe—poetry and boiled cabbage—children without clothes, and potatoes with their jackets on. Very fine and pleasant to walk about by moonlight, in midsummer—very cool and uncomfortable with the thermometer at zero, and no coal in the grate!'

'I suppose you were rich when you married?'

'Hey!—ah, there's John with the horse!' said the old gentleman, hurrying away from a conversation which he suspected might be about to take a wrong turn. There was a certain young gentleman whose preference for Helen had become too marked to be overlooked; and as the suitor was really an unexceptionable person, his addresses had been tacitly allowed, while the careful father indefinitely postponed, and dexterously evaded listening to any formal communication, inasmuch as that would imply a period to the suspense in which the old Esculapius was determined to keep the young people.

The most unfortunate position in which a poor suitor for a rich young lady's hand can be placed, is when her father happens to be a successful member of the young man's own profession. The wealthy lawyer, physician, merchant, or tradesman, knows so well the difficulties and discouragements of those who are just entering upon the pursuit by which he has made his wealth, that he scans their pretensions and characters with a most careful and critical eye. No mere *hope* is entered by such a father as *cash* in the account; and no 'expectations' are credited as actual capital. The young merchant may pass for more than he is worth with any body but the merchant, and the young lawyer or doctor may be rated above his professional value by any body but the veteran in his own line of life.

Such were the disadvantages under which young Dr Henry aspired to an alliance with the family of old Dr Gregory. Probably he over-estimated his difficulties—and probably, too, the old doctor intended he should. It is a trick of the experienced to pile all sorts of impediments in the way of the young, in order to test their capacities, prove their quality, and fire their ambition. Many a young man, who esteems a certain old father to be a terrible cerberus, would, if he could really discover

in his heart, 'Had I three ears' (three pairs, to keep up the canine parallel), 'I'd hear thee.'

The little Irish boy left, on the whole, a good impression on the minds of the doctor's family, though they were sadly nonplussed by his free and easy demeanour. The doctor was captivated by his ready wit—the wife and the daughter pitied his evident though uncomplaining destitution. The key to the little living enigma consisted in a word beyond which no city reader will need any explanation. Pat was, or rather had been, a 'news-boy'; as such he had acquired development for the natural aptitude of his tongue—as such he had learned the readiness of reply, and keenness of repartee, which astonished the doctor's household. As soon as Patrick had completed his street toilet—for, with stockings and shoes in his possession, he instantly discovered what he had not thought of before, that it was too cold to run barefooted—he started for home at a good pace. As he knew that his mother and sisters were half famishing, he was delighted to have it in his power to render them substantial aid and comfort. The supply was indeed most opportune. The father of the little family had died but a short time previously after a long illness, which had eaten up their small earnings, and sent their moveables, one by one, to the pawn-broker's and the second-hand auction stores. Contemptible in value as these poor chattels seemed, every sixpence is a treasure to the suffering poor, and the widow Murphy was looking in vain for some article convertible into cash, though ever so trifling, when Patrick arrived with his basket of provision. If Dr Gregory had seen how like famished bears the little flock fell upon the broken food, he would have owned that here was, indeed, no 'shaming'!

'Oh, Paddy, dear,' said his mother, wiping her eyes, which had filled while her children ate so greedily, 'how hard you must have begged to get all this!'

'Sorrow the bit, then, did I get by begging,' answered the boy. 'I tould them my mother and five sisters were starving with cold and famishing with hunger, and begged for a penny or two to buy them bread; but the people either pushed me aside, and looked 'you lie,' or tould me so and done with it. At last,' and here the little fellow stood up proudly, 'I tried another way for it!'

'You did not *steal*, Paddy!' cried his mother, looking frightened. 'And the boy has shoes and stockings to his feet, too!—That ever it should come to this!'

'Is it my own mother that asks me that?' said Pat, his eyes glistening with tears of pride and sorrow. 'Did she tache me thou *shall* stale, by mistake? No, I did *not* stale, mother! I shamed a rich and good-natured man out of what he will never miss—and look, how it helps the chilid! Take hold yourself, mother. I've had my breakfast, and by the same token, the same man is good for to-morrow!'

A rude knock at the door interrupted Pat, and summoned an anxious cloud upon the face of his mother. The immediate and abrupt entrance of the—stranger, we were about to say—followed. But, alas! he was one of those who are no strangers to the poor!

'Come, Mrs Murphy,' he said, 'if you can't pay your rent, it is high time you gave way, to make room for those who can. Three weeks behind, terms weekly, in advance, is a hard loss for us—but,' and he gave a scrutinising look about the bare apartment, 'we shall have to put up with it, and let you go, scot free.'

'Let us go! Where are we to go to?'

'Well, that's not *our* look-out, you know. We can't harbour you rent free any longer, at any rate. What, Pat! comfortable shoes and stockings, eh? You've improved on yesterday. You must be fitted out, I suppose, whether your mother's honest debts are paid or not!'

'Troth, sir,' said Pat, a little angrily, 'they were not bought, but a free gift, and made by a man who does not begrudge your shoes, nor the heart of the man who stands in 'em!'

'Hoity! toity! little Paddy bantam! I meant no harm, I am sure,' said the man, provoked, but ashamed to be-

tray it. 'You might as well have begged money to keep a house over your head, as shoes for your feet, while your hand was in.'

'Beggars can't be choosers,' said Pat, with provoking calmness. 'If they could, we shouldn't be *your* tenants!'

'I'll choose for you, then,' said the man, now thoroughly enraged. 'Don't let me find you here to-morrow. If I do, the whole troop shall be bundled off to the almshouse, except you, sir, and you shall be sent to the house of refuge!'

'Maybe he thinks he carries the keys of all them places in his pocket,' said Pat, as he closed the door which the unfeeling fellow had disdained to shut after him.

'Heigho!' sighed the old woman, as she shivered over the ashes, which she was raking about with a bit of lath, in the hope to coax heat out of the tinder-like embers of pine shavings—'Heigho! we are all born, but we are not all buried yet! Them as is at the top now, may find themselves at the bottom before they die!'

'True for you, mother—but never say die, yet. May be there's room for us at the top too, without pushing any body else down,' said little Pat.

'Heaven forgive me, and so there may be, Paddy, dear! But one can't help thinking. Well, the sun has risen today, but it isn't set.'

'No—nor it wont, neither, till it sets on brighter faces, for here he comes that never came without a welcome, nor left without your blessing,' said Patrick, going from the window to the door.

A gentleman of some five-and-twenty entered, cheerful and humane in countenance, kind, yet not mincing in his manner. 'Heyday, good folks!' he said, 'all in the dumps! Who is sick?'

'No one, sir,' said Pat.

'No! you all will be, if you don't keep warmer; but that's poor comfort, you say, to those who can't. Come, Mr Murphy, tell us all about it.'

Patrick, in a clear and straightforward manner, told the new comer what the reader already knows. When he had done, the stranger said: 'One, two, three, four dollars—is it? Well, I can't afford to give you that—but, Mr Murphy, I'll tell you what. I'll *lend* you five, four for the rent, and one for capital, for you to start afresh on.'

Pat and his mother overwhelmed him with thanks, which he did not stop to hear, but was off before the widow could reach him, or she certainly would have thrown herself at his feet and clasped him by the knees.

'There, mother, I tould you the sun was not set yet,' said Pat, executing a most difficult stage negro *paz*, in his new shoes. News boys are familiar with 'theatricals'—that is, such as they prefer, and the prospect of going back upon the penny paper vending Rialto, no longer a 'lame duck,' but as he expressed it, 'in town again, with his pocket full of rocks,' elated little Paddy quite as much as a recovery from hopeless bankruptcy could have pleased any one of his seniors. His head was already as full of plans for the future as his heels were of activity. He counted the provision to be drawn from the doctor's kitchen as good for a couple of days at least; and being now comfortable in circumstances, he began to think of enabling his sisters in some way to contribute their share to the maintenance of the household. How very little will suffice to make the poor happy! And how readily might the fact be experimentally tested by thousands who know nothing of it, but, repining amid competence, excuse their heartless indolence, and indifference to the real sufferings of others, with the deceptive plea, that 'they should be glad to do good if it were only in their power.'

'Come, father,' cried Helen, the next morning, 'do lay down that prosy pamphlet, and come to breakfast. You are too old a man to be so completely swallowed up by the shop. You care more for a gallipot than for your breakfast, and would rather read a tedious medical periodical than see your family. I declare, you are so redolent of pulverised liquorice and rhubarb, that I am almost sick of the sight and odour of you!'

'Why, Helen,' said her mother, 'how you run on! I declare, I am quite ashamed of you.'

The good old doctor smiled with arch meaning, as he submitted to his daughter's raillery. 'Never mind, wife,' he said, as he took his seat at the table. 'Physicians are such nuisances that I can never think of admitting another into the family; and as to that number of the Medical Examiner, it is a stupid affair, sure enough. It is nearly half filled with a paper contributed by some young quack, named Harry, or Henry, or some such name.'

Helen blushed and laughed, and laughed and blushed again. Her weapons were now fairly turned against her, and she had nothing to do but to look out that she did not scald her fingers in doing the honours of the breakfast table, while her father, making the most of his advantage, pressed her unmercifully. The real truth was, that the report of Dr Henry's case, in which Dr Gregory had been so much absorbed, was a most interesting one, skilfully treated, and reported in a manner which showed the young man to be a master of his profession, and a most excellent practitioner. Helen had shrewdness enough to perceive that her father was in a most excellent mood as regarded her wishes and hopes, and therefore courted rather than deprecated his mirth. She was, therefore, more disappointed than pleased when her father changed the subject, by saying to his wife:

'Well, my dear, did you miss any spoons yesterday?' This question answered in the negative, the doctor continued: 'Then, unless little Pat considers your basket worth more than any thing he would be likely to get here to-day, he will come back this morning.'

'To be sure he will come,' said Mrs Dr Gregory.

'To be sure he will, father,' said Helen.

'Well—perhaps—' said the doctor, pretending to have his doubts. Knowing that all womankind are more or less inclined to contradiction, the doctor cunningly took care that their negatives should support the affirmative he wished to reach. Betty here announced that the young gentleman was already below stairs.

'Give him some breakfast, Betty,' said the doctor, 'and then send him up. Now, you see,' added the doctor, turning to his daughter, 'that little Pat is deep. He throws a sprat to catch a shad. He will keep on till he gets far enough into your confidence to steal something worth while.'

'You hard-hearted old gentleman,' said Helen, 'how can you be so uncharitable! He knows that honesty is the best policy.'

'He will come to the gallows in the end,' said the doctor, winking to his wife to observe how their daughter's fine face lighted up with the excitement of contradiction.

'He will come to a fortune, and own a whole square!' retorted Helen.

'So-o,' said the doctor; 'good, so. And I'll tell you what, my pretty prophetess—I know you believe what you predict, and I'll make you a promise on the credit of your own faith: you shall marry this young Dr Henry, or Harry, or whatever his name is, whenever Pat has a house to let you;' and the happy father laughed immoderately at his own wit. His wife joined—and Helen, though she rose from the table, and pretended to be angry, could not help joining too. Before she could reply, Betty announced a caller. It was one of the doctor's tenants, and he directed that he should be shown up. He was the lessee of several large old houses, in a poor part of the city, which the doctor hardly saw once in a year, and could not point out without a guide. His lease was about expiring, and he called to obtain a renewal, but wished it on diminished terms, as he said there was a prospect that certain contemplated city improvements would ruin the property.

'So-o,' said the doctor, 'a hard improvement that. They pay me little more than the taxes now; and if they are improved at that rate, I shall be made a beggar with them. I must look into this a little, sir.'

At this moment Pat made his appearance at the door. Helen went to him and him to a further end

entered into conversation with him. He looked like another boy this morning—hope and pleasure shone in his face, and his whole appearance was tidy and cheerful. The doctor's lessee soon took his leave, having first conversed in an under-tone a moment or two, with a frequent look toward poor Pat. The doctor's countenance showed that the lad had gained little in this interview.

'Now,' said the doctor, as Helen led the lad to him. 'Your name is Patrick, I believe?' Patrick bowed. 'I am very sorry,' the doctor continued, 'to learn that you are a very bad and a very impudent boy—though I might have guessed the last.'

Helen and Mrs Gregory looked astonished, and poor Pat, gathering a hope of sympathy from their faces, said, as he hung his head, and burst into tears—'Sure, sir, that will be news to my mother, wherever you heard it.'

'Come, come, sir,' said the doctor, 'no more play with us—we've had enough. I don't want to condemn you unheard—and if you are deserving, I would do you good. Your sharp answers will serve for an hour's amusement; but if you are, as I am told, a very bad boy, you are a dangerous plaything; and if you can establish your character, I would do something more than amuse myself with you, for, to tell the truth, you have interested me very much. Now, answer me, without evasion:—What have you ever done to maintain yourself?'

'I sold the papers, sir.'

'So-o. Yes—that explains something. Why don't you sell them now?'

'My father took sick, sir, and was very bad—and one day with another, sir, I spent my little money, and lost my stand, sir, and other boys got my customers, sir, and my heart was gone, and my mother and sisters were starving, and the rent wasn't paid, sir—and the Lord save you and yours from tasting the bitter cup!'

Helen turned her head to brush away a tear, and Dr Gregory continued his questions, but in a tone more kind: 'But how could a boy suffering all this be so full of fun and nonsense as you were yesterday, and as you would have been to-day, if every thing had gone as you expected?'

'Oh, sir, there's many ways in the wide world, and them as travels in one don't know the stones in another! Two or three days, sir, I'd shivered barefooted in the cold and tould the people what I tould you just now, sir, and I couldn't get a sixpence. So I thought of trying another track, and your kind face, sir, made me try it on you—and that's the whole truth, sir. I'm no blackguard, if I look like one.'

'Very well put in—very well told, Patrick. But I've something more to say yet. The house you live in is mine, and your landlord is my tenant—'

'Then, I hope,' said Pat, 'he's a better tenant than landlord!'

'Well, he tells me that yesterday you lied him down that you hadn't a dollar in the world—'

'Lied him down! Sure, it was the blessed truth, sir!'

'But he says he threatened you with the house of refuge, and that this morning your mother found money to pay the rent in full. Now you must either have had this money, or—I am unwilling to say it—you must have stolen it since, for he says you are very poor.'

'Ah, look at him, your honour! Think of this backbiter once! He knows I am poor, he says—and he threatens me with the house of refuge for not paying my mother's rent; and perhaps he didn't tell you of *that*, but he tould me I might as well have begged money as shoes, and abused me for the very kindness which your lady had for me. And then he says I stole the money, and still he put it in his own pocket without a tear.'

'Patrick, you have made the case bad for your accuser, but you haven't helped yourself yet. Tell me honestly—where did this money come from?'

'It was loaned to me, sir.'

'Loaned!' and the doctor smiled his disappointment at what seemed a new evasion.

'Yes, sir,' said Pat, proudly, 'loaned! Maybe you

there's a God above, sir, who remembers the widow and the fatherless, and he sent a friend to us when we were all in the sorrow. The man that loaned Pat Murphy five dollars—four for the rent, and one to buy papers—and here it is,' said Pat, as he showed it—'that man knows Pat Murphy will pay, if he leaves his body to the surgeons to do it with. And it isn't the first good thing he's done, sir: He's come out of his bed in the bitter night, time and again, to soothe the pain of the poor who could not give him fee nor reward, and he's put his hand in his pocket, over and often, to pay for the medicine and the food for the dying man, when he knew he couldn't live so much as to thank him—the blessings of Heaven fall on him for it! And now my poor father is in heaven, and Dr Henry may one day meet him there—may it be a long day off, for the good of the poor on earth! Good morning, ladies, and you, sir, too; and when next you would play with the poor, don't put the farce before the tragedy, sir, if ye please, sir, for that's not the way at the Bowery.'

Helen was in tears, and her mother in silent amazement at the little fellow's eloquence.

'Here, Pat, stop!' shouted the doctor, as the boy moved away.

'Is it more *play* you want, sir?' asked the boy, turning half round.

'Your name is Murphy, and the doctor's is Henry—ch P.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, here,' continued the doctor, taking up the *Medical Examiner*, 'is your father's case all printed.'

'I can read, sir,' said Pat, proudly. 'Don't *play* with the bones of the dead, if you please sir.'

'No—no—Patrick,' said Dr Gregory, taking him kindly by the hand, and drawing him to him. 'I know Dr Henry, and there are those in this house who know him better than I.' Pat shrewdly looked toward Helen, and she blushed crimson. 'We shall inquire about you. What rent do you pay?'

'A dollar a-week.'

'Fifty-two dollars a-year. And how many rooms have you?'

'One, sir.'

'And how many tenants are there in the whole house?'

'Ten, sir, besides the corner grocery.'

'So-o-o!' hummed the doctor; 'why, the fellow gets more for that one house than he pays me for three—and he wants me to reduce his rent at that. Miserably must the poor be oppressed by such harpies!'

'True for you, sir,' said Pat—'if your honour would only take the house into your own hands.'

'I can't do that, my boy,' said the doctor, musing. 'Pat!' said he, after a pause, 'how old are you?'

'Seventeen, come Easter.'

'So-o. Well, I'll ask Dr Henry about you, and if he gives you half as good a character as you do him, I'll give you charge of the house you live in. You shall have it at the same price he pays—on condition that you don't charge the others more than enough to get your own part rent free, and a fair price for the trouble in collecting. And I'll not renew his lease for any of them, neither. If you show yourself honest and capable, here's an opening for a living for you.'

Pat's heels flew involuntarily into the first position of another negro *pas*—but he blushed, hung his head, stood still, and wept his thanks, while even Dr Gregory's eyes moistened.

'Call here to-morrow,' said the doctor, willing to relieve his grateful embarrassment.

'Patrick!' said Helen, calling him back, 'I want a word with you. Have you a couple of pleasant rooms in your house to let me?'

'Anan!' said the boy astonished.

'What?' asked Dr Gregory.

'Why, father,' said Helen, 'you certainly have not forgotten your promise made this morning, that when Pat has a house to let, I may be married?'

'Oh, you baggage!' said the doctor. 'Well, when one has a pill to take, the sooner it is off his mind the better. Marry, as soon as your mother can get you ready—for I see you are both of a mind. But don't you go now and tell Dr Henry what depends on his endorsement of Paddy here!'

'Sure, Dr Henry would never tell a lie to save a kingdom,' said Pat, earnestly.

'Get out of the house, you little rogue,' said the doctor; 'you've done in two hours what my wife and daughter have been trying in vain to do for two years!'

Is any body so dull as not to guess the end?

SKETCHES OF POPULAR CHARACTERS.

It may be an odd fancy, but it is one perfectly natural, that when we happen to become interested in the works of any particular author our curiosity is immediately on the stretch to know something about the *propria persona* of the writer—whether he is long or short, fat or lean, has a big head or a little one—his dress, his food—his mode of life, even to the times of his going to bed and choosing to rise again—no point, in short, being too minute to escape the attention. The cause of this curiosity, we presume, is that on the adoption of a 'favourite author,' we instinctively set up a sort of ideal model of the man whose *mind* alone has in the first instance engaged our attention, and become anxious to know whether the actual facts correspond with the imaginary standard. Thus we like to hear the smallest bits of gossip regarding great men, even to their weaknesses and most palpable failings. We like to read, for example, how Johnson was an enormous tea-drinker, besides being otherwise addicted to gluttony; how Goldsmith was a bit of a spendthrift, and loved to contemplate his figure in a fashionably cut pea-green coat; how Addison drank sherry negus, and would occasionally get half-seas-over at Button's coffeehouse; how Dr Parr would only take one meal per diem, that meal consisting of a bottle of port and three pounds of beef-steaks; or how Charles Lamb loved whisky-punch and tobacco, Coleridge opium, and Hazlitt tea. All these and a thousand other peculiarities, which in the case of ordinary men would be passed over as of little consequence, become matters of high interest when associated with the names of persons whose writings have won our admiration. Hence the popularity of all works which profess to furnish authentic particulars regarding the ordinary habits and conversation of great men—and, if we may venture a prediction, which awaits a recently published book of this class,* with which we propose making our readers acquainted.

The author of these 'Pen and Ink Sketches' has adopted the needless shade of the anonymous; but whoever he be, he has enjoyed favourable opportunities of mixing in the society of the literary men and women of England during the last twenty years, though it must also be confessed that in not a few instances an idle curiosity has prompted him to obtrude himself on people who, as it seems to us, had as lief not been troubled with him. As it is, however, the portraits are in many cases well drawn, but in others not devoid of high colouring and a tendency to exaggeration. A sketch of Southey will form our first extract:

'The personal appearance of Robert Southey was very striking. He was tall and slightly built. His forehead rather receding, and not, phrenologically speaking, indicative of great acquirements, was surmounted and partially shaded by an abundance of white silvery hair, combed up.

* Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers, and Politicians. London: David Bogue, 1846.

wards, and forming a very striking contrast with his jet-black magnificently arched eyebrows, beneath which glowed two of the most brilliant dark eyes I ever beheld. Their beauty did not so much consist in their brilliancy as in their deep contemplative expression. His nose was remarkably aquiline, so much so, that it approached to the hawk formation. But it was in the mouth—which, after all, is the most expressive feature of the face—that the peculiar charm of Southey's looks lay; the upper lip was finely curved, and slightly projected over the lower; but it is in vain to attempt a description of it. Nearly every painter has failed to transfer it to canvas—indeed, I have never seen a good likeness of the Laureate, for it was no easy matter to catch the ever-flitting lights and shadows which, with every changing emotion, passed over his countenance.

'Tea' was announced shortly after my arrival—Mr Cottle's sister doing the honours. After pouring out the well-manufactured infusion of congou, Miss Cottle happened to address the Laureate as 'Doctor.' 'My dear Miss Cottle,' said he, 'do call me Mr Southey, or Robert, as you used to do *Lang syne*, but not Doctor. I dislike nothing so much as that amongst old friends.'

'Southey's favourite attitude was that of lying back in his chair, his elbows resting on its arms, and the tips of his forefingers placed on the inner portion of his eyebrows, over the surface of which they continually traversed, his eyes being closed excepting when he spoke. The conversation at one time turned on Byron—a ticklish subject both for Cottle and Southey. The latter said—somewhat egotistically I thought—but that was Southey's weak point—'No man can honour Byron's genius more than myself; but I fancy I prevented him doing as much harm as he might have done.'

'We had a long and delightful conversation respecting poor Cowper, and I remember Southey's saying with much earnestness, that he could have given Kehama, Roderick, and indeed all he had ever written, to have been the author of the 'Lines to his Mother's Picture,' which he characterised as being among the most touchingly beautiful to be found in the whole range of English poetry. 'What a mournful thing,' he added, 'that his mental vision was so often obscured!' Alas! even then the cloud no bigger than a man's hand was to be seen in Southey's horizon—a cloud which was so soon to cast its melancholy shadow over his own fine intellect. I remember, too, that in connexion with this subject he alluded to his wife, who had then very recently died, after years of insanity. 'I had,' said he once to a friend, 'for a long dreary time a living death constantly before me in the form of Edith. We took our meals, and associated with each other to the last, and I question whether I was more fondly attached to her in her bright days than in her days of darkness.'

'A few days after the party at Cottle's, I accompanied Southey in a call on the Bishop of B——, at Clifton. Southey did not send up his card, and consequently the bishop, who deemed it might be some ordinary visiter, sent down a message that he was engaged. We left, Southey having mentioned his name to the footman. We had not gone far before the lacquey came breathlessly after us—for his lordship, on learning the name of his illustrious visiter, was horrified at the idea of sending from his door the author of the 'Book of the Church.' We returned—apologies were made, and a very pleasant hour spent.

'In 1841, after wondering at the unusual circumstance of my letters to Southey remaining un replied to, for he was the most punctual and courteous of correspondents, I received from a friend a heart-touching epistle informing me of the Laureate's insanity. It came on me like a thunder-clap after a long ominous silence. Could it be that he whose voluminous labours had delighted and informed thousands—that the poet, the philosopher, and the historian—was the victim of

'The last infirmity of noble minds!'

'Alas! it was even so. His brain was worn out—

'The fervent spirit, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,

I was told by one who witnessed the sad scene, that as he walked along the streets of Keswick, leaning, a frail broken-up man, on the arm of an attached and devoted friend, he would stare in stupid wonder at flocks of geese, and breathe an incoherent wish that he 'was as happy as they.' His insanity was of the melancholy and sombre kind, as might have been expected.

To the last he retained his old affection for his books. The way into his library he easily found, and thither it was his wont to repair, and he would sit with a black-letter volume open on his lap, gazing on one page for hours, and at times moving his fingers as if making written extracts. Out of the library he never could find his way without the aid of a guide. But the ruin of a great mind like his is too sad a spectacle for contemplation. After two years of mental incapacity,

'Death came o'er him gently,

'As slumber o'er a child.'

There was no flashing up of the taper before death—no lucid moment—but during his life he had made the great preparation, and hope illuminated the faces of all who gazed upon him when he died.'

As a companion-portrait to the above, we may append a portion of what the author entitles

A MEMORY OF MRS HEMANS.

'I cannot well conceive a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs Hemans was. None of the portraits or busts I have ever seen of her do her justice, nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated on the sides in rich and luxuriant auburn curls; there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet there was a chastened sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingle with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face; but when she smiled all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but 'a little lower than the angels'—fitting shrine for so pure a mind. Let me not be deemed a flatterer or an enthusiast in thus describing her, for I am only one of many who have been almost as much captivated by her personal beauty as charmed by the sweetness and holiness of her productions. If ever poems were the reflex of the beauties, personal and mental, of their writers, they were indeed so in the case of Mrs Hemans. We talked of L. E. L. Mrs Hemans said she had received several letters from her containing pressing invitations to visit London. 'A place I never was in, and never wish to be,' she observed. 'My heart beats too loudly even in this quiet place, and there I think it would burst. The Great Babel was not made for such as me.' She was very much pleased with an anecdote which I told her, with which one of her poems had something to do. It was this:—Near the city of Bath is a secluded little churchyard, in which, amongst other monuments, is one of pure white marble, on which was engraved the name of nobleman's daughter, and her age, seventeen. In addition to this was the following stanza from Mrs Hemans's poem 'Bring Flowers':—

'Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this from its bud hath the white rose burst,
For this in the wood was the violet nurst;
They have a voice for what once was ours,
And are love's last gift—bring ye flowers—pale flowers.'

The space around that grave was filled with white flowers of all descriptions, planted for the most part by stranger hands. No one ever removed a blossom from the grave, and there they flourished as if in obedience to the mandate of the poetess. It was one of the most graceful tributes ever paid to genius. 'Come, I will show you my poetic mint,' she said, and she led the way to a room over the one in which we were sitting. It was a very small place, but neat almost to a fault. There was no author-litterings. Everything was in order. An open letter lay on the table. She pointed to it, and said laughingly: 'An application

imagine how I am annoyed with albums and such matters. A person who ought to have known better sent me an album lately, and begged a piece from me, if it was only long enough to fill up a page of sky-blue tinted paper which he had selected for me to write upon.' In incidentally referring to her compositions, she said, 'They often remain chiming in my mind for days before I commit them to paper. And sometimes I quite forget many which I compose as I lie awake in bed. Composition is less a labour with me than the act of writing down what has impressed me, excepting in the case of blank verse, which always involves something like labour. My thoughts have been so used to go in the harness of rhyme, that when they are suffered to run without it they are often diffuse, or I lose sight, in the ardour of composition, of the leading idea altogether.'

'It has been stated, with how much of truth I know not, that Mrs Hemans was at one period of her life invited to take up her residence in the city of Boston, United States, for the purpose of conducting a periodical work. Perhaps it was well that she did not accept the offer, for the uncertain and variable climate of America would in all probability have put a still earlier stop to her career, and deprived the world of many of her sweetest productions. As is the case with most, if not all, of those who write day after day for the bread that perisheth, she endured rather than enjoyed life. A heart disease, with all its distressing accompaniments, harassed her mind and wore away her frame, which we are told became towards the last almost etherealised. At the comparatively early age of forty-one, on the eve of the Sabbath, her spirit passed away to enter on the Sabbath of eternal rest, earth having scarcely 'profaned what was born for the skies.'

'When I was in Dublin, some few years since, owing to some unaccountable forgetfulness, I omitted to pay a passing tribute to the genius of the poetess, by visiting her tomb, which is in St Ann's Church, and over which is inscribed one of her own beautiful verses—her most appropriate epitaph—

'Cains on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow home beneath,
Soul to its place on high;
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.'

We may as well complete the trio by a short but characteristic sketch of another poet, not less celebrated than those already noticed :

'When I was quite a lad a *conversazione* was held in the large Picture Gallery of the B—— Philosophical Institution, and I accompanied a party thither. A good many noticeable people, whom I cannot now call to mind, were present, but there was one individual in the room who excited my curiosity, and to whom I was after a time introduced. Let me describe him. The individual referred to entered the room leaning on the arm of a young lady, for he was much bowed by age. His dress was of plain black, and clerical in its cut. A lowness of stature was rendered more perceptible by his stoop, and as he tremblingly grasped an ivory-headed cane, and leaned heavily on his fair companion, a more striking picture of youth and age could not well have been depicted by any of the eminent artists whose paintings lined the gallery. The hair of this gentleman was cut short, and white as the driven snow; it stood up *warily* from his head—if I may coin a word to express just what I mean—and was combed back from his high temples. His clear grey eye was scarcely dimmed by age; the nose, once slightly aquiline, was a trifle sunken; and his mouth expressed much sweetness, benevolence, and decision of character. His features, taken as a whole, had a squareness about them which was somewhat ungraceful, but their general expression was of a pleasing and intellectual character. This gentleman attracted much attention, and observing that introductions to him were numerous and eagerly sought, I inquired of the curator of the institution who he was? 'Ah!' said the

gentleman to whom I addressed my question, 'you write poetry and not know Crabbe?' 'Who?' said I, for the only idea associated in my mind with anything named Crabbe was that the bearer of it must be, as he is indeed represented in many a play, a sheriff's officer, a kind of gentleman to whom an introduction is very seldom asked for. 'It is Mr Crabbe, the poet,' said a friend who happened to be near, and then, I need not say, that I looked with intense interest on

'Nature's sternest painter, yet her best,'
as Byron called him. Mr Crabbe's then position, too, was interesting, for he was seated in Cowper's armchair, the same which the bard of Olney occupied at Mrs Unwin's, and in which perhaps he indited his touching lines 'I. Mary.' A little silver plate was let into the back, verifying the relic, which still remains one of the lions of the B—— Institution. There sat Crabbe, the poet of the 'Workhouse' and the 'Hall,' where once the gentle Cowper reposed, and poured forth strains of the most exquisite tenderness and pathos. 'Pleased to see you, my young friend, very pleased to see you,' said the venerable man to me, whilst his face beamed with smiles; and after a little while he pointed to the fine portrait of Burke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which hung near him, and said, 'Very like, very like indeed! I was in Sir Joshua's study when Burke sat for it. Ah! there was a man! If you ever come to Trowbridge,' he added, 'you must call at the vicarage, and I'll show you a sketch of Burke, taken at Westminster Hall when he made his great speech in the Warren Hastings case. Edmund left it to me; it is only a rude pencil drawing, but it gives more of the orator than that picture does.'

'Mr Crabbe's favourite study was geology, and when not engaged in parochial duties, the old gentleman might generally have been seen, with his little geological hammer and specimen bag in hand, poring over stones and clays, much to the wonderment of the gaping Wiltshire clowns, who thought 'Parson Crabbe,' as they called him, little better than cracked, when they heard the click of his hammer among the quarries.'

Our author has evidently had a hankering after notable men of all kinds, and by no means confines himself to the purely literary tribe. Here, for example, is a sketch of a very different character from any of the distinguished persons above noticed, but one in which every lover of social progress will not feel less interested. We may entitle it

FATHER MATHEW ADMINISTERING THE PLEDGE.

'In a plain, not far from the town [Kilkenny], a stage had been erected for Father Mathew; and when the reverend gentleman arrived, in course of the afternoon, I proceeded to the place of assemblage, where there could not have been less than 50,000 people at the least. On the platform, which was slightly elevated, were a number of gentlemen, and conspicuous among them one whom, from the portraits of him which I had seen, I instantly recognised as Father Mathew himself. He was a man of about the medium height, of a strongly built frame, which seemed calculated to endure great physical exertion. Although somewhat stout, he was by no means corpulent; his muscles were all composed of working stuff—there was no superfluous fat to fill up the interstices between them. His complexion was of a ruddy hue, and indicated vigorous health. Over a well-shaped but by no means high forehead, he wore, in very unassuming style, dark hair streaked here and there, and especially on the temples, with the flowers of mortality; his nose was of a Roman formation; and his mouth and chin were well shaped and not unlike those of Napoleon. But the main charm of his expressive countenance lay in his soft and benevolent blue eyes. He was dressed in a long black coat of clerical cut, the skirts of which reached below his knees; iron-grey or pepper-and-salt coloured breeches; and long Hessian boots with tassels. Around his neck, which was collarless, was a white cravat. On his coming to the front of the platform a tremendous

cheer burst from the vast multitude. He stretched forth his right hand, and in an instant they were silent, and every individual knelt while he offered up a short prayer, and invoked the blessing of Heaven on the work in which they were engaged. A brief address then followed, of a persuasive character, which was delivered in a distinct well-modulated voice, and which was frequently interrupted by exclamations and by mental ejaculations from the devotees around. In front of the platform was a little space divided off with two places for entrance and exit opposite each other. This enclosure contained about a hundred persons at a time, and immediately after the address it was filled with candidates for the pledge. Father Mathew stood in a position which enabled him to touch every person who presented him or herself, and then in a distinct voice he uttered the following words, which were repeated after him by the people in the enclosed area:—‘I promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes, and to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others.’ Mr Mathew then stretched out his hand, smiled benignantly, and repeated the following prayer in the most impressive manner—‘May God bless you, and grant you strength and grace to keep your promises.’ As every one who had taken the pledge passed before him he made the sign of the cross on them, and presented each with a temperance medal. To those whose appearance was indicative of unusual wretchedness, he also gave a shilling; and, from the number of visits his hand made to one of his coat pockets, the sum he disposed of that afternoon must have been considerable. For upwards of four hours I witnessed Mr Mathew continue with unabated zeal his work of love; and when the mists began to gather around the dark mountains, thousands were still pressing onward towards the platform. As soon as it grew dark, torches were lighted, and the effect of their red glare on the dusky and wild countenances of the groups around was very fine. Never in the course of my life had I witnessed such enthusiasm. He seemed to be regarded by the multitude as a saint rather than a man, but his own humble deportment evinced that he considered himself only a humble instrument in God’s hand for effecting a great moral revolution among his fellow-countrymen, many of whom hold him in such reverence that I verily believe they would lay down their lives to do him a service. It was a pleasant thing to walk that evening through the streets of Kilkenny. All was peace, harmony, and rejoicing, and scarcely an individual, male or female, was to be seen who did not wear a temperance-medal. Many of the whisky shops were closed, and all of them deserted—whereas, as I was informed, but four weeks before, in that very city, a drunken faction-fight had occurred in which several lives were sacrificed. The next morning Father Mathew resumed his labours, and as I left the town hundreds were still pouring into it. I afterwards saw Mr Mathew administer the pledge in London, but the scene, though impressive, was by no means so picturesque as the one I witnessed in Ireland.’

Our readers would probably not dislike being introduced to the Corn-Law Rhymer, discoursing on his favourite topic to the workpeople of his native town; and with the extract descriptive of Ebenezer Elliott we will close the volume:—

‘The lecturing hall was crammed with the working-classes, and as the orator of the evening mounted the rostrum, a wild burst of applause rung from every part of the house. He bowed slightly, smiled sternly, and took a seat whilst a hymn which he had composed for the occasion was roared forth by hundreds of brazen lungs. He was a man rather under than above what is termed the middle height. Like the class from whence he sprung, and which he was about to address, he was attired in working clothes—clothes plain even to coarseness. He had a high, broad, very intellectual forehead, with rough ridges on the temples, from the sides and summit of which thick stubby

coarse black hair. His eyebrows were dark and thick, and shaded two large deeply-set glaring eyes, which rolled every way, and seemed to survey the whole of that vast assembly at a glance. His nasal organ was as if it were grafted on his face, the mouth was thick-lipped, and the lines from the angles of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth were deeply indented, graven in. A very black beard, lately shaven, made his chin and neck appear as if it was covered with dots, and he had a thick massive throat. His figure was indicative of great muscular strength, and his big horny fists seemed more fitted to wield a sledge-hammer than to flourish a pen. Looking at him, the most casual observer would be impressed with the idea that no common man was before him. He rose amidst great cheering, and for an hour and a half held that great audience in entire subjection by one of the most powerful addresses I ever listened to. With a terrible distinctness, he painted the situation of the working man; he showed what he might have been, and contrasted his possible and probable situation with what it then was. On the heads of those who opposed free trade, the Corn-Law Rhymer poured out all the vials of his wrath; but vigorous and forcible as was his language, there was no coarseness, and frequently over the landscape which he had painted, with all the wild force of a Spagnoletti or a Caravaggio, he flung a gleam of sunshine, which made the moral wilderness he had pictured to ‘rejoice and blossom as the rose.’ And there were passages in his speech of such extreme pathos that strong men would bow down and weep like little children. To these would succeed such sledge-hammer denunciations that his hearers sat with compressed lips, and glaring eyes, and resolute hearts. When he sat down, after an appeal to the justice of the law-makers, the whole audience burst forth into one loud cheer, and those near the speaker gripped his hand in fierce delight. I never saw such a scene, nor could I have conceived it possible that one working man should have so carried with him the passions and feelings of an audience consisting entirely of those of his own class.’

LIFE ASSURANCE.

This man of 25 years of age, young, strong, full of hope, and health, and vigour, thinks perhaps, that he need not concern himself about life assurance at present, as he has a long lease of life before him. Let us see if this is a sound view which he takes of his own position. According to the now well-known laws of the value of life at different ages, he may expect to live about thirty-seven years. Now, how many chances are there against his continuing regularly to set aside the annual sum he designs as a provision for his family, in the event of his decease, when he is not impelled by the fear of loss in failing in his engagement with another party, by the formality of the contract between them, by the periodical demand of the company? If he hoards his savings, they will amount to little compared with what an insurance company would give, and are liable to be continually encroached upon for trifling objects. His grand aim is to improve these savings as much as he can, with perfect security. Is he likely to be able to invest them from time to time so readily, or so securely, as a company which receives them from him in small annual (or even quarterly) payments, and, without trouble to him, invests them safely and profitably? And what bright prospect, what fair chance of health, long life, or good fortune, can he set against the moral certainty he acquires that those for whom he is anxious to provide are assured beyond all accidents or risks of the sum he is desirous to secure for them, even should he die the next day after having paid only the first annual premium? How many chances are there against his attaining the expectation due to his age? Of every hundred persons of the same age, ten will be cut off in ten years. What assurance has he that he will not be one of the ten? In the next ten years, eleven more will have gone to their graves; and at the end of the thirty-seven years, of the hundred who thirty-seven years pre-

than half) will remain. Who, then, that would not leave any one for whom he has a regard in difficulties were he cut off, will be so rash as to delay insuring because he has a chance of a long life? But this is not all. If he delays, he may be attacked by disease. He will, most likely, have about nine weeks' sickness between 25 and 35, the effects of which on his constitution may raise considerably the premium for insuring his life. Between 35 and 45 he is liable to about twelve weeks' illness—fifteen between 45 and 55. Lastly, should he have the singular good fortune to have all these chances turning in his favour—to attain a long life—to acquire independence—to have preserved good health, so that delay would not have increased his premium, he cannot be so selfish as to complain, when he receives a return but little short of what he has advanced (with its compound interest)—to grudge that little difference which has gone to alleviate the sufferings of others who have been less fortunate, while he has so large a proportion of his payments returned to him, and has enjoyed so long the security he sought for his family or his old age.

—*Mr Reid's Circular on Life Assurance.*

ELECTIONEERING BILL DELIVERED BY AN IRISH PUBLICAN
TO THE AGENT OF AN M.P.

To eating sixteen freeholders above stairs for Sir John, at 8s. 3d. per head	£2 12 0
To eating fourteen more below stairs and two clergymen after supper	1 15 8
To six beds in one room and four in another, at two guineas per bed, four in a bed	22 15 0
To breakfast and tea next day for every one of them, and as many as they brought with them, as near as I can guess	4 12 0
To beer, whisky, and punch for the first day and night, I am not sure, but I think for the three first days and a half of the election, as near as I can guess to be exact, is in all thereabouts	79 15 3
To shaving, dressing, and cropping the heads of forty freeholders for Sir John, at 18d. for all and every one of them together	2 5 4
	£118 14 10

ROMANTIC STORY.

Marie, an orphan girl, was returning one evening with a flock of sheep belonging to her aunt, who lived in the village of Lice, in the Pyrenees, and who had brought her up from her infancy, when she heard cries of distress from the summit of Montjauret, down which she had herself descended a considerable way. Yielding to her good feelings, she left her charge and re-ascended, until, on a narrow plateau near the top, she saw a man in mortal struggle with an enormous bear. With undaunted courage she assailed the ferocious animal with her iron-shod crook, and soon turned its rage upon herself. The man thus freed from the grasp of his redoubtable enemy, became again the assailant, and, with the effective aid of the girl, at length succeeded in destroying the animal. Meanwhile a violent storm came on and dispersed the flock of Marie. The ways were steep and dangerous, and Manech, the young Basque whom she had helped, was grateful, collected her sheep and drove them home. An intimacy naturally ensued. Manech represented the beauty, courage, and affection of Marie to his father, requesting his consent to their marriage. The father, however, not only disapproved of it, but commanded his son, under pain of disinheritance and malediction, to prepare to wed a bride whose fortune would increase his own ample store. Overwhelmed with despair, the lovers made a mutual vow to die together. A false sense of duty, however, induced the youth to comply so far with his father's commands as to go to church and plight his faith to the wife chosen for him by his inexorable parent. The moment the ceremony was concluded he turned from his bride, and pushing his father aside with marks of indignation, forced his way through the assembled crowd, and rushed with all his velocity to the well-known summit of Montjauret, where the poor deserted

Marie had arrived before him, faithful to the fatal assignation previously made. He called to her, she heard his voice; but fearing his presence might shake her resolution, she did not wait for his approach, but plunged down a tremendous precipice. The next moment Manech followed her down the gulf, and some days after their mangled bodies were found close together on the rock below.—*Sentinelle of Bayonne.*

SONG OF THE BEES.

BY DR AXIN.

We watch for the light of the morn to break,
And colour the grey eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other— Awake, awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply.'

Then off we lie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the wild wood, and bower.
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The thyme and the rosemary flower.

We seek for the bloom of the eglantine,
The lime, painted thistle, and briar;
And follow the course of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a stage still higher.

As each for the good of the whole is bent,
And stores up its treasure for all,
We hope for an evening with hearts' content,
For the winter of life without lament
That summer is gone, with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall!

A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER.

A cheerful temper—not occasionally, but habitually cheerful—is a quality which no wise man would be willing to dispense with in choosing a wife. It is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial in its influence, and always approached with a confidence that it will comfort and do good. Attention to health is one great means of maintaining this excellence unimpaired, and attention to household affairs is another. The state of body which women call bilious is most inimical to habitual cheerfulness; and that which girls call having nothing to do, but which I should call idleness, is equally so. I have always strongly recommended exercise as the first rule for preserving health; but there is an exercise in domestic usefulness, which without superseding that in the open air, is highly beneficial to the health both of mind and body, inasmuch as it adds to other benefits, the happiest of all sensations, that of having rendered some assistance, or done some good. Let me intreat my young readers, if they ever feel a tendency to causeless melancholy, if they are afflicted with cold feet and headache, but, above all, with impatience and irritability, so that they can scarcely make a pleasant reply when spoken to, let me intreat them to make a trial of the system I am recommending; not simply to run into the kitchen and trifle with the servants, but to set about doing something that will add to the general comfort of the family, and that will, at the same time, relieve some member of the family of a portion of daily toil. I fear it is a very unromantic conclusion to come to, but my firm conviction is, that half the miseries of young women, and half their ill tempers, might be avoided by habits of domestic activity.—*Mrs Ellis.*

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THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

What a dreary affair the business of life must have been before the invention of newspapers! and mankind, what a parcel of poor, idealeess wretches!—with neither home nor foreign politics, price-currents, nor shipping intelligence—*their* brains, as it might be, crammed with ancient lore, *not* knowing nothing of what was occurring in the next town, or even street! To go no farther back than the period which has been called the Augustan age of English literature, the reign of Elizabeth, which boasted of Bacon, and Shakspeare, and Raleigh, and Sidney—how poor with all riches! Imagine a decent company of London citizens met in the evening to enjoy themselves—without newspapers to furnish topics, what on earth could they get to talk about? In these days state affairs were a tabooed subject, unless one chose to run the chance of losing his head, for we find in a recent work relating to the period,* it was deemed little short of treason to be whispering of political matters; and as regarded transactions in other countries, there was no medium by which the public could know anything. Our little party, then, after they had exhausted the everlasting topic of the weather, and that delightful hit-chat about one's neighbours had run out, how could they manage to keep up anything like the appearance of conversation? What ingenious and desperate devices must they not have resorted to! And at length is there not reason to fear that the gentlemen must in despair have taken to drink, and the ladies relapsed into scandal? Alas! with even a record of 'births, deaths, and marriages' to fill their vacuity, what *could* they do?

From what we have gained by the institution of newspapers, some idea may be formed of what we have lost by their non-existence. How much doubt, for example, hangs over the particulars of the life and writings of Shakspeare, which the possession of a cotemporary chronicle of literature would at once clear up! Such a chronicle would probably have revealed to us something like this: 'A new play has just been produced at the Globe Theatre by Mr

Shakspeare,' or, 'We understand Mr Shakspeare will shortly issue a new edition of his play of Hamlet;' or (if we may be allowed to verify Mr Knight's supposition), 'Mr Shakspeare, we are informed, will proceed to Perth with the queen's players,' and various other little morsels of gossip which would have formed an outline at least of the public career of the immortal bard. And it cannot be doubted that from the want of cotemporary newspapers we have lost the history of even much more important matters.

There is one point in which the importance of newspapers can scarcely be over-rated. How many extraordinary monsters and pretendedly miraculous events have been hatched, and all but universally believed in, which would for ever have vanished at the touch of the editor's pen! If, for example, any such supernatural proceedings as were alleged to have taken place at the tomb of St Janus in Paris were occurring now-a-days, our journalists would be at once on the spot, and the whole thing would evaporate into thin air! Their hard heads certainly would never have given credence to the loose evidence which for a time supported the belief of these and similar prodigies. No doubt, had newspapers existed three centuries ago, the great body of the press would have fallen in with and supported the prevailing errors of the age; but it would also have supplied the corrective to these errors by giving birth, and on a grand scale, to a spirit of free inquiry, which would have speedily led to their overthrow.

With these rambling observations we shall proceed to give a rapid outline of the origin and present condition of the newspaper press in our own country.

The earliest publication of a nature similar to the broadsheets of the day appeared amongst the Romans, who were accustomed to insert in their *Acta Diurna* accounts of deaths, trials, executions, accidents, and offences, and other matters of general interest. This record, as the name imports, was issued daily, and supposed to be exposed for popular perusal in the forum. These papers were issued under the auspices of the Caesars, and formed a kind of government gazette. When the practice originated, or when it ceased, we have no means of knowing; but as the state was the originator, we may readily suppose that it would be continued only so long as it suited the convenience of the rulers. At all events, a long and dreary interval (which happily saw the invention of printing) must be passed over before we get another glimpse of anything like a newspaper. And to Germany, the parent of so many great inventions, must, we believe, be ascribed the praise of originating the newspaper in modern Europe, as we find that in several states of that country, *Erzalungen*, as they were called, or relations, began to appear early in the sixteenth century. These were in the form of letters,

* The passage is interesting, as showing the degree of liberty of discussion enjoyed by the Englishmen of the period:—'The seal of the salt monopoly so deeply interested the nation that the subject was canvassed without the walls of Parliament; and whilst this abuse the minister Cecil thus raises his voice: I must needs give you this for a future caution—that whatsoever is subject to a public expectation cannot be good. Why, parliament matters are ordinarily talked of in the streets. I have heard myself, being in my coach, these words spoken aloud—God prosper those that further the overthrow of the monopolies! God send the retrograde touch not our liberty!' I will not wrong any one so much as to imagine he was of this house, yet let me give you this note—that the time was never more apt to disorder, or make ill interpretations of good meanings. I think those persons would be led that all sovereignty were converted into popularity.'—*Tyler's Life of Raleigh*.

without date, place, or number. The first sheets numbered in regular series did not appear till 1612.

About the same period that these embryo broadsheets sprung up in Germany, we find the Venetian government issuing monthly papers or dispatches, containing military and commercial intelligence, though their jealousy would not allow these to be printed. 'A jealous government (says Mr George Chalmers in his life of Bud-diman), would not allow a *printed* newspaper, and the Venetian *gazetta* continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in manuscript.' They were merely read in places appointed for the purpose, to such persons as chose to pay a small coin for the privilege of learning such intelligence as the state thought proper to lay before them. It was in 1611 that the earliest sheets of news were published in England. These related to particular occurrences, such as 'Newes from Spain,' 'Newes out of Germany,' &c., and were printed in the form which became that of the early newspapers. The learned antiquary to whom reference is made above, believed he had discovered certain genuine newspapers belonging to an earlier period (1588), which were found amongst the dusty shelves of the British Museum, and on the strength of this discovery claims for England the merit of originating the first newspapers; but these *Mercurii*, as they were styled, are now believed to have been forgeries perpetrated about the year 1766. Mr Mitchell, in his recent valuable work, the 'Newspaper Press Directory,' thus alludes to these papers: 'They consist of seven articles; of these three are in print and four in manuscript. Mr Watts, to whose acuteness and close investigation the literary world is indebted for the complete exposure of the imposture, disproves the genuineness of the *Mercurii* in various satisfactory ways, not forgetting the total absence of any mention of so remarkable a publication in cotemporary works. Instead of the type being that of two centuries and a half ago, it is that of about a century back. The handwriting of the manuscript is as modern as the type of the printed copies; and the spelling is modern spelling, while in the printed copy it is antiquated. But perhaps the following proof may be deemed still more decisive: 'To the modern character of the writing and spelling, a third anachronism remains to be added; the paper on which the manuscript is written bears the water-mark of the royal arms, with the initials G. R.'

But even were these newspapers the actual products of the age to which they bear to belong, the German relations would still precede them by nearly half a century. The first French newspaper, the *Paris Gazette*, appeared under the auspices of Cardinal Richelieu in 1631.

In England the occasional pamphlets of news published by private parties soon merged into regular issues. In 1621, Nathaniel Butler printed the 'Courant, or Weekly News from Foreign Parts,' which was soon followed up by 'The Certain Newes of this Present Week,' 1622. But the first great stimulus which newspapers received was during the excitable period of the civil war, when they were employed to disseminate amongst the people the sentiments of royalty or rebellion, according as their authors were disposed. The titles of the papers which appeared in these party journals are curious. We find the *Scots Dove* opposed to the *Parliament Kite*, or the *Secret Owl*. Keener animosities produced keener titles: *Heractitus Bidens* found an antagonist in *Democritus Bidens*; and the *Weekly Discoverer* was shortly met by the *Discoverer Stript Naked*. *Mercurius Britannicus* was grappled by '*Mercurius Mastix*, faithfully lashing all *Scouts*, *Mercurii*, *Poste*, *Spies*, and others'—(Curiosities of Literature). It is a curious illustration of the times, that the opposing armies of the king and commonwealth should have carried along with them its own printer, in order to print and circulate their particular views of affairs as they occurred. It was by this means that Scotland first partook in the benefits of the newspaper press, for the first publication of the kind issued in the country was sent from the printing press carried by the army of Cromwell.

These attempts at journalizing, it will be remarked, were mostly designed to serve the purposes of particular governments, and would consequently be viewed with suspicion by a large portion of the public. It was doubtless to remedy this defect that influential parties, anxious to possess authentic intelligence of passing events at distant points, were in the practice of employing agents or correspondents on the spot to transmit any remarkable piece of news. In the family accounts of the house of Clifford in Yorkshire, there appears this entry: 'To Captain Robinson, by my lord's commands, for writing letters of news to his lordship for half a year, £5; and in the council books of the ancient burgh of Ayr, we understand that similar sums are yet to be seen as being paid to a person in Edinburgh whom they employed as a kind of news agent. But this primitive sort of newsmongering could not have been of long duration, as, the example once set, organs of every party, and trustworthy ones too, were as long in appearing. The *Evening Post* began in London, about midsummer 1709, and was published thrice a week. In the same year the *Tatler* came into existence, the object of which was to blend moral essays with the ordinary articles of news. The *Tatler* was followed by the *Spectator*, the only resemblance of which, however, to the newspaper was its containing advertisements. Regular news-sheets soon multiplied in profusion. About the same time which gave birth to Steele and Addison's publications, the first daily newspaper made its appearance; and competitor came into existence so rapidly, and such was the boldness of their speculations, that the government of Queen Anne became alarmed, and bethought themselves of some expedient to lessen the number and decrease the circulation of the newspapers. The *stamp-duty* was the result. The fiscal regulation was brought into operation in August 1, 1712, and its effect on the general newspaper press may be guessed when we mention that the sale of the *Spectator* was in consequence reduced one-half. Swift, in his journal to Stella, thus anticipated the results of the measure:—'Grub Street,' he says, 'has but ten days to live; then an act of Parliament takes place that ruins it by taxing every sheet a halfpenny; and after the act had been three weeks in operation, he thus verifies his anticipations:—'The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medley* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price; I knew not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamps? the papers are marked with? Methinks the stamping is worth a half-penny.'

But notwithstanding this serious bar to the prosperity of newspapers, the public appetite increased so rapidly by what it fed on, that they multiplied in spite of all obstacles, and in 1781, became so numerous that the *Gentleman's Magazine* was started for the express purpose of giving abstracts of the weekly essays in the newspapers of the preceding month. The title-page of the first volume declares that it is 'collected chiefly from the public papers'; and in the advertisement to the first number it observes, 'that newspapers are of late so multiplied as to render it impossible, unless a man make it his business, to consult them all. Upon calculating the number of newspapers, it is found that no less than two hundred half-sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; so that they are become the chief channels of amusement and intelligence.'

The earliest of the English provincial papers is the *Lincoln Mercury* in 1696; the *Yorke Courant* appeared prior to 1700; the *Worcester Journal* in 1706; and the *Newcastle Courant* in 1711. In Scotland, the first general newspaper appears to be the *Edinburgh Caledonian Mercury*, published in 1660. Previously, however, the *Edinburgh Gazette* was published 'by authority' in 1600; and the parent of the Irish press is the *Dublin Evening Post*, in 1725. Notwithstanding the important scenes that up to the year 1750 were acting on the theatre of Europe, and also in England and Scotland, the inventive powers of the editors appear to have frequently been at a stand-still.

they were often puzzled in what manner to fill up their columns, scanty as they still were; and in the latter part of that year, the editor of the *Leicester Journal*—a paper which was printed in London and sent down to Leicester or publication—actually had recourse to the Bible to help him out, and filled up his empty space with extracts from it! He commenced at the beginning of Genesis, and continued the extracts in every succeeding number, chapter by chapter, as far as the tenth chapter of Exodus. Some of the early editors of London newspapers appear to have assumed as many opposite functions as a Jack of all trades. He was,' says the author of *Tales of To-day*, quoted in the *Monthly Magazine*, 'the printer and publisher of his journal, and must have been more like a broker or auctioneer of the present day than any character now known in connexion with the diurnal or weekly press;' and from a string of advertisements from a paper published in 1697, he seems to have been a sort of general voucher for the truth of his advertising friends. The following examples may not be unamusing:—

"If a Hamburg or other merchant, who shall deserve £200 with an apprentice, wants one, I can help."

One has a pert boy about 10 years old, can write, read, and very well recommended; she is willing he should serve some lady or gentleman.

I want a cook maid for a merchant.

I sell chocolate made of best nuts without spice or perfume, and with vinelloes and spice, from 4s. to 10s. the pound, and I know them to be a great helper of bad stomachs, and restorative to weak people, and I'll answer for their goodness.

If any will sell a free estate within 80 miles of London, with or without a house, to the value of £100 the year or thereabout, I can help to a customer.

If any have a place belonging to the law, or otherwise, that is worth £1000 or £1200 I can help to a customer.

If any divine or their relics have complete sets of MS. sermons upon the Apostles and Gospels, the Church Catechism or Festivals, I can help to a customer.

A fair house in East Cheap, next to the Flowerdellis, now in the tenure of a smith, with a fair yard laid with freestone, and a vault underneath, with a cellar under the shop, done with the same stone, is to be sold: I have the disposal of it.

I believe I could furnish all the nobility and gentry in England with valuable servants, and such as I can have very good recommendations.

Mr David Rose, chirurgeon and man midwife, lives at the first brick house on the right hand in Gun Yard, Houndsditch, near Aldgate, London. I have known him these twenty years.

I want an apprentice for an eminent tallow-chandler.

I know several men and women, whose friends would gladly have them matched; which I'll endeavour as from time to time I shall hear of such whose circumstances are likely to agree; and if they will come to me it shall be done with all the honour and secrecy imaginable. Their own parents shall not manage it more to their satisfaction: and the more comes to me, the better I shall be able to serve 'em."

The modern newspaper is a very different affair from any of these primitive broadsheets. These generally consisted of four or sometimes two small pages, while the newspaper of the present day usually embraces in its columns as much matter as would make an ordinary volume. A single copy of the *Times*, with its supplement, would more than swallow up the whole contents of a three-volume novel. At the present moment there are 550 newspapers in existence in the United Kingdom, about 50 of which are issued in London alone. The amount of capital, information, and mechanical skill necessary to the efficient production of this immense mass of knowledge, is something almost beyond calculation. Let us attempt an estimate of the mere amount of employment afforded through this means. Of the 550 papers, there are twelve issued

daily, a considerable proportion thrice a-week, and by far the greater number only once; but let us take the average issue of the whole at twice each week. Now, we happen to know that a paper of this description employs in editors, reporter, clerks, compositors, &c., some thirty-five persons, which number, multiplied by the whole existing newspapers, gives the amazing product of 19,250 individuals in this country who are dependent on the broadsheet for their daily bread. The dozen of daily papers alone employ not less than 200 persons each, which gives to this section of the press some 2400 individuals. Of the way in which these people are employed, and also as regards the mechanical arrangements of a London daily paper, we propose offering a few details, on the accuracy of which our readers may rely.

The *Times* employs about 120 compositors, upwards of a dozen readers, overseers, &c., twenty-four machine-men and boys; being 160 persons in all connected with the printing department; which number, however, considerably exceeds that of the other daily papers. In the counting-house, only four clerks are usually employed—an amount of superintendence in this department which appears trifling, but which is explained by the fact that the whole publication of the paper is managed by newsmen, or persons who make a trade of newspaper agency, and who form no part of the regular establishment. In the reporting department there are (exclusive of penny-a-liners) about 25 persons, viz., seventeen parliamentary reporters, one director or superintendent, one writer of summaries (who sits in the gallery of the House of Commons along with the other reporters, and there prepares his condensations of the speeches), and five or six reporters who attend the law courts. A word as to the penny-a-liners. This is an army of volunteers not connected permanently with any office. They attend the law courts, inquests, fires, executions, &c., of their own accord, and with the help of a manifold writer, prepare copies of their productions for all the morning papers, who either accept or reject them wholly or partially as they may find convenient. If they are rejected, the writers have no claim upon the paper, but if accepted they receive twopence per line—formerly it was a penny—and hence their name. There is great competition in this department, five or six reports of the same affair being sometimes sent to one paper. Of course it is the duty of the editor or his assistants to select the one most suitable. The penny-a-line copy is known by the name of the *flysey*, from the thin paper on which it is usually written.

There is one editor who directs the whole literary arrangement of the paper, suggests subjects for leaders,* instructs the reporters what meetings to attend, and decides all points referred to him respecting the contents of the paper. Then there are several gentlemen who write the leaders, an editor of the foreign department, and a writer of the city article;† there is also a sub-editor, who manages the compiling from other papers, and other details. Then there are the writers of reviews of books, theatrical notices, concerts, fine arts, who are only partially connected with the paper—that is, they are employed only on particular occasions.

As to the yearly expenditure of a London daily newspaper, it is impossible to furnish anything like a correct idea, but we are told by a gentleman well informed on the subject, that the expenses of the *Times* will probably amount to the sum of £100,000 a-year, certainly not less, and in some cases more. The parliamentary reporting alone costs about £100 per week, and the law reporting

* This now important division of a newspaper is a recent innovation. Mr Mitchell thus explains its origin—During the French Revolution, Mr Flower, of the *Cambridge Journal*, introduced the commentary upon public events, now called the leading article. This we believe to be the first instance in the provincial press. In 1801, the *Leds Mercury* became the property of Mr Edward Baines, the late M.P. for that borough, who forthwith published leading articles. It was some time, however, before these meritorious examples were universally followed.

† In some papers—the *Morning Chronicle*, for instance—there is an editor of the railway department.

upwards of £30. For penny-a-line matter there cannot be less than £20 per week. The salaries of the parliamentary reporters are seven and five guineas per week—the older hands having the larger sum, and the younger hands the lesser. When on duty away from town, they are allowed in addition a guinea a-day for inn expenses, besides all their travelling outlay. Many of them add considerably to their incomes from other sources: several are barristers and solicitors, others are private correspondents to country newspapers, while a few of them are authors. Of parliamentary reporters connected with the London press, there must be nearly 150, of whom more than one half are Irish, the remainder being Scotch and English; the Scotch are the least numerous, but they are increasing.

The mode in which the reporting is managed is this: At the commencement of the session the names are arranged, by ballot or otherwise, in a certain order, which is preserved throughout the session. The first hour of the Lords or Commons (which is usually occupied with the presentation of petitions) is generally taken by the same person (a sexagenarian perhaps), who is afterwards free for the night. The rest of the gentlemen take half an hour each, in the order of their names, so long as both houses sit. When either house adjourns at or before ten o'clock, turns of twenty minutes commence at that hour, and continue till eleven, after which the turns are fifteen minutes each. If the houses sit very late, each reporter may have two or three turns in an evening. When the business is more than usually important, the turns are sometimes reduced to ten minutes each.

As soon as his turn is finished, the reporter proceeds as fast as he can to the office with which he is connected, to transcribe his notes. The gentlemen connected with the *Times* have cabs waiting them at the door of the houses to carry them to the office. In the other papers a small sum is given to each reporter at the end of the session to pay cab-hires. The usual time for transcribing a heavy turn of thirty minutes is three hours, but experienced hands are able to do it in less. But there are many turns which are comparatively light; such as when an unimportant member addresses the house, and his speech is not reckoned worth giving at length, or during divisions, &c., when the reporter will transcribe his notes in an hour, or less. A half-hour turn, if written out in full, usually occupies about a column and a half or a column and a quarter of the newspaper. Where documents are quoted by members in the course of their speeches, they are generally furnished, upon request, to one of the papers, which supplies the others with duplicates. Members very seldom furnish their own speeches, but occasionally they do. Mr Sheil used to do so frequently, because, from the peculiarity of his style, the reporters had the greatest difficulty in catching his expressions.

In the case of important meetings in the provinces—often at the distance of several hundred miles—reporters are sent from the London papers to report the proceedings, returning with special trains, which cost about seven shillings per mile. The feats that are performed in the way of rapidity are sometimes extraordinary. A meeting takes place at a town, say two hundred miles from the metropolis, between the hours of seven and ten in the evening, and a full report of the proceedings appears in the London papers of the following morning, and may perhaps be lying on the tables of the inhabitants of the town in which the meeting took place soon after breakfast! The reporters manage to transcribe their notes in the railway train; so that by the time they reach London their *copy* is ready to be put into the printers' hands. The expense of reporting a meeting under such circumstances will sometimes amount to £10 a column, or more.

As an instance of spirit on the part of a London newspaper, we may mention, that admission having, on one occasion, been refused to a reporter to a meeting of the governors of a certain charity, whose proceedings were regarded as important, the reporter inquired how much it took to qualify a person to act as governor, and being informed that £100 was necessary, he was at once authorised

to give an order on the bank for the sum. He then took his seat as a governor, and discharged his duties as a reporter in that character!

There is another great source of expense connected with the London daily newspapers, and that is the foreign news. Correspondents are stationed in almost all parts of the habitable globe, especially where there is any thing of interest going on; in America, in the East or West Indies in China, in Africa, in Australia, and large sums are paid for their communications, and for the expresses by which they are brought to London.

On Monday the 11th May the *Times* had no fewer than 1650 advertisements, occupying 63 columns. This was an unusually large number, but there are seldom fewer than 40 columns occupied with advertisements. On this occasion the paper was double the usual size—that is, it consisted of sixteen pages of six columns each, being a printed area of thirty-nine square feet, or a space of nearly ten feet by eight, and containing about as much matter as two monthly parts of the *INSTRUCTOR*; and all this vast body of matter printed, and the greater part of it written, within the space of a few hours.

Readers of newspapers must often have been struck to find in the London papers leading articles of great ability, commenting on a debate, or on some incident in a debate, which had taken place only an hour or two before the paper itself was printed; consequently the articles must have been written on the very spur of the moment, and without any time for deliberation or consultation, while they frequently display all the graces of style and all the learning and research which characterise the most elaborate productions of leisure and retirement. One wonders how the writers could have made themselves at all familiar with the debate, seeing that they cannot be present at it, their other duties requiring their attendance elsewhere. But the thing is managed thus: Each reporter, as he returns from the gallery to the office, before he sits down to write out his notes, announces to a person in charge what subject has been under discussion during his turn, the members who have spoken, the drift of the argument, or any other thing worth mentioning. This is reported to the editor, and if he discovers in it any matter for a leader, the manuscript of the reporter is procured as soon as ready, or a proof of it obtained, from which a leader is immediately written. In this way the editor is made familiar with what is going on in Parliament at every half hour or quarter of an hour during the whole of the evening.

Here we must conclude the subject for the present. In a future number we shall endeavour to present a sketch of some of the more prominent members and characteristics of the French newspaper press.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

REV. ADAM THOMSON, D.D.

NOT many years ago, the great deficiency in a Scottish clergyman's character was his inaction. He kept a locality like a vegetable, and had persecution devised a vagrant act, it must have been one of peculiar stringency to have reached him. His life was truly a *settlement*, and his library was his sphere of labour. His bodily and mental energies were always put forth in the same routine, so that as to his movements you could have predicated as confidently as of a steady coach—where, at what hour, and at what work you might find him. New designs never appeared on the horizon of his mind, new plans and means never dropped down the chimney into his hands, stretched forth to enjoy the warmth of his home fire. Rarely was he the inventor, the advocate, or even the speedy adopter of any scheme of improvement either in civil or ecclesiastical affairs; but he turned slowly, like a satisfied spoke in the old wheel. Seldom did he take advantage of his geographical attainments to make the tour of his own county, so that both body and mind had a steady 'whereabout'. A speech on some ecclesiastical subject (not *project*) was all the liberty that he gave his mind; and a short mar-

rage-trip once a life (for if the worthy man entered twice into wedlock, he just led the second wife to the tombstone of the first for profitable study), a presbytery visit once a year, and a synod excursion once a *lustrum*, made with an ambitious aim at the moderation of his body, marked the limits of erratic indulgence assigned to his body. Times are altered: ministers do keep a portmanteau now, and eke a journal; they do bestir themselves intellectually, and public spirit has a large infusion of clerical energy. They patronise unparochial railways, and send from the press works which are *not* sermons.

In the days of rest there was one notable and honourable exception—Dr Adam Thomson of Coldstream; and in those of motion he is still one of the best examples. Surely the period of his *cradleshadow* must have been brief, and his powers of walking early. We can only think of him as a truant from school and an absentee from his father's house. The boy must have had the mercurial character of the man. His various works are not more conclusive proofs of the restless activity of his mind, than they are blessed agents of truth to all sections of Christ's visible church, and of peace and love to all. As a writer, speaker, and traveller, he has often taken the field and the road in different latitudes. Look at any bookseller's shop window, and you will be greeted with the pleasant sight of one of the doctor's pamphlets or volumes, and what for his long fame is better still—his *Bibles*. Enter any temple of any sect, and you may be startled by the sound of his powerful voice. Inspect any stables, from the one end of the town to the other, and you may find the doctor's horse. Indeed, when we heard that America had anticipated and prevented the gift of this country in awarding him a diploma, we asked ourselves, 'Has he been *there* too?' Yet to his honour it must be recorded, that great wanderer as he has been, Coldstream, the town of his birth, is also the town of his residence, and that amid all his mental labours, the Bible has found in him a constant and able expositor, and latterly its noble and chief propagandist.

As our readers must have seen the man who has so much of omnipresence in the kingdom, we need not fully describe his appearance. The doctor is by no means bulky, having but a slight incarnation. Small in stature, nature has not deemed it necessary to give him a compensation of breadth. His head, though not large, is finely proportioned, and is expressive of power. The face has a foreign caste as well as complexion, and is therefore highly interesting to the man who is wearied with the sameness of feature and meaning so prevalent. The brow is lofty, and used to have a triangular shape from a front wig, which, in these phrenological times, when it is prudent to be bare if not even bald, the doctor has laid aside. His eye has uncommon quickness and brilliancy, and possesses, not the spell which fascinates and woos ladies, but that which commands men. The other features are in close keeping, and the lower part is moulded for decision, and is only deficient in the facility of signifying all fluctuating emotions; but this may be through age, which, in making wrinkles, ploughs up that delicacy of form, outline, and texture, which gives transparency to mental life.

Allied to this point of the sketch is the question of his delivery. His figure, being small, is manageable, and all its movements are easy, graceful, and energetic. Scottish preachers, generally, imitate the repose of Lot's wife. The English, on the other hand, are somewhat fond of theatrical waves of the hand, thrusts of the arm, and wrigglings of the body; and we have seen many of them literally walking, with the Bible pressed fondly to their breast, whilst they careered round the pulpit with most grotesque swiftness. Dr Thomson has formed his style of action from both, after a just 'Comparative View of English and Scotch Dissenters.' His voice is singularly sonorous, and when brought to a low key suiting a pathetic or serious sentiment, has most musical modulations, free from all angles of sound, whilst, when it rises into the tempest of declamation, it has a prophet's tone. It is rather unequal, for after a rousing climax of tones, occasionally there comes a dead

should not, indeed, be given with equal force, any more than they should have been composed with a level power; but Dr Thomson now and then mars the unquestionable effectiveness of his delivery by too wide a contrast.

The primary characteristic of the doctor's mind is a *balanced motion*. It has an inherent restlessness, a constitutional impetus, but all the faculties go together harmoniously and judiciously under this natural impulse. It is not wonderful that some individuals are noted for self-regulation, since such seldom move, and are quite stationary. The tortoise surely merits no praise for its sedate and regular march. Others who are distinguished for activity, display no good caution or judgment in taking the step, and little harmony of all the powers in prosecuting the way. Such rush to a point, *minus* a great part of themselves, and are like horses that have thrown off their masters and left them far behind. Dr Thomson's imagination is not brought prominently forward; his power of abstract reasoning and subtle disquisition is not individually manifested; his wit does not startle or convulse, because they are all matched. Our opinions of a person's intellect are often too high, because one power is brought out strongly, whereas, were the other powers brought out as strongly, he would cease to receive our admiration. Dr Thomson never transports us to the regions of sunny idealism, where feelings and thoughts are sublimed and purified in the *haedes* of truth. Nor does he bear us on through the regular details and connexions of a subject, disclosing facts and laying bare their hidden principles, analysing these principles into elements and combining them into powers. Nor does he, by a slight disarrangement of appearances, invest the forms and features of objects with the irresistibly ludicrous, for simple and pure wit consists in putting things *awry*—just a little off the true perpendicular. In his productions there is a subtle union of all his powers, a carefully exact indulgence of each. Symmetry is often fatal to the appearance of size, harmony seems to weaken strength, combination to swallow up the greatness of each constituent. Venus never appeared tall, nor Apollo muscular. The doctor's powers would have been more generally appreciated if they had wanted what to us is their noblest recommendation, their perfectly equal development and exercise. Persons of superficial observation, seeing nothing to *protrude*, see nothing to lay hold of. They can only admire the *terrific Roman nose*.

The doctor's first publication was a volume of sermons on Death. This is a subject on which it is absolutely painful to listen to many preachers. They either make it gross by descriptions of corporeal pangs, or they make it ludicrously refined by the most whining sentimentality. They either shake from the black pall a noisome stench and blast of the grave's corruption, or they shake from their own finely-scented cambric handkerchiefs a gentle tear. Sacred, we have often then said in the most glowing indignation, be such a subject from these unworthy hands. Dr Thomson in these sermons (republished lately in his volume of 'Consolation for Christian Mourners') avoids these common errors. Some of them were preached on the occasion of his brother's death, and the grief they express is beautifully blended with the hopes they breathe. Sorrow, if not altogether crushing, can prompt and nerve the mind for great achievements; for it gives a pungent and deep sense of being in a world of *realities*, and we awake and know what *life* is when we see *death*. Something the 'hand findeth to do' after it has touched and pressed in vain for sympathy the cold and blue hand of some beloved one. At all events, when in the valley of the shadow of death, the mind forgets its trifles and ceases to expend itself in frivolities, and through its placid yet sombre thoughts there is breathed a deep inspiration which rarely is felt by that mind when conscious of greater energy, but when it is not in the same afflicted state.

The work by which the doctor is most generally known as an author, is his 'Comparative View of English and Scotch Dissenters.' He evidently writes from a varied, ex-

dice as could reasonably be expected. The respective advantages of the systems under which the English and the Scotch dissenters are trained, he impartially points out, and he delineates truthfully the characters of the two races of ministers. He is not equally happy in his comparison of their different styles of preaching. The great aim of the English is to produce an impression on the feelings. If they were to lay aside their garments to wrestle, their design would not be more obvious. When we look at the calm and imperceptible face of a Scotsman, we expect a clear exposition. Why are the Scottish people, more than the English, inveterately opposed to *read* sermons? Our answer though a novel is a true one—there is so much of the dry and didactic in the style of our preaching, that it would be absolutely intolerable if allied with the reading system. Again, one amusing point of difference Dr Thomson has overlooked. Among the English dissenters there is a marked observance of times and seasons, and a warm devotion to peculiar services. We have heard funeral sermons preached every fortnight, in which case they lose their character as a *special* service. When a minister dies, though it be in the back woods of America, and though the intelligence be considerably out of date, a few of the English dissenters have been known to *improvise* his death. When a member of the congregation is away from home, the minister will pray in public, long and fervently, for travelling mercies to and fro, though the journey be only twenty miles. He is a great favourite with the ladies, for he ‘remembers’ all their interesting family epochs, and gets an invitation to tea after he has done his duty. And as for the new-year services, *they last about three months*, until, in the strictest sense, the new-year becomes old. In all the prayer meetings, Sabbath schools, monthly dispensations of the Lord’s supper, and weekly ministrations, from the 1st of December to the end of February, the new-year is introduced. It is questionable whether it be not dangerous to make Christianity a thing of times and seasons. Certainly it is ludicrous to dress it up for Christmas and the new-year, as if no argument could bear so effectively upon the sinner, as a text from the almanac, stating that it was the 1st of January, and therefore high time to be religious. Now, Scotch preachers avoid this extreme. We should have liked had the ‘Comparative View’ noted some of those particulars which do not lie far beneath the surface of observation. The author, in his own peculiar felicity of wit, could have brought out quietly, though not on that account less effectively, much of the ludicrous.

Dr Thomson has also published many controversial pamphlets; of which we will offer no opinion, save to eulogise their talent and courteous spirit. Their sarcasm is playful, and its exercise is a pleasant bout of fencing with ‘hits—palpable hits,’ and not earnest gladiatorialship, in which the thrusts are keen and deadly. Even when it is the ‘unbated’ weapon with which he strikes, it merely pierces, and he leaves it in the wound, not slowly and in triumph drawing it back to let out the life-blood of his opponent. Ours, perhaps, is no amiable feeling, and we may be fools for confessing it; but we do delight rarely in seeing a literary combat, even to the death, yet all in honour—the champions too gentle to wrong, too stern to spare each other, and ever crossing the fatal swords along the golden rule!

The doctor has also prepared ‘Outlines for the Pulpit’—skeleton sermons to assist and lighten clerical labour. But all ministers who have any intellectual pretensions, will treat these as Samuel Johnson did the new shoes which charity had placed at his door—they will stand in their own ‘outlines,’ as Samuel would in his own shoes, however mean and ragged. Away with such helps, however excellent! they will indignantly exclaim. But the best and least ephemeral of Dr Thomson’s publications is the ‘Consolation for Christian Mourners.’ Brilliant eloquence would have been out of place in such a volume. Mild and soft should be the light which greets weeping eyes. Gently and with tender touch, and low sweet voice, should thoughts steal into the heart of agony. The very

heaven of hope should be made to shade its bright gleam and calm its raptures of music, when it overarches the chamber of affliction. The very Saviour himself was transfigured in pity when he stood beside the scene of distress and so should his gospel. In the ‘Consolation’ a chaste fervour of thought was required, and it has been put forth. The sublimest truths are introduced, and like their Divine Teacher at the grave of his friend, they seem to have gotten or intermitted their proper vocation, and bend their course in sympathy to comfort the sorrowful. The doctor has not confined his message to one class of mourners, but he addresses all classes, and with happy success suits the truth to each.

We come to speak (and it must be far more briefly than the theme claims) of his grand and crowning achievement—the abolition of the Scotch monopoly for the printing Bibles, and the organisation of a company, which, to so extent, counteracts the evils perpetrated by the English monopoly. This would have been enough to immortalise every member of a numerous society, and would have given high fame to a whole church: what a portion of honour must it then be for one man! One name covers the monumental pillar which could have given clear as golden legibility to a thousand names. Never has a national thanksgiving, either to God or man, been voted in more blessed results than the free circulation of the Scriptures. Yet the doctor has neither been spoiled by kindness nor ruined by flattery. Friends and foes have been most exemplary in striving to keep him humble. Eulogy might have poisoned him! oh, then, let us do our neighbour harm! Like the cautious relations of a youth who has been born to a princely fortune, they never mention his future inheritance. No public testimonial has been presented him, save a ticket to a small and obscure dinner-party in his own town. It has also been tried to strip him of the reputation to which he is entitled as the chief and almost single agent in the destruction of the monopoly; for we are all ready to help a brother (supposed to be weak) with his *burden of fame*, and however unwilling to take part with him in his labours, we have no objection to bear as or all of the reward. A late number of the North British Review, in a lengthy notice of Anderson’s ‘Annals of the English Bible,’ has the following:—‘The monopoly was brought down by three private individuals—J Childs of Bungay, Dr Thomson of Coldstream, and J Campbell of London. The latter gentleman threw all his characteristic energy into the movement, and by his accurate calculations and powerful appeals through the press contributed largely to arouse the public mind.’ That paragraph must either have been written by Dr Thomson himself or by an enemy. It was either self-modesty or envy of another, which places him in comparative obscurity. The paper makes no mention of his arduous course of voluntary efforts, though it expatiates profusely upon King James’s ‘Progress,’ and enters minutely into the expenses of his coronation, which surely have a very remote connexion with the ‘Annals of the English Bible.’ But a close examination of the events of late years would have shown the prominent part which Dr Thomson took. Mr Childs from first to last, gave him valuable assistance, but was the assistance of a tradesman merely; and Dr Campbell came up to him at the eleventh hour; while I Thomson stands forth as the man who did the work. For the destruction of the Scotch monopoly in the printing Bibles, and for the bold yet sagacious invention and preparation of plans which ensure immediately and universally the advantages of unparalleled cheapness and improved accuracy, connected with a free circulation of the Divine word, he has been by the most marked signs set apart, and by the most certain proofs qualified. Distinguished as an author for vigorous and close thinking and as a man for a highly sensitive public spiritened and for an incomparable will which moves with singular silence, and spends its breath and energy in deeds and in words, he was adapted for the noble undertaking, as he has gained the end, amid the active and virulent opposition of those who were his enemies, and amidst the fit-

veering on of those who ought to have been his zealous friends. The monopoly was a wicked one—an exclusive ade for lucre in God's word. Such an evil in Scotland as been swept away by the single exertions of Dr Thomson; and the honour given, must be a tangible particle the honour due, ere we shall think of measuring either tactly. There is no need at present for balancing accounts. When the payment is anything near to the debt, will be time to state definitely what the debt is. The hurch through all her denominations has been too late help; let her now hasten to approve and thank!

THE PASTRY-COOK'S SON.

The boy will ruin me, and destroy my temper; *corpo de co*—the ortolan is burned to a cinder.'

'Yes, father; and, as we live by cooking, the caparata set on.'

'But the curd florentine is done to a tee, Jacomo, my husband; oh, don't be too hard upon the child.'

'Child! he's fourteen years of age,' shouted the pastry-cook; 'and unless he mends his manners he'll herd with the lazaroni right soon.'

'I'm sure he's a gentle boy, Jacomo,' said the pastry-cook's wife, mildly: 'he is obedient and gentle.'

'So obedient that he neglects my orders, and so gentle hat he can't turn the spit. I tell you, Cara Inezza, as I have often told you, that the boy hasn't brain to become a pastry-cook.'

Inezza looked beseechingly at her husband, and then she looked kindly on her delinquent son. A mother is the ast to believe her children stupid; and although the overlong ortolan and the destroyed caparatas were before her eyes, yet Inezza could not believe that her own dear Gaspar was so stupid after all. 'It is not often he falls into these mistakes,' said the mother, in her sweetest softest tones. 'Mistakes will happen with the wisest people you know, Jacomo.'

'Not often!' cried the enraged pastry-cook, flourishing the spit which transfixed the burned fowl, and cutting the figure eight, to the dismay of his wife and two sons—'Not often! Did he not allow Padre Michaela's dinner to spoil yesterday? although there is not a hungrier or more fastidious priest in Pisa; did he not capsize a bowl of violet cream the day before yesterday? and did he not present Padre Pietro with a beef-pie last Friday? which the good man did not discover till he came to pay, and then he saw that it was not an omelette he had been served with, but beef. I got nothing for the food, and was glad to escape with such small penance, for that dullhead Gaspar's mistake.'

The mother was silenced; she had nothing further to urge in favour of her youngest boy; for she knew that his father's words were too true. But her inability to defend him made her cling the more fondly to his cause; so sitting down beside him, she twined one arm round his waist, and smoothed down his dark glossy hair with her other hand.

Jacomo Geletza was a pastry-cook of established fame and of extensive practice in Pisa. His shop was frequented by sailors, tradesmen, and churchmen; and it would have been the resort of poets and painters too, if Jacomo had kept open table, and dispensed his viands gratis. Jacomo was also a man of good repute: he heard mass once a week, and kept the freshest of edibles. The force of circumstances might have influenced him greatly in these respects, for many of his customers were ecclesiastics, and the cathedral was close at hand, and then his stock was so quickly discussed that it never had time to foist. No matter, Jacomo had plenty of employment; and as he was a sharp man, and had discovered that his customers never manifested any abatement in their desire to eat, he concluded that his was a permanent profession, so he determined to teach it to his sons. His eldest son, Giovanni, was a pleasure to the pastry-cook, for he was so acute that he could roast, boil, broil, and truss, after the shortest period of instruction imaginable. But Gaspar was a source of disquietude and loss to his father from the first

day that he had put on a white apron. Jacomo had scolded, threatened, and even beaten him; and Giovanni, always ready to take example from his father, had also begun to treat his younger brother contemptuously, and to browbeat and threaten him when they were alone.

Anybody that looked at Gaspar Geletza would have been at a loss to discover any index of that stupidity which was so fertile a source of domestic disquietude. His hair was as black and glossy as that of a Malay, his eyes of the deepest jet, and except when he stood at the shop-board or oven, or wept at the castigations of his father, they wore a mild and intelligent expression. The brow of the boy was lofty and expansive, and its fullness gave his face a look of heaviness. But his aquiline nose and small mouth, and the clearness of his transparent olive complexion, relieved the apparent heaviness wonderfully, and rendered his face extremely prepossessing.

Gaspar's form was slight; but he was active and strong, and his mother looked upon him as a model of beauty. Giovanni was an ordinary-looking lad, diligent and attentive to his work; and for this his father loved him. Gaspar was handsome and inattentive, and he was his mother's favourite. We do not mean to say that his mother loved him for the idleness he displayed, but his father punished and declaimed against him so frequently, that Inezza felt herself doubly attached to the child of her affection, from the misfortune of his suffering his father's wrath. He was a wayward boy Gaspar, and he had always been so. He used to wander by the banks of the Arno gazing on the gallies; and he often wondered to himself at the power which had constructed them; and he would think upon their forms and positions, and try to fashion rude transcripts of them. He delighted to roam in Il Campo Santo, and measure in his mind's eye the height and inclination of the hanging tower; and he would sit for hours in the cathedral, like one entranced, gazing upon the altar-piece and its companion pictures; but he would neither learn to bake nor stew, and so his father beat him. Jacomo Geletza had been so frequently constrained to punish and admonish his son Gaspar, that he fairly grew tired of chastising the obdurate boy, and partly from paternal affection, and partly through the instigation of Giovanni, he determined to send him to some profession for which his humble talents might fit him.

It was night, and Giovanni and his father and mother were sitting in their little snug back parlour, while Gaspar lay coiled up in his crib. The face of Inezza was troubled and thoughtful, for she saw that Jacomo was brooding over Gaspar's delinquencies, and having sent the boy to bed to escape the storm, she knew that the passionate Italian must expend his wrath on some one before he went to bed. She was sad therefore as she plied her needle, and ever and anon watched the cloudy face of her husband, while her eldest son devoured the damaged ortolan.

'Yes, Inezza, it must be so—I can put up with it no longer,' said Jacomo, at last breaking silence, and almost breaking some of his brown ware, as he struck the table with his clenched hand, and startled both Inezza and Giovanni from their occupations—'I can't and I won't submit to it.'

'To what, Jacomo?' said his wife mildly.

'To the torture and loss I endure through that boy whom you have contrived to spoil,' said the husband harshly.

'Oh, Jacomo!' said Inezza, with a deprecating look and tearful eye, 'you are harsh.'

'I will be harsher,' said Jacomo, still angrily; 'for I will drive him out amongst the lazaroni of Pisa to beg his bread.'

'His pretty face would gain him plenty of alms,' said his mother, with a woman's pride, and an Italian woman's vivacity.

'You have taught him to believe so, and he thinks of nothing else,' said Jacomo. 'There is not a calf's head in my shop but is of more value than his, however.'

Inezza felt so shocked at this comparison that she did not venture to reply; and Jacomo, crossing his legs, seemed lost for some time in reflection.

'I have it,' he at length exclaimed, slapping his hand on his thigh—'I know what he is fit for: he will string rhymes, and go with his elbows out, and people will call him a poet; or he will get a portfolio below his arm, and roam about the country like an idle vagabond, drawing and sketching every piece of nonsense, and then he'll be called an artist. He is unfit for any useful profession, and that will be his fate.'

'Make him a priest, father,' said Giovanni; 'he will be sure of his food and raiment. It would grieve my mother to see him a poor poet or painter, you know; so do make him a priest.'

Gaspar heard his brother make this proposal, and his blood ran cold. The boy loved freedom; and he dreaded with instinctive horror the idea of being immured within high black walls, that looked so like the grave of human brotherhood, and the heart's affection for nature.

'A priest!' cried Inezza—'make my boy a priest! Never! They would shave his beautiful hair, and make him wear a cowl, and they would hide his pretty figure in a coarse ugly toga. No, no, Jacomo—anything but a priest.'

'Inezza,' said the husband, after a few minutes' reflection, 'I think that a priest is the only profession for which he is adapted. If he ever shrives one sinner, he will do more good than he is likely to do as a pastry-cook all the days of his life.'

'But think, Jacomo—they will cut out his beautiful black hair.'

'If they put sense into his skull the exchange will be to his advantage. I tell you, Inezza, Giovanni is right: he is fitted only for a priest; at least I can make him so through my influence with some of the fathers. I shall speak to Padre Michaels to-morrow, and see if I can get him entered into the Collegio della Santa Donna, and there I am sure he will never be kitchener, or else the good fathers may look out for a dinner.'

Inezza pled hard for a commutation of poor Gaspar's sentence—only one trial more and then she would submit to him receiving any punishment; but Jacomo was inexorable; he had tried him times without number upon the same plea, and he was determined not to yield any more; so when his parents and brother retired to rest it was settled that Gaspar should pass the rest of his life in a cloister.

Jacomo had so settled it; but the person chiefly concerned, whom we take to be Gaspar himself, far from entering into the spirit of the matter, far from reciprocating the feelings of his parent, quietly put a negative upon the whole arrangement by rising from his bed during the night and leaving his father's home. Gaspar did not know which way to bend his steps; and when he was gone he did not know to what he would apply himself; but the contemptuous expressions which his father had used concerning him, and which he had lain and brooded over, had so effectually roused his pride that he would rather have carried water from the Arno than have cooked another potato in the shop of his father. 'My father is right,' muttered Gaspar, 'I have been careless; but I am not the doit he takes me to be.' And if anybody had seen the mantling of the fire of enthusiasm to the boy's dark eyes as he said so, they would have believed him. 'It was not fair of Giovanni to wish me to be immured in a monastery; but perhaps he said it for the best,' continued the youth, muttering to himself. 'I who love the green fields, the groves, the hills, and the ivy-clustered ruins so well. It would kill me to deprive me of them.' He walked on in the direction of the Arno, which is spanned by three bridges, and passing along one of them he stood and gazed into the rolling flood. The evening was very still; the galleys lay moored to the quay, and the sentinels paced their solitary rounds on the ramparts of the city. Gaspar knew that it was of no use for him to attempt to leave Pisa until the gates were opened in the morning to admit the dealers in fruit and other vegetables, unless he swam up or down the river, and risked a bullet from the arquebuss of the sentinel; so laying his folded arms on the parapet of

the various mishaps which his want of attention had involved him in, and he blamed himself severely. He thought of the beatings and scoldings of his father, and he wondered if kindness could have induced him to do better; and then he thought of his mother, and he burst into tears. 'Ah, mother, I will let you see that I am not the body that my father thinks,' he said, with a tearful eye; 'I will yet be something more than a Pisa pastry-cook.'

Next day Gaspar Geletta was walking with a careworn look through the streets of Florence. He was weary and depressed in spirits, for he was houseless and homeless, and knew not where to rest himself or lay his head. There passed him many a cavalier and lady, the price of whose perfume would have furnished him with many a dinner; but they did not know that Gaspar was hungry, and so they passed on without noticing him. Florence! the beautiful and grand—the glory and pride of Tuscany! Who has not heard of the Pitti Palace and of the Venus de Medici? Who has not heard of that race who expended untold wealth in the encouragement of art, and combined in their dwelling all that was rare, beautiful, and excellent? The family of Medicis is gone, but their names are not forgotten. Their liberality encouraged struggling genius, and purchased for themselves immortality; for their fame is linked with that of the earth's immortals. The works of Cleomenes and Praxiteles adorn their halls. Michael Angelo, Salvator Rosa, and Gaspar Poussin, have left records of their glory in the Pitti Palace, and the chapel of St Lorenzo is a posthumous monument of the liberality of the Florentine princes. Michael Angelo had been dead shortly before the son of the pastry-cook wandered into Florence; but what did he know of Michael Angelo? Art was declining in Italy, and a host of pismires had usurped the place of its grand masters. The marks of the chisel were still fresh on the bust of M. Brutus, and the incomparable Bacchus was scarcely from the artist's hand; but what was that to poor Gaspar Geletta—he was hungry, and although an Italian, he could not have thought of anything but himself at that time. He crawled along the streets, and gazed into the shops of the noblemen who sold wine, but they did not bestow any charity, so he wandered on, and set himself down on the step of a great man's door.

The steps of great men's doors have been rendered famous in history. Foundlings have been picked up from them, foundlings have been caressed on them, the weary have rested on them, and the feeble have there died. If we mistake not, it was on such a seat that the celebrated Whittington was discovered before he had become possessor of fame and his celebrated cat; and Trotty Veck ate upon such a table his Christmas dinner. It was about dinner time, that is, to those who had a dinner, when poor Gaspar sat him down. If the smell of excellent viands could have satisfied his appetite, he might have felt most comfortable, for the delicious aroma of roast, fried, and broiled, came floating gently past his nostrils, telling him tales of his father's shop, and of his own empty stomach; ay, and reminding him of his present destitute condition. Exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the poor boy stretched his limbs upon the step; and as his prospects of food were vague and distant, and the sun was bright and intense, he dropped into a deep slumber, as many people have done both before and after him, having no other alternative for dinner.

'Hello there! get up, you dormouse!' shouted a sturdy fellow in the ear of the sleeper; at the same time seconding this stentorian apostrophe by a vigorous application of his foot, which sent Gaspar dancing into the street, while he roared lustily and rubbed his eyes.

'Shame, miss Cosmo,' said a gentle girl to the surly porter: 'why so harsh to the boy?'

'He was sleeping on our door-step, signora, and that's not allowed.'

'Perhaps he has nowhere else to lay his head,' replied the girl, with a sigh; 'yet he is not like a beggar.'

Gaspar, at the intervention of the young girl, had immediately stopped his cries, and stood gazing upon her face with delight. It was a fair and lovely face, radiant with ani-

up and down her sparkling cheeks, and black eyes, swimming in the moisture of kindliness, sparkled beneath her beautifully arched eyebrows. She was younger than Gaspar, and she looked more animated; his had been a life of self-companionship and antagonism; her sympathetic beings had been educated, for her life had been one of sisterhood. 'Are you hurt?' said she, turning gently to he admiring boy.

'Signora, no,' Gaspar replied in almost a whisper.

'Are you weary?'

'I was weary, for I have walked from Pisa.'

'You feared to be made a soldier or to be sent to the sea?' said the fair girl, with much interest.

'I feared to be made a priest,' said the boy, and he hung his head.

'Ah, a priest!' cried the girl, with a start, and she looked about her. 'Never say so again,' she whispered—'never say so again. This is Cardinal Maltrant's house, and I am his protégée till he goes to Rome. Whither dost thou go?' she inquired, with the freedom and vivacity of her age and country.

'Alas, I do not know.'

'What is your employment?'

'I was apprenticed to my father, who is a pastry-cook.'

'A pastry-cook! ha, ha.' and the girl laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, and the blood seemed bursting from Gaspar's. 'You are a pastry-cook! why, you are handsome enough to be a painter—why could they think of making a pastry-cook of you?'

A painter! Gaspar opened his eyes and looked incredulously upon the fair girl, who, turning from him, spoke to surly Cosmo, the porter, and then beckoned the bashful boy up the steps of the cardinal's splendid house. 'A painter!' thought Gaspar, as he was led into the mansion and presented to the *maitre de cuisine*—'a painter! what would my father have thought of that?'

Gaspar Geletza would not have been long in Cardinal Maltrant's house unless he had remembered some of his father's instructions; for the cook, who was a great person in his line, so great that he did not envy a living cook in Christendom, soon discovered that the boy knew something more about viands than eating them. After a moment's consultation with himself, he determined to find Gaspar a situation in the house of the Cardinal, so he accordingly installed him in a position equivalent to that of scullery-maid. Gaspar was not so stupid as his father believed after all, for he soon discovered that diligence, in whatever calling you are placed, ensures success; and if he had only made this discovery two years earlier, it would have been of great advantage to his father. Whether it would have redounded to his own greater glory or success in life, the sequel will prove. After remaining some time in Florence, the Cardinal Maltrant removed to Rome, accompanied by a splendid retinue, the Signora Julio, and Gaspar in the humble capacity of under cook.

There dwelt in those days, in the Eternal City, a painter and architect whose name was Nicolas Poussin. Nicolas was well to do in the world, a rare circumstance in one of his profession in that city at that time, where a few favourites at the Vatican carried the sway of art and fed upon its produce, while genius pined in obscurity and poverty. Nicolas Poussin was a hearty old man; he liked good company; he did not object to a little good wine; and he was passionately fond of good feeding; so when the Cardinal Maltrant invited him to take home his fair niece Julio, he invited him at dinner time, for he knew that that was the most convenient and acceptable time for Nicolas to wait upon him. He was a hearty man, Nicolas, and no matter in what company he was, he did and said every thing with a heartiness which was wonderful considering that he lived in beautiful, sunny, fertile, classic, blighted Italy.

The Cardinal was a hearty man too, good living and an inactive mind made him so, and his loud ha, ha! was oftener heard than his *benedicite*. So Nicolas and he cracked their jokes and laughed, for the Cardinal, large as he

far as to make him very respectful, and Maltrant seeing that Nicolas would be free, determined to be free also, and so they were two jolly companions.

'Thy niece is a fair child, Poussin; a very fair child,' said the Cardinal to the painter, sagely; 'you must deal gently with her.'

'She is the daughter of my brother's son,' said Nicolas, 'and were she the daughter of my father and mother, she would know no difference in my love; but as I live by bread—'

'And meat,' interrupted the Cardinal.

'And meat and drink,' said Nicolas, with a nod; 'these are beautiful mince collops.'

'I prefer a simple decoction of flesh and fowl,' said the Cardinal, authoritatively.

'Of course you do,' said Nicolas, doggedly; 'but I prefer collops; can you tell me who cooked them?'

'That I can,' said the Cardinal, triumphantly; 'it was my cook.'

'I should have thought so,' said Nicolas; 'will you do me the honour to produce him?'

We do not know whether the Cardinal feared that his culinary professor might be eaten or not, or whether he was cognisant of the fact of Gaspar's preparing the esculent mess in question; but Nicolas Poussin looked very grave indeed when the youthful cook was presented to him, and then he suddenly brightened up, and would have the boy home at any cost or sacrifice.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' &c.; ah, so there is! And there is a tide that rushes through their bosoms, cheering, supporting, and propelling them. There is a tide in the big heart of the patriot, warm, free, and strong, that will and must rush on to feed affection's flowers, those ivy clusters of the soul that cling around our home and country. There is a tide in the dreaming poet's spirit that keeps his bosom fresh, and lashes its borealis light into his gleaming eye. There is a tide in the aspirations of love-warmed latent genius that will shoot upward like the boiling geyser, and change the frozen stream of former years into a stream of fire.

Gaspar Geletza, the colour grinder and cook of Nicolas Poussin, is no longer the Gaspar Geletza of Pisa. Patient, careful, studious, and industrious, he wields the ponderous muller; or, anxious and observant, he roasts and boils to gratify his master's palate. There are many youths who pay Nicolas for instruction, but the young man who places and removes their easels has an eye and ear surpassing all. In his lonely little room, with his lamp burning on his little table (that lamp is fed from the unctuous residuum of the meat he roasts), sits Gaspar, night after night, patiently and enthusiastically practising the lessons he has picked up from his master. Bright eyes sometimes gleam kindly and patronisingly upon him, but they must regard him with a sweeter expression yet. The boy recollects the merry laugh of that fair maiden; he recollects the words that amazed yet thrilled him; and he cherishes them because they were the words of Julio. Nicolas Poussin would sometimes walk out in the evenings with his niece hanging upon his arm and his scholars clustering round him, listening to his instructive yet entertaining words. And although the menial youth had to keep his distance, as he carried his master's cloak and rapier, yet he caught some stray reflections upon the ill-understood laws of perspective, and he treasured them in his memory. Sometimes he went forth alone, when his avocations admitted of his doing so, and with a portfolio beneath his arm, as his father predicted, he would wander amidst the classic scenes of the Campagno del Roma; and he delighted to transcribe the green foliage, the old crumbling ruins, the soft blue sky, and the sparkling waters. Roused from the lethargy of years, taught by a burning instinct the power that was within him, sustained by a noble inward self-assurance, he struggled onward in the calling which he loved the more intensely, that he had to pursue it in secret and unassisted.

The sunbeams streamed into the studio of Nicolas Poussin and morning and noon the birds and

casts that adorned it, as if they sought to vivify the cold and rigid features that were stamped upon the plaster. They were prying, peering observers those streams of light; the ill executed copies of the careless students could not escape the gleams that fell upon them, and the foils and rapiers that the young sparks slew precious time with, and had huddled into corners when Nicolas was near, were exposed to their glances. Sweet sunbeams! not only into the chamber of the student and saloon of the wealthy satrap did they dance, but into the cottage window they found their way, despite the clustered roses which they kissed as they passed. Into the home of the weary artisan they came, nor shunned his casement though it was worn and old. They had a mission to perform, and faithfully they did it. The workman leaped from his couch and muttered his matin prayers. The husbandman yoked his team and blessed the propitious sun; and the children's eyes grew bright as the rays fell brightly on them. Men, birds, beasts, and fish grew cheerful when it rose and scattered its rays of gold, that bright and glorious sun. The earth and water glowed with the reflex of the sky, and Gaspar Geletza, the cook and colour grinder, rose from his humble pallet. The youth trembled, but it was not from fear; he adjusted his raiment, all daubed with the paint he ground, and he looked around his little room with a glance of mingled hope and pride. On the walls of his lonely apartment the sunbeams fell softly, as they used to do long ago on the groves of his own native Arno. And so they might fall softly on that wall, for the landscapes that adorned it only required their light to present to the eye the loveliest hues of summer. He gazed on the glowing pictures, the creations of his own genius, the productions of his toil—toil that had been subtracted from his health and rest, and his black eye gleamed with the rapture of a soaring mind. 'My beautiful!' he cried, springing towards a picture in which the colouring was most exquisite, the harmony almost perfect, and the perspective faultless. 'My beautiful! thou wilt not always be like thy master. I am content to scrub the pots and pans, but thou my ruined fane, my trees, and flowers, and sky, bright eyes must beam on thee—eyes brighter than the sun.'

'Good morning, Gaspar!' said Ancille Môro, a young and accomplished Venetian, as he passed into the studio. But the colour-grinder was hard at work, and he did not hear the salutation.

'Grind away; give it elbow grease; and don't spare the marble,' said Pietro Franconi, as he and a dozen companions passed the silent and laborious Gaspar, laughing and joking as they went.

'Good morrow, my faithful servitor,' said Nicolas, and he was about to crack a joke with his cook, when a sudden clamour amongst his students caused him to hurry into the studio. It was then that Gaspar raised his head from his work and wiped his brow. His beautiful black hair fell wildly round his expansive forehead, his eyes shone fervidly, his nostrils dilated, and his lips were compressed. And oh! if Inezza Geletza had then looked upon her son, who would scarcely have recognised in that wrapt enthusiast's face the lineaments of her darling boy.

'Who did that?' cried Nicolas Poussin as his eager scholars clustered round him and pointed to Gaspar's picture, which hung upon the studio wall.

'I found it hanging when I entered,' said Ancille Môro, 'and thought that you, Signor Poussin, had painted it for a model.'

'And I,' cried Pietro Franconi, 'believe it to be the work of no mortal hand. What beauty! what perfection!'

'Gentlemen,' said Nicolas, raising his hand to impose silence, and pointing to the picture; 'that is the work of no common artist. Those trees are growing, that water is surely liquid. Ancille Môro, was it done by thee?' and forgetting that he was a teacher, Nicolas caught the young Venetian in his arms.

'Alas, no, signor!' said the youth with a sigh.

'Canst thou tell me aught of this painter, Julio?'—said Nicolas enthusiastically to his niece as she walked into the studio and looked admiringly upon the picture—'this

incomparable painter who steals into our houses to startle and confound us with the beauty of his works.'

'Or who, listening to the instructions of his master, embodies and exemplifies them,' said Gaspar, leaving the grinding slab and stepping towards the work which had excited so much pleasure and surprise. 'My master,' added the young man with a modest grace, 'if this work has any merit it is due to thee. I painted it; thou dost teach me how.'

'Thou, Gaspar,' cried the young man in amazement. 'Bethink thee—thou ravest.'

'Thou, pot-boiler and chrome-pounder,' cried Pietro Franconi, indignantly; 'it is none of thy doing, or else thou art a wizard.'

'Thou, Gaspar!' said Julio, softly; 'ah, thou art truly a painter.'

The blood rushed into the face of the youth, and he trembled violently; but the voice of Nicolas recalled his wandering senses. 'On my word, boy, this is extraordinary,' said the old man. 'This is one of the most faithful and beautiful transcripts of nature I have seen. Thou shalt boil food for me no more; thou shalt pass from the kitchen into the saloon, my boy, and I shall rejoice in having made such a painter.'

'Wilt thou grant me a favour, master?' said Gaspar, as the tears started into his lustrous eyes, and he knelt before the old man.

'Name it,' cried Nicolas, vehemently.

'My father is a pastry-cook in Pisa,' said the young man, modestly; 'and he often sighed to think that his name might be borne by a painter. Wilt thou allow me to adopt thine to save him of this shame.'

'Ha! ha!' shouted Nicolas, and the tears ran down his manly cheeks, as his numerous students echoed his cheerful laugh. 'Yes, boy! Gaspar Poussin shall thy name henceforth be, and the pastry-cook of Pisa will yet regret the change from Gaspar Geletza.'

'Yes, Gaspar Poussin!' whispered Julio as the smile on the young enthusiast, 'said I not truly thou wert met to be a painter?'

The youth gazed into her eyes for a moment, and then both Julio and Gaspar blushed and looked upon the floor.

At the feast of San Giovanni Decollato, an annual exhibition of pictures took place in Rome. Painters, amateurs, and virtuosi, from all parts of Italy, came to gaze upon or purchase the productions of the great masters who had just passed away. Raphaels, Michael Angelos, and Titians were ranged side by side with Annibal Carracis and Parmigianos. Criticism upon these works had flock'd into one channel now, and prescription had stamped them with the signet of unquestionable excellence. But in the gorgeous gallery where hung those idealisations of Italy's most gifted sons, three living painters had hung their several creations. Each picture was marked by some peculiar excellence. Nature in its grandeur and glory was faithfully and powerfully transcribed by the hand of one of these sons of genius. Beautiful, glowing, all but warming sunshine threw its softened lustre over the skies of another; and splendid foliage, and water that seemed to ripple, characterised the works of the third. The landscapes, so beautiful and true to nature, that looked so unlike the laboured works of man, that were so destitute even of the appearance of effort, were devoured by greedy eyes. All who had pretensions to taste grouped round them, and singling out their favourites, dilated on their beauties.

'They are wonderful,' said a stately cardinal, as he listened to the respectful but voluble encomiums of a Neapolitan, whose praises were as lavish as if he had been a picture auctioneer, and had a very high commission off each. 'They are indeed wonderful, Signor Barbarini; canst thou tell me who are the painters?'

'That I can,' said the amateur, with a low bow and a self-satisfied smile, 'that I can. The majestic scene from the upper Abruzzi is the work of a countryman of my own, called Salvator Rosa; that picture with the lovely and mellow sky is the picture of a painter called Claude Lorrain.'

raime; and this landscape which deceives you as you gaze upon it, is from the pencil of one called Gaspar Poussin.' Barbarini told the truth; the poor starved lad of Renella, the exile of Lorraine, and the son of the cook of Pisa, were the three greatest landscape painters of Italy.

It was a very pretty day—pretty days are so common in Italy—when Jacomo Geletza, grown fat and plethoric, sat and sunned himself at his shop door. His coronal region was bald, and it was protected from the sun's rays by a hat made of the straw of Leghorn; nevertheless, the perspiration steamed out of his head and face, and ran down the furrows of his cheeks, as if they had been channeled for the purpose. He wore a white linen frock, and trousers of the same material; and his feet rested upon the dressed hide of a calf. Jacomo indulged himself with a two hours' siesta every day, and Inezza, with Giovann's young wife, would come and put him to rights; for Jacomo was a great man now, being sleeping partner with Giovann. He was lying back in his chair one day, his head resting on his breast, and his thoughts wandering away to meadows where fat oxen browsed, or dark ocellars where ortolans fed, when he was disturbed by the clatter of horses' hoofs as they rattled and pranced in the via.

'Dinner for ten!' cried Jacomo, starting up and half opening his eyes; 'quick, Giovann.' And Giovann, and Inezza, and the pretty little Helena, hearing the ejaculation, hurried to the door, and there was Jacomo awake and looking about him in wonder, and there was a gallant company of gay signors and one beautiful signora, who smiled and chatted to a gay cavalier as they pranced up the via, and approached the gazing group. At last they stopped, and the young gallant threw his reins, with a smile, to the lady, and she, kissing her hand, smiled on him as she rode on with the cavalcade, and he walked towards the shop of Jacomo. Jacomo doffed his cap to him, he was so gay a youth, and Giovann bowed to him most obsequiously. Inezza stepped back, and Helena dropped her best curtsey. His cap was of blue Genoese velvet, trimmed with gold lace; and his tunica was of the same material, embroidered with gold; his vest and nether garments were of cream-coloured satin, the latter slashed and puffed with crimson-coloured velvet. He was gaily dressed, and he carried himself proudly, for he was a great painter, and great painters were rare then; but yet he did not support such a retinue as Lanfranco, nor bear himself so bravely as Salvator Rosa. He doffed his cap to the salute of Jacomo, he returned the bow of Giovann with interest, he smiled and kissed his hand to Helena, but rushing forward and clasping Inezza in his arms, he kissed her passionately, and whispered one magic word in her ear. It was a holy talismanic word—it was 'mother.' Let the reader whose heart is fired with filial love imagine a son's emotions, when, with affections unchanged, but high in the ranks of nature's recognised aristocracy, he returns to his mother's bosom to weep the oblation of love upon her breast, and tell her of his fame. Let him imagine the emotions of a mother as she listens to such a son. Inezza wept and so did Gaspar; and Jacomo, as he hugged his boy to his breast, and learned that he was Gaspar Poussin, would have given the best ortolan in Pisa that it had been otherwise. There was a gay little party held in Pisa that night—six people constituting the company. Jacomo Geletza sat at the head of the table, and Inezza sat at the foot; Julio and Helena sat on her right and left; and Gaspar and Giovann supported their father. They laughed and chatted, and old Jacomo kissed his two pretty daughters, whispering to Julio his belief that Gaspar had not been a dolt after all.

R O M E.

Rome is the hereditary name of a dynasty of cities. Though frequently overthrown, its site has never been entirely deserted; so that, as Dr Burton expresses it, 'it stands as a link in the chain which connects ancient and modern history; and in this part, the continuity has never been broken.' But it is the continuity of succession.

are, in fact,' says Mr Forsyth, 'three ancient Romes substantially distinct: the city which the Gauls destroyed, that which Nero burned, and that which he and his successors rebuilt.' In other words, there is the Rome of romance, the classic Rome of Augustus, and the restored Rome of Nero and Aurelian. There may be said to be also three modern Romes—that of the middle ages, that of Leo X., and that of the nineteenth century. A slight review of the principal revolutions of which its site has been the theatre, forms an almost indispensable introduction to any attempt at topographical description.

'The foundation of Rome, and to what people the Eternal City originally belonged, are precisely the matters of which we know nothing.' Such is the peremptory decision of the sceptical, the incredulous Niebuhr. Yet the foundation of Rome has served as one of the most important eras in history. The earliest calculation assigns to it a date almost a century previous to the Olympiads; but the received chronology fixes it in the first year of the 7th Olympiad, or 432 years after the fall of Troy (B.C. 758).

'Everything at Rome indicates an Etruscan origin. The whole of the original constitution was Etruscan, established by the sacred books of that nation. The whole religious system was Etruscan. But, about the time which is stated as the foundation of Rome, the Sabines were in progressive movement along the river. The city of Tatus was a Sabine settlement on the Capitoline and Quirinal Hills, close upon Etruscan Rome. Rome was thus a double city, like the Greek and Spanish Emporia, and some cities of modern Europe. But, before the time of Tullus, this twofold state had already become a single republic. All this is antecedent to history: it is not Latin; it is older than the Latin character of Rome. The latter was derived first from Tullus, through the union with Alba in his reign, and through the forcible incorporation of so many Latins under his successors, so that the earlier inhabitants were absolutely blended with them into Latins. Their language became perfectly unintelligible to later ages (like the songs of the *Satii* and the *Arvalis*); and this accounts for the destruction of all historical notices of those times.' Such is Niebuhr's hypothesis (for it is nothing more) respecting the origin of this city. 'According to Antiochus of Syracuse,' remarks Mr Cramer, 'the name of Rome was known as far back as the time of the *Siculi*, the first possessors of Latiun. That Saturnia was a name once given to Rome, or, at least, to one of the seven hills, and probably to the Capitol, seems very generally admitted by ancient writers.' And this name, the learned author supposes, must be referred to the *Siculi*. Again, 'the settlement of Evander and his Arcadians on the Palatine Hill, appears likewise to be supported by the concurrent testimony of ancient writers.' This Evander, we are to consider 'as one of those numerous Pelasgic adventurers who, after the settlement of the *Tyrrheni* and the expulsion of the *Siculi*, migrated from Greece into Italy. The arrival of Evander in Latiun is an interesting fact in the history of that country, as he is said to have introduced a knowledge of letters and other arts with which the Latins were then unacquainted.'

But who were these nations—the Pelasgians, the Sicilians, the Tyrrhenians, the Etrurians, the Sabines, the Latins? The vague and conflicting authorities of ancient writers, the philosophical researches and learned hypotheses of modern antiquaries, serve but to show how arbitrary in the meaning attached to such designations. If, however, turning from the bewildering discussions respecting the nomenclature, filiation, and distribution of these various tribes, we confine ourselves to a general view of the state of society at this early period, we shall find sufficient evidence that Italy, like other countries of a similar geographical character, was originally occupied by races distinguished less by their physical lineaments, than by their modes of life, and a degree of civilisation to which, as the result, they had severally attained. In all countries which admit of the breeding of domestic animals, the pastoral is the first stage of social life; and by the wants and circum-

tions of the infancy of nations are created and moulded. The mountains and high table-lands, in temperate or warmer regions, are the chosen territory of those tribes whose property consists chiefly in their flocks; while the owners of herds must descend with the rivers to the plains. The shepherd is of necessity a wanderer; and the first migrations, probably, were those of pastoral tribes, who sought room for their multiplied flocks. Wherever the wild animals abound, he is also of necessity a hunter; and the transition is easy, from the habits and character thus induced, to those of the bandit and of the warrior. Thus, the pastoral and the military character, which seem at first view so opposite to each other, are, in reality, nearly allied; and the metamorphosis is explained, by which the shepherd becomes a king. The herdsman of the plains is naturally, perhaps, less roving in his habits, and more pacific. He is soon compelled to unite in his other cares the labours of tillage. With agriculture originates fixed property, and towns are formed for mutual defence. This is the second stage of civilisation.

The physical features and climates of the country must, of course, powerfully contribute to determine the shape which society shall, in these rude stages, assume. In a region where the maritime plains are liable, in summer, to intolerable heat, or to pestilential exhalations from the undrained levels, the first permanent settlements will be in the mountains; and on shores subject to the predatory visits of corsairs, we shall find the towns placed, by way of precaution, at some distance from the coast. The climate and the soil will also regulate the nature of the habitations, in the construction of which the arts will first be developed; according as a defence is required chiefly against the violence of summer's rains or winter's cold, and as the forest, the rock, or the skin and hair of the herds, affords the readiest and most effectual protection, the dwellings of nomade hordes will be either the cavern or the portable hut or tent. The hunter slings his hammock in his pine-cabin, or piles up a hearth of stones with the wreck of the mountain. The inhabitant of the bare, clayey plains becomes a potter and a builder.

In the mean time, the seas will have bred up a race of bold adventurers, traders, or pirates; and maritime settlers of a foreign nation are led, by chance, necessity, or a spirit of adventure, to take possession of the harbours, and to spread themselves up the line of the rivers. Accustomed, perhaps, to the suns of more southerly climes, they are better able to sustain the summer heat of the low plains; and by means of traffic, they contrive to provide themselves with the necessaries of life. This presents to us another stage of society, and one which has always been the most closely connected with the advancement of knowledge and the development of useful invention. Such has been the history of Italy.

The city of Romulus is stated to have occupied at first only the Palatine Mount, the square area of which would not, Mr Simond says, 'quite cover the garden of the Tuilleries at Paris, or St James's Park in London; and its elevation, only 198 feet above the sea, is not twice the height of the largest trees in either of these gardens.' Yet its compact and detached form, defended by the Tiber and the marshes, might recommend it as an eligible post; and its height would be sufficient, according to the modes of ancient warfare, to render it a place of strength. Its unhealthy situation, however, and the deficiency of wholesome water, would sufficiently account for its not having been preoccupied by the natives. The earlier inhabitants of Italy, the founders of those towns to which Rome herself conceded a prior antiquity, were all built on mountains, in a pure air, and in situations protected as well by nature as by the Cyclopean walls with which they were surrounded. To maritime settlers, on the other hand, its distance from the sea would have rendered it ineligible. Strabo remarks, that the situation of Rome was originally fixed upon by necessity, and not by choice, and that no one, judging from its situation, would have predicted its future prosperity. Cicero, in the newly-discovered frag-

ments of the *De Divinatione*, speaks of the *hunc agmina* which Romulus made of a site for his city, in language which implies the insalubrity of the region. And Livy makes Camillus enumerate the advantages of the situation, in terms which confirm the idea, that it was chosen by necessity, and that those advantages were equivocal: he speaks of 'the healthiness of the *hills*, the convenience of the river for bringing provision from the inland regions, and also from the sea; the sea not too distant, and not so near as to expose the city to the attacks of corsairs; and the situation of the city in the middle of Italy.'

Of Imperial Rome, nothing was entire but the Pantheon, even in the days of Poggio (A.D. 1480). Of the monuments described by the learned Florentine, and of which some fragments still remain, the following catalogue comprises all that can be with any certainty identified: the Coliseum; the triumphal arches of Titus, Severus, and Constantine (then almost entire); those of Drusus, of Dolabella, and Silanus, and of Gallienus; the baths of Diocletian, of Caracalla, and of Constantine; a part of those of Titus; the theatre of Marcellus; the few remains of that of Pompey; the two bridges of the Tiberine Island; the *Aelian* Bridge; the mausoleums of Augustus and Hadrian; the two historical columns; the inscribed obelisks; the column of Phocas; the Septimian arch in the *Velabrum*; the *castellum* of the Claudian aqueduct; two or three of the city gates. The other ruins or fragments are either anonymous, or the names given to them by antiquaries must be considered as arbitrary and questionable.

But of what consequence is it to be able to give a name to the pillars, walls, or foundations which baffle the learned labours of the antiquary and topographer? What difference does it make, whether they determine the remains of an Ionic portico to be that of the Temple of Concord, or the Temple of Fortune? To enjoy the genuine pleasure derived from these speaking relics of antiquity, the visitor will do well to waive all these curious inquiries, which tend only to bewilder the imagination, and to fritter down every feeling of enthusiasm. Having acquired a general idea of the topography of the ancient city, having satisfied himself (as he easily may) respecting the situation of the Forum and the localities of prominent historic interest, and identified the few unquestionable monuments of the Republic and the Empire—he will do well to abstain from further inquiries, which leave no alternative between implicit acquiescence in the current nomenclature of the ruins and a total scepticism. Rarely would the name of the temple or the tomb, if ascertained, inspire any peculiar emotions. Few are the associations of moral grandeur connected with the history or monuments of Rome. The classical enthusiast turns with comparative disgust from the vestiges of the capital of the Cæsars, in search of the scanty memorials of the free city. The only era that interests his imagination, is the golden age of historical romance. To the moralist, on the other hand, it is the fate of 'the great queen of earth, Imperial Rome,' that gives its chief interest to the scene. There have been ecclesiastical antiquaries who have seemed to think it 'of little importance that the Capitol was ever inhabited by any others than the monks of *Ara-celi*, or that the court of Augustus preceded that of the Popes.' Apart from all these, the connoisseur, who cares little about either Cæsar or Pontiff, finds in Rome an inexhaustible field; to him, however, the treasures of the Vatican far outshine all the historic glories of the seven hills. 'The works of the fine arts,' Dr Brunton remarks, 'are the only objects which it is impossible not to admire and be satisfied with.'

As a place of residence, Rome is neither gay nor cheerful; and its climate, delicious as it is in winter, is both insufferably hot and unhealthy in summer. The surrounding country is a desert. What then renders this city so peculiarly attractive? Not, we apprehend, its antiquities, its architecture, its paintings, its scenery, or its historic associations—not either of these separately considered, but the picturesque combination of the whole, together with the almost exhaustless variety of feature which solicits the attention and charms the imagination. Other cities may

picturesque city in the world. The hills, insignificant in themselves, seem made to display the buildings to the greatest advantage. The architecture, both ancient and modern, is for the most part faulty in principle, often incongruous in its elements, impure in taste; but it has one redeeming characteristic, it always combines well with the landscape, and, by its richness, variety, and grandeur, atones for the want of simplicity and of a chaster elegance. At Rome, the spectator is dazzled with the multiplicity of objects; and the decaying ruins are relieved by the modern magnificence. 'It is not,' remarks Mr Woods, 'any one thing you see, any more than one point of history that you have to remember: multitudes of fragments are included in one view, not very perfect and distinct in their forms, yet sufficient to excite the imagination. They crowd on the eye as the scenes of history on the memory.'

In spite of all he may have seen elsewhere, and of all the views and drawings that may have familiarised to his eye particular buildings, Rome is still 'a new world to an architect.' 'The paradise of artists, it is full of their objects and recollections.' With much that may disappoint or disgust, it can scarcely pall or weary; and thus, whatever be the nature of the first impressions which the city awakens, few places seem to have an equal power of fascinating the traveller, and of detaining him a willing resident till his feelings settle into a sort of local attachment.—*Josiah Conder.*

THE BEE-KEEPER'S MANUAL.*

A very handsome volume under the above title, illustrated by numerous woodcuts, has lately come into our hands. Although a thoroughly practical work on a subject which at first sight some of our city readers may think wholly uninteresting, inasmuch as the employments they are compelled to follow preclude all hope of their ever reaching that El Dorado where such a study can alone be successfully carried out; still, from the manner in which the author has treated his subject, we feel assured that, while to the cottager and the amateur apiarian the work will be found invaluable, there is also much calculated to interest those whose place of residence precludes them from all practical acquaintance with the denizens of the hive. If there are any who have never been cheered by the hum of the 'little busy bee,' there are few who are strangers to the sweets which the apparently insignificant insect so laboriously collects for the gratification of man. We have often regretted that so many of our industrious cottagers, favourably situated for the rearing of bees, should have neglected what, with a little careful attention, cannot fail to prove a source of emolument as well as a pleasing occupation. We believe this has arisen in a great measure from the ignorance which so long prevailed as to the proper treatment necessary to insure success. This can, however, no longer be pleaded as an excuse; and as Mr Taylor's work can be had for a few shillings, it is now in the power of every one to become thoroughly master of the details necessary to the management of the apiary. The following extract cannot fail to be perused with interest by every reader:

'To those who may be unacquainted with the natural history of the domestic honey bee, it may be well as a preliminary remark to say, that in every family there are three kinds: a Queen, or Mother Bee; the Common, or Working Bees; and (during a part of the year) the Male, or Drone Bees. In a community thus constituted, they dwell together in great harmony, working for the general good, recognising one another, but permitting the intrusion of no stranger.'

'The Queen or mother bee is very rarely to be seen: she is darker, longer, and more taper than the common bees, has shorter wings, and is of a yellowish brown colour underneath. She is armed with a sting, and reigns supreme

in the hive, admitting no rival or equal. Where she goes, the other bees follow; and where she is not, none will long remain. A queen bee has been known to live four or five years; she is the mother of the colony, laying the eggs from which all proceed, whether future queens, drones, or workers. Separate her from her subjects, and she speedily resents the injury, refuses food, pines, and dies. Without a queen, or a prospect of one, labour is suspended, and a dispersion of the colony ensues. To provide for death or incapacity, preparation is made for a successor, and at the proper season young queens are to be found in various stages of maturity. They are not bred in the hexagonal cells of the common bees, but in much larger ones, which, when complete, present the appearance of an oblong spheroid, generally appended to the sides of the combs, the bottom being downwards. They vary in number from five or six to a dozen, and sometimes more. The eggs intended to produce future queens are laid after those of common bees and drones, the young princesses arriving at maturity on the sixteenth day. These are successively cast out of the hive if not required; but it is a well-established fact, that in case of an emergency the bees have the power (provided there is broodcomb in the hive at the time) of creating a queen. They select one of the grubs in a certain stage, enlarge the cell that contains it, and by a different kind of nurture a sovereign is reared, and all goes on as usual. This curious fact in natural history was discovered by Schirach, a member of a society formed in the middle of the last century, at Little Bautzen, in Upper Lusatia, for the purpose of the study of bees. The celebrated Huber repeatedly, by experiment, confirmed its truth, as have many other later apiarians.'

'The common or working bees are the least in size, and in point of numbers are variously calculated at twelve to twenty thousand, according to the bulk of the swarm; though at certain times they are often much more numerous. As regards sex, from the observations of naturalists, there is every reason to believe they are undeveloped females; and, like the queen or mother bee, each has the power of stinging. Workers' eggs are deposited in the cells in the centre of the hive, being those first laid by the queen; and are about the size of such as are produced by a butterfly. In four or five days they are hatched, remaining in the larva or grub state four or six days more, during which time they are assiduously fed by the nurse-bees. They then assume the nymph or pupa form, and spin themselves a film or cocoon, the nurses immediately after closing them up with wax. On the twenty-first day from the laying of the egg, a perfect bee bursts its confinement. It is speedily cleaned by its companions, and in a few hours has been known to be gathering honey in the fields. As soon as the young bee comes forth, the others clear the cell from all impurity, and it again receives an egg; this being often repeated four or five times in the season. Afterwards the cell becomes a receptacle for honey; but with all their attention, the cells are found in time to become contracted or thickened by this rapid succession of tenants. When this takes place it is best to remove the combs, which will soon be replaced with new ones by the bees. The working bees have their respective occupations; some in secreting and elaborating wax, and constructing the cells in the hive; others in warming the eggs and rearing the young brood; in attending on their queen, to whom they are devotedly attached; in guarding and giving notice of attacks or annoyance from without; and the rest in searching the fields and woods for the purpose of collecting honey and farina for present and future store. The working bees are short-lived; there being no reason for believing that they survive a year; but, on the contrary, it is shown pretty clearly by Dr Bevan and others, that six or seven months is the limit of their duration.'

'The drone or male bees are computed in the spring at one to two thousand and upwards, in every good stock hive. They are larger than the common bees; have no sting, and are easily distinguishable by their louder humming or droning. The drones take no part in the collection of honey, nor in any other operation of the hive.'

* The Bee-Keeper's Manual; or Practical Hints on the Management and Complete Preservation of the Honey Bee. By HENRY TAYLOR. London: R. Groombridge & Sons.

Drone eggs are laid by the queen in cells larger and stronger than those intended for common bees, and further removed from the centre of the hive. They pass through their various stages in about twenty-five or twenty-six days, the drones being seldom seen till about the beginning of May, and then only in warm weather, in the middle of the day. Of all the theories on the subject of the part allotted to the drones in the constitution of a hive of bees (and some of these have been sufficiently absurd), that of Huber is undoubtedly the true one—the impregnation of the young queens. Perhaps the annual destruction of the drones by the workers is the operation most likely to throw light on the design of their creation. This process varies in point of time according to circumstances. Deprive a hive forcibly of the young queens, and, according to Bonner and Huber, no expulsion of drones takes place. They are retained in case of need, for other queens may yet be produced. Where swarming has become unnecessary, as in ventilating hives with abundant space, the young queens are cast out voluntarily by the bees. Then frequently commences an early expulsion of the drones: they are rendered useless, become merely consumers of the wealth of the community, and as such are driven ignominiously from the hive, to perish miserably, not one surviving; nor are even those in embryo allowed to escape. This warfare often commences in such hives in the middle, or at any rate towards the end of May, as I have witnessed. On the contrary, in the common swarming hives this process does not take place till July, or even August. The circumstances differ in the two cases; and the bees in this, as in other parts of their practice, are sufficiently utilitarians to modify their proceedings accordingly. In the one instance the services of the drones are probably not required at all, and a speedy sacrifice follows; in the other, young queens are left successively to come to maturity. These, once impregnated, become fruitful, perhaps ever after, as is the case with some other insects; at all events for a year, for eggs are laid by them, and young produced, without the presence of a single drone, except during a few weeks in that period. The destruction of the drones, therefore, may generally be considered an indication that no swarming is meditated by the bees. Dr Bevan, in his work entitled the 'Honey Bee,' observes, that 'the number of drones may be considered as in accordance, in some degree, with the general profusion of nature; we find her abounding with supernumeraries in a great variety of instances, in the blossoms of trees and flowers, as well as in the relative number of one sex to the other among animals.' Huber conceives that it was necessary there should be a great number of drones, that the queen might be sure of finding one in her excursion through the expanse of the atmosphere, and run no risk of sterility.'

Conflicting opinions among apiculturists have been formed as to the desirableness of assisting the working bees in the task of expelling the drones—often a protracted and irritating process. If it can be done at once, without annoyance to the workers, I think much fighting and valuable time may be saved by it; but not otherwise. When attacked, the drones, to avoid persecution, will congregate together in a remote part of the hive. Observation led me to think they would at such a time be glad to retreat for still greater safety into a separate box, so placed as to be accessible to them. Accordingly, on the 14th of June, in one of my collateral stock hives, where the drones for a day or two had been hard pushed by the others, I opened a communication on the ground floor into an empty side box. My theory was completely realised, for the poor drones gladly made their way into this, where they remained clustered at the top like a swarm, not a single common bee accompanying them, and would probably have been starved. The following morning I took away the box of drones and destroyed them, counting rather more than 2200, besides some few that had escaped. I did not find among them a solitary working bee; nor could I afterwards discover in the parent stock hive one remaining drone. The bees peaceably at once recommenced work, and did well; as if glad in this wholesale way to

be rid of their late unprofitable inmates. What was the cost of their daily maintenance? And what proportion to the entire population did the drones bear? After this apparently large abstraction, no sensible difference was observable in the crowding of the hive.

'Swarming with bees is frequently an act of necessity only, and then it may commonly be prevented by timely enlargement and decreasing the temperature of the hive. As soon as warm weather sets in, a common hive becomes filled with an augmented population. Every part is crowded to excess; no storing room is left; the heat becomes insupportable, and at length the emigration of a part of the inhabitants must take place. On the occasion of a first swarm, the old queen accompanies it, usually leaving her successor to the throne still in embryo. About an equal proportion of old and young bees, and (though not without exceptions) several hundreds of drones, form the swarm. It is not an unusual thing to hear a boast of a number of swarms or casts (as the second swarms are called) from a stock of bees, which will even sometimes throw off a swarm the first year. Nothing is proved by this but the fact, that an otherwise thriving colony has been weakened (if not destroyed) by being split up into fractions, which ought to have been held together, as the greatest security against every evil, and the surest source of profit to the proprietor. At all events, the parent stock must not be permitted to be too much weakened by this, and all swarms but the first should be returned in the way hereafter to be described, or united to another.'

'In the words of Gelieu, 'in the swarming season the strong hives are almost entirely filled with broodcombs. At that time also honey becomes abundant; and when fine days succeed each other, the working bees amass an astonishing quantity. But where is it to be stored? Must they wait till the young bees have left the broodcombs, by which time the early flowers will be withered? What is to be done in this dilemma? Mark the resources of the industrious bees. They search in the neighbourhood for a place where they may deposit their honey, until the young shall have left the comb in which they were hatched. If they fail in this object, they crowd together in the front of their habitation, forming prodigious clusters. It is not uncommon to see them building combs on the outside.' In general, honey-gathering is altogether suspended, necessarily, under the circumstances just stated, and swarming follows. Can anything be more opposed to the habits of these industrious creatures, or more injurious to the interests of the proprietor, than this state of things? Common sense, and observation of the natural instinct of these little animals, point out the remedy—viz., a temporary increase of space, which is furnished by nature when the bees voluntarily take up their abode in the large hollows of trees, or under the spacious and well-ventilated roofs of buildings.'

Mr Taylor then goes on to describe the various kinds of hives at present in use, those made of wood obtaining the preference. As a proper idea of the different kinds recommended can only be obtained by the aid of the wood-cuts given in the volume, and as these are only interesting for practical purposes, we pass on to the following extract, showing the instinct which guides the bee in a return to the hive where it has been reared. 'When once fixed, do not move your bees, the mischief of which I have often witnessed. I cannot enforce this recommendation better than Gelieu has done. 'I have seen people,' says he, 'shift about their hives very inconsiderately; but change of place invariably weakens them, as the bees will return to their old residence, the environs of which are so familiar to them. A hive should remain as fixed to the spot as the ancient oaks, in the hollows of which they delight to establish themselves; where they have their young, their companions, their beloved queen, and all their treasures. When the young bees take wing for the first time, they do it with great precaution, turning round and round, and fluttering about the entrance, to examine the hive well before taking flight. They do the same in returning, so that they may be easily distinguished, conducting themselves nearly after the same

manner as the workers of a newly hived swarm. When they have made a few hundred excursions, they set off without examining the locality; and returning in full flight will know their own hive in the midst of a hundred others. But if you change its place you perplex them, much the same as you would be if, during a short absence, some one lifted your house and placed it a mile off. The poor bees return loaded, and, seeking in vain for their habitation, either fall down and perish with fatigue, or throw themselves into the neighbouring hives, where they are speedily put to death. When hives are transported to a considerable distance, there is no fear that the bees will return. But this inconvenience would be sure to take place, and many of them would perish, if they were removed only a few hundred paces from the spot they have been accustomed to. The hive may not perish, but it will be greatly weakened. In my opinion, if the situation is to be changed at all, they should be removed at least a mile and a half. This ought only to be done in winter.'

Our author strongly condemns the long prevailing popular idea, that the greater the number of swarms thrown off by a hive, the greater the prosperity. This he successfully shows to be a most mistaken view, and suggests the propriety of uniting weak hives in autumn. 'The subject of autumnal unions of bee stocks has hitherto not received all the attention which its importance demands. Perhaps this is in part owing to the ignorance of a ready mode of accomplishing the object, or of obtaining the necessary material; and in some degree from the supposed difficulty of maintaining the bees, when collected in a large body, through the winter. I hope I shall be able to show that, by a safe and simple expedient, weak stocks, joined two or three together, may be rendered strong and vigorous; at the same time that, by saving, instead of destroying, countless thousands of valuable lives, one great objection to the use of the cottager's common hives is obviated altogether. Hitherto, as respects these, the practice of suffocation with brimstone has been almost the sole method resorted to for obtaining the honey; and this act of ruin and murder is usually perpetrated in the autumn of the second or third year. The proprietor is probably not aware that the bees he is at this time sacrificing are always the most vigorous and useful. The old ones gradually disappear in the autumn, leaving the hive, no matter of what age, in possession of the bees bred chiefly, if not entirely, in the same year, and of the utmost value in the following spring. This fact is important, for the practice of suffocation has often been ignorantly defended on the plea of advanced age in the bees. The late Aparian Society of Oxford is entitled to great credit for the attention it bestowed on this branch of bee economy. The custom of stupefying bees by some narcotic substance has long been known in practice. By subjecting them to the fumes of this, they become insensible and harmless for a time; but soon recover, with no ill effects subsequently.'

After giving an account of the method of fuming recommended by the Oxford Society, Mr Taylor recommends in preference the following plan 'as at once speedy and efficacious, and attended with not the smallest risk to the operator. With a tube in the evening, fumigate, without disturbing it, the hive you wish to take. Tap it, and get as many of the bees to fall down as you can; then lift the hive, and brush out those remaining in the combs; taking away the queen if you can find her without much trouble. Collect the bees in a heap on the floor-board, and sprinkle them pretty well with sugared ale. Next puff, where it stands, some smoke within the stock hive into which the bees thus collected are to be transferred, sufficient to stupefy its inhabitants. Turn it bottom upwards, floor-board and all, so as to drop no bees, and place it, if of straw, in a pail, or some similar kind of support. In this position lift off the floor-board, and sprinkle these bees also with a little of the sugared ale, in the hive where they are. After this is done, with a feather, before they have recovered, sweep the first smoked bees uniformly among the combs of the second hive. Clean and scrape the floor-board of this, and replace it, turning the whole again into

the right position. All that remains is to restore it to its original place or stand. The bees are now united, and not one need be lost. Before you leave the hive, it is always well to clear away from the entrance any bees that may have fallen down, otherwise the passage for air is obstructed, which is very undesirable. Whether the fumigated hive be new or old, poor or rich in honey, the plan of expulsion of the bees just detailed is applicable; and that with quite as little trouble, expense, danger, or loss of time, as by suffocation with brimstone. The bees thus preserved in existence are a clear gain to the proprietor of so many able and willing labourers, eager to enrich him in the early spring; and are merely transferred to other winter quarters, with no extra expense of feeding whatever. What can now be urged in extenuation of a wanton waste of valuable life? The plea of necessity no longer avails as an excuse for what henceforth becomes an act of deliberate folly—perhaps I might say wickedness—that of killing bees. Why cannot the cottagers everywhere be instructed in the easy process last detailed of taking the honey, and saving their lives? In every apiary there are always stocks to be improved by additional numbers; and there is no difficulty in bringing a box or bowl of stupefied bees from a moderate distance, if desired. In this case a sheet of perforated tin, zinc, or wood, may be placed over it, through which, if needed, a little tobacco smoke may be applied. In the absence of a tube like the one described, it is very practicable to make use of a common pipe and tobacco, but the latter should be of a mild kind, and not too freely used, or death might ensue. If more convenient, where there is a ventilating tube in the hive, or an opening at the top, a portion of smoke may readily be puffed down it. In a few seconds the hive will be filled, which is all that is requisite.

'As far as hives managed on the depriving system are concerned, my own observation leads me to think that the worst honey seasons are those in which the greatest predisposition to swarming exists. In the busy time of a plentiful year, the hive is deserted in the day by a great portion of its population; and thus the same crowding and disagreeable heat are not experienced as take place when stress of weather or want of occupation confines the bees at home. The year 1838 (a very bad one) showed an instance of this, for stocks sent forth swarms that had never before done so. In despair of obtaining honey to fill them, the bees deserted the combs already in progress, and swarming was the consequence. In order to satisfy myself that poverty and idleness were the disposing causes of this proceeding in a collateral hive, I examined separately every comb, and found not an ounce of honey, though it was then the 21st of June.

'When it can possibly be avoided, I would never permit a second or third swarm to remain without returning it to the parent stock, or uniting it to some other. No good is to be expected from it otherwise, even if it could be preserved through the winter; whereas by the union a strong stock is secured, and double the honey collected, with no further trouble.

'It is frequently asked, what becomes of the bees managed on the depriving system? If they are never suffered to swarm, nor are destroyed, the hive will never contain them. To which I reply, that it is well known to those conversant with the care of bees, that their numbers decrease greatly in autumn, not only by the murder of the drones, but also by the unavoidable deaths of many of the working-bees, owing to the thousand accidents they meet with in the fields. A much less space is, therefore, wanted for them in winter than in summer. The duration of life in common bees has been a disputed point; but were it extended beyond one year, a much larger accumulation of numbers in the hive than is now observable would be the result; for the quantity of eggs laid by a queen-bee during the year has been estimated at 60,000, and by some even more. I have no doubt, with Dr Bevan, that every bee in a stock-hive after Christmas, was bred in the preceding summer.'

We will now take leave of Mr Taylor's highly interesting and instructive volume, and, in the words of Lord Brougham,

whatever may be the degree of darkness in which on some minor points respecting the honey-bee we are still involved, there are few but may receive instruction and example from these wonderful little creatures, in the duties of persevering industry, prudence, economy, and peaceful subordination; whilst all may be taught, by their perfect organisation, a lesson of humility, and by the contemplation of their beautiful works, to look 'from nature up to nature's God.'

RELIGION IN POWER.

The numerous and weighty duties of religion require for their faithful discharge a principle of energy and force commensurate with their importance. To restrain indwelling sins; to subdue fretting corruption; to master well-schemed and well-timed temptations; to attain eminent piety; to undertake holy enterprise of peril and self-denial, and to realise wide and extensive usefulness, are not duties to be performed by infant power, or achievements to be won by a sickly or a sluggish religion. Religion in power enables a man to accomplish them all. It cowers before no opposition; it is appalled by no difficulty; it is abashed by no towering foe; it shrinks from no conflict; it succumbs to no splendid iniquity; it bows to no formidable titles; it evades no obligation; it avoids no unwelcome duty; it spares no sin; it is a secret and powerful 'might in the inner man.' It makes its power evident and manifest by its results. It draws the sluggish heart to radiate its affections to things that are above; it constrains man to resign and forsake his darling sin; it impels him to acquire and produce good; it excites him to fervid love and glowing compassion for the souls of men; it urges him to arduous and unwearied efforts to ameliorate the world; it fortifies him against all opposition, discouragement, and ingratitude; it supports him under all the buffettings of men and the languishings of his own heart; it curbs and subdues in his passions everything rampant, disorderly, and likely to injure his usefulness, and it bears him aloft and along, far from the enclosures of selfishness to a holier region of feeling and loftier and wider sphere of thought and effort for the glory of Christ. It is the love of Christ constraining him; it is the spring that moves his energies; the atmosphere where his prayers breathe, and the element where his graces live and act. Mind is omnipotent over matter, and religion is omnipotent over evil. Christians can do all things and discharge all duties through Christ strengthening them.—*Rev. T. W. Jenkyn.*

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young who waited on his instructions. While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was employed in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor saying, 'Let us play the man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them.' 'My dear friend,' answered the professor, 'we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves.' The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but

could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing. The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes; 'Now,' said the professor, 'are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?' 'Oh, dearest sir,' answered the youth, 'you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, "it is better to give than to receive." We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.—*The Christian Citizen.*

WHERE IS THE LAND THE SPIRIT LOVES?

Where is the land the spirit loves?
Where finds the heart its choicest treasure?

Where, in a new existence, proves
Unbroken rest, unfading pleasure?

Where shall the instincts of the mind,
Those voiceless promptings, point for rest;

Or man another Eden find,

The brightest, fairest, last, and best?

Beneath the tropic's fervid sway,
Where earth in rich abundance pours

Her glowing fruits—where smiles the day

On golden sands and glitt'ring shores?

Or yonder, where the glorious lays

Of ancient bards the theme unfold—

The classic lore of other days,

The deathless memories of old?

Or far, by Jordan's sainted shore,

Or Siloë's brook, or Salem's towers,

Where Israel's chosen race once more

Shall pass the consecrated hours?

Alas! the sunniest lands are stain'd

With blood in ruthless passion shed,

And richest ore has there been gain'd

Where slaves have toll'd, and groan'd, and bled.

And vainly might the poet mourn

The mould'ring wrecks of elder time:

The spoiler's hand hath soothed and torn

Those treasures of a storied clime;

And Jordan's stream but sadly flows

Where Zion's songs no more are sung,

And Israel, in his wand'ring, knows

The harp is on the willows hung.

But yet a land the spirit loves

Exists in its immortal bloom,

Where life exults, and pleasure moves,

Apart from time, and past the tomb.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear discern'd,

Grief cannot crush, nor time destroy,

And earthly sense hath never learn'd

Its deep and mystic thrills of joy;

And poorly can we picture here,

By all as yet to mortals given,

The glories of that distant sphere,

Our bright'ning home—our native heaven.

A. L.

THE FORCE OF PERSEVERANCE.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals and railways. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pick-axe or of one impression of the spade with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings.

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WHAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS LATELY BEEN DOING FOR EDUCATION.

ASSUMING that it is permitted to us to essentialise a blue book occasionally for the convenience of our readers, we propose at present to acquaint them, from such a source, with the recent doings of the government on the subject of education. Our authority lies in two recently published volumes of the Committee of Council on Education, bringing down their proceedings to the year 1844.

The annual parliamentary grant for the promotion of education in Great Britain was first voted in the year 1833, and, until the session of 1839, was administered by the Lords of the Treasury. During the latter year, the Committee of Council was created by the Queen, with whom was since rested the distribution of the grant. From that period, £170,000 have been granted by parliament for the promotion of education in Great Britain. This fund has been devoted almost exclusively to the erection of school-buildings, and, very recently, of schoolmasters' houses. The greatest caution has been exercised so to employ the public grant in aid of local efforts, as at all times to stimulate the contributions of charitable individuals and societies, and never in any case to supersede such exertions and sacrifices. Since 1839-40, upwards of £600,000, of which £170,000 were contributed by parliament, have been expended in the erection of schools and schoolmasters' houses. During six years preceding 1839-40, the treasury had devoted £20,000 per annum to similar objects; and the sum thus expended represents a combined outlay from public and private sources in six years, from 1833 to 1839, of upwards of £400,000 in the erection of school-buildings, so that, since the year 1833-4, the government has contributed £290,000 in aid of the exertions of charitable individuals and associations to promote public education in Great Britain; and these grants have been net by contributions from the public amounting to between £700,000 and £800,000; so that, in the course of the last eleven years, upwards of one million sterling has been devoted to the erection of school-buildings under the superintendence and with the aid of public departments. The council have, in all cases when aid has been granted, required that the plans and specifications of the school-buildings should be submitted to them, in order that substantial and convenient structures only might be built with aid from the public funds; and have been indisposed to grant aid, excepting when a reasonable prospect existed that sufficient means would be procured to support the school (when built) in a state of efficiency. The inspection of schools thus aided was founded for the double purpose of enabling parliament to ascertain, by the per-

sonal visits of public officers, that the annual grant of money had been faithfully and judiciously devoted to the promotion of education in Great Britain; that the school-buildings were substantial and convenient; that they were duly secured for the education of the children of the poor. The arrangement for the periodical inspection of schools commenced in 1839-40, but has received considerable extension during this year by the appointment of five additional inspectors.

These inspectors are instructed to inquire as to the sources of income of the schools—whether from donations, endowments, weekly pence, or labour of the scholars—and to note the effect which the teaching of the children of farmers and others—who, being admitted at a higher rate of payment, remain longer in the school—has on the instruction of the inferior school classes; on the character and exertions of the schoolmaster; and on the school attendance of the children of the labouring poor: and to take note of any of those 'rare instances' where the school is supported by a voluntary rate or voluntary arrangement, by which the owners and occupiers contribute according to the number of children attending school from cottages on their respective lands; or whether each employer of labour contributes a sum equal to the school pence of the families employed by him; or, lastly, if the school attendance of the children of all labourers is rendered compulsory at certain ages on the parents, the proprietor paying the charge to the school, except when the children are withdrawn for labour, when the charge is borne by the occupier.

Such arrangements chiefly exist under the control of some large proprietor, whose character and property give him such influence with his tenantry and dependants as to produce the effect of a legal enactment, both on the occupiers and on their labourers. When such influence is exercised temperately, the social union of all classes is strengthened by a consciousness of relative duty and a sense of mutual dependence.

The council entertain a laudable desire that the aid they may grant shall be satisfactorily applied; and the inspector is informed, in his instructions, that his visit will enable him to ascertain whether the building was erected according to the terms of the certificate, in a satisfactory and workmanlike manner; whether the premises are provided with proper conveniences in suitable situations; and whether the site is enclosed with a durable fence, and well drained; and whether the arrangements for warmth and ventilation within the building are satisfactory. It is not the least gratifying feature of the reports to find so much stress laid on site and ventilation as to have been discussed in separate minutes. With that on the latter sub-

ject are given several plans and sections of buildings, in which due provision is made for an abundant supply of pure air, together with all the information that can be required for the maintenance of a wholesome atmosphere. We have however, so recently drawn attention to this subject, that we need not do more in this place than quote the concluding paragraph of the minute:—‘The adoption of more scientific methods of warming and ventilation, in the rooms in which children are educated throughout the country, is a subject of such grave importance, as affecting the public health, that the promoters of schools ought to be guided in the selection of those means by purely rational considerations.’

The methods of teaching have not gone without their share of attention, as the committee deemed it essential to inquire whether the methods adopted in the best elementary schools in this country resembled those sanctioned by the experience of the best primary schools of the Protestant states of Europe; and by observations made in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and Prussia, two principal classes attract the attention—methods of a synthetic or constructive character and analytic methods: the former being found the prevalent mode in the countries specified, from which the committee have deemed it desirable to furnish the schoolmasters and promoters of schools in this country with examples of the application of such methods of three departments of instruction, namely, reading, writing, and vocal music.

After some remarks on the constructive process of teaching in its relations with infancy, and as bearing on the phonic method of learning to read, we learn that previously to the preparation of the manual and primers, the committee caused inquiries to be made in Holland, in Germany, and in Switzerland, respecting the forms which the ‘Laut Méthode’ assumed in those countries. These inquiries led to the selection of a Saxon schoolmaster at Dresden, to whom, under the superintendence of the secretary, was committed the labour of arranging the characteristic words of our language according to their phonic character. And here the council acted wisely in rejecting the arbitrary combinations of letters admitted into the German lesson-books, and adopting certain recommendations in favour of *real* words, as the teacher would then be enabled at the earliest stages to accustom the child to seek a meaning in everything that he read.

An acquaintance with the printed character is ordinarily a preliminary to learning to write. This order is, however, reversed in the instructions communicated in the elementary schools of the canton of Zurich, in Switzerland, and in some parts of Germany. The children in these schools are taught to write before they learn to read: this change depends on the importance which the educators in those countries attach to the strength of the faculty of imitation in very young children, and to the great assistance which may be derived from this faculty in the earliest stages of instruction. Formerly, at least in our schools, the method of teaching to write, from the absence of any acknowledged system, was necessarily abandoned to the inventive powers of each master. The lessons consisted in imitating copies, with more or less exactness, without any effort on the part of the teacher to enable the child to comprehend the constituent elements of the forms he was required to copy; and therefore the faculty of imitation, and the mechanical dexterity of the fingers, were exercised without any assistance from the constructive powers. A method of systematizing that which has usually been taught without any system, was tried in the schools of Geneva, Vevey, and Lausanne, with so much success, that persons have seen with surprise the rough children in these village schools learn to write in a few months; and one of the best known inspectors, surprised at the ease with which they seemed to understand the system, studied it himself for the purpose of using it in teaching his own son. He says, ‘to teach children to think, is of primary importance; in vain will their memories be loaded with a variety of knowledge, if in the midst of this abundance their thinking powers remain unculti-

vated; for while we occupy them solely with results, the instrument of thought is neglected, and instruction becomes a useless luxury; instead of a man, we turn out a scholastic automaton.’

These facts, confirmed as they were by the evidence, determined the council to adopt the method invented by M. Mulhäuser, which consists in the decomposition of the written characters into their elements, the classification of these elements, so that they may be presented to the child in the order of their simplicity, and that it may copy each of them separately. The synthesis, or recombination of these elements into letters and words, is the process by which the child learns to write. He combines the forms which he has learned to imitate. He recognises each separate simple form in the most difficult combinations, and if he errs, is immediately able to correct the fault. If he master himself inadvertently commit a blunder, the child will often rectify it without hesitation. This method enables the child to determine with ease the height, breadth, and inclination of every part of every letter. It would obviously be difficult to do this by rules alone; and such rules would not easily be understood by children, and would not be remembered without much effort.

This method has also been introduced into France, where the minister of public instruction directed two inspectors of the academy to make themselves acquainted with it, and report to him the result of their inquiries. Their report was so favourable, that the author was immediately invited to make a trial of his system in the normal school of Versailles, and in one of the primary schools connected with that establishment, where it was adopted with the full concurrence of the directors.

With regard to the third department to which the committee thought it right to apply the constructive system, they express themselves, that though vocal music has hitherto been comparatively neglected in the elementary schools of England, there is sufficient evidence that the natural genius of the people would reward a careful cultivation. In the northern counties of England, choral singing has long formed the chief rational amusement of the manufacturing population. The weavers of Lancashire and Yorkshire have been famed for their acquaintance with the great works of Handel and Haydn, with the part-music of the old English school, and those admirable old English songs, the music of which it is desirable to restore to common use.

The manufacturing population of Norfolk, in the like manner, has shown taste in the cultivation of vocal music, and has rendered service in the production of the orations sung at the festivals for which Norwich has been celebrated. Similar evidences of the native genius of the people are scattered over different parts of England. Among the lower portion of the middle classes, the formation and rapid success of choral and harmonic societies is one of the most pleasing characteristics of the recent improvement of the class of apprentices, foremen, and attendants in shops, who, a century ago, were (especially in the metropolis) privileged outlaws in society. A nation which innocent amusements is commonly demoralised. Amusements which wean the people from vicious indulgences, are in themselves a great advantage; they contribute indirectly to the increase of domestic comfort, and promote the contentment of the artizan. Next in importance are those which, like the athletic games, tend to develop the national strength and energy; but the most important are such as diffuse sentiments by which the honour and prosperity of the country may be promoted. The national legends, frequently embodied in songs, are the peasant's chief source of that national feeling which other ranks derive from a more extensive acquaintance with history. The songs of any people may be regarded as important means of forming an industrious, brave, loyal, and religious working class.

As in the methods of reading and writing, the council based their manuals of vocal music on the best continental

models, and, as is generally known, appointed Mr Hullah to the superintendence of this department. Of the works they have published, the first part consists of *exercises and school-songs*, printed in two forms; namely, on tablets for the use of the monitorial draughts, and in a royal octavo edition for the use of schoolmasters and their pupils.

We have thus given an outline of the proceedings and news of the council, which appear to be framed in a right part: the amount of pecuniary aid granted by them in 1848-4 was £89,006 : 18 : 3d., distributed among applicants from 540 different quarters; comprehending altogether 166,896 children receiving instruction. Appended to the report are twenty sheets of plans and elevations of school-houses, masters' residences, with interior fittings, all on the most approved plan, with many pages of description, which must have the effect of extending into remote quarters a correct knowledge of the best structural and sanitary arrangements.

The second volume contains the reports of the inspectors on the schools visited by them; these bring us into immediate acquaintance with the actual state of education in the English counties, with valuable statements of some educational establishments, but which we reserve for a future notice. Many persons will doubtless be startled by the fact, that in Bedfordshire, the number of parishes practically without daily schools of value is 82; and that similarly, in Cambridgeshire, the number of parishes in which no such schools of worth are in existence for the poor rises to 88; and in Hertfordshire 61. Mr Allen, the inspector of these districts, remarks—‘One thing that caused me considerable pain, during my tour in these counties, was the avowal in conversation, from persons who were themselves blessed with every advantage of early training and the soundest education, of the opinion that schools were but of doubtful good; so that even where pains were taken towards their maintenance I found instances of persons speaking as if they chose the establishment of a school as the least of two evils, under the impression that if a teacher were not set to work subject to their influences, others subject to worse would find employment in the district. Until I went into this part of England, I think I never had official intercourse with any that maintained such a position; and, judging from the apathy exhibited in some cases, as to how little really valuable instruction was supplied in a school, I certainly have never elsewhere met with such practical evidence of the uncertainty with which these opinions may be held.’

Here is ample proof of the existence of an immense field of ignorance, requiring strenuous exertion and untinted means before the light of education may shine upon it. The council say, that the inspector's visit to the school is a sign of the interest which the government takes in its prosperity, and a means of procuring information by which the legislature may be enabled to determine in what way the exertions of trustees and managers of schools may be most effectually promoted. May we not hope that this entitement will be acted on, and that the exertions of the council will be in proportion to the magnitude of evidence; but mere reading and writing will not be regarded as the ultimatum, but as tending to the aim and object of education—self-formation.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ALEXANDER BETHUNE.

With the remarkable talents and sterling worth of the individual whose unambitious and interesting history we are about to record, we believe comparatively few of our readers are acquainted as they ought to be. For ourselves we confess, that although we have been familiar for some years with several of his writings, it was not till after a perusal of the work to which we are indebted for the particulars of this sketch, “that we were enabled to form

a just estimate of the character of one whose name we trust will be handed from ‘sire to son,’ as an example worthy of imitation. Scotland has just reason to be proud of what we may call the intellectual corruscations which, ascending from the cottages of her peasantry, have from time to time illuminated her horizon; but while she points with pride to the many names from among this class which adorn her history, never let her forget that many of her noblest wreaths have been twined by the hands of those who were allowed to pass their days in neglect and penury. Such, to a large extent, was the case with the subject of the present memoir. It is gratifying, however, to think that there are always a few ready to appreciate talent and worth from whatever quarter it may spring, and ultimately to bring the public to an acknowledgment of their neglect. Among this number we may justly class the author of the Memoirs of Alexander Bethune. Mr M'Combie, who must be man of no ordinary stamp, has presented to the public one of the most readable books which we have met with for a long period; and we trust that all whose means permit will appreciate his labours by becoming purchasers of the volume, in which we can assure them they will meet with much that is calculated both to interest and instruct.

Alexander Bethune was born at Upper Rankeillor, in the parish of Letham and county of Fife, about the end of July, 1804. His parents were both in the humbler ranks of life, his father being an agricultural labourer. Their lot seems to have been a continued struggle with poverty, yet they were distinguished in a high degree by those deep religious impressions and that general excellence of character which are so frequently to be found among the peasantry of Scotland. The family of the Bethunes consisted of the subject of the present memoir and his brother John, who was several years younger than Alexander. The circumstances of the parents prevented them from giving their sons the education at that time common to persons in their rank of life—Alexander having up to the age of twenty-two been only four or five months at school, and his brother but one day. To their mother, whose maiden name was Alison Christie, they were mainly indebted for the cultivation of the talents which obtained for them subsequent distinction. At the early age of fourteen we find Alexander engaged in the occupation of a labourer, the severities of which were any thing but favourable to the growth of either his bodily or mental faculties. He describes himself as having been ‘set to dig at raw fourteen, and for more than a year afterwards his joints in first attempting to move in the morning, creaked like machinery wanting oil.’ The Bethunes had previous to this removed to Lochend, near Newburgh, where fortunately a circumstance occurred which may be said to have fostered the ambition of Alexander for literary pursuits. The Rev. John L. Adamson, now of Dundee, at that time taught a school in Lochend, and Alexander, at the age of twenty-one, enrolled himself in the evening classes taught by that gentleman, who soon discovered that his pupil was no common individual, and from the recesses of a mind stored with the choicest gems of our most celebrated authors, speedily fired the latent flame in the breast of Bethune. The following interesting sketch of the family of the Bethunes was furnished to Mr M'Combie by the Rev. Mr Adamson :

‘My acquaintance with the two brothers commenced in the summer of 1825. With Alexander I soon became very intimate. I had heard a good deal, from the people in the neighbourhood, of his talents and worth. I soon found, however, that their estimate of him, favourable as it was, was by far too low; and every opportunity which I had of conversing with him deepened the impression that he possessed powers, both intellectual and moral, of a very high order. One could not speak with him for many minutes without having cause to admire the sagacity and originality of his views. He had, even then, more than any man I have yet met with, an uncommon share of what Locke calls ‘strong, sound, round-about sense.’ His education, as you are aware, had been almost entirely domestic. If he had ever been at school at all, it must

* Memoirs of Alexander Bethune, embracing Selections from his Correspondence and Literary Remains. Compiled and Edited by WILLIAM M'COMBIE, Author of ‘Hours of Thought,’ ‘Moral Agency,’ &c. Aberdeen: G. & R. King. 1845.

have been only for a few weeks. I have often heard him say that to his mother (herself an extraordinary woman) he was chiefly indebted for his knowledge of letters. She, I may here remark, was extremely partial to what she called 'fireside instruction,' and often quoted passages from Cowper's 'Tirocinium,' in support of her particular views on this point. Next to the Bible, Cowper's poetry was her delight. She had him almost entirely by heart, and rarely failed to 'nail' her own sentiments and opinions with a line or sentence of that delightful writer. She was altogether a rare character, auld Aily! pious, but not austere—devout, but not bigoted—beneficent without ostentation—hospitable, kind-hearted, and generous even to a fault: she deserved (if ever woman on earth deserved it) the title of a mother in Israel. What a wonderful fund of humour she had too! Had her lot been cast in a higher sphere of life, and her education been like her abilities, she would doubtless have been admired as an ornament of her sex. From her, if genius be hereditary, the poets must have derived the singular talent which they possessed. The old man too—he was a perfect specimen of all that one can imagine of Nathaniel. I see him yet, the worthy patriarch, with the snows of eighty or ninety winters on his venerable head. You could not have met him on the public road, without feeling an inclination to lift the hat to him. He was a man of few words, but they were well chosen. He had seen many changes, of course, and, I believe, had come through many in his lifetime; but he rarely spoke of himself. When he did, it was rather of necessity than of choice; and when he gave counsel, it was delivered with a sweet mixture of gravity and gentleness. If from their mother the Bethunes inherited somewhat of poetical genius, I am sure that from their excellent father's precepts and example, they derived much of that unbending integrity and noble independence, which uniformly distinguished them.

'I have perhaps dwelt too long on these matters; but I could not resist the temptation of saying this much in regard to two individuals whom I often saw with the deceased in that happy cottage where their genius first began to develop itself. Old Alexander Bethune was certainly one of the "nobles of nature."

'About the time above referred to, Alexander was engaged during the day in out-door labour. He attended, with other young men, an evening class which I had opened at Lochend. Arithmetic, I think, was the only department of learning to which his attention was directed at that time; for, while he complained much of his 'far-backness' (as he then called it) in regard to English reading, he seemed to think that it was not worth while to spend much of his time in attempting to acquire what his old habits rendered it unlikely that he should ever be a great master of. If I remember rightly, too, he exercised himself a little in penmanship during those evening-school hours. This routine work being ended, we generally retired, sometimes to his friendly meeting, sometimes to the woods of Inchrye, where he would talk over the affairs of the day, and entertain me with the 'wit that fell ere well aware.' Our intercourse soon ripened into friendship. Reserve, or shadow of distrust, between us there was none. He was my instructor in regard to all the common affairs of this everyday world, and had more advantage over me in regard to life, than I over him in point of literature. I still look back with a melancholy pleasure to those six months which I spent in his neighbourhood. They were perhaps the happiest that I have known. I had found at length one who could sympathize with all my joys and sorrows: . . . One whose mind was a sanctuary into which every secret might be carried without distrust—whose word was as good as ten thousand oaths—whose transparency of character was a gladdening contrast to all that I had seen at school or college—and whose high mental capacities were so meekly veiled in the modesty of a truly christian character. He had at that time read few books, but the contents of such as had fallen in his way were well digested. With him, as with his mother, Cowper was quite an oracle. Of the

'Pilgrim's Progress' I have heard him speak with interest; Gray's 'Elegy,' Blair's 'Grave,' and Burns' 'Ottar's Saturday Night,' were great favourites with him and he has often told me, after he became acquainted with our most admired writers, that he would rather have been the author of the Churchyard Elegy, than of all the Byron or Scott have penned. It was during the summer that he first got a peep into the writings of the last mentioned poets. The 'Lady of the Lake' was highly prized by him. I remember well the deep and delightful interest with which he perused that exquisite poem. Byron, however, he for a long time gave a decided preference. The Astronomical Discourses of Dr Chalmers also deeply riveted his attention. But nothing that recollect of pleased him so much as the neglected volume of my friend Dr Gillespie on the *Seasons*. Of that I and his brother were passionately fond. I really believe that at that time he thought the learned professor one of the greatest men that ever lived on the face of this blessed world; and I am strongly tempted to think that some traits of his character were brought out by his familiarity with that eloquent production. Certain it is, that the beautiful descriptions and moral loveliness of that little work, made a deep and indelible impression upon his heart. This I know from conversations that passed between us long after. I never could get him to admire Moore. The beauties of Campbell he appreciated very highly.'

About this time Bethune, with the view of improving his condition, commenced learning the weaving business under the instruction of his brother; but after expending all their savings in the purchase of the necessary apparatus, they were compelled, from the general failures which occurred in 1825–6, to seek employment as out-door labourers, at the rate of one shilling a-day. It would appear that from this period the brothers were quite unable to improve their circumstances, and from the wretched nature of the house in which they were compelled to live, the health of both was materially injured. In 1827 Alexander, while employed in a quarry, was thrown into the air by a blast of gunpowder, and so dreadfully mangled that those who came to his aid after the accident, considered it unnecessary to send for assistance, from a belief that he could not survive many minutes. He, however, recovered, and in four months after was able to resume his labours. In the course of three years from this time he had the misfortune to meet with an accident of a similar kind, by which he was again fearfully disfigured, as from the effects of which he ever afterwards suffered. On this occasion he was again stretched on a sick-bed for nearly four months, during which he wrote a poem in blank verse, entitled 'Musings on Convalescence,' from which we extract the following:

'It is pleasing, from the bed of sickness,
And from the dingy cottage, to escape
For a short time to breathe the breath of heaven,
And ruminant abroad with less of pain.
Let those who never pressed the thorny pillow,
To which disease oft ties its victim down
For days and weeks of wakeful suffering—
Who never knew to turn or to be turned
From side to side, and seek, and seek in vain,
For ease and a short season of repose—
Who never tried to circumvent a moan,
And tame the spirit with a tyrant's sway,
To bear what must be borne and not complain—
Who never strove to wring from the writhed lip
And rigid brow, the semblance of a smile,
To cheer a friend in sorrow sitting by,
Nor felt that time, in happy days so fleet,
Drag heavily along when dogged by pain.
Let those talk well of Nature's beauteous face,
And her sublimer scenes; her rocks and mountains;
Her clustered hills and winding valleys deep;
Her lakes, her rivers, and her oceans vast,
In all the pomp of modern sentiment;
But still they cannot feel with half the force,
Which the pale invalid, imprisoned long,
Experiences upon his first escape
To the green fields and the wide world abroad:
Beauty is beauty—freshness, freshness, then;
And feeling is a something to be felt—
Not fancied—as is frequently the case.'

These misfortunes must have pressed severely upon

mind of Bethune, when we remember that on the proceeds of his own and his brother's earnings, as labourers, depended the support of two aged parents. find, him, however, amid all this suffering and poverty, diligently devoting his leisure hours to the cultivation of his taste for literary pursuits; and besides distributing several tales and other pieces to the periodicals of the day, in the year 1836 he had finished 'Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry,' a work which has been justly admired for the light which throws on the character of the Scottish peasant, and author's general knowledge of human nature. With manuscript of the 'Tales' in his pocket, he visited Edinburgh, where he was accidentally introduced to the notice of a young man then engaged as reader in one of printing-offices in that city, to whom he was afterwards much indebted for the critical knowledge and advice which he gave as to the publication of the work. His friend, besides revising the manuscript, and affording in all the information which his talents and experience well qualified him to give, was the means of inducing Mr Shortrede, then a printer in Edinburgh, to undertake the risk of the publication. The terms agreed on were, at Bethune should receive fifty copies in boards for the first copyright of the work. This may be thought by me to have been a very paltry remuneration, and so to the author it certainly was; but when the risk attending publication of such works is remembered, and that whole expense devolved on the printer, the conditions are not to be wondered at. With these terms, at all events, the author was perfectly satisfied.

Previous to the publication of the 'Tales and Sketches,' Mr Bethune obtained the situation of overseer on the estate of Inchrye, and in the prospect of somewhat bettering his condition, Alexander accompanied him as assistant. He was regarded by both as a great improvement in their circumstances, but in the course of the first year after entering on their new duties, the lands passed into the hands of a new proprietor, notice was given that their services would not be required beyond the year, and that they would have to quit the house at Lochend, which formed part of the Inchrye property. To leave the home which they had inhabited from boyhood, must have been to the Bethunes exceedingly trying; but the honourable dependence of their character was not to be overcome, and with that noble perseverance which ever characterised these two brothers amid all the difficulties with which through life they had to struggle, they came to the resolution of finding a piece of ground on which to rear a dwelling-house which they could call their own. While the 'Tales and Sketches' were in course of publication, Bethune, finding that fictitious composition was not likely to prove a lucrative employment, commenced, with the assistance of his brother, writing a series of lectures on radical economy. These they purposed to deliver personally, but on reflection the idea was abandoned. We find him writing to the friend formerly alluded to in the following terms:

'With respect to the Lectures themselves, there are some parts of them which you will perhaps deem *ultra*, and others uncalled for; and yet we have adverted to other the tendency of which did not appear to us evidently bad. The station which we occupy, however, must give us a view of some subjects rather different from that which has been presented to you; and this being the case, we cannot expect you to coincide in all our opinions, though with some of them I feel moderately certain that you will agree.'

'As to the disposing of the manuscript, should it not answer the firm of Mr Shortrede, which is highly probable, if you would show it to any other publishers in whose line of business it may more immediately lie, and try to collect their opinions as to what they would be willing to give, you would confer a very great favour on its authors. As we do not wish to dispose of the absolute copyright, we would prefer an offer for one or two editions, consisting of a limited number of copies. Offers, however, might be

made both ways, if publishers were so inclined. And an agreement could be made at an early period, it would be of considerable importance to us on the following account. My father and mother, through the caprice of individual who has lately purchased the estate on which they live, must remove at the first term from the house which they have occupied for the last twenty-four years. They are now very infirm, and unable to bear the fatigues of either far or frequent removals, to save them from which we have found a small piece of ground near Edinburgh, and are now busy making preparations for building a house for them. To accomplish this, we must perform at least one half of the mason and nearly the whole of thewright work ourselves; and even then, as materials at the cheapest are expensive, we shall hardly be able to finish it. Several circumstances have contributed to make our joint savings smaller than otherwise they would have been. Some serious accidents, by which I was incapacitated for work for a length of time—some attempts, perhaps foolish ones, to relieve the necessities of others, and the very trifling rewards for labour in this part of the country often not more than 7s. or 7s. 6d.—these, with the responsibility of providing for two aged individuals, for the last eight or ten years, have all been against us in the way of saving money. And though we have nearly enough to cover the outside work of our proposed erection—that is to say, though we can make it habitable—unless an additional sum can be procured, we cannot finish it within; and this can never be done so conveniently afterwards, if anything could be made of the Lectures, it would be most acceptable at the present juncture.'

On Mr Shortrede being made acquainted with the circumstances in which the Bethunes were placed, he at once agreed, in place of fifty copies of the 'Tales and Sketches,' to give the price of the first fifty sold; and while the work was in progress, he kindly remitted £5, to assist in the rearing of their dwelling, which, in the words of Mr M'Combie, 'notwithstanding the little assistance they were able to obtain from tradesmen, the building and fittings-up are substantial and workmanlike; and this house, with its many interesting and many melancholy associations, will, it is to be hoped, remain for ages not the less impressive monument of their indomitable energy and skill.'

In 1838, the 'Tales and Sketches' were published. This at once stamped the author as a person of no ordinary description. The truthful delineations of character, and the strong moral feeling which pervades the work, speedily attracted the notice of the public; but while reviews were awarding to Bethune that justice which his tale demanded, and which under ordinary circumstances might have been highly gratifying to any one, and particularly to an individual who had been so long struggling with adversity, we find him writing to the friend who had been the first to acquaint him with the success which the work had met with, in the following terms:—

'I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letter which came by post; and also that of the parcel which announced. The first I received one day after date, the last this afternoon; and if they do not "rejoice my heart," it is because at present it cannot rejoice. Eight days ago, and they would have made me happier than any other earthly thing; but within this short period I have seen my father sicken; I have watched his bed, may say, night and day; I have seen every remedy which medical skill could devise prove fruitless; I have seen lifeless clay; and I am but now returned from consign his remains to the dust. Thus the deepest sorrows of men, and what would otherwise be their greatest pleasure, are sometimes strangely blended. The scenes which have thus so recently seen, the part I have acted in them, and the impression which they have left on my spirits will, I hope, be some excuse if at present I cannot thank you. I would wish to do, for all your kindness, and all your exertions in my behalf. Do not suppose however that I am insensible to the extent of my obligation—I feel and after having read your most friendly letter, the

views, &c. I had for a moment half forgotten my late bereavement, but a sad recollection was at hand—namely, that one parent for whom I had toiled, and thought, and written, could never more be benefited by toil, or thought, or writing of mine.'

Various offers were now made to Bethune to become a contributor to the periodicals of the day, and numerous were the inquiries to learn something of his history and personal appearance. In answer to one of these inquiries he returned the following characteristic answer:—

' For a man to deal largely in his own biography is, I fear, a sad way of fishing for fame—little better than fishing with a cable; and ten to one but the fish sees the line and flies from the bait. There is, besides, but little in my history worth noticing. Of privations I have had my share; but who cares for these things? Nevertheless, I must give you such notices of my life as will satisfy yourself and friends. I owe you this and a thousand times more, but must defer it for the present. And, in the meantime, though I can perceive that you are only jesting when you put certain questions concerning the author of the ' Tales and Sketches' in the mouths of certain individuals, you may tell the romantic damsel, if ever she should call again—or rather, I may tell you in case she should not—that, so far as I know, he is in his thirty-first or thirty-second year—too old by at least a dozen years to be at all interesting. You may also tell the maiden of a certain age, that, though unmarried, he lately wore a coat that was cut at the elbows! tell her this, and she will ask no more. For other inquirers, you may tell them that he is about five feet ten inches high, and, so far as I can judge, of such proportions as other men; that the hair on his forehead, from that part of his upper story having been partially unroofed, is thin; that though both his eyes are still in their sockets, only one is serviceable; that his dinner in winter, year after year, was wotan to be a little bannock of barley-meal with such a quantity of snow as would serve to moisten it, that is, when the last mentioned article of diet could be found, and when it could not, it frequently cost him a journey to the nearest burn to supply its place with water. I might tell you a good deal more about the habits, appearance, &c. of my acquaintance, but must desist; and if these notices, notwithstanding their length, should still seem unsatisfactory, I will try to pack him up, some time or other, and send him over to Edinburgh for your inspection.'

In 1839, the 'Lectures on Practical Economy,' the joint production of Bethune and his brother, were published, and notwithstanding the very sanguine anticipations which were entertained as to the probable success of the work, by those well qualified to judge, it proved the reverse of a fortunate speculation. Shortly after the publication of these, Bethune's brother died, and in the course of the following year this event was followed by the death of his mother. These bereavements, particularly the death of his brother, pressed so deeply on the sensitive mind of Alexander, as to shed a gloom on the whole of his future history. His diary, and the letters which he wrote to his friends on this occasion, form a most interesting portion of the Memoirs, but our limits will not permit of extract. At the request of many friends, Bethune was induced to undertake the revision of the poems left by his brother. From the unfinished state in which many of them were left, this was no easy task for one who was compelled day after day to undergo the fatigues of an out-door labourer. To the duty, however, he commenced with his usual energy, and almost immediately upon the appearance of the volume, the whole edition, consisting of 700 copies, was disposed of; but from the limited number of copies, and the delay which took place before a second edition was got ready, Bethune reaped very little pecuniary advantages from the publication of the poems. A copy of the work having fallen into the hands of Mrs Hill, the lady of Frederick Hill, Esq., inspector of prisons, she was so much struck with the ability which it displayed, that she at once wrote Bethune, offering to use her influence to procure him a

situation in some way connected with the prisons; and as it was necessary that he should attend for some time in the bridewell of Glasgow, without salary, previous to being qualified for an appointment, Mrs Hill generously offered to defray his travelling and other expenses during this period. In answer to the letter acquainting Bethune with this, and requesting to know what particular department he was best qualified to superintend, we find him writing in the following terms:

' While I would thank you and Mr Hill for your generosity in offering to bear my expenses, I would humbly beg to say that I should consider myself bound to bear these myself. They would not amount to any very great sum; for my habits are still almost as inexpensive, and my wants almost as few, as when I was a boy. As in evidence of this, I may be allowed to say, that a pound of oatmeal made into porridge, and a pennyworth of milk, serves me regularly for both breakfast and supper; my dinner is even still less expensive; and beyond a draught of cold water, I never required any intermediate meals. In short, my ordinary fare has seldom cost more than the cheaper kinds of what is called prison diet. After having seen the 'working of the system,' if I thought the duties were such as I could perform, I should then be ready thankfully to accept of a temporary appointment to some subordinate situation; and if I could succeed in performing the duties of that situation in a more creditable way than they had been performed by others, I would naturally expect to be advanced. But, on the other hand, if I had good reason for suspecting that my own experience and abilities were not such as to qualify me for the task, I would certainly be doing wrong were I to allow any prospect of pecuniary advantage, or even the overweening kindness of a patron, to weigh with me in accepting a situation where I could not ultimately give satisfaction to my employers. These are simply and briefly my views of the matter; and I hope you will pardon the abrupt manner in which circumstances have at present compelled me to state them.'

' Though a natural propensity for trying everything which came in the way, and a somewhat checkered fortune, have contributed to make me partially acquainted with various kinds of work, I fear there are only a few, and these the least available, which I could 'superintend.' With the blasting of rock, stone-breaking, hedging, ditching, the forming of roads, wood-cutting and pruning, sawyers'-work, and gardening, I have been familiar since boyhood. At some of these occupations I have occasionally directed the operations of twenty men—without, however, receiving a farthing more for my trouble than the least responsible labourer of the gang—and I do not think I should find much difficulty in superintending any to a considerable extent; but they could be of no service in the case under consideration. When I was a boy, with the odd ha'pence which children usually spend at fairs and in toy shops, I bought wrights' tools, with which I made chairs and tables; and of these, that upon which I now sit, and at which I now write, are specimens. To oblige, and at the same time save the money of some poor neighbours, I was also in the habit of working during my leisure hours as a cooper; and there is not at present a single wooden vessel in the house, which I have not at some time or other repaired. From having devoted a portion of my spare time to mending shoes, I had once some little fame as a cobbler; I never indeed attempted to make new ones, but, with a little attention, I could have repaired the old almost as well as most shoemakers. After I came to be engaged in the quarries, when the smith chanced to be from home, I sometimes endeavoured to supply his place by sharpening the quarry tools myself; and at this branch of the business I had acquired a tolerable proficiency. By far the greater part of both the mason and wright work of the house in which I now live was performed by myself and my poor brother. We succeeded, however, more by patient and unwearied perseverance, than by that despatch which should characterise a good hand. —and if I could be made fit in me to

ay claim to anything like a perfect knowledge of any of these businesses. From the foregoing it will be seen that my occupations have been as varied and as numerous as those of most other men. In so far as regards the subject under consideration, most of them could be of no use; but once had great confidence in my own ability to learn anything, and, though it is highly probable that passing time may have impaired the quickness of the capacity, in an emergency I still think I could learn a little. Lest it should be supposed that I might have made a fortune, I must here be permitted to say, that the little skill I possessed in these crafts, was, in most instances, exerted for the benefit of others, and very rarely brought any advantage to myself beyond the pleasure of having surmounted difficulties which others would not attempt to overcome.

' Of music, when supplied by others, I was always fond; but I could never either sing or play upon any instrument myself. Perhaps my ignorance of these accomplishments may be partly attributable to the circumstance of having had so much of what some one has called, "sterner work to do." I was wont, moreover, to consider music as a mere amusement, and, when carried to excess, by those who had to earn their bread with the sweat of their brow, as a sort of dissipation of time; and, as I always wished to be engaged in something useful, I never thought of following after it. To drawing I can advance no claim. I beg to enclose for your inspection the only trial I ever made in my life. As you may see by comparing it with the frontispiece to my brother's poems, it is an attempt to take a sketch of that group of old houses in one of which my best and happiest years were spent. I had no teacher or assistant. I soon found that I wanted that accuracy and delicacy of touch which would have been necessary to finish a picture upon which a lithographer could proceed, and after working upon it for half an hour, I gave it up in despair. I should say, however, that I have drawn plans of fields, plantations, and roads, upon a given scale, with no other instruments for taking angles, &c. than such as I had constructed myself. My life throughout has been a busy one; and, with respect to getting forward in the world, the result holds out but small inducement to others to follow my example. Yet it was not in my nature to be idle. With me, to be employed upon some new undertaking, and to find that I could succeed in it, was frequently to be as happy as mortals need ever expect to be in the midst of what has emphatically been called "a vale of tears!" and perhaps if I had got less to do, I should only have had more time to muse on those melancholy subjects of which now here been in my way.'

In March, 1841, Bethune set out for Glasgow, for the purpose of being initiated into the duties of his new office; but we can easily suppose the disappointment he felt on being placed in the situation of a common turnkey. Notwithstanding that every kindness was shown to him by the governor of the prison, his health, at no time robust, immediately gave way under the confinement attendant on his official duties, and within a week he returned to his solitary home in Newburgh. His benevolent benefactress, there is good reason for believing, never intended that he should be limited to such a sphere; and it is more than probable that Bethune's modesty operated considerably in the matter, in so far as he wrote that he did not wish the application to be made for one who had any qualifications above the average rate of a common labourer. We may cage the eagle and feed him on the most sumptuous fare, nevertheless he will soon pine and die; while, had he been allowed to soar over our native hills, enjoying the pure air of heaven, with only a precarious subsistence, he might have outlived a generation. So with Bethune. While we regret that he should not have been provided for in some way more congenial to his merits and dispositions, we are ready to confess that we would rather have beheld him, for a shilling a-day, labouring from morn to night in a ditch, than found him a turnkey in a prison with ten times the amount of remun-

eration. The letters which passed on this subject are of a highly interesting character. Mrs Hill showed her anxiety still to procure for Bethune a situation as teacher in some of the prisons, and this seems to have been congenial to his views; but from unavoidable causes the appointment never took place.

Shortly after this point in his history, a second edition of the Life and Poems of John Bethune was published in Bristol, and this having come under the notice of two ladies connected with that body who really are what their name imports, the Society of Friends, they used every means to further the interests of Bethune. Their first letter enclosed a post-office order for three pounds; a gift which, as on several similar occasions, and with all respect for the kindness of the motives which prompted it, he declined to accept. These ladies ever afterwards took a deep interest in his welfare, and materially aided the sale of his publications.

Bethune's acquaintance with the editor of his Memoirs commenced in 1841, and arose from a desire on the part of Mr M'Combie, after having read some of his works, to know something of the history of one for whom he had been led to form a very high opinion. The correspondence between two such kindred spirits resulted in Bethune setting out in 1842 on a visit to this friend, who resides in Aberdeenshire; upwards of fifty miles of which journey he performed on foot. The same year Bethune visited Edinburgh, and entered into arrangements with the Messrs Black as to the publication of the 'Scottish Peasant's Fireside,' which appeared early in the following year; but previous to this the author was seized with fever, from which he never thoroughly recovered, the disease merging into pulmonary consumption. During his partial recovery, an offer was made to him to undertake the editorship of the Dumfries Standard, a newspaper then about to be started; but after conditionally accepting of the situation, should his health permit, he felt himself under the necessity of almost immediately after abandoning all hope of ever being able to enter on the duties of editor. He had removed to Kenmaway, a village distant about sixteen miles from Newburgh, for the change of air; but all proved unavailing; and he returned to that home which was endeared to him from having been the abode of a father, mother, and brother, whom it had been his aim through life to render comfortable and happy; and here, too, the last of that household, he calmly resigned his spirit to the God who gave it, on the 13th June, 1843.

We have already expressed the extreme interest with which we have perused the Memoirs of Bethune. From these being chiefly in the form of letters, a more thorough knowledge of the character of one so well entitled to admiration is obtained than can be imparted by any attempt to relate his history. To the attention of all, but particularly our youthful readers, we would again take leave earnestly to recommend the work.

TOM RESTON'S REVENGE.

The ancient family of Burleigh had their family residence near the town of Kinross. The remains of the castle still form a fine and venerable ruin, the appearance of which is rendered still more picturesque by a few aged oak trees which grow around it. It stands within a small distance of Lochleven, and, from the upper windows of the ruin, that fine sheet of water stretches out in full prospect and appears quite at the door. The traveller on his way to the north of Scotland may view this old castle, which is situated to the right, a little after leaving Kinross. Its last inhabitant or proprietor was attainted at the conclusion of the Rebellion of 1715, and any attempts to have the title restored have as yet proved unsuccessful. This individual was named Robert Balfour, and had a strange history. In the traditional records of that district, in which lay his patrimonial territory, he is represented as having possessed when a boy an exquisite bodily shape and a beauty of countenance strictly feminine. He had two sisters younger than himself, Margaret and

Mary, but no brothers, and was of course styled from his boyhood the Master of Burleigh. His sister Mary was a very beautiful girl, and so exceedingly like her brother, that, when children, they used, by exchanging clothes, to impose on their nearest relatives; and the inhabitants of the district, when they went abroad so habited, were not unfrequently deceived. Robert, however, was, though a lovely, a wayward, passionate, and most vindictive child. Both he and his sisters had, it must be confessed, a sorry upbringing. Lady Burleigh, the mother, a daughter of the Earl of Melville, was, after the death of her third child, reduced to such a lamentable state of physical and mental debility, as to require the almost constant attendance of a sicknurse herself. The father, Lord Burleigh, though an active soldier in his youth, had evinced for the last twelve years, and indeed from the time he succeeded his celebrated father on the estate, an eccentricity which bordered on madness. Like Lord Holland, the father of the famous statesman Charles Fox, it was his favourite maxim that children when quite young should scarcely be contradicted, but have all things their own way; and as, from some unaccountable reason, he never invited to the castle a single relative, either of his own family or his wife's, the three Balfours, Robert, Margaret, and Mary, grew up in years and stature under the influence merely of their own sportive humours; and happy children on the whole they were, notwithstanding the sad turn that the master's gusts of passion too frequently gave to things. The scenery around the castle is very fine, and the building itself, surrounded in those days by a large verdant park studded with immense oak trees, had a very imposing appearance. In this park the children of the neighbourhood had Lord Burleigh's permission during summer to engage, for two nights in the week, in whatever sport they chose; and on a fine evening it was no uncommon sight to see the little urchins trooping in scores beneath the huge branches of the ancestral trees, and his own children joining with them in their favourite games.

All this while the Baron of Burleigh himself saw no company. His establishment consisted merely of two female servants; a footboy, who was for the most part employed in running messages; and an old man, a species of Caleb Balderstone, who looked after the poultry, and on stated occasions stood behind the baron's chair while he and his family were dining. The task of educating the children, Lord Burleigh took upon himself, admitting only as an occasional assistant the woman who attended his lady as nurse. Many were the speculations afloat in the neighbourhood, and indeed all Scotland over (for the baron had an extensive list of acquaintances), in reference to this unaccountable mode of acting on his lordship's part. It was so unlike anything that his conduct previous to succeeding his father could have led the public to expect, that it was generally set down to the score of lunacy. A few only guessed the real cause. His eccentricity was mere pretence. He succeeded his father, and found the estate dreadfully burdened with obligations which had never been dreamed of. The fortune he got by his marriage was much smaller than he anticipated. Proud, haughty, and determined, he would not submit to the degradation of revealing to his friends on the world how matters stood; so he resolved, in order to recover himself and save money, to *mad Tom* it a little: and certainly he acted his part to admiration. He scarcely met a peasant child but he stroked the urchin's head and gave him a small piece of coin. He was bountiful to the poor of his own immediate district. He encouraged his children to visit cottages, and gain universal goodwill by their hilarity and condescension. He held up to positive ridicule the fopperies and vanities of the genteel families around, thus making it appear that his not associating with his equals was the consequence not of necessity but of choice. He walked about and conversed with the humblest peasant that came in his way with a freedom and frankness that gained him their decided attachment; he even occasionally aided his own labourers in pruning

hedges, repairing dykes, and making drains. He paid his accounts promptly and ungrudgingly, so that few suspected how matters stood; he was, in short, at once praised and pitied, styled the poor man's friend and the really good nobleman besides, but something had occurred to touch his intellect; nevertheless, he had not his equal in Fifeshire, nor Clackmannan to boot. For a considerable number of years matters went on in a style somewhat similar to what we have described; his lordship never seeing company, and associating with merely his own children and the peasants around; at length an arrival was announced: it was a sister of his father's who resided in the south of Scotland. His lordship at first was not seeing her, but she insisted, and so brought him round at the very first interview that his own children were surprised at the change. She had, as it afterwards turned out, discovered in his writing desk a large unpaid bill due by her late husband to the father of the baron, and her object in coming to the castle was to have it paid out of her own fortune, which was considerable. What the sum was we cannot say, but it operated miraculously on Lord Burleigh. He pretended to have all at once recovered his senses, sent for workmen to put matters about the castle to rights, got from Edinburgh a governess to take charge of his daughters, and though he still kept out of society, yet he was in the main an altered man. The master was now turned of eleven, a fine, elegant, lady-looking boy. He would not hear of a tutor when the thing was one evening proposed to him by his aunt—nay, he stamped and stormed like a maniac, and, drawing out a claspknife, threatened he would stab the person brought for such a purpose on the reading of the first lesson.

'And how, my pretty gentleman, are you to get on with your learning?' inquired the aunt.

'Oh, hae nae care about that, auntie Kate; I'm gaen to Kimmerwood School on Munaday morning, where Bob Purdie and Tam Purvis baith gangs. The master's grand at the Latin and Greek, and faither can learn me French at by-hours.'

The aunt laughed outright at the simplicity and earnestness of her spoiled nephew, and Lord Burleigh chancing to come in at the very moment, it was agreed to let him have his own way for once, as no doubt a few weeks would prove sufficient to effect a cure, the master being but an indifferent walker, and the school in question nearly three miles from the castle of Burleigh. On the following Monday young Balfour accordingly set out for Kimmerwood with a satchel on his back and half-a-crown in his pocket to pay his school fees. The schoolmaster started when, a short while after lessons had begun, the vision of a young nobleman in laced jacket and cambric ruffles presented itself without the ceremony of tapping. He was still more astonished when, tendering his half-crown, the Master of Burleigh expressed his determination to become a regular pupil.

'And what do you intend to learn?' asked the half-wondered teacher.

'Oh, you're to teach me Latin and Greek, and papa is to put me up to the French at by-hours; so where am I to sit?'

The rustic scholars, as the master looked about, made no little stir. 'Come here, Lord Bobbie,' for so he was familiarly styled all the country over; 'and here,' 'and here,' whispered the half laughing, half trembling urchins, for they saw, by a cloud on the pedagogue's brow, that they had gone too far.

'Silence!' thundered the indignant tawse-wielder, and the incipient commotion was allayed. 'Here, my little master, take this seat near to myself, it will be most convenient for the acquisition of your Latin task.'

'Na, heth!' said the impractical scion of nobility, 'I'm gaen to haes a seat between Ned Douglas and Joe Frame; we ken ither fu' weel.'

A universal shout of laughter, in which the teacher himself affected to join, accompanied this natural burst; and a minute after, the boys towed himself away between the two worthies aforesaid; the first being the sexton

of Orwell's second son, the other the only child of his father's forester. The master soon became a great favourite with the scholars, especially the girls, but the teacher scarce knew what to do. He could not awe the daring little spirit that had voluntarily put itself under his control; and when on any occasion he spoke in tones of indignation, Balfour's answer was so clever and so pat, that it quite dumfounded the pedagogue, and set the school in a roar with laughter. The master too acquired his tasks with astonishing ease; and as Lord Burleigh himself expressed, at the end of the first quarter, decided approbation of his son's progress, the individual in question was fain to pocket a few insolencies from the heir of Burleigh, who soon had no reason to complain of not getting every thing his own way. Matters continued in this state for nearly a twelvemonth, when all at once young Balfour's manner underwent a most decided change: he became reserved, distant, and sullen—he no longer evinced his accustomed desire to please, and the latent ferocity of his disposition frequently broke out in undisguised assaults upon his playfellows, who, though able to cope with him in reference to physical strength, were from mere instinct prepared on ordinary occasions to succumb.

Such was the condition of things when an accident hastened his fall. There were in the neighbourhood of the school two families that had but recently arrived from the east of Fife. The fathers were ferocious-looking fellows, and their wives were never seen. They were understood to be smugglers, or some such thing, but that is less to the purpose than that we inform the reader, that they had the conscience, bad as they were, to send their two eldest sons to the same school as that at which Balfour had entered himself the summer before. They proved at once decided rivals to poor Lord Bobbie. They were noted miscreants, and by the splendour of their black-guardism, they threw the lustre and glory of the master's lordly lineage completely into the shade. Young Balfour, seeing his influence diminishing, somewhat altered his manner. He again bought confections with his pocket-money, and bribed his liege to obey. He helped on the dull and stupid by performing those school tasks which they felt difficulty in accomplishing; but all would not do. Rob Salmon and Peter Spears had become all the rage; they were grown up boys, and as they were capital at all kinds of sports, could talk slang fluently, and boast of the adventures of their daring ancestors, they soon established a complete ascendancy over the other scholars. The Master of Burleigh found that his occupation was gone; a conspiracy was formed to deprive him of his sway; and, taking advantage of some hasty word which he had employed to their disparagement, the two ragamuffins one day waylaid him on his return from school (they played truant for the purpose), and gave, as they themselves expressed it, his tinsel jacket a sound dusting. The Master of Burleigh scorned to cry or to complain; he appeared to pocket the drubbing, and walked sulkily off the ground, but vengeance was boiling in every vein; and securing next morning, before setting out for school, a small dagger known in the family by the name of the 'dwarf's glaive,' he rushed upon the eldest of his assailants, while engaged in repeating his lesson, and but for the teacher's interference would have smote him to the heart. It was necessary, of course, to remove him from the school; and a Mr Stenhouse was appointed as a private tutor to superintend his education. The boy sulked a little at first when a governor was named, but appearing in a short time to perceive himself the proprietor of the arrangement, he submitted with a much better grace than his previously evinced opposition would have led any one to expect. There was a reason for this; the fact is, the young Master of Burleigh possessed, as if by inheritance, a considerable portion of his father's craft and cunning. At a very early age, he had been in the habit of paying almost daily visits to the cottage of one of his father's smaller tenants, who had an only daughter, named Mary, his own name being David Hay. David

was an attractive enough man himself, for he had been a sailor in his youth, and could tell many a wonderful tale of the Spanish main, Dampier, and the wild Buccaneers. His dwelling, too, stood on the banks of Lochleven, and he had constructed for himself a small skiff, in which he would frequently give the master a sail, allowing him to steer, as, under full canvass, the tiny vessel bore direct on the island of Queen Mary. But David's stories and David's sails were not the only cause of our young hero's visits to his cottage. The fact is, Lord Bobbie had, when scarcely six, conceived a great fondness for David's pretty daughter, though Mary was his senior by upwards of three years. Mary was tall for her age, and the master proportionably diminutive for his, so that he was treated by the girl with a freedom and fondness that had a good deal of the mother in it. She would take him up on her knee, stroke his head, sing to him, and exhibit his pretty little figure to those who visited the cottage, as she would have done a fine doll of wax. All this did very well while he was a mere child. But as the master advanced in years his stature suddenly improved; he became tall, erect, and fine looking. Mary grew more shy and distant; there was a something connected with the looks the boy fixed upon her own beautiful countenance, especially at church, that half amused half distressed her. And when the master first entered Kimmerwood school, the first glance he bestowed upon her revealed the whole secret. Mary was there seated among the other scholars, and though she said nothing, she felt convinced that the magnet that had attracted the young feet of Lord Bobbie to the rustic seminary was neither more nor less than her own pretty face. Nor was she wrong in her guesses. Young Balfour felt already as if he lived for her alone. He knew, however, his father's pride of family, and managed to conduct matters with an art truly wonderful in a boy. Of all the girls at school, Mary Hay was the one whom Lord Bobbie seemed to regard with least esteem. His lovely face and fine figure, joined to a great share of boyish gallantry, and a tolerable display of spirit, made him a general favourite with the school girls. He clambered up cliffs to pull them wild flowers, gave them presents of fruits and gingerbread, and robbed for them cushat's nests. But he showed, if possible, less attention to Mary than to the others; and though he still continued to visit on Saturdays her father's cottage, and listen to his stories and tales of the sea, he seldom spoke to Mary herself. No one guessed the cause of Lord Bobbie's change of manner a short while before his leaving Kimmerwood school. He moped, we have seen, and became unaccountably peevish; alas! his beloved Mary had left the seminary, and with her fled all that had lent a charm to its tasks, its confinement, its tricks, and its tears.

David Hay had, as he conceived, given Mary a sufficient education to fit her for acting well her part as a farmer's wife, in the event of her ever becoming one, and being now well on for sixteen, he resolved to dismiss his old housekeeper and instal Mary in her place. He accordingly did so at Whitsunday, and our readers know the result. Lord Bobbie was placed under the surveillance of a governor. Stenhouse was the person's name, an exceedingly amiable young man, and withal sufficiently firm, though he usually contrived to please his somewhat flighty and capricious pupil. On one thing the master secretly prided himself—he contrived to introduce Stenhouse to David Hay, and often drew him to enter his cottage on the fine nights of summer, to partake of cakes and nice warm milk from the cow. Stenhouse appeared to relish David's stories exceedingly, and a sail upon the lake about sunset was quite a treat; but poor Bobbie little dreamed that his young tutor had a heart as susceptible as could be of the tender passion, and that every renewed visit only increased the admiration with which, on the first interview, he had regarded Mary Hay. But let us not anticipate. Stenhouse remained only six months in the castle as Lord Bobbie's tutor. Some insult which Lord Burleigh gave him, or, as some allege, the unremitting persecution of Miss Straiton, the governess—a maiden

lady whose veracity would have been less liable to suspicion had she called herself two years above rather than ten years below forty—who plagued him with perpetual *billet-doux* *annoucement* of the most tender regard, made him resign his charge and commence teacher on his own account in a nice little village situated at the foot of the Lomonds, and which has since obtained celebrity from having been the birthplace of Bruce the poet.

It was now proposed to send the master off to Eton, in England, for the completion of his youthful studies. But for leaving Mary Hay, no proposal could have been more to his taste. To part perhaps for ever from this the object of his infantine passion was more than he could endure. He stormed, raved, and cut his usual amount of swagger when the proposal was made; but Lord Burleigh was no longer inclined to submit to the humour of the boy. To Eton, bag and baggage, Lord Bobbie was marched off, and for the space of at least five years he neither saw nor heard of Mary; he did not, however, forget her. Amidst all his follies and trivial dissipations, Mary was still the polestar that attracted his affections to home; every letter he received from that quarter made him tremble lest it should announce her marriage; and when, along with his tutor, he was allowed at length to revisit Scotland, Mary engrossed his thoughts and recollections during the long journey. His resolution was now fixed and decided: a passion which many waters could not quench burned intensely within, and he resolved on his first arrival to avow his feelings to the girl herself, and get from her a promise of secrecy until his father's death should leave him free, by uniting himself to her in sacred wedlock, to claim her as his own. Then the idea of her being already another's, or of a rival carrying her off before he arrived, drove him nearly mad, and forgetting what he was about, he called out to the postillion to drive faster.

On his way home he had his father's orders to call at Niddry Hall, the residence of the aunt whose dexterous management had set matters to rights about the castle in former years, on his way, and to be as gallant and polite as possible to Miss Leslie, a meagre-looking high-shouldered niece, who had been for some time a resident in her family. The master understood the hint, and during his fortnight's residence at Niddry he played his cards to admiration; he paid her all attention, rode out with her every day along the banks of the Nith, and actually succeeded in seducing to himself what small amount of affection she had to bestow on any one. At last he arrived at Burleigh Hall. He came alone—having left his tutor at Queensferry, where he had some relations to see—and on foot, for the pony on which he had travelled from Edinburgh had been left at the inn of Kinross.

It was in the leafy month of June that he arrived at the castle, and his sisters and Miss Straiton were sitting in the large back parlour sewing, with the huge window thrown up, enjoying the cool breeze wafted from Lochleven, which lay stretched before them in all its extent, glittering under the reflected splendour of a sun which was about to set. The two young ladies almost screamed with delight as, decked out in all the elegant foppery of the day, Robert Balfour suddenly presented himself and asked if they remembered him. Without saying a word, the happy girls, enraptured with his improved appearance and manly look, threw down their samplers and danced for joy. It was in vain that Miss Straiton put on a face of grave rebuke; the merry sisters could not bridle their happiness; and even after its first ebullition had partially subsided, they came close up to him, inspected him from head to foot, pronouncing his dress superb, and seemed quite charmed with his spangled sash of Norfolk blue, his plumed cap, and the golden hilt of a splendid dagger, recently given him by the Lord of Mowbray. Young Burleigh submitted to all this with great good nature, and after partaking of some refreshment, and looking in upon the chamber of his poor paralytic mother, who, however, scarcely evinced the slightest emotion when told who he was, he saillied forth to enjoy a

ramble in one of his old favourite walks. A short way from the door, however, he encountered Lord Burleigh, who was again taking his accustomed interest in public matters, and was just returning on horseback from Dunfermline, where he had been attending a meeting congregated to oppose the celebrated union of the two kingdoms. The baron shook his son cordially by the hand, and insisted on his returning with him to the castle, as he had a question of importance to ask. Having entered, he accordingly withdrew with him into a remote apartment, and, presenting a letter which he had the day before received from his sister in Dumfries, inquired if he might rely on the veracity of what it contained. The letter narrated the attachment he had conceived for Miss Leslie, and also the cordial manner in which it was apparently reciprocated. The young master fell on his knees at his father's feet, and confessing his presumption in having at so early an age acted with so much blind precipitation, craved forgiveness. Lord Burleigh evinced a pleasure which he had not displayed for years: he walked up and down the apartment, rubbing his hands in an ecstacy, and chuckling to himself, ‘Ay, this will do; this will do.’ Then taking his son's hands into both his own, and raising him up, bade him dispel his fears, as he could not have made a choice more to his father's mind, his cousin Leslie, though considerably deformed in person, and not very amiable in mind, having yet that which this old domain was still in want of—gold in sackfuls. ‘Ay, Bobbie,’ continued he, giving way to his emotions, ‘gold in very sackfuls.’ Having said so, he once again shook by the hand his elegant but most hypocritical son, who, instead of loving his cousin Leslie, regarded her with the most intense hatred; his consenting to court her being simply a scheme to delude the family and prevent them from suspecting his love to Mary Hay. When at supper, his father rallied him on his attachment to Miss Leslie, and explained it to his daughters; they looked sceptical; but young Burleigh, whom the old baron had, during the repast, helped to several glasses of wine, launched out so in her praises that they were compelled to look satisfied; though Mary, reviewing his fine figure and radiant face, felt rather damped that her brother's taste should be so grovelling, for her cousin Leslie was not only deformed and ugly, but exceedingly ill-natured and cross; and when they met next morning, half in jest half in earnest, she began to charge him with the intention of selling himself for gold. The Master of Burleigh laughed heartily, and asked whether she would not rather have him marry a hunchback heiress of an ancient house for gold than connect himself, as Sir William Douglas had lately done, to a peasant's daughter for love. Young as she was, Miss Balfour shuddered at the last supposition, and all the pride of family mounting up to her flushed cheek, she bestowed upon her brother a look sufficiently expressive to take away the colour from his, and energetically exclaimed, ‘Robert, there is something under all this I scarce comprehend; but the breakfast bell tolls from the tower, so make haste to the parlour like a good boy, as you never have been, but as I trust you are to be.’

On a beautiful green knoll near the margin of her native lake Mary Hay was that forenoon occupied in bleaching some beautiful linens recently fabricated for her father on one of the looms of Kinross. The day was exceedingly hot, but a cool breeze tempered the atmosphere in the immediate vicinity of the loch, and the happy girl, as she plied her watering-pan, sang one of her favourite airs in tones as melodious and tender as her figure was fine or her face lovely. A favourite white spaniel whom perhaps in mockery she had termed Stout, lay between the webs, enjoying the soft grass and warm sun. Right above there was a young plantation recently purchased by the Baron of Burleigh from Gremie of Edenvale; and a rustling sound issuing therefrom about the hour of noon attracted the ears of Stout, who, starting up, barked snapishly in the first instance, and in the next rushed fiercely in and sprang upon the intruder. This was no other than the Master of Burleigh himself, who, for the purpose of com-

verting it into a fishing-rod, was cutting furiously at one of his father's saplings with the identical dagger presented to him by the Lord of Mowbray. Striking at the faithful animal, who was only doing his duty, with the golden hilt, young Balfour set him away howling for pain, and next moment Mary herself, who had left her bleaching to prevent harm, stood before him in the full blow of her now completely developed female charms. Balfour, taken by surprise, stood like an exquisite statue, bewildered and entranced, and Mary, who recognised at once in the tall and graceful figure of the master her own Lord Bobbie of other days, reciprocated his wonder, and, blushing deeply, curtsied to the ground and prepared to withdraw.

"So you remember me, dearest Mary," said the Master of Burleigh, extending his hand, which, in the kindness and simplicity of her heart, the young woman grasped with cordial freedom—"you remember me, do you? 'Tis well, 'tis well."

Mary smiled, and returned for answer that she minded him right well, and glad she was sure would her father be to see his old favourite back again to Burleigh Hall. Her answer did not altogether please the master, who, still retaining her hand, resolved to be effective and impassioned, and commenced addressing her in the true Etonian fashion of the times. The speech was a prepared one, and was something like what follows:—

"Yes, divine Maria, rose of Lochleven and flower of the Lomonds, see before you an adoring slave! and hear him avow for the first time the existence of a flame by whose ferocious intensity his entrails have been scorched for a past eternity. Yes, 't must out, divine creature, chaste as Diana and resplendent as the queen of love; it must out; nay laugh not, girl, for you must stand, and standing you must hear, and hearing you must believe, and believing you must condole, and condoling you must applaud, when I avow the potency, high as heaven and deep as hades, of an attachment which, unless you return it, will hurl us both back into the chaos, which, as Shakespeare says, in Tom Reston's copy of his plays, 'will then be come again'!"

Mary, fancying, like Hostess Quickly, that all this was 'only excellent sport i' faith,' laughed at the rhapsody till her bright eyes shone and her flushing cheeks were moistened with the tears of mirth. Balfour, who had been all that spring and part of the previous winter reading tragedy, comedy, and romance, for the purpose of speaking energetically and showing off on his return to Scotland to his rustic beauty, felt terribly mortified and chagrined. He saw that he had not produced the desired impression, and, waxing passionate, he resolved on another and still bolder *coup de grâce*. So dropping her hand and seizing by her rounded arm the beautiful young woman, he vowed that she must plight her troth that instant to her adoring slave.

"Let go, Master Robert," said Mary, "like a good laddie, and let me look to my wark; you were aye a queer creature, but you're language is sae changed noo, I cannae understand ye."

"Go, then, cruel though lovely she-wolf; but mind my words," he exclaimed, rearing his gleaming weapon in the air. "Mine you are, and, soul and body, mine you must yet be. Reveal to no one what I have now unfolded: swear, Mary, swear."

"Oh, dear no, Master Robert; but we must part, and never see ither mair unless among company."

Balfour, wrapt in meditation, for he was coining a new speech, did not catch apparently the import of her words.

"Wait, Mary, till I succeed to the lordship of Burleigh, allowing no hob-nailed peasant to seduce affections which you must preserve for me! Fail to obey, and to the tortures of Tartarus shall thin (brandishing his steel) or a still more terrific weapon dispatch the soul of the luckless wretch who shall dare to cross the lion of Burleigh on the highway 'gem-paved of Cupid the superb.' He then, we are informed, made a speech composed for him before he set off by Tom Reston, containing a long string of

absurd and fantastic quotations culled at haphazard from the novelists and tragedians of the day; his object obviously being to gain Mary's admiration by the magic of eloquent words. But he had reckoned without his host. Mary was not only the loveliest but the most intelligent girl of the district in which she dwelt. She was a great reader, and under the private tuition of Stenhouse, the former tutor of Balfour, she was understood to have acquired a knowledge of the languages of Italy and France. She possessed, moreover, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the bombastic style which he employed struck her fancy as forming so singular a contrast to the handsome though boyishly slender figure of her noble suitor, that bursting out into a second fit of uncontrollable laughter at the end of his oration, she hurried away to resume her bleaching, without bestowing on poor Robert, who, notwithstanding his intolerable pedantry, certainly loved her with a most intense affection, the ceremony of an adieu. Quite crest-fallen, and cursing Tom Reston for putting it into his head to make himself a fool, the Master of Burleigh returned to the castle. His self-esteem had never been so wounded before. He retired, on entering, to his own room, on pretence of a slight illness, and did not show himself till the tower bell rang out a summons for supper, when mortified vanity yielded to the cravings of physical appetite, and love, laughter, and murder, were alike forgotten in the gratification consequent upon the discussion of a plateful of cold veal. After a good night's sleep he awoke the following morning in a much more comfortable frame, and, instead of feeling angry, confessed his error in attempting to awe a young woman into his tomes by turgid tragedy and foaming bombast. He had been laughed at, to be sure; but what better did he deserve for his puppyism? He must see Mary again, however; and he resolved to proceed on a second interview in a very different strain, and express to the peasant's daughter his lordly affection in language as homely as possible.

That evening, as David Hay was closing the door of the small garden adjoining his cottage, in which he had been engaged for an hour or so in the hoeing of early pease, he received, as if from a switch, a smart slap across the shoulders which made him suddenly start. Looking round, however, in every direction, he could make no discovery of a cause adequate to produce the sensation he had felt, and all the old sailor's superstitious fears were beginning to unsettle his accustomed philosophy; when, rounding the left angle of the small cowshed, Balfour of Burleigh, carrying in his hand the tall elastic scaping, in the cutting of which he had yesterday been surprised by Stoot, stood before him, and, asking pardon, conferred a cordial greeting. David would easily have forgiven the 'lark' as it is called, but conscious that he had involuntarily evinced both surprise and fear, he answered rather coldly to the master's inquiries about his health, and opening his cottage-door invited the young descendant of the house of Burleigh to enter.

"No, thank you, Hay," said the boy of eighteen, recently returned from the halls of Eton, a little piqued at the coldness of the old man's reception; "I can't, 'pon honour, afford the requisite amount of time to confer upon myself the resplendent distinction of entering at present your fascinating caes. I came merely to ask your counsel in reference to the fabrication of

"Such a rod as anglers rare
Employ the finny tribes to snare."

An impromptu, David—a decided impromptu; Tom Reston never equalised it."

David Hay had by this time recovered his accustomed equanimity, and the change from the simplicity of Lord Bobbie to the effeminate puppyism of the learned Etonian struck him sufficiently to cause a quivering movement of the risible to exhibit itself for an instant on his weather-beaten visage, now-distinctly marked with the furrows of age. Balfour coloured, and internally cursing the absurd and seemingly inersicible habits he had acquired at Eton, forced a laugh, and told David he was merely in jest, and

he left, a week or two's intercourse with old friends and comrades would bring all to rights. He then, after admiring the neat exterior of David's cottage, for it had only been erected the former summer, on the identical site, however, of the old one, expressed his desire to enter, and asked the old man to lead the way. David did so, and what was the master's surprise, when, instead of being ushered into the spence of a homely Scottish *casa*, he was shown into a neat parlour, the furniture of which was nearly all new and looked even elegant. The walls were hung with tolerable pictures; an elegant German flute lay on the mantelpiece; and a nice mahogany book-case with glass shutters rested near the centre of the apartment on a rich chest of drawers formed of the same material. The books which it contained were nearly all new, and, on examining a volume or two, the master of Burleigh, as if stung by a basilisk, started back when he read on the leaves that preceded the title-page such inscriptions as this:—‘To Mary Hay: the gift of a sincere friend.’

‘I should remember that accursed hand,’ said Balfour to himself, ‘yet can't specify its owner; and all the fiends of jealousy were beginning to take possession of his soul, when, as if to resolve his doubts and complete his misery, the rays of the sun, now descending behind the Ochills, shone, as they streamed through the casement, with a vividness of splendour almost preternatural upon a small portrait, which Balfour made haste to examine. There could be no mistake—that calm, high, full, placid forehead, those rich lustrous eyes, that radiant intelligence of the whole face, could belong to only one individual, and that no other than his old tutor—Henry Stenhouse. Balfour staggered back, and catching at a chair, felt his whole frame pervaded by a cold shivering tremor, which fortunately there was no one near to observe; for old David had by this time left the parlour for the purpose of presenting the son of his noble landlord with such refreshments as his cottage could yield. Returning in a few minutes with a large bottle in one hand, and a salver with a glass and oatcakes in the other, he placed them on the table. ‘Mary's out herself’ the night,’ said he, ‘milking the kye in the park, as our servant lass has been forced to quit from severe illness, poor thing (I doubt she's consumptive), and she that's to tak her place will no be hame till the morn's morning. See, though,’ he went on, filling the glass, ‘here's the best o' Holland's gin, and these oatcakes are nae waur than the anes that your auld tutor, Stenhouse, used to ruse sae muckle lang ago, ha! ha!—but what's the matter wi' the laddie?’ said the old man, suddenly changing his voice; for young Balfour, as pale as death, had staggered into the chair he had been grasping, and seemed about to faint.

‘Nothing—nothing, good David! Leave me to myself. I am accustomed to such attacks, and will soon come round.’ By a violent effort, he accordingly contrived to rally, and the next minute the elegant form of Mary herself darkened the window, stooping under the weight of a pailful of milk which, in a neighbouring meadow, she had just extracted from her father's kine. Balfour hastily swallowed a full glass of strong gin, and David hastened to open the door to his favourite and only child, and telling her to make herself snod, for the master was there, he again returned, and began to turn the conversation to old times, pleasure sails, warm milk, and Henry Stenhouse.

‘And is Stenhouse,’ asked the master, almost gasping for breath—‘is he in Kinneswood?’

‘Indeed is he, and likely to remain for aught I can see, though Mr Erskine, the minister o' Portmoak, is doing a' he can to get him a parish school. I baith wish he had ane, and I dinna wish it either.’

‘How! how!’ cried the Master of Burleigh, with an energy which, had not the present absorbing topic on which he was entered so engrossed his thoughts, David would assuredly have noticed.

‘Just,’ he went on, ‘because I would lose my Mary. She's been pledged to Stenhouse for a year and mair; though I wouldn't reveal as much to every ane, but I can-

na hide it frae you, my master; for it was your bringing him to the house that first brought the thing about.’

At this critical juncture, Mary herself came in with a smiling face, but received from the Master of Burleigh a look so expressive of internal agony, as to make her recede a step or two, while the roses departed in an instant from her cheeks; and David, slightly alarmed at her appearance, exclaimed, as he took her hand, ‘What's the matter, hiney—what's the matter? You needna tak it amiss though ye heard me telling the master a' about it—he's no every ane, Mary. You mind your braw wee Lord Bobbie you used to fondle lang syne.’

The Master of Burleigh, half ashamed of his apparently silly conduct, had by this time mustered a sufficient amount of energy to start to his feet, and pretending to have suddenly remembered an engagement, asked for his sapling, and prepared to leave. A few minutes had suffice to revolutionise his character. His worst suspicions were confirmed. Mary was a betrothed bride; and the hopes, joys, and endearments of his boyhood terminated with the knowledge. Without looking round to bid either daughter or father farewell, young Balfour sought the towering seat of his renowned ancestors.

The last rays of the setting sun gilded its lofty spires, and all the scenery around was tinged with a similar splendour. Balfour stalked along with fierce and determined strides; a dark tempest was mustering its forces within. Though a mere boy in years, his passions were already prematurely developed. Breaking in pieces the long tapering ash which he had been carrying, he threw the fragments away, and grasping the hilt of his dagger—‘She laughed yesterday at my bombast,’ he exclaimed, ‘when I threatened vengeance, but I shall keep my oath—ay, this night it shall be executed. I'll do it—I will, by Heaven!’

‘Swear not at all,’ uttered a voice from behind, in powerful and mellow tones—‘swear not at all, neither by heaven above, neither by earth beneath.’

‘And who, pray, are you?’ demanded the Master of Burleigh, in fierce accents, as he turned round and confronted the celebrated Ebenezer Erskine, who at that late hour was travelling on foot all the way from Portmoak, to visit the dying wife of a poor peasant. The tall, dignified, and erect figure of the young clergyman, produced a suitable effect upon young Balfour. He looked big, and tried to ruffle it, but it would not do. ‘Pass on,’ he said, at length, with a smile, which the demoniac expression of his countenance fearfully belied; ‘I was only spouting from Otway.’

Erskine gave him a look expressive of angelic pity, and without uttering another syllable, hastened on to fulfil his errand. The effect of the encounter was however productive for the time of beneficial influences to the Master of Burleigh, whose heated passions were goading him on to turn in the direction of Kinneswood. As it was, he made direct for Burleigh Castle, and endeavoured to exhibit tolerable composure both during supper and when retiring for bed. He slept soundly too, the exhaustive influence of passion having possibly worn out the energy of his delicate frame; and next morning, before he had time to recollect himself, a card from his father was handed him by the footboy, asking an interview immediately in the picture-gallery.

This was a room of which the old nobleman usually kept the key, and was seldom therefore entered by any of the family except himself. Lord Burleigh was still, though old, exceedingly erect, tall, and stately, and his long hair fell over his shoulders in snowy masses. This had been a mode of wearing the hair practised by his most remote ancestors, and was afterwards adopted by his unfortunate son, who, now entering in all the symmetry and beauty of his ripened boyhood, stood before the venerable man and asked what were his commands.

‘To speak with you, Robert, and to use while addressing you language and tones to which, from your doating father, you have been heretofore a stranger. Short shall my speech be, but it shall be final. I have learned this

morning your hypocrisy and falsehood. Prepare, therefore, for instant departure with an affectionate tutor, who shall be here on the morrow, into foreign parts; offer no opposition, or the consequences may be serious.'

The boy dropped on his knees, and craved forgiveness. The old man's heart melted with compassion; but his resolution to have him sent abroad was as final as it was sudden, and the following day beheld the young heir of Burleigh set off from the town of Kinross, with the tutor who had accompanied him from England. They rode on horseback to Edinburgh, made for London by sea, and in less than a fortnight were fairly located in Paris. We shall not accompany the young nobleman on his foreign travels. One circumstance, however, must be stated: the master's penitence was a piece of downright acting—it was all pretence. Balfour contrived, on the night before he set out, to procure another interview with Mary Hay. He swore to her that his love was as ardent as it was true, entreated her to recall the truth she had plighted, and, in the most dreadful language, imprecated vengeance on his own head if he did not, on his return, murder Stenhouse should she wed him during his absence.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

A VIEW OF ENGLISH LITERATURE BETWEEN 1727 AND 1780.

NOVELS AND ROMANCE.

RICHARDSON, YIELDING, SMOLLETT, STERNE, MACKENZIE,
GOLDSMITH, WALPOLE.

This is not the place for an essay on the limits which the claims of the moral sentiment prescribe to the operations of the novelist. It may not be inappropriate, however, to make a single observation on the subject, before proceeding to consider the novelists of this period in succession. It appears to us a very questionable plea, which novel writers have made and critics have admitted, that if the picture be true to nature, how repulsive soever to the moral faculty, that merit is sufficient to reclaim a novel from the condemnation to which it might be exposed on this account. The primary object of the novel, in common with that of the other fine arts, is to give aesthetical pleasure; but to communicate such a pleasure at the expense of an injury to the virtuous feelings, is, to say the least of it, all the more heinous that it superadds the fascinations of the imagination to those too apt to exert a potent sway over the higher principles of our nature, and to lay waste all that is fair and lovely in the opening character of youth. Nor is it any adequate compensation, that our knowledge of the world is enlarged; for, in the great majority of cases, that knowledge may be useless, while it may communicate a class of ideas of which youth would have never otherwise conceived, and inflict an injury on their moral feelings from which they may never through life recover. The novelist has the choice of his subject and characters; and for their probable influence on the majority of his readers, he must be accountable at the bar of conscience.

Richardson's great works are three—'Pamela,' 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and 'Clarissa.' Pamela is one of those fortunate efforts of genius which so secure popular suffrage as to rise equally above praise or censure. Criticism can no more affect it than it can the Pilgrim's Progress of Bunyan, or De Foe's Robinson Crusoe. This scarcely applies to Clarissa, and to Sir Charles Grandison it does not apply at all. This latter production exhibits, however, in the highest perfection, the power and mastery of Richardson's genius. Sir Charles Grandison's character is no doubt valueless as a model, for its transcendent excellence renders hopeless all attempts at imitation; but as an effort of the human intellect it stands possibly unrivalled. Determined to give the world an exhibition of a faultless character, Richardson set doggedly to work, and though he tires our patience by the time and pains he takes while using his mallet and chisel,

statue is actually completed. This applies, with the exception of the twin sister and the exquisite Italian, to most of the other personages in that superb though unpopular work. His Lothario, on the contrary, is the very personation of evil; he surpasses the worst of Milton's fiends. With the characters in Sir Charles Grandison we have therefore little in common; they stand out from us either for evil or for good, but they are not of us. Humanity may attain the extreme points of virtue and of vice which his leading characters have reached, but they touch the very limits of possibility; such men may be, but they are the exception not the rule. Not so Pamela. She is pure, lovely, innocent; gay by disposition though sad from circumstances; yet even in her deepest distress the vanity and pardonable coquetry of the woman always reveals itself in refreshing glimpses. She is just what we wish her to be, just what thousands of the daughters of our peasantry actually are. In admiring Sir Charles we admire a finished piece of sculpture, but the magnificent creation, as it stands on its exalted pedestal, stands apart, stands alone. Pamela, on the contrary, is merely the representative of a class, and as we read the story we glory in knowing that within the bounds of our native realm there exists at the present moment 'ten thousand if not as lovely at least as good as she!' Brothers and parents, as they read, rejoice to think that they have sisters or daughters of their own, who, were they tried like Pamela, would, like Pamela, stand. Then all the other personages in the novel are, whether the subjects of our praise or blame, in good verity specimens of ordinary humanity. Mr B. is a fashionable rake, but he is only so; and we bestow upon him merely the amount of censure which we have a hundred times before lavished on thoughtless and licentious youth of fashion. Mrs Jervis, and even the rascally underlings of the story, who obey Mr B.'s behests, are personages whom we indeed condemn, but in phrases conned and almost got by heart, for we have scolded such rascallions before. It is to causes such as these, much more than to the intrinsic excellence of Pamela as a piece of writing, that we are to attribute its universal popularity. For, severely criticised, it will be found liable to many more objections than either of Richardson's other novels. We can believe, for instance, Sir Charles Grandison's letters to be the production of his own brain; but how a peasant's daughter could learn to express herself in such fine English and throw off so many 'thoughts that burn,' we could scarcely if interrogated answer to satisfaction. That Pamela, too, in every emergency should have been favoured with so many facilities for writing, staggers credibility. Again, we have for a long time our suspicions in reference to the persons with whom she associates, and whom she admits to her confidence with a deficiency of caution for which her natural good sense renders it difficult to account. These, however, are after-thoughts; while perusing Pamela we are so surrounded by men, women, and children, all exchanging our own sympathies, thinking as we think, and acting as we conceive it likely we would have done if placed in like circumstances, that criticism is kept in abeyance. This is not the case in perusing Sir Charles Grandison. The lovely and impassioned Italian does indeed interest us extremely, and Miss Grandison is a fine rattle; but we are so little in love with that splendid incarnation of every possible virtue, Sir Charles himself, that we regard all his movements with a lynx-eyed scrutiny. We would find fault if we could. The majority of the characters in Sir Charles belong, like himself, to what Coleridge would have termed the 'goody' family—they are faultless, prim, and provoking. We are coolly critical all the while we read, and watch (vainly, alas, how vainly!) for a single slip. But in reading Pamela we belong to the party; even in reference to the failings and frailties of the guilty we modify our anger by remembering the text—'He that is without sin;' and with respect to the heroine herself,

'If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face and you'll forget them all.'

of the two other of Richardson's works, but it is not at all to our taste; wanting the naturalness of Pamela and the artistic finish of Sir Charles, it sways the passions more powerfully than either, but, on the whole, it does not please. The three productions taken together, however, are calculated to make us form the most elevated conceptions of Richardson's varied powers, of which it is his greatest praise that they were ever consecrated to the service of pure morality, virtue, and religion.

With a greater amount of scholarship, wit, and knowledge of the world, Fielding, however, falls below Richardson in original genius. Richardson was the founder of a school—Fielding, like Smollett, belongs to that of Cervantes. Not that Fielding wanted originality—not that he was destitute of the creative or inventive faculty—he thought, spoke, acted for himself. Parson Adams is as much his as Falstaff belongs to Shakespeare. But in the construction of his stories, and the arrangement of his machinery, he strictly adhered to the rules of art, and in 'Tom Jones' his success was decided. It is the best told story extant. Had it possessed no other merit, it would, from that single circumstance, have immortalised its author. But merit of a high order it does unquestionably possess. Tom Jones and Sophia are perhaps the least interesting personages in the drama. The conduct of the former, his gross licentiousness, his debauchery, and revels, would secure for him our unmitigated censure, were it not that the author has had the art to make his enemies call him worse than he is. Though bad, he gets rather more than his due, and this excites for him a sort of false sympathy, not only in our hearts, but, we are sorry to say, in the bosom of his admirable mistress, who certainly treats the low fellow much better than he deserves. For low as Roderick Random sinks, when he soars on poor Strap, his meanness is nothing to that of Jones. Those who have read the novel know what we intend, and those who have not will dispense with explanation. Honour (Sophia's waiting-maid) is one of the best drawn characters, with the exception of Jenny Dennison, the beloved of Cudgie Headrig, of the sort out of Shakespeare. Partridge is inimitable; his attachment and fidelity to Jones, rendered compatible with so much pedantry, cowardice, selfishness, and falsehood, certainly required on the novelist's part no little art to accomplish; and he has been eminently successful. Then the dispute between Thwackem and Square, and the sneaking cunning of young Blifil, who contrives to side with both, but never commits himself to either, are very happily described. The controversy about the escape of Sophia's linnet, with the boorish summing up of Squire Western himself, is above all praise. Allworthy, though rather tedious and formal, is an admirable and nearly perfect character. Seagrim is the prince of molecatchers. The squabbles at the various inns where the parties halt to refresh, and the many adventures of almost all the characters in the drama, render Tom Jones, next to Don Quixote, the most fascinating novel of its day. It is to be regretted that it contains so many objectionable passages, that, with all its merits, it cannot be safely intrusted into the hands of youth. The other two works of Fielding, 'Amelia' and 'Joseph Andrews,' do not call for particular remark. Amelia is perhaps the finest picture of an affectionate, heart-broken, ill-used wife that ever was thrown off by the novelist's pencil. It seems as if Fielding wished to atone for the dubious style of his moral lessons in Tom Jones by marking distinctly, in this charming novel, the boundaries between vice and virtue. Joseph Andrews, however, is our especial favourite; not the hero but the work. Joe, indeed, is immaculate, the very paragon of virtuous footmen, but we scarce like him. Parson Adams we both admire and love; there is no mistake about the matter; corpulent, learned, benevolent, pious, and absent—in wit a man, in simplicity a child. Had Fielding produced nothing but Tom Jones, we would scarcely have deemed him more than a depraved sensualist—clever, acute, witty, but no believer in human virtue. His Amelia and Parson Adams must always, however, to a considerable extent, modify the severity of censure, and, with all his faults, were we to visit his tomb on a foreign

shore, we would shed a tear to the memory of poor Henry Fielding.

'Be all his failings buried in his tomb,
But not remembered in his epitaph.'

The works of Sterne, and especially of Smollett, are (shall we say unfortunately?) too well known to call for any particular remark in an essay so very sketchy as the present. Sterne deserves no mercy. In his 'Tristam Shandy,' and still more in his 'Sentimental Journey,' though a minister of the Christian faith, he not only describes vice but stands out its bold apologist. Two of Smollett's novels abound in scenes and conversations shockingly licentious. His 'Humphrey Clinker' is passable, however, and may, as a book of travels, be read with profit. The forest scene in 'Count Fathom' is allowed to be the most finished specimen of the terrific in description that has hitherto found its way into the pages of romance. Regarded as a moralist, however, Smollett, equally with Sterne, must undergo our unsparing condemnation.

We now pass on to Mackenzie, the 'Scottish Addison,' as Sir Walter Scott calls him, though in no respect resembling Addison that we can see, except in his easy, harmonious, and idiomatic prose, and in (what perhaps obtained for him the title) his sweet and generous love of his fellowmen, and cordial interest in their joys and sorrows. By his works we have more of aesthetical pleasure than occasions of sympathy; our taste is gratified more than our hearts are interested. Mackenzie gives a beautiful picture of human life, of its thoughts and feelings, hopes and fears, rather than an actual representation of what it is. Perhaps objection to this may seem to proclaim our ignorance, since to awaken a sense of beauty through the imagination is the primary end of the fine arts. True, but it is not the whole and adequate end of them. And it is in the proportions of these elements that we think Mackenzie to fail: his having addressed the sense of beauty more than the real and common feelings of men. To attain the point where beauty and expression harmonise, and to produce with the contemplator's pleasure of the beautiful the feelings that would be awakened in scenes of real life, is the highest perfection of art. To say, therefore, that Mackenzie has not reached that perfection, is saying nothing but what is true of every artist.

Mackenzie's power lies chiefly in the pathetic, in which field he is approached by none but Sterne. His range of characters is not so various as that of Fielding; nor, perhaps in the management of subordinate characters, has he equal skill with him. But his tastes and sympathies are finer, and his power of arresting the whole feelings of the reader is greater. The 'Man of the World,' indeed, is really too tragical, and the feelings are often harrowed to a degree that is hardly bearable. 'Julia de Roubigne' is more natural than the 'Man of Feeling,' though it will never be so popular a work. The 'Catastrophe,' however, as Mr Moir remarks, is too shocking. The picture of Montoscar is scarcely consistent; for the change from a character of high moral and intellectual worth to that of a swearer and inhuman butcher, is not rendered credible even by the violent remorse by which, on discovering the truth, he was at last driven to put a termination to his own life. It is certainly very difficult to predict in many cases what changes can be undergone by man within a brief space. But to these, as well as to other things, there are limits. Mackenzie's minor pieces in the Lounger are very fine. 'Le Roche' is unequalled in its kind; gathering a sort of melancholy grandeur from the illustrious man whom in a most engaging aspect it fancifully represents. The others contain a pleasing mixture of beauty and benevolence.

Goldsmith must be allowed to take a very high place as a novelist. In the 'Vicar of Wakefield' there is infinite ease and simplicity in the narration, a wonderful amount of cheerful humour, many quiet strokes of acute reflection on laws and manners, as well as great consistency in the characters, and a happy and natural issue of the story. What a sunshine lies on the page of Goldsmith! Nothing is more striking than the unfailing resources of

the worthy and amiable vicar himself, even after the most disastrous of his misfortunes. In him there is unquestionably a strong reflection of many points in Goldsmith's personal history and character. In the infantine simplicity of both, which laid them open to the cunning of knaves and sharpers; in exuberant spirits and profuse liberality; in the belief that 'sufficient for the day was the evil thereof,' and in ready accommodation to circumstances, there is a marked resemblance between them. The vicar is the vicar from beginning to end; in his halls before his fortune left him, and in the jail after. Everywhere and at all times, you discover the same benevolence and capacity to make the most of the present, with the same sturdy adherence to his own opinions, and the same whimsicality of conception. Mrs Primrose is a choice specimen of a class—a well-meaning, good-hearted wife; vain of her daughters, and plotting for their settlement. Olivia and Sophy preserve their individuality admirably. Poor Moses! we love and laugh at him. Burchell is captivating at the *denouement*; and Sophy's faint from disgust when offered Jenkinson, and relapse into her former happiness when claimed by Burchell, now Sir William, are charming. The purity of the tale is above all praise. There is nothing in it to offend the most fastidious moralist.

The modern romance took its rise with the 'Castle of Otranto,' by Walpole, and has since been improved upon by Clara Reeve and Mrs Ratcliffe. The 'Castle of Otranto' is full of the marvellous, combined with the realities of modern life. But the shock to our sense of the real is too great to allow of the story being read with success, except at that period of life when credulity has not been subdued by experience. A feeling of awe and terror, very agreeable, however, is excited by it, when you throw out of account the improbability of a sword which should require a hundred men to lift it, of a super-ponderous helmet, and the walking picture, and place yourself passively in the hands of the romancer. Though lauded for their dramatic power, the dialogues strike us as being merely smart; in short, as being too much an exponent of high life dialogue in modern times to harmonise with the mysterious appearances which we can even for a moment think credible only by throwing them back into the middle ages.

THE OSTRICH.

THE habits of the ostrich are so remarkable, and have been so imperfectly described by travellers in general, that I cannot forbear bringing together here all the knowledge I acquired upon the subject. The drought and heat sometimes compel these gigantic birds to leave the plains, and then they pursue their course together in large flocks to the heights, where they find themselves more commodiously lodged. At the time of sitting, there are seldom more than four or five seen together, of which only one is a cock, the rest are hens. These hens lay their eggs all together in the same nest, which is nothing more than a round cavity in the clay, of such a size as to be covered by one of the birds, when sitting upon it. A sort of wall is scraped up round with their feet, against which the eggs in the outer circle rest. Every egg stands upon its point in the nest, that the greatest possible number may be stowed within the space. When ten or twelve eggs are laid, they begin to sit, the hens taking their turns, and relieving each other during the day; at night the cock alone sits, to guard the eggs against the jackals and wild cats, who will run almost any risk to procure them. Great numbers of these smaller beasts of prey have often been found crushed to death about the nests; a proof that the ostrich does not fight with them, but knows very well how to conquer them at once by its own resistless power; for it is certain that a stroke of its large foot trampling upon them, is enough to crush any such animal.

The hens continue to lay during the time they are sitting, and that not only till the nest is full, which happens when about thirty eggs are laid, but for some time after. The eggs laid after the nest is full are deposited round about it, and seem designed by nature to satisfy the crav-

ings of the above-mentioned enemies, since they very much prefer the new-laid eggs to those which have been brooded. But they seem also to have a more important designation, that is, to assist in the nourishment of the young birds. These, when first hatched, are as large as a common pullet, and since their tender stomachs cannot digest the hard food eaten by the old ones, the spare eggs serve as their first nourishment. The increase of the ostrich race would be incalculable, had they not so many enemies, by which great numbers of the young are destroyed after they quit the nest.

The ostrich is a very prudent, wary creature, which is not easily ensnared in the open field; since it sees to a very great distance, and takes to flight upon the least idea of danger. For this reason the quaggas generally attach themselves, as it were instinctively, to a troop of ostriches, and fly with them, without the least idea that they are followed. Xenophon relates that the army of Cyrus met ostriches and wild asses together, in the plains of Syria.

The ostriches are particularly careful to conceal, if possible, the places where their nests are made. They never go directly to them, but run round in a circle at a considerable distance before they attempt to approach the spot. On the contrary, they always run directly up to the springs where they drink, and the impressions they make on the ground, in the desolate places they inhabit, are often mistaken for the footsteps of men. The females, in sitting, when they are to relieve each other, either both remove a while to a distance from the nest, or change so hastily, that any one who might by chance be spying about, could never see both at once. In the day-time, they occasionally quit the nest entirely, and leave the care of warming the eggs to the sun alone. If at any time they find that the place of their nest is discovered, that either a man or a beast of prey has been at it and has disturbed the arrangement of the eggs, or taken any away, they immediately destroy the nest themselves, break all the eggs to pieces, and seek out some other spot to make a new one. When the colonist therefore finds a nest, he contents himself with taking one or two of the spare eggs that are lying near, observing carefully to smooth over any footsteps which may have been made, so that they may not be perceived by the birds. Thus visits to the nest may be often repeated, and it may be converted into a storehouse of very pleasant food, where, every two or three days, as many eggs may be procured as are wanted to regale the whole household.

An ostrich's egg weighs commonly near three pounds, and is considered as equal in its square contents to twenty-four hen's eggs. The yolk has a very pleasant flavour, yet, it must be owned, not the delicacy of a hen's egg. It is so nourishing and so soon satisfies, that no one can eat a great deal at once. Four very hungry persons would be requisite to eat a whole ostrich's egg; and eight Africans, who are used to so much harder living, might make a meal of it. These eggs will keep for a very long time; they are often brought to Cape Town, where they are sold at the price of half a dollar each.

In the summer months of July, August, and September, the greatest number of ostriches' nests are to be found; but the feathers, which are always scattered about the nest at the time of sitting, are of very little value. I have, however, at all times of the year, found nests with eggs that have been brooded: the contrasts of the seasons being much less forcible in this part of the world than in Europe, the habits of animals are consequently much less fixed and regular. The ostrich sits from thirty-six to forty days before the young are hatched.

It is well known that the male alone furnishes the beautiful white feathers which have for so long a time been a favourite ornament in the head-dress of our European ladies. They are purchased from the people who collect them, for as high as three or four shillings each; they are, however, given at a lower price, in exchange for European wares and clothing. Almost all the colonists upon the borders have a little magazine of these feathers laid by, and when they would make a friendly present to a guest, it is generally an ostrich's feather. Few of them are, how-

ever, prepared in such a manner as to be wholly fit for the use of the European dealers. The female ostriches are entirely black, or rather, in their youth, of a very dark grey, but have no white feathers in the tail. In every other respect, the colour expected, their feathers are as good as those of the males. It is very true, as Mr Barrow says, that small stones are sometimes found in the ostrich's eggs; it is not, however, very common; and, among all that I ever saw opened, I never met with one.—*Lichtenstein.*

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

The mind of man receives its first bias when the seeds of all our future actions are sown in the heart, and when causes, in themselves trifling as almost to be imperceptible, chain us to good or bad, to fortune or misfortune for ever. The character of man is like a piece of potter's clay, which, when fresh and new, is easily fashioned according to the will of those into whose hands it falls; but its form, once given and hardened, either by the slow drying of time, or by its passage through the ardent furnace of the world, any one may break it to atoms, but never bend it again to another mould. Our parents, our teachers, our companions, all serve to modify our dispositions. The very proximity of their faults, their failings, or their virtues, leaves, as it were, an impress on the flexible mind of infancy, which the steadiest reason can hardly do more than modify, and years themselves never can erase.

THE ICE TRADE.

Since ice has become an article of commerce, great care has been taken of its mode of preparation for the markets, which employs a great number of hands. Considerable quantities are imported into England from Norway and Sweden; but the finest comes from Wenham Lake, near Boston, in the United States; and a company, calling themselves the Wenham Lake Ice Company, have established themselves in London, and we believe with considerable success, as the ice procured is much superior in thickness, clearness, and purity to that in general use. Rockland, in the county of New York, and bordering upon Canada, has also its lake, from which many thousand tons are annually exported. Fish, fruit, meat, and many other necessaries of life are preserved in ice, and the Wenham Lake Company have provided large cases for that express purpose. The annual export of ice from the United States to Europe and the East and West Indies is estimated at 80,000 tons, and forms a profitable article of traffic. The manner of preparing the ice for market is curious and interesting. The instruments employed are a marker, which is drawn over the plane of ice to divide it into squares; an ice plough, to form furrows; a splitting bar to separate the block; an ice saw, similar to that used for timber; and an ice hook, by which the brittle ware is caught up to the platform. After the removal from the water, it is stored in houses with double walls, the interstices between the two walls being filled up with sawdust to exclude the external air. In England the ice was formerly stored in wells under ground, from 80 to 120 feet in depth; the mouth of only small dimensions, and covered with blankets. Latterly, however, the importations have been stocked in wooden buildings, merely sheltered by straw casings, and the melting away has been found to be trifling.

SERMONS COMPARED TO GUNS.

Some are large, others are small; some are long, others short; some are new, others old; some are bright, others rusty; some are made to be looked at, others to be used; some are loaded, others empty; some are owned, others borrowed. Some are air-guns, some pop-guns, some of every size, from the pocket-pistol to the Paixhan gun. Some are charged only with powder, and make a great noise and smoke. Some send only small shot, that irritate, rather than kill. Some carry heavy metal, that does execution. Some discharge chain shot, mowing down whole platoons. Some are widemouthed mortars, throwing only bomb shells. Some are duelling pistols, used only in controversy—vile things! Some go off half bent. Some flash in the pan. Some make a terrible fiz, the charge all

escaping at the priming hole. Some shoot too high, some too low, some sideways, a few directly at the point. Some are aimed at nothing and hit it. Some scatter prodigiously; some kick their owners over. Some are unerring; others always hit the wrong object. Some have too much wadding, and vice versa. Some are alarm guns; others are complimentary guns, used only for salutes on special occasions. Some are in a series, constituting a battery; others swivels, made to turn in any direction. Some are useful, some useless, some dangerous. Some amuse, some frighten, some exasperate, some explode, some gain the victory. Very much depends upon the manner in which they are made and managed.—*Christian Watchman.*

ORIGIN OF THE WHITE ROSE.

BY M. C. COOKE.

In India's clime, where grows the rose

In all its rich and native grace,
And where the sweet exotic blows,
And freshens nature's smiling face—
There once, o'er all the teeming land,
Disease exhaled her tainted breath:
She grasp'd the fair ones by the hand,
And numbers hurried down to death.

The morbid air a maiden drew,
She sicken'd 'neath the poisoner's stroke—
Her cheeks assumed a pallid hue,
Her lips scarce open'd as she spoke:
When, just as death would strike the blosom,
The roses burst their emerald tombs,
And all the air, with vapoury flow,
They fill'd with odorous perfume.

Back flew disease, death sheath'd his sword;
The maiden sought the fresh'ning air;
And, midst the green and flowery sward,
She found relief from pain and care.
A blooming rose she gather'd there,
In all its crimson radiance dress'd;
Stripp'd off the thorns that cluster'd near,
And placed the charmer in her breast.

In pity saw the flower, her pale,
Her snowy white and tingleas cheek;
Her dark eyes sunk in bloodless vales,
Her thin soft lips so parch'd and weak:
The roseate hues immediate fled,
Which were but now so deep and bright,
And tinged the maiden's cheek with red,
But left the rose a fleecy white.

A CURE FOR DAMP WALLS.

Boil two quarts of tar with two ounces of kitchen grease for a quarter of an hour in an iron pot; add some of this tar to a mixture of slackened lime and powdered glass which have passed through a flour sieve, and being dried completely over the fire in an iron pot, in the proportion of two parts of lime and one of glass, till the mixture becomes of the consistence of thin plaster. This cement must be used immediately after being mixed. It is not well to mix more at a time than will coat one square foot of wall, as it quickly becomes too hard for use, and continues to increase its hardness for three weeks. Great care must be taken to prevent any moisture from mixing with the cement. For a wall that is merely damp, it will be sufficient to lay on one coating of the cement, about one-eighth of an inch thick; but should the wall be more than damp, or wet, it will be necessary to coat it a second time. Plaster made of lime, hair, and plaster of Paris, may be afterwards laid on the cement. This cement, when put in water, will suffer neither an increase nor diminution in its weight.—*The Builder.*

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HOEG'S WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

STRANGE as it may sound, certain it is that the regard we universally pay to other people's eyes, puts us to more trouble and expense than almost anything else. There are numbers who would be far wealthier and more comfortable, even with the tenth part of their incomes, than they now are, were but their fellow-mortals deprived of vision, or instead of eyes endowed with the faculty of seeing, had merely those 'star' and 'diamond' proxies for them which poets bestow upon ladies, or with which they may be said literally to *in-oculate* them. Without stopping to inquire whether such poetical inoculation did not originate with some rhyming jeweller, we are tempted to give it as our opinion that people would be infinitely better off than they now are, had their neighbours no optics, and themselves also occasionally no eyes, since our eyes frequently tempt us into silly extravagances, while our over-amiable consideration for those of other people leads us into a thousand more.

What sums of money are squandered away whether they can be afforded or not; what trouble, what toil, what fuss, what vexation, are submitted to for no better reason than because our neighbours possess the power of looking at us! How many respectable persons—far more 'respectable,' indeed, than discreet—have, owing to that unhappy circumstance, involved themselves in difficulties, all the more pitiable because no one pities them! Therefore, though by no means addicted to believe in popular superstitions, we incline to fancy there must be some truth in that of the Neapolitans, which attributes a mischievous spell, called by them *la Jettatura*—a peculiar ill-foreboding and evil-working fascination—to the eye or glance of the malignant. Some such unfortunate sorcery there must undoubtedly be in the eyes of the 'World,' compelling people, in spite of themselves, of their very best resolutions, and, in fact, of all the firmness they can muster, to do what is frequently little short of madness on their part to attempt. Did they, on the contrary, consult only their own eyes, what an infinitude of trouble, vexation, and loss of both time and money folks might avoid, but to all of which they now submit, if not always cheerfully, yet, as matter of absolute necessity, and in order to gratify the eyesight of their acquaintance. Benevolent weakness!—a weakness it undoubtedly is for the most part; and, in some instances, the height of imprudence, folly, and absurdity likewise; the benevolence, however, is not quite so certain, for the self-sacrifice thus made is not invariably prompted by the most amiable motives. In the majority of cases, it is to be feared this seeming study of the taste of others in preference to our own, is at the bottom something worse

than selfish, inasmuch as it is prompted not so much by any desire to gratify them, as to flatter one's own vanity, and excite the painful admiration of envy. Those who aim at distinction by astonishing the world—that is, the world of their own acquaintance, or their own neighbourhood—do not consider that they must pay the penalty for it, and that if they do not exactly expose themselves to ridicule, they subject themselves to comments, disagreeable if not dangerous. Envy is apt to be malicious and satirical, astonishment to be inquisitive, and the mortified vanity of one's own 'friends' to be the reverse of charitable and indulgent—in fact, to be so *lynx-eyed* that it is not to be imposed upon by counterfeit metal, but at once detects the brummagem beneath the gilding.

As if other people's eyes did not already tax us sufficiently in the way of what is called 'keeping up appearances,' many even double or treble that tax in order to exaggerate appearances, and show themselves to the world in an expensive masquerade, till perhaps they end by becoming really poor, merely through the pains they take to avoid the imputation of being thought so; or rather, through the misplaced ambition of being considered far wealthier than they really are. The keeping up appearances is laudable enough; but the art of doing so is not understood by every one, for instead of regulating appearances according to a scale which they can consistently and uniformly adhere to, a great many persons set out in life by making appearances far beyond what they can afford, and beyond what they can 'keep up' at all—at least, not without constant effort, pain, and apprehension. Society abounds with such *tiptoe* people—as they may well enough be described, since they assume the uneasy attitude of walking upon tiptoes, which, though it may do for travelling across a Turkey carpet or hearthrug, is ill suited for journeying through life, on a road, which though rugless, is nevertheless apt to be found *rugged*, and requires to be trodden firmly if we would keep our footing.

Had people but resolution enough to be, not absolutely indifferent to or cynically regardless of, but less solicitous about what others may think of their concerns, of what a load of trouble might they at once relieve themselves; for one half of the toil, the anxieties, and the fatigues of life, is occasioned by the struggling to cut a figure in that great *ciré de bœuf*, the eye of the world. It is to please, or more correctly speaking, to impose upon that eye of malicious influence, that, instead of enjoying what they already possess, people are continually striving after more, though experience proves that *more* to be only an additional cypher—a *null* whose value is altogether arbitrary and imaginary, contributing nothing to their satisfaction, perhaps leaving them all the poorer, the gain being but

nominal, while the disappointment it brings with it is too real. Nevertheless, there is something to be said also on the contrary side, unless we would altogether deny the existence of those pleasures of the imagination which arise from contemplating the figure we make in other people's eyes; or what amounts to the same thing, the figure we fancy that we there make. Unspareingly abused, as it is, by moralists, even poor human vanity does some good in the world, as well as no little mischief; for if it prompts some to indiscretion and folly, it also excites some to noble exertions, whose ultimate reward comes merely in the intangible shape of public opinion. Indeed, a little vanity of that species, at least, which constitutes 'the last infirmity of noble minds,' is a very necessary ingredient in a sound moral constitution. If we altogether abstract what others feel, what others think, our enjoyments become very contracted, and we place ourselves in the condition of Robinson Crusoe in his solitary island—happy mortal that he was, if happiness entirely depends upon being perfectly independent of other people's eyes. We, however, who do not live in desert islands, cannot claim Robinson's privilege, but must pay regard—that is, a due regard, to appearances. True, exclaims some reader, yet how are we to interpret that qualifying epithet, 'due?' for though so very much depends upon it, it is so pliable and elastic in meaning, that it has no fixed meaning at all. Such is, we own, the fact, therefore every one must be left to take advice of Messrs Commonsense and Discretion, as regards his own particular case; and if that be followed, the *due* medium will be observed.

If error there be at all, it will be safer on the side of too little than of too much; a caution many would do well to attend to, because mistakes of the latter kind are most prevalent and most ruinous. It is a very bad symptom when people begin to talk of what they can *contrive* to afford, and make excuses to themselves for running into unnecessary expenses, upon the delusive plea that it is only so and so much, the *only* being perhaps about half the ultimate expense incurred. Such *onlies*, moreover, seldom come alone, but succeed each other, if not in troops, yet in long procession, like that of the royal visions in Macbeth; for if they be once admitted, to *visionary* wants there is no end. Hence nothing is more common than for people to get into a 'false position,' a quagmire from which they cannot always extricate themselves before it is too late, and all in consequence of their determination to outrival their acquaintance, *coute que coute*. There is a certain kind of pleasure—less gross, doubtless, than those of eating and drinking—in being the object of envy to one's 'friends.' Still this pleasure is attended with many drawbacks upon it, not the least of these being, that the envied are, from their peculiar sensitiveness, very liable to become envious in turn, when their mortification is in proportion to their previous triumph. Those who attach so much importance to the opinion of the world as to be unable to dispense with its favour, are placed at the world's mercy. Their vanity renders them constantly beggars for admiration; and if that be withheld, what should contribute to enjoyment becomes only a source of chagrin and vexation, though the one may be masked in smiles, and the other should put on an air of gaiety.

After the philosopher, it is only the very proud man, or the very humble man, who is independent of other people's opinion; the one because he sets no value upon its outward distinction, the other because he has no idea of aspiring to it; whereas the mass of mankind are so dependent upon it, that they enjoy life only in proportion as they obtain credit for doing so from their neighbours. Such, at least, is by far too commonly the case, especially among that class who, being already in possession of all the reasonable comforts of life, have no other object of pursuit than its vanities, and who frequently sacrifice the substance of happiness to the mere shadow, toiling incessantly, and with far more painful thought and anxiety, than do those who labour for their daily bread. Of such persons, the chief happiness consists in being thought happy: neither will that content them, for they must also be thought happier than every one else

moving in the same sphere. Strange that those who are at perfect liberty to please themselves, and to consult only their own tastes, are precisely the persons who most anxiously consult the tastes of others, and who suffer themselves to be domineered over and controlled by the opinion of the world. Even those who pique themselves upon being above prejudices, are not unfrequently the dupes, as well as the slaves, of the 'vulgar prejudices' and the fanciful superstitions of fashion.

Nevertheless, in this as well as in many other cases, as much may be said on both sides, that it becomes, upon the whole, doubtful whether the deference so universally paid to other people's opinions, and to other people's eyes, is attended with more of evil or of good to society. It is all very well for poets to rail at all pomp save that of nature; all other luxuries except the luxury of *vagabondising* in groves and through wilds; or for moralists to rail at vanity, its extravagances, and its vagaries. Moralists are not manufacturers, and therefore do not choose to see that it is the very vanity they so much abuse which helps to support our manufactures and our commerce, which imparts vigour to trade, and affords patronage to art. Cure the world of its fondness for idle gauds; top off from the list of human wants those innumerable superfluities which constitute the most craving wants of those who 'want for nothing,' and what would be the result?—a more complete stagnation of trade than was ever caused by a general mourning. Within six months, there would be a 'live long' holiday for half the shops in London, and half the trades now carried on in it would be all but completely annihilated. Tailors and dressmakers, milliners and jewellers, might exclaim with the Moor, 'Our occupation's gone!' since, were it not for the respect we pay to other people's eyes, there would be a final farewell to all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *dress*; a blanket would serve just as well as the costliest cashmere shawl. Nor would the strange revolution be confined to matters of dress and personal appearance alone, but would extend itself to everything now intended to gratify the sight, or to be imposing in the eyes of our neighbours. Deny it who will, it is for their eyes rather than our own that we furnish our houses 'in style,' and fill our rooms with a thousand nicknackeries, not only useless in themselves, but which afford little other gratification than what is borrowed from the idea of the admiration or the envy they may excite in others. If there be any one thing in which the mere indulgence of our own eyes would be ample enjoyment in itself, apart from all extrinsic considerations, it would assuredly be painting. Yet who would buy pictures if his satisfaction was to be limited to the mere pleasure of looking at them by himself? It is the pleasure of possessing not that of looking at such things, which secures purchasers for them, and that not only among those who can really appreciate and enjoy them as works of art, but those also to whom they are in themselves objects of indifference, and valuable only on account of the sort of distinction they confer; so true is Pope's admirable couplet,

'Abstract what others feel, what others think,

'All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink.'

Lord Chesterfield, therefore, displayed more of malice than of his usual worldly sagacity, when he said of a nobleman who had built a very handsome front to his mansion, that he should go and live just opposite, in order that he might have the satisfaction of constantly seeing it. Pity that it did not occur also to Chesterfield, that were he to have ridden on horseback beside his own carriage, he himself also might have enjoyed the sight of the armorial bearings on its panels.

Truly, were it not for the sake of other people's eyes, there would be very small encouragement to any of those arts which minister to more than our necessities, and which both multiply and refine the *necessaries* of civilised life. Neither is the magic influence of those eyes altogether unproductive of good in regard to other matters than those above alluded to. On the contrary, it is quite wonderful to observe what a sudden and exceedingly happy change for the better they frequently produce in regard to temper

and disposition. Two persons—we leave to the reader to decide if married—who have been either sulking or snapping at each other so long as there were only four eyes in the room, will all at once become as mild as lambs, or as affectionate as two doves, should even but a single other pair of eyes intrude upon them. Whether they be otherwise particularly agreeable or not, *society* is certainly composed of most amiable, good-tempered, and obliging people—satisfied with themselves, and well-disposed to be delighted with everybody and everything around them. So long as the spell lasts, a whole party are transformed into the pleasantest persons in the world; and in what consists this wonder-working spell, except in other people's eyes? unless we attribute some portion of it, as indeed we ought, to other people's ears; for the metamorphosis extends to words and voice as well as looks, and if many a vinegar face is thus, for a while, converted into one of honey, so too do the war-trumpet tones of many a voice subside to the soft and dulcet breathings of a flute. It is a thousand pities that the happy change thus effected should be of such brief duration; that the amiability so skilfully paraded, should, in many cases, be only a masquerade character sustained for the evening; and that, on returning home, many should throw off their captivating masquerade dress, and put on their old clothes, by resuming their old *habits*. The dishabille of dress is one of the privileges of home, but the dishabille of disposition and behaviour, of voice, looks, and temper, is so far from being a privilege, that it constitutes its misery, and deprives it of all its charms. It is precisely when they are at home, and with no other society than their own family, that persons ought to keep their tempers and dispositions in *full dress*, and to be most of all upon their guard, all external check upon their conduct being removed. Happy, indeed, would it be for us all, even the wisest and best of us, if we could uniformly be as perfect as we strive to appear in other people's eyes.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MRS ELIZABETH FRY.

Mrs ELIZABETH FRY was the third daughter of the late John Gurney of Earlham Hall, near Norwich. Her childhood was characterised by strong affection and great mental vivacity. She early evinced an angelic disposition to alleviate the cares and soothe the sorrows of all those around her who needed sympathy and aid. As she increased in years, her inclination and powers of doing good extended and strengthened, the youthful stirrings of benevolence gradually became principles of philanthropy, and the kind and spontaneous actions of her juvenile years were performed in her opening womanhood from a sense of Christian duty. She took especial pleasure in organising and superintending a school upon her father's premises for the indigent children of Earlham and the surrounding parishes, and the effect which her mild authority and judicious instructions produced upon these hitherto neglected little ones, was a powerful illustration of the potency of gentle means, when employed to guide the young in the path of learning, or to raise them from moral debasement. Notwithstanding this and several similar benevolent pursuits, Miss Gurney's attachment to worldly pleasures was not compatible with that gravity of deportment and subdued mildness of manners common to the members of the persuasion to which she subsequently belonged, her natural vivacity, and the companionship of those who made pleasure their pursuit, having a tendency to divide her mind with the practical and holy operations of benevolence. But 'infinitely higher and better things than the follies and vanities of polished life, awaited this interesting young person,' says the writer of her obituary in the '*Friends' Annual Monitor*' She was affected by a disease which assumed a serious character, and she thus became awakened to a true sense of the instability of human life and the vanity of those inferior pleasures which have not their source in the higher principles of our nature, but depart with our capabilities of enjoying them. Soon after her

illness, she was powerfully awakened to a knowledge of her relation to God, and of her relation to mankind in their character of brethren in Christ, through the ministry of an American friend, the late William Savery. She forsook the pleasures which had hitherto divided her mind and time, and in the bosom of her family cultivated those social and endearing qualities which render home a temple of the affections, make woman a priestess of love, and elevate the hearth into an altar of peace and unity. She became the joy and comfort of her widowed father and of her ten brothers and sisters; and in her own family she schooled her heart to that abandonment of self, and anxiety for the good of others, which inspired her with a Christian philanthropy scarcely paralleled, and a courage which was superior to obstruction, danger, or immoral obstinacy, and rendered her an invincible conqueror in her crusade against vice in its most hardened and appalling forms.

In the year 1800, when she was twenty years of age, Miss Gurney became the wife of Mr Joseph Fry, a banker in London, and settled in a house connected with her husband's business, in the very heart of the Great Babylon. It may easily be supposed, that in the metropolis, objects and scenes of especial interest would frequently be presented to this benevolent lady, and that her active philanthropy and holy aspirations for human weal would not be blunted in consequence of her new relations as a beloved wife and tender mother. The poor found in her an untiring benefactress and a willing friend. She visited their lowly homes, and, if she found them worthy, their wants were effectually relieved.

Shortly after her marriage, Mrs Fry became impressed with the opinion 'that it would be required of her to bear public testimony to the efficacy of that divine grace by which she had been brought to partake of the joys of God's salvation;' and when she had reached the thirtieth year of her age, she began to speak in the religious meetings of the Friends. Her exhortations were marked by peculiar humility and much persuasive sweetness of manner, and she was early engaged with the unity of the monthly meeting to which she belonged, in paying religious visits to Friends and others of various denominations. And now we have arrived at the most remarkable era of her life—at that period which begins the history of her glorious career of reformation, when, strong in faith and charity, she entered the receptacles of the outcast and impious, and bore to the hearts of the demoralised criminals, human sympathy and heavenly hope. Newgate, that grave of pollution, whose name we were taught to associate with all that was dark and fearful, was visited about 1812 by Mrs Fry, who was induced to inspect it by representations of its condition made by some members of the Society of Friends. The prison had been constructed to hold about 480 prisoners, but 800 and even 1200 had been immured within its walls. Mrs Fry found the female side in a most deplorable and indescribable condition. Nearly 300 women, sent there for every species and gradation of crime—some untried, and therefore presumptively innocent—others under sentence of death—were promiscuously huddled together in the two wards and two cells which were afterwards appropriated to the untried, whose numbers were even inconveniently large for the limited space. Here the criminals saw their friends and kept their multitude of children, and here they also cooked, washed, took their victuals, and slept. They lay down on the floor, sometimes to the number of 120 in one ward, without even a mat for bedding, and many of them very miserably clad. They openly drank ardent spirits, and their horrible imprecations broke upon the ears of this pure-minded and noble lady, mingled with offensive and disgusting epithets. Everything was filthy and redolent of disgusting effluvia. No prison functionary liked to visit them, and the governor persuaded Mrs Fry to leave her watch in his office, assuring her that his presence would not prevent its being torn from her; and as if to illustrate the frightful extent to which vice and wretchedness can sink our nature and deaden our feelings, two women were seen in the act of stripping a dead child for the purpose of clothing a living

one. It must be recollect that this is no exaggerated picture of that den of pollution, Newgate, in those days. Mrs Fry's own simple yet powerful testimony is before us, and she thus expresses herself: 'All I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke, are quite indescribable.' We do not know which quality most to admire in this magnanimous woman—the exalted sympathy which recognized in these outcasts a common humanity, or the heroic courage which supported her in her ministrations of love and mercy. She clothed many of the children and some of the women, and read passages of the Bible to them in such soft and silvery tones, that latent feeling awoke in their bosoms, and the big tears started into many an eye. She left that prison with a strong conviction that much might be done; but circumstances intervened for three years to render efforts on her part ineffectual.

About Christmas, 1816, she resumed her visits, and found that much improvement had been made by the Jail Committee; especially, the females had additional accommodation conceded to them; they were provided with mats, and gratings had been erected to prevent close communication between the criminals and their visitors. Still the chief evil remained unremedied—all the women were playing cards, reading improper books, begging, or fighting for the division of the money thus acquired; and a fortuneteller was imposing upon the credulous and ignorant prisoners with her absurd divinations. There were continual complaints of want of employment, and declarations that profitless idleness had only been substituted for active vice. Mrs Fry's first undertaking was the education of about seventy children, who, in this abode of iniquity, were wandering about unheeded, which was no sooner proposed, than the most abandoned mothers thanked her with tears in their eyes for her benevolent intentions, and young women crowded round her, and prayed in pathetic eagerness to be admitted to her projected school.

Application was now made to the governor of Newgate, sheriffs of London, and the reverend prison ordinary. These gentlemen cordially approved of her intentions, but they intimated '*their persuasion that her efforts would be utterly fruitless.*' So little zeal did they manifest in furtherance of this scheme of piety, that an official intimation informed Mrs Fry that there was no vacant place in the prison fit for school purposes. But she was not disheartened; she mildly requested to be admitted once more alone among the women, that she might investigate for herself. She soon discovered an empty cell, and the school was opened the very next day. Mrs Fry was accompanied by a young lady, who had visited Newgate for the first time, and who had generously enlisted under the banner of philanthropy, to assist in the work of reclamation so gloriously begun by her exalted friend. When they entered the prison school, the railing was crowded by women, many of whom were only half clothed, struggling for front situations, and vociferating most violently. The young lady felt as if she had entered a den of wild beasts, and when the door closed and was locked upon her, she shuddered at the idea of being immured with such a host of desperate companions. The first day's work, however, surpassed the utmost expectations of Mrs Fry, and the only pain she experienced, was that of refusing numerous pressing applications from young women, who prayed to be taught and employed. The assurances and zeal of these poor forlorn creatures, induced Mrs Fry and her companion to project a school where the tried women should be taught to read and work. When this idea was first expressed to the friends of the projectors, it was declared to be visionary and impracticable. They were told that the work introduced would be stolen; that women so long habituated to crime and idleness were the most irreclaimable of the vicious; that novelty might, for a time, induce apparent attention and a temporary observance of rule, but that the change would not be lasting. In short, failure was predicted with almost oracular confidence.

Nothing could induce the ladies, however, to abandon their forlorn and almost unsupported enterprise: from earth they turned their eyes to heaven, and when men forsook them, they asked aid of God and took courage. They declared that if a committee could be found who would share the labour, and a matron who would engage to live in the prison night and day, they would undertake the experiment—that is, they would *find employment* for the women; they would procure funds for the prosecution of their scheme till the city could be induced to relieve them of the expense; and they promised to become responsible for the property intrusted to the prisoners. Volunteers for this glorious service immediately presented themselves; the wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the Society of Friends declared their willingness to suspend every other engagement and calling, and to devote themselves to this good work, and faithfully they did their self-imposed duty. They almost entirely lived amongst the prisoners; not a day or hour passed but some of them were to be found at their posts, sharing the employments and meals of their protegées, or abstemiously instructing their pupils, from morning til long after the close of day. Yet all their toils, and the progress of those for whose advantage they laboured, were insufficient to eradicate the scepticism of some who viewed their exertions. The reverend ordinary admired their intrepid devotion; but he assured Mrs Fry that her design would *inevitably fail*. The governor cheered her with words of sympathy, but those who possessed his confidence were accustomed to hear him declare 'that he could not see the possibility of her success.' But that charity which 'hopeth all things and believeth all things,' was strong within her; she looked to the goal, and not to the impediments in her path; she looked beyond the means to the consummation; she was wiling souls from the meshes and snares of sin, and she sought under God to lead her erring sisters into the fold of grace. She presented herself to the sheriffs and governor, and nearly one hundred women were brought before them, who solemnly engaged to yield the strictest obedience to all the regulations of their heroic benefactress. A set of rules was accordingly promulgated, and the vices which the prisoners had formerly fostered were discarded and disclaimed. After a month's private exertion, the corporation of London was invited to behold the effects of these noble women's labours. The lord mayor, sheriffs, and several aldermen attended. The prisoners were assembled, and, in accordance with the usual practice, one of the ladies read a chapter in the Bible, when the prisoners proceeded to their various employments. What a change was here to the accustomed tumult, filth, and licentiousness of former days! Their attention to the reading of the Scriptures; their modest deportment, obedience, and respectful demeanour; and the cheerfulness visible on their faces, conspired to excite the wonder and admiration of all who beheld them. They were no longer a herd of irreclaimable creatures, whose sympathies with the world were destroyed, and for whom the world had no longer any sympathy. Kindness had awakened reciprocal sentiments in their breasts, and mankind could no longer deny the possibility of their reclamation to the ranks of humanity. The prison had ceased to be a nursery of crime; its cells no longer resounded with the laugh of women dead to hope and shame; the bitter imprecation and the scoff of hardened hearts had died away; and peace, cleanliness, and order, reigned under the influence of those true sisters of charity—Mrs Fry and her assistants. The magistrates, to mark their appreciation of this system, incorporated it with the Newgate code of regulations. They empowered the ladies to punish the refractory by temporary confinement, undertook to defray part of the matron's sustentation, and loaded the ladies with thanks and blessings.

A year passed away, and still the little band of philanthropists was cheered by progression; infidelity fell before indubitable truth; and success, confirmed by so long a trial, at last forced conviction on those who had doubted and predicted failure, and all who beheld the vast change which had been effected, expressed their satisfaction and

astonishment at the great improvement which had taken place in the conduct of the females. Mrs Fry did not confine herself to the amelioration of prisons exclusively; she visited lunatic asylums with the same high and holy purpose. It was her habit when she did so to sit down quietly amongst her afflicted fellow-mortals, and, amidst the greatest turbulence, begin to read in her sweetest tones some portion of the Bible. Gradually the noise around her would cease, eager ears would be bent to drink the music of her voice, and at last attention and silence would reign around her. On one occasion, a young man was observed to listen attentively, although ordinarily one of the most turbulent and violent of the patients. He became subdued, even to tears. When Mrs Fry ceased reading, the poor maniac exclaimed to her, ‘*Hush, the angels have left you their voices!*’ Fancy and reason combined could not have offered a more beautiful compliment to goodness and benignity.

It was Mrs Fry's regular practice to attend at Newgate on a particular morning of the week to read the Scriptures to the prisoners. The prison was open to any visitors whom she chose to admit, and her readings were attended both by our own countrymen and foreigners, among whom were many of rank and power. These were most affecting re-unions, both to those who came as visitors, and they who claimed especially these services.

Mrs Fry's attention was not wholly absorbed by Newgate. The female prisoners in other parts of the city were ministered to by her. In the prosecution of her plans of reformation, she was generously supported by the city authorities, and successive secretaries of state seconded her benevolent views. The British Ladies' Society for the Reformation of Female Prisoners owes its origin to her exertions; and a similar system of reform, by means of associated committees, was begun in many prisons in Great Britain and Ireland.

Mrs Fry's indefatigable zeal for good, induced her to press her views upon the governments and monarchs of the continental nations; and she and every lover of humanity had the inestimable satisfaction of seeing her plans adopted in France, Holland, Denmark, Russia, Switzerland, Prussia, several of the minor German States, and in Philadelphia and other parts of the United States of America. Mrs Fry materially promoted her objects by the publication of a pamphlet, in which she promulgated her views on the species of prison discipline necessary for females, and of the only sound principles of punishment. Death punishments, in her estimation, were completely ineffectual in stopping the progress of crime, and she disapproved of them also upon loftier grounds than that of expediency: she did not condemn the Draco-like proceedings of our judiciary from maudlin theory. She often visited the cells of condemned criminals on the day or night before their execution: she saw the agony of soul endured by some, the insolent bravado manifested by others, and she observed that death punishment generally produced an obduracy in its victims, which reacted on their criminal observers, or those who came to gaze on the last scene of all. Mrs Fry and her associates had voluntarily conceded to them by government the care and superintendence of convict-ships for females about to be transported to New South Wales, and so important were their improvements, and judicious their regulations in this department, that the colonial authorities frequently transmitted them their grateful acknowledgments. All the poor convicts were supplied with several articles necessary for their comfort, and each was carefully provided with a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Mrs Fry's name is principally connected with her prison labours; but her humanity was boundless. She had sympathy for every species of distress, and a hand to aid in every object of human amelioration. By her influence—the influence of humble piety and active virtue—she stimulated many individuals possessing the power, to institute district societies for the effectual relief of the destitute and the houseless, and also for the educating of those neglected children whose only tuition had previously been that of crime. She chiefly assisted in the formation of libraries for the use

of the coastguard, in all their stations round the British isles.

In 1818 Mrs Fry visited Scotland in company with her brother Joseph John Gurney, and her sister-in-law Elizabeth Fry; and in 1827 she visited Ireland. Still the same benevolent spirit guided her. It may be emphatically said that she ‘went about doing good.’ In foreign lands or in her own country, she meekly yet fearlessly interceded for the persecuted and oppressed, and to her is attributable much of that enlargement of the liberty of conscience, and the softening of the rigours of prison discipline, which has taken place in Europe of late years.

The King of Prussia courted the friendship of this great and good woman; and in 1842, when on a visit to this country with his queen and family, he visited her at Upton. By his particular request, she met him at the mansion-house, between the hours of public worship, on Sunday, 30th January, and they passed two hours in conversation together, at the close of which the king expressed a strong desire to meet her in Newgate, at her reading next day. She met him in company with her brother and sister, and the wife of the mayor, Lady Pirie. The king was attended by several noblemen, foreign and English. He led Mrs Fry through the passages and apartments of the prison, until they reached the seats placed for them at the extremity of a line of tables, at which the prisoners, attentive and serious, were arranged. A solemn silence ensued. Mrs Fry then read the 12th chapter of Romans and a psalm. Stillness again reigned for a short space, and then she addressed all present, advertiring to the perfect equality of all men in the sight of God, declaring that if, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we are brought to become his disciples, we are made *one* in him, even from the lowest and most degraded of the poor prisoners before her to the sovereign at her side. Mrs Fry then knelt in prayer, the king kneeling down beside her, and in an extemporeaneous effusion of great fervour and sweetness, she prayed in behalf of the prisoners, and also for his majesty's sanctification through the Holy Spirit. This solemn and affecting service being concluded, the king accompanied Mrs Fry to her own residence.

In the summer of 1843 Mrs Fry visited Paris for the last time, and concerted with several benevolent friends for the prosecution of works of goodness and charity. After her return home she became seriously indisposed, and the symptoms were such as to alarm her friends and family; yet she bore her trouble with Christian resignation, and recognised in all her pains the hand of God. As the spring of 1844 advanced, her health was so far restored as to permit her to ride out occasionally, and in the summer she joined her friends in public worship. On this occasion she was accompanied by several members of her family, and her son, William Storrs Fry, sat beside her, and tenderly watched his feeble parent. Alas for the uncertainty of life and strength! He, with two of his children, was shortly afterwards removed from the family circle, and his afflicted parent saw him pass away before her. She again attended the religious meeting of Friends at Plaistow, on the 18th of October, and addressed those assembled with great clearness and power. She gradually regained strength, and was enabled once more to resume her ministry of love. Near the close of the summer of 1845, she went with her husband to Ramsgate, an earnest hope being entertained that change of air and scene would benefit her. She attended a little meeting at Drapers, and repeatedly engaged in religious service among the few Friends there. She distributed a great many Bibles; and a ship crowded with German emigrants, bound for Texas, was provided with one for each of the passengers.

A few days before her death she applied to the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society concerning the purchase of a supply of copies of the Scriptures. The committee, through their secretary, informed her that she should receive them gratis, and that they felt it a privilege to circulate them through her ministrations. They also sent her, as a token of esteem, a copy of their first translation of one of the gospels in the Chinese language. She

was engaged in projects affecting the weal of mankind to the very hour in which she was seized with her fatal illness. On the evening of Saturday, the 11th of October, 1845, slight symptoms of paralysis were apparent. Early next morning, when very ill, she alluded to the conflict which nature then endured, adding, 'But I am safe.' In a short time after, she uttered a short prayer to God, and after this all consciousness appeared to forsake her. About four o'clock on the morning of the 12th, her pure spirit left its frail tenement of clay and ascended to Him who gave it.

The history of Mrs Fry can hardly be said to end with her death. The deeds men do often die with them; not so with hers. Her spirit of active benevolence has been transmitted to many, and the works she promoted are carried on by others who have been impelled to engage in them by her example. A monument to her memory is in contemplation, and that monument is such a one as her meek and humble spirit could have alone tolerated. 'Funds are being raised to establish, in connexion with the name of Mrs Fry, an institution for the temporary refuge of female prisoners who are anxious to reform their lives, and to be admitted once more into the bosom of society. They will be enabled to obtain food and shelter for a few weeks, until, under the discreet advice and assistance of the committee of ladies who during Mrs Fry's life had been her associates, these unfortunate persons may be placed in asylums or penitentiaries, or be passed to their parishes, or, in the cases of young and petty transgressors, may be restored to their parents or friends, when, after their probation, they have given evidence of repentance and amendment.' Many members of the Society of Friends, with the most distinguished of the aristocracy and others of our community, together with Prince Albert and the King of Prussia, have subscribed for and countenanced this benevolent project. We cannot leave our subject without assuring our readers that this eminently good woman was supported in her manifold labours by a constant faith in Christ, and an assurance of divine aid. May the humblest in life's lowly course be similarly strengthened, and, according to their means, may they profit by her example of love and charity. In closing this memoir, for the materials of which we have been mainly indebted to an eminent philanthropist and friend of Mrs Fry, we extract the following truthful and beautiful tribute to her worth, written in 1816 by Francis Jeffrey:—'We cannot envy the happiness which Mrs Fry must enjoy from the consciousness of her own great achievements, but there is no happiness or honour of which we should be so proud to be partakers; and we seem to relieve our own hearts of their share of national gratitude in thus placing on her simple and modest brow that truly civic crown, which far outshines the laurels of conquest or the coronals of power, and can only be outshone itself by those wreaths of imperishable glory which await the champions of faith and charity in a higher state of existence.'

EDUCATIONAL REPORTS—ENGLAND.

In the present paper we resume our notices of the state of education south of the Tweed, as exhibited in the Reports of the Government Inspectors, addressed to the Committee of Council on Education. These, while they introduce us to much that is vicious and deplorable, contain, on the other hand, many examples of praiseworthy efforts, in which we meet with facts that testify to the existence of a valuable though scattered amount of disinterestedness. 'Every one,' says Mr Allen, in his Report on Schools in the Southern District, 'must decide for himself as to his own responsibilities; in such a master we are not commissioned, and we are not qualified to act as judges of those around us. And yet, I suppose, that no one could go as an observer through one or two of our agricultural counties without having it suggested to his mind that, per-

haps, it would be well for many country gentlemen, even as regards their mere temporal advantage, if they were seriously to put to themselves the question—What proportion the sum that they contribute towards the maintenance of schools for the poor bears to any one of the annual items of what is spent upon that which cannot but be regarded as simple luxury, and which offers no real or lasting prospect of any recompense of good. A sense of the responsibilities attached to property is happily, year by year, gaining ground in the country, and, doubtless, the more this conviction is acted upon, the more reasonably may we hope for the stability of the commonwealth, as well as for the greater happiness, present and future, of each individual member.'

A reference to the tabular statements accompanying the reports affords most convincing proof of the urgent necessity that prevails for the efficient establishment of Normal Schools, where teachers may be properly trained ere they take upon themselves the office of instructors of the young. In the tables drawn up by the gentleman whose name has just been quoted, we find such entries as the following in his remarks on the actual condition of schools:—'Master appears to me sadly deficient in temper and skill.' 'Master not efficient.' 'The master has a trade, to which he apparently pays more attention than to his school.' 'Intelligence of the children but little exercised.' 'Not much real instruction given.' 'Master an old soldier, orderly.' These, but very few selected from a multitude, will convey a faint idea of the sort of teaching to be found in village schools in England, but which, in more minute detail, assume a form of evil requiring instant remedy. The same writer tells us, 'I visited a parish where the clergyman informed me that he had a school, where also there was a small endowment, a wealthy landed proprietor disposed to do whatever might appear desirable for the poor of the place, and a clergyman who, from all I heard of him seemed both able and willing to supply the temporal wants of the flock intrusted to his charge. Here, however, under the name of the school, I was directed to a room in the rear of a shop, about ten feet by twelve, in which, with my hat on, I could barely stand upright; the floor was crowded with benches, on which some two dozen children were sitting in ranks, closely packed, many without any visible means of employing their time. The mistress was in the shop, having left the children in the care of a girl who was standing amidst the crowd with an infant in her arms; the atmosphere so oppressive and disagreeable that I could not wonder at the teacher finding excuses for being absent from her post. I did not stay here to examine the children; the room was so imperfectly ventilated that it was not possible for the children to apply themselves to their work, and I was glad to escape to the fresh air; but I have little hope, from what I saw both of teacher and pupils, that any satisfactory results could have been obtained in such a place. In another parish that I visited, in the expectation of finding the teacher at work, I found the schoolroom empty and locked at eleven in the morning, and I was credibly informed that it was no uncommon thing for the teacher to be away for days together, and that once in particular, during a long frost, he abated himself for thirty days in succession, under the plea that having but one leg, he was afraid to venture along the road that led from his house to the schoolroom until the ice should be dissolved by a thaw.'

It is not surprising that complaints of 'irregularity of attendance,' or that children do not 'turn out well,' should be frequent, while they depend on such incompetent sources for the inculcation of the principles which ought to guide them through life. Mr Allen remarks, that the irregularity of the children's attendance, and the early age at which they leave school, are difficulties the amount of which can hardly be overrated, especially in our rural parishes: but the best remedy for these is the improvement of the school. Poor and ignorant as many of the parents are, some will be found to make sacrifices to procure education for their children, if only the means for such education as is really precious be within reach.

Turning to the brighter side of the picture, we are informed that at Silsoe (Bedfordshire) large and efficient schools are supported by the chief landowner, and, similarly, the beneficence of some ladies has supplied the wants of Shefford. At Turvey, there is a remarkable and most happy instance of a squire devoting all his time to the care of his poorer neighbours, being on the Sunday the schoolmaster, and during the week the gratuitous physician of those who have not sufficient means to supply themselves with proper medical advice, he having attended the hospitals in town for two successive seasons to qualify himself for his work. At Clophill, the curate, with some assistance from untrained teachers, is himself the master of a very pleasing school that is assembled three days a week.

In a table of the amount of salaries of more than 200 teachers in the Southern District, we find 10 who receive less than £15 per annum; 30 under £25; 32 under £35; 27 under £45; 11 under £55; 2 under £65; 2 under £75; 1 under £85; 1 under £105; the best paid of these are in Kent and Surrey, and the worst paid are found in Berkshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire. This table of itself shows the low estimate entertained of the position and claims of a teacher of the poor; a dole near akin to starvation is considered ample remuneration for those to whom is intrusted the guidance of thousands of children. The great want is that of properly trained teachers; and to secure these, we must not only extend and improve the efficiency of our training schools, but we must also with earnestness supplicate the landowners to make sacrifices for the payment of proper salaries to teachers. The better course would doubtless be for government to take the whole care of education into its own hands, in preference to leaving it to the chances of isolated efforts; but failing this, there can be no question as to the advantages that would attend the enlightened exertions of the influential and the wealthy in the diffusion of elementary knowledge. The effectual carrying out of these would lead to conflict with many stubborn prejudices, best grappled with and removed by those who, from their station, are expected to be devoid of the prejudices that cling to ignorance. The repeated failure of well meant attempts may be traced as well to the want of right views among the promoters as to the magnitude of the evil to be encountered. We mourn over the condition of those below us, but if we do not provide means for their good instruction, how much of the blame rests with ourselves! The vacuity of the mind gives a wonderful advantage to our great enemy, and proves a temptation to intemperance and sensuality; while indulgence in these vices increases miserably the evil—clogging men's spirits, making them still more gross, listless, and barbarous.

Mr Bellair says, in his Report on Schools in the Western District, that it has often happened to him in the course of his tour, when asking of the master whether any of the better educated in the neighbourhood took interest in his school, that he has replied, 'No one puts his foot within the door during the year except the clergyman of the parish.' The statement has generally been followed with an expression of regret, accompanied with wishes that something could be done to arouse those possessed of wealth and intelligence to sympathise with him in his work. The new relations between master and servant which may spring up from an extension of education must prove beneficial to both parties. The ministerial duties of each will be

clearly perceived and acknowledged; and an enlightened conscience, with a due sense of the mutual dependence of the one upon the other, will produce alternate acts of kindness and of willing obedience, which must knit them together in closer bonds than those of a mere narrow worldly expediency.

Mr Cook, in his Report on Schools in the Eastern District, in which London is included, states that of 3022 boys examined by him in the metropolitan schools, 1244 are learning letters or are only able to read easy monosyllables; 1188 read very simple narratives; 611 read with ease: of these a small proportion read Hogarth's History of England and similar works with ease and accuracy; some few read with intelligence, with a correct intonation, and great facility. In arithmetic, 1561 boys are learning the elementary rules; 449 reduction and compound rules; 148 rule of three, practice, &c. 1028 boys and 506 girls form letters or write words of simple form, from script card or from the black board, upon slates; 885 boys and 304 girls can write the Lord's Prayer and very easy sentences *memoriter*; 272 boys and 120 girls can write the Catechism, Scripture texts, &c. 868 boys write in copybooks; 298 well, 894 decently, 178 imperfectly. 879 girls write in copybooks; 124 well, 170 decently, 85 very imperfectly.

From the metropolitan schools, which, from their situation, it would be expected would prove the most efficient, we turn to a table of schools in Norfolk, where, of 830 children, at an average age of ten years, 100 are learning to read, 118 read easy narrative, 114 read well; 76 write decently from dictation, 28 write and spell very well, 92 write on paper. Among the causes contributing to the present low state of instruction in many elementary schools, certain defects in the methods of instruction operate very extensively. Much time is generally lost in the elementary reading lessons. In most of the schools, where the proportion of decent readers is extremely small compared with the numbers in attendance, the methods of teaching to read are not so worked as to keep all the children, or a reasonable proportion of them, in the several classes, employed and attentive. These remarks apply with more or less force to the methods of teaching penmanship, spelling, and writing from dictation. Arithmetic, again, is rarely taught upon a good system. Our present parochial school-masters, generally, have little idea that instruction in itself is an art. If they had chosen the trade of a shoemaker, or a tailor, or a carpenter, they would of course be fully alive to the necessity of learning the art of the trade they had chosen before they would attempt to practise it. The same may be said generally of professions; no man would undertake the profession of a lawyer or a physician until he had made himself in some degree conversant with the several branches connected with his occupation. But with regard to education, a man imagines that he may rush at once into it, and that no previous instruction or study is requisite to enable him to fulfil properly the office he has chosen. In many schools, from the course generally adopted, one would imagine that nothing but severity could induce children to do what is right, or that the master really found pleasure in punishing his scholars. On some occasions, I have observed him walking about the room, cane in hand, brandishing it over the heads of the children, who, trembling under the anticipated stroke, have lost all sense of the lesson in which they were engaged, and with eyes wandering from their book to the avenging rod, have brought upon themselves, as they caught the master's eye, the blow. At other times, I have witnessed a master step into a class where was some little inattention or disturbance, and deal out boxes on the ear, blows on the head, and cuffs on the back, promiscuously on all within his reach, and then, as though he had done all that duty required him, return to his seat. Sometimes abuse is uttered in the same way, as 'You, John —, are the worst boy in school; everybody knows it, and I am sure you will come to no good.' And in more than one instance I have been pained with hearing the faults of parents cast forth publicly before the school as matters of reflection upon their children.

In his Report on Schools in the Northern District, Mr Watkins mentions that the characteristics of the Northumbrian schools are intellectual activity, deficiency of discipline, and abundance of dirt. It is curious in this latter respect to compare the state of the schools at Leeds with those at Newcastle. At one school in the north there were literally furrows of dust on the floor, in which the naked feet of the children seemed to delight to burrow. I pointed it out to the master, who assured me that the school was carefully swept twice a-week, and that it had undergone this process only two evenings before. In this school the intelligence and delight of the children in their lessons were very striking, but they had little or no discipline. Whilst in Yorkshire, in schools of the same class, where, according to the suspended notice, there was 'a place for everything, and every thing in its place; a time for every thing, and every thing at its time,' perfect order and silence prevailed; but it was difficult to obtain an answer from the children, not because they were more ignorant, but because they were less communicative than their more northern contemporaries. It may be allowed to me to add here, that through all the manufacturing districts I have looked anxiously for the sickly and starved and stunted children which are so often described as the offspring of its inhabitants. I can thankfully say that, with the exception of those children who came straight from the mill to the school, weary with their work, and, perhaps, in some cases dejected by its circumstances, I have looked in vain. They are not to be found in any number worthy of mention in our schools. Mr Watkins speaks favourably of the practice of allowing boys and girls to sit in the same room, which was the rule in seventy-four of the schools visited by him. He believed that the mischief is fancied rather than real, or at least that it has been much overrated. A more positive evil to the school arises, in my opinion, from the admixture of very little children with others of a more advanced age. Where this is the case, the school can hardly make good progress. At all events, this acts as a continual 'drag upon the wheel,' for the teacher's attention must either be inconveniently given to the little ones, or the school will be in an intolerable state of noise and unrest. I marked ten schools in Lancashire alone suffering much from this hinderance. *An infant school ought as constantly to be attached to the juvenile as a tender to a steam-engine. Without it there is no space for its necessary fuel.* It may be well to observe here, that *drawing* is very rarely taught in the schools under inspection—in only five or six which I have visited. As an aid to writing well, and as a means of increasing the faculty of observation, it is highly valuable, independently of its own more direct value. Might not a portion of the time now devoted to writing, especially in those cases where children are carelessly copying matter from foolish books, be beneficially applied to this study, so useful in after-life to the carpenter, the mason, and the mechanic in every branch of labour? At a school in Lancashire, where geography was one of the subjects taught, I questioned the children about their native county. 'What is there to the west of Lancashire, land or water?' After a long silence it was decided that there was 'water for its western boundary.' 'What water is it, a sea?' 'Yes' 'What sea?' Again the class was silent; at length the two readiest boys answered, 'the Bay of Biscay' and 'the Pacific Ocean.' At one school in Yorkshire, I found that arithmetic was not taught. I asked the reason, 'Because I know nothing about it,' was the honest reply. At another, in Lancashire, where the children were very ignorant, and crowded together in classes made like solid sheep-pens, I begged the master to put some questions to them, as I could get no answer. He took a book out of a corner cupboard (where it had not seen the light for many a day) and began: 'Who wrote the Bible?' and then qualified this strange question, 'that is, the greatest part of it?' 'Moses,' was the answer given and allowed. 'Who collected the Scriptures into books?' Answer, 'Gomorrah!' The children had rarely been questioned before, and the mere form of a question was a difficulty to them. The greater part of them were poor mill-

children, 'short timers,' and a wilder set I have rare seen.

In his Report on Schools in the county of Derby, 1841, Mr Allen says that he does not think the practice of making children learn columns of spelling where the words are not classed according to any principle, except the mechanical one of the number of syllables in each, ought to be encouraged. Exercises may be given in particular words the etymology of which illustrates some general law, as occasionally, perhaps, in the spelling of words that sound alike but are different in sense; but in general it is seen that spelling might be sufficiently taught by questioning the scholars after each reading lesson in the spelling of the more difficult words, and by a careful correction of lessons in composition or from dictation written on the slates. The memory of children is too precious a storehouse to be burdened with the spelling of words of four or five syllables, which will probably be seldom used by them in after-life.

It may not be out of place here to mention a subject says Mr Watkins, to which attention has lately been much directed—the residences of teachers. In only fifty-one, out of the schools which I have visited, is there a school-house for the master or mistress. That a residence house for the teacher is of far more benefit, both to him and the school, than the rent which it saves or the convenience which it affords, will not be questioned by those who have had any experience in school affairs. There is a moral influence in the 'master's house,' as there is in a handsome school, both over the parents and children. It has something of the same effect as the parsonage house. It is known and recognised as the home of one whose especial duty it is to devote his life to the improvement of others. To the master it gives an additional interest in the school, as the scene of his domestic as well as public life—his home as well as his work place. It is obvious that, in the present state of education for the poor, with no general system from which full and accurate returns may be secured, it must be extremely difficult to arrive at a correct conclusion respecting its deficiency in our country. We are convinced that this deficiency is very great, though we little know to what extent it prevails. But no one can pass through any of the manufacturing towns of Yorkshire or Lancashire during school hours, or any of the dreary mining villages in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, without being convinced that whatever numbers of children may be contained in our daily schools, there are many who do not enter them at all, or at least do not attend to them with any degree of regularity. There is an important fact, one which, though not unnoticed, has never been sufficiently brought forward, it is this, that in almost all our manufacturing towns, and even in all towns of large population, there is a class of children which never enter our schools at all, but live in a profound depth of poverty, and ignorance, and heathenism. This has been my conviction in visiting the schools of the Northern District, and examining not only the attainments, but the outward appearance, the dress, and other circumstances of the children contained in them. 'Where,' I have continually said to myself, 'where are the children of those who live in the many cellars of Liverpool, in the 'yards' of Manchester and Salford, in the undrained unpaved localities of parts of Leeds, in the hut-like tenements of the overgrown villages of all the northern coal-fields?' Certainly not in our schools—not, I mean, in any proportion to their vast number. And it should be remembered, in inquiring on this subject, that our church schools are generally cheaper than any others—cheaper often than the dame-schools of the place; we might therefore, if any where, look for the children of the poorest poor in our schools. But they are not, in general, there. I am confirmed in this view by the opinions of many and experienced persons in different parts of the country. From Hull, Mr H. S. Bright, the able and unwearied secretary of the local board of education, writes. 'The subject which you name is not a new one to my mind. I am strongly convinced that the view you take is correct, and that there are to be found in manufacturing and com-

mercial towns a large number of the very lowest class who do not send their children to our national schools; of course from a variety of motives, of which perhaps pride, indolence, ignorance, and positive vice are the most prevalent. You will see I exclude poverty, for I incline to think this not often a genuine cause of a child's losing the advantages of our national education.' How true are the words of one who now rests from his earnest labours, I speak of the late Dr Arnold: 'Education is wanted to improve the physical condition of the people, yet their physical condition must be improved before they can be susceptible of education.'

TOM RESTON'S REVENGE.

(Continued from page 365.)

ABOUT twelve of the same night on which young Balfour had left his cottage, in the abrupt and excited way we have described, David Hay was roused by a somewhat smart tapping at the window of the small apartment in which he usually slept. David was a sensible man, and to escape the charge of oddness and singularity, he contrived to avoid in general conversation all those nautical phrases and technicalities with which old seamen are usually represented as larding their speech. Sometimes, however, as on the present occasion, when thrown off his guard, ejaculations would break forth which must have revealed to any one at all cognisant of such matters the nature of the calling in which his boyhood and part of his youth had been spent. Lord Burleigh, for it was no other, almost smiled, as, on opening the cottage-door for his admission, David, his old spare figure sharply defined in the clear moonlight, began to apologise for the apparent rudeness with which he had just replied to the baronial summons, by stating that at the time he began to awake he was still under the influence of a dream of the sea. Lord Burleigh replied smilingly, that no excuse was requisite, and bidding his old tenant make haste and clothe himself, he stated his intention of having a few minutes' conversation with him on the banks of the loch, adding, that his reason for this was a fear that, by entering the cottage at such an advanced period of the night, he might disturb or even alarm its sleeping inmates. His lordship accordingly stalked downwards to the edge of the loch, on which a full moon, sailing majestically in a cloudless sky, now looked down, giving the lovely expanse of water the appearance of an immense sheet of silver. David having merely wrapped his old boat-cloak about his person, was at the side of his noble landlord in the twinkling of an eye.

'I half guess what you are here about,' said the old man, without giving the baron time to explain; 'you'll haen been hearing o' the conversation the master had wi' Mary in the planting yesterday, though it does nae seem to haen been conversation either, but just a kind o' play-acting like.'

Lord Burleigh stated that no such disclosure had been made to him, but having that evening received a letter from a friend in England, the contents of which had given him somewhat of a surprise, and learning from his butler that Robert had been calling at the cottage about sunset, he had disturbed his repose for the purpose of procuring what amount of information the old man had to bestow. That was very little. Mary, after Balfour had taken such an abrupt leave, deeming some explanation necessary, had during supper revealed to her father what had taken place in the young plantation on the noon of the day before. David himself disclosed the sudden illness with which Robert had been taken when the name of Stenhouse was first mentioned. A number of particulars were also, on cross-examination, extracted from the old man, which rendered it to Lord Burleigh no longer a matter of doubt how, in reference to the affections of his son, matters actually stood, and that without the adoption of some prompt step, he would by some other art either contrive to seduce the affections of Mary Hay, or ruin himself by the disclosure of a disengaged alliance.

ance. Shaking David's hand with a great deal of cordiality, and telling him to keep his mind at ease, as he entirely acquitted him and his daughter from any blame in the matter, Lord Burleigh with a heavy heart sought his baronial halls, the lofty towers of which, as well as the large surrounding oak trees, were standing out in full relief under the clear and resplendent light of a summer moon. He did not think proper to disclose to David the contents of the letter, which at that late hour had made him seek his cottage—a letter which he had that night received from the neighbourhood of London, and which bore the majestic signature of Tom Reston, disclosing all the secrets with which the master had intrusted that confidential youth, and requesting an instant remittance of fifty pounds as a reward of his fidelity. Our readers already know the result. The Master of Burleigh was hurried abruptly away, and Henry Stenhouse, now the accepted lover of the fairest of Lochleven's daughters, was left in undisputed possession of the field.

Nothing, for at least a year, sufficiently important to justify our detention of the reader, occurred in the neighbourhood of Burleigh. Robert Balfour was understood to be on his travels, and young Stenhouse was still paying daily visits to the cottage of David Hay, and, during sails on the loch at night, making the lovely scenes around vocal with the sweet discourse of music extracted from a German flute, the gift of his tutor in the divine science, the renowned Ralph Erskine, and the same which, on David's mantelpiece, had attracted the notice of Balfour on the famous portrait night. His present situation, though agreeable enough, as keeping him in Mary's neighbourhood, did not in the estimation of the parties themselves appear sufficiently remunerative to render their present union prudent. At last, however, Stenhouse reached the summit of his ambition. Upon the parish school of Inverkeithing requiring a teacher, he was appointed to the vacant charge. Three months after his induction he married Mary Hay, and brought her to the identical house which has since derived so much celebrity from the succession of eminent scholars who have dwelt beneath its roof—Duncan, the translator of Boethius, especially; and Robert Kelly Douglas, whose exquisite description of the Rumbling Bridge scene appeared in the pages of the *Instructor* shortly after its commencement. A year passed during which only two events occurred in the history of the wedded pair; the one of a sad the other of a cheerful complexion: David Hay was gathered to his fathers; about three months before that event, Mary had presented her husband with a fine boy, bearing, however, less resemblance to herself than to him. All this time she heard little of Balfour, though, when attending on her father's deathbed, the young ladies from the castle, and even Lord Burleigh himself, had paid her frequent visits, and seemed equally affectionate and attentive. The little, however, she did hear of the young baron was far from being satisfactory or gratifying. His habits had become irregular and licentious, his frantic fits of passion were so frequently evinced that no respectable tutor or even valet would remain in his service, and the only persons who would bear him company were such only as, for the sake of the largesses, wines, or dinners, with which he rewarded their sycophancy, were willing to submit to the humiliating insolencies of his rage. A fortunate, or rather unfortunate, gaming speculation in Florence had recently put him in possession of an amount of cash sufficient to render him indifferent to his father's threats, who, from the accounts transmitted to him from time to time of his son's eccentricities and revellings, had ordered him home, and, on his refusal, had actually for a month withheld the supplies. But the account which most alarmed Mrs Stenhouse was one which in strict confidence Miss Straiton communicated, namely, that ferocious letter, written evidently under the influence of intoxication, had some time ago been sent to Miss Leslie, his cousin, who, ignorant of the reason why he had been sent abroad, had playfully asked him when he intended to return home and render her happy by fixing the day. The letter was a savage frantic and even

cowardly production. It would never have been written had not the same package which enclosed Miss Leslie's contained also a letter from his sister Mary, who, likewise ignorant of his attachment, and of the cause of his being sent so hastily abroad, told him in a playful postscript of the marriage which had recently been consummated between his old tutor Henry Stenhouse and 'bonnie Mary Hay.' A nobleman, since returned from Italy, explained, as if by way of excuse, that at the time of his receiving the letter, young Balfour was at Venice, drinking hard between two bravoes of the town and an acquaintance from England, whose name he had forgot. The letter was possibly produced from their dictation, for on reading it we feel that we are rather perusing a translation in bombastic English prose from bombastic Italian verse, than the sober production of a young nobleman in his senses.

All this made Mrs Stenhouse very uneasy, and she scarcely knew whether she should not give relief to her feelings by disclosing what she had learned to her husband, thus putting him on his guard against the threat which Balfour held out in the letter specified, of his intention to accomplish his bloody vow should he return to Scotland. She did so, however, and Stenhouse felt that he loved her all the more intensely for keeping secret for such a length of time a circumstance which many would have divulged for the mere purpose of heightening the value of the boon they were conferring, when bestowing the hand on a country teacher which had been sighed for and solicited by the son of a peer. While, however, he felt pleased with Mary's conduct, he could not but to some extent share in her uneasiness; though, from the life he was understood to be leading abroad, young Balfour was not likely to trouble any one long, a hereditary disease, which free living had now caused to develop itself in full virulence, being generally believed to be fast hurrying him to the grave. Matters went on after this quietly and smoothly in the family of Mr and Mrs Stenhouse: their boy David throve charmingly; and as old Hay had left his only daughter a small amount of money, which more than relieved them from the few difficulties in which the furnishing of their house and some other casualties had involved them; and as the school, moreover, continued to flourish, there was no reason to complain of lack of prosperity. But a dark cloud was resting above the fortunes of the youthful pair.

Under the charge of a valet remarkable for his piety, young Balfour was brought home to the castle, acting the part of an interesting invalid just recovering from a disease which had brought him to the brink of the grave, but which also, like the woes of the prodigal son, had restored him to his senses. He appeared especially to regret his cruel and dastardly treatment of Miss Leslie, who, at his request, was entreated to pay another visit to the castle; seemed to have an intense wish to see the person who had reproved him for swearing, and who he had found out to be Ebenezer Erskine; read the Bible carefully, and took Miss Stratton's advice aentent disputed passages; and, indeed, went so finely through the process of deception, that Lord Burleigh, who, during the last year, like hundreds more in the district, from associating with Mr Erskine, had become decidedly religious, was quite delighted, as the neglect he had been guilty of in reference to Robert's religious training sat, of all other things, the heaviest on his conscience. All went smoothly on for a few weeks; it was now the middle of March; Miss Leslie came at a call, and the wedding was fixed for the 12th of April. Ebenezer Erskine called, and though he found the noble penitent very ill informed in a religious sense, was pleased with his humility and the marked deference he paid to his explanations of religious truth. Mary Hay was written to, and an answer was returned accepting his apologies and more than expressing her forgiveness. All suspicions were, in short, effectually lulled; and to such an extent was the matter carried that Mr Stenhouse one morning had privately handed in to him a letter advising him of the intended marriage, and stating that, as immediately after the ceremony pressing

business would take him into Edinburgh, the Master of Burleigh would do himself the pleasure of calling as he passed with marriage favours for both his wife and himself, requesting him, however, to say nothing of it to Mary, that she might get the more agreeable a surprise.

The morning of the 12th of April arrived, and it chanced to be one of the loveliest of the season; it happened also that the annual April fair occurred in Inverkeithing on the very same day. Such fairs in that hoary town are, we suspect, but dull things now, but it was different a hundred and thirty years ago, and Mr Stenhouse and his wife enjoyed themselves, while breakfast was preparing, by looking out from the front window upon the scene below. Their house, a suite of apartments right above the schoolroom, stood upon a height, and while it commanded a fine view of the Frith of Forth, Leith Roads, and Edinburgh Castle, looked down more immediately upon a sloping plain called Pyper's Green, on which the animals intended for sale were exhibited duly on market days. This beautiful spot of ground was beginning to be filled with fine milch cows; horses, too, already lined the highway right above the green, with their several owners standing at their heads. Farmers were riding in from the country, and old women in red cloaks were spreading out upon square boards, resting upon household stools or small ale barrels, for the admiration and intended purchase of the juveniles, gingerbread cakes, penny trumpets, sweeties, and exquisite candy rejoicing in the name of London. The sun shone clearly in, and his beams played sportively upon the carpet of the ill-fated Stenhouse, whose wife, as she was filling out his coffee, was struck with the singular internal happiness expressed by his fine features. With an archness peculiar to herself, she rallied him on the circumstance, and asked how he intended to spend the afternoon, as, according to established usage, a holiday was expected by his scholars. Henry gave an evasive answer, and catching at his infant boy, with whom the female servant had just entered, he capered it up and down till the little innocent crowed and laughed from the very exuberance of its delight. The hour of nine now pealed from the steeple, and handing little David over to Mary herself, Mr Stenhouse, descending, entered the schoolroom and commenced the business of the day. The children, under the influence of the beautiful sunshine, and the prospect of the play in the afternoon, were all more than usually happy, and more, of course, than usually restive. Pyper's Green was now completely filled with kine and sheep, whose blended lowings and bleatings made echo vocal; and the highway above with horses and their stout owners. Notwithstanding the frequency with which order was called, the happy urchins took many a peep to see how matters were going on in the green, and a great many 'leavers' were asked by sundry scouts dispatched by committees to purchase 'tablet,' and to report on their return how matters were progressing 'further west.'

It might be about noon when the school-door was three times forcibly struck at, as if with the butt-end of a rider's whip, and the summons was answered by Thomas Elder, a boy who occupied one of the lower forms; coming up to his teacher, who was engaged with a Latin class, Thomas whispered that a braw man on a horse wanted to speak with him. With joyful alacrity, a Virgil in his hand, Henry hurried to the door; it was about high noon, and the sunlight flashing into the fine blue eyes of the accomplished young teacher, rendered it necessary for him to hold up his arm as a shade before he could see distinctly. There could be no mistake; though he had not seen him for years, Stenhouse recognised his former pupil at once; the same Lord Bobble who first drew his steps to the cottage of his dear Mary. He was arrayed in a magnificent suit of gorgeous wedding robes, brilliantly flashing in the sun; he wore a rich black beaver, beautifully jewelled and plumed; and his long glossy raven locks fell in luxuriant masses over his slender but elegant shoulders, and reached midway down his back. In short, he looked, as he sat erect in his saddle, more like a female

figure of exquisite symmetry and beauty than the last descendant of a house whose stalwart figures first procured for them the family name.

' You know me, Stenhouse, don't you, my dear fellow ?' Stenhouse stretched out his hand, but was so overcome by emotion that he could scarcely falter a reply.

' See, I promised to bring a marriage favour for Mary ; this is for her. He opened while he spoke a package which he carried before him, and catching it by the grey hairs, he threw down at the teacher's feet the hoary head of his late father-in-law. ' That is the head of a traitor ! and, see, this favour is for you ! ' He raised his weapon of vengeance as he spoke.

Stenhouse looked instinctively up, the blood rushed in a crimson torrent to his brow, and before it got back to his heart again the fire of the pistol had flashed in his eyes, its report had rattled in his ears, and its contents were lodged in his bosom.

Hearing the report of a pistol, Mary leaped down the steps that from without connected the school with the dwelling-house—she saw the horseman riding down the steep—she caught a glimpse of the old man's head—she saw her husband reeling backward, but she saw no more—her eyes swam in darkness, yet she tried to support her falling husband—she heard his dying groans, and, with her insensible burden, she would have sunk on the pavement had not a few friendly neighbours appeared and saved her fall. The efforts used to restore Mary were successful, but from the bosom of her beloved Henry the spark of existence had fled for ever.

Meanwhile the inmates of Burleigh Castle were in a state of considerable agitation and perplexity. The Master of Burleigh had rode out, his valet said, before breakfast. It was known, too, that he had taken the road to Kinross, but in what direction he had afterwards gone no one could divine. They sat down to breakfast; Miss Leslie the bride, who looked so well that Mary thought her almost pretty, and a clergyman of the Episcopal church, who had come from Edinburgh to perform the ceremony, making up the party. Breakfast was finished, and carriages began to come rattling up the avenue, containing parties in the immediate neighbourhood who had been invited to the wedding, but no master appeared. There was mirth, and stir, and much rejoicing without, both on the green and in the castle court (above which a huge banner bearing the Burleigh arms floated), among the assembled crowds whom the expectation of the wonted largesses and respect for the family had collected; but within, as the clock struck twelve, and no bridegroom appeared, a look of blank wonder and even dismay began to pervade the respective faces of the party. Lord Burleigh, dressed out with a magnificence due to the celebrity of his ancient family, endeavoured to inspire those around him with that hope which was already beginning fast to decay in his own bosom. Another hour was announced by a solitary peal, and Miss Leslie, arrayed, poor thing, in the most scrupulous bridal finery, looked as if she were about to faint; a great many of the party, on the pretence of having other engagements, were beginning to leave, when Lord Burleigh, in a cheerful voice, called out for them to stop, as the footman had just handed in an elegant package which his son had sent from Kinross, and which he was invited to open, for the amusement of the company, until the arrival of the master himself, who would be home about three. Miss Leslie's languid eye began to revive; Mary Balfour nearly screamed, and actually clapped her hands for joy; and Miss Straiton looked on with a smileless but dreadfully ' show me ' face, as, before the assembled party in the large hall, Lord Burleigh opened a parcel of some size. The horror of the company may be conceived, when, after a little unpacking, the arms of a human body rolled on the floor. Lord Burleigh sunk backward with a piece of paper in his hand, on which was written—' The hands and arms of David Hay, an old traitor. God save the Queen.' It is needless to attempt describing the scene that followed. The Master of Burleigh, obviously believing that his banishment had been occasioned by the treachery of old David

and his daughter Mary, had taken this horrible mode testifying his indignation and hatred. In the utmost disorder the party broke up; and the crowd dispersed from the courtyard and the lawn.

All now within Burleigh Castle was sorrow, rage, and dismay. The baron himself, vengeance boiling in every vein, sent for the neighbouring sexton, and as his answer seemed evasive, had him committed to the county jail. The young ladies went about scarce knowing how to alternately scolding their brother for adopting such a mode of exhibiting his revenge, and endeavouring, along with Miss Straiton, to comfort their inconsolable cousin. The mutilated body of David Hay was about sunset reported to have been found in a small outhouse near the churchyard. The sexton had been liberated, as the guilt was not known to attach solely to young Balfour and two dare-looking fellows whom he had hired for the accomplishment of the felony. But these were but trivial matters when put in comparison with what followed. About dusk, the horse on which the master had ridden out in the morning came galloping up the avenue without a rider; and shortly afterwards two fierce-looking fellows, mounted on chargers of mettle, spurred furiously up, and exhibiting their warrant, demanded the person of the Master of Burleigh, who had that morning most cruelly and daringly murdered, by the contents of a loaded pistol, the young schoolmaster of Inverkeithing. The agony, terror, and dismay, exhibited within the interior of the castle, language could describe. Lord Burleigh, with an exclamation of horror, raised his aged hands to heaven, and prayed God to forgive and aid; the pious valet went about wringing his hands, looking the very picture of misery and crying aloud, ' Oh, my poor master ! ' His lordship succeeded, however, after a few minutes, in mustering sufficient amount of energy and composure to explain the emissaries of the law how matters stood, inviting them if they chose, to enter the castle and make the strict search. They did so, and spent nearly two hours in a investigation equally rigid and fruitless. The Master of Burleigh was nowhere to be found.

During the excitement and confusion consequent upon the streets of Inverkeithing on the commission of h frantic and fiendish deed, the Master of Burleigh contrived to effect his escape. He rode through the market-place, it is said, with a drawn sabre in his hand, calling out ' Seize the murderer—beware of his escape ! ' He took the same road by which he had so recently entered the town, and spurring on, reached Blairadam about on o'clock. Here he dismounted for the purpose of refreshing his fatigued charger, and of drinking something him self. The landlady of the inn received him very graciously, but expressed her surprise at his having been taking such a long canter on his bridal day. She had been his nurse when a child and knew all about him.

' I've done the deed, old Meg,' said the excited young baron, throwing himself into a tragic attitude. ' Did thou not hear a noise ?'

' Gae wa' wi' your nonsense, Bobbie ; though why,' she added, as if taking herself—' why should I speak sae ? if a youngster's no allowed a little daffin' on his wedding day, when is he to get it ? '

' A stoup of gin, old lass—a stoup of gin ; and keep my horse ready for me, for I've a race to ride.'

' A race to ride on your marriage-day ! no' the broos I wot ; wha ever heard o' the bridegroom riding the broose ? ' Saying this, Margaret deposited before the Master of Burleigh a huge bottle of the liquid he had called for. He swallowed at a draught upwards of a pint. Meg held up her hands in astonishment—' Wow, Bobbie, ye're drouthy, man. I heard on a' hands that ye ha' mended ye're ways, and that made me wonder at ye playactor manner when ye first cam' in ; but ye've cleared up yourself—ohon, ohon ! an' you sae grandly arrayed and the poor bride kept sae lang waiting.'

' I have done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise ? '

He had risen when old Margaret set up her first ejaculation, but the combined influence of gin, fatigue, and d

spar, made him reel and stagger like one in the last stage of drunkenness; the quotation, too, was hiccuped rather than repeated, and having uttered it he sunk back into a large arm-chair, and looked as if about to fall into a dead sleep. He had, however, sufficient recollection of the awful circumstances in which he had placed himself to request his old nurse to keep a sharp lookout, and warn him if danger approached.

'Poor Bobbie,' said the kindly old woman, gently placing around him her own red Sunday cloak, 'he's forgot himself clean. Dear me,' she said to the servant of her house, who had come in with a message, 'he's fast asleep already. Wha would ha'e thought that such a lady-looking creature could ha'e gulped down sae muckle gin?' Taking away her bottle and glass, she then left the apartment, closing the door as gently as might be, that her former charge might sleep off the drink and be away to the bridal before night yet. 'But he spoke o' danger, Jenny,' she said to the servant, when she reached the kitchen; 'and though he was only playacting a bit, there was something wild and frightfu' in his e'e, even before he took the drappie; sae gae while he sleeps to the brae tap and look to the north, and if ye see anything worth notice, come running in and tell. Holloa, Ned! keep the master's horse ready saddled at the door, for he was aye a daft kind o' callant, and I begin, the langer I think o't, to jalouse that there may be something about riding that same race.' A fine-looking boy came at her call, and taking the bridal of the dark and beautiful charger into his hand, did as desired. Two hours might have passed, and the master was beginning to give, as his landlady looked in upon him, a few of those premonitory symptoms which bespeak the departure of sleep, when the girl came running in from the brae side on which she had been stationed to keep watch, and announced that she saw three men riding up Kelly Knowe at a slow trot.

'Master o' Burleigh—Master o' Burleigh,' exclaimed the excited landlady, and the gorgeously arrayed murderer was on his feet at once—'ride for your life, for yonder they come.'

Robert Balfour required nothing more to be said; hurrying to the door he flung himself into the saddle, and throwing behind him a guinea, sped off at a furious gallop. And much need was there for his doing so. The three riders were by this time up to the inn door; they knew their mark, and bestowing on Margaret as they careered past a volley of curses, plunged their rowels into their horses' sides, and pursued the master with a speed not inferior to his own. The chase now became exciting; Balfour keeping only before them by a gunshot, and this lasted until they neared Kinross, when, suddenly wheeling round, the Master of Burleigh sprung a fence of considerable height, and was almost instantly buried from the view of his pursuers in the recesses of a deep plantation. Conceiving that, though he might reach the Castle of Burleigh before them, and get himself concealed, their best mode was to keep the usual road and insist upon a search, they went on and gained the castle in the manner we have stated. The master had no sooner sprung the fence than, dismounting in the centre of the plantation, he allowed his steed to seek the halls of Burleigh, while he took refuge in the hollow of one of the largest oak trees on the estate, a hiding-place which he had discovered when a boy, but which he had hitherto kept a profound secret; which tree, if we do not greatly mistake, still exists on the Burleigh property. From his concealment young Balfour heard for a number of hours the voices of his pursuers and of the crowds who had followed in their train, many of whom had come to the green fields of Burleigh in the morning to witness the wedding of the very person whom they were now aiding the agents of the civil law to hunt down like a common felon. At last, wearied with their fruitless search, the officers withdrew for the night to the neighbouring town of Kinross, determined, however, that on the morrow they should resume the search more strictly.

About twelve at night, a tapping on the bark of the

tree in which he stood concealed aroused the master from a partial sleep into which he had recently fallen. He listened, and something was said from without which seemed to satisfy him, for, stooping and using knee and hand, he soon made himself visible. The moon was at the full, and the person who now confronted him was the individual who had returned with him from Italy in the capacity of valet, and who, we may as well let the reader know, was no other than Tom Reston.

'I've done the deed, Tom,' said the Master of Burleigh, for the quotation haunted him all the day like an infernal spell—'Didst thou not hear?'

'To Tartarus profound, to Erebus, and Tophet with such hackneyed stuff. Can't you spout to me, after your glorious job, something original?'

'I have managed matters well, I hope?' said the master.

'Oh, your scheme succeeded to a miracle!' was the reply.

'My scheme, Tom Reston! the scheme was yours. What a lovely moon, Reston! Are you *quite* certain, Tom, there is no hell?'

The person addressed put his finger to his lip by way of caution, and then unpacking a small bundle which he carried, he brought out some pastry, venison, and cold fowl. The master, where he stood, made a seizure of the viands, but Tom motioned him to a seat on the grass, and then placing himself by his side, continued silent till Balfour should finish his meal.

'Have you no liquid?' said the master.

Reston at first pretended to have forgot the wine, but after enjoying the look of blank dismay with which the master received the news, and sending out a kind of smothered laugh, he drew a bottle of considerable size from his pocket, and presented it to Balfour, who emptied the half of its contents at a draught. In a low and suppressed voice Reston began to narrate what had occurred within the castle during the day, and then proceeded to ask Balfour what was next to be done.

'Rifle the chest and carry away the money, my boy. Let us hire a ship at Leith, and hey ho for Florence.'

'Tis a pity you did not ride off to Leith at once,' said Tom, somewhat sulkily, 'and I could have followed at my leisure; this foolish return will blow up our entire scheme.'

'What!' cried the master, starting up and kicking his companion below his long sharp chin with the toe of his boot; 'was it not from your entreaty, by your advice, I came back? Was not the race, too, of your planning, to give greater interest to the whole affair?'

Without replying, Reston sprang to his feet, and sounding a small ivory whistle, two ferocious-looking fellows started from behind a bush of considerable size in the immediate neighbourhood, and before Balfour had time to draw his sword, sprang upon him from behind, and while they held fast his slender arms, Tom, with a fiendish laugh, applied the manacles to his hands. What followed is well known. In a carriage which awaited at Kinross, Balfour was on the night of the murder conveyed to Edinburgh; the persons who conducted informing him by the way, for his consolation, that they were the identical Bob Spears and Peter Salmon who had in the days of yore given such a sound dusting to his tinsel jacket.

Balfour was lodged in the Canongate jail. His trial for the murder of Stenhouse is one of the most singular on record; yet no effort employed to confound or perplex the witnesses was of any ultimate avail. He was condemned to die, and but for the timely interference of his sister Mary, to whom he bore an extraordinary likeness, and who, by exchanging clothes, effected his escape, would assuredly have undergone the last penalty of the law. He retired to the Continent, and entering the army of Marlborough, was represented as behaving with so much bravery and honour as to entitle him to the forgiveness of the queen. How he abused the royal clemency by joining the banner of the Pretender, and publicly proposing his health at the cross of Lochmaben, is a matter of history. All that we require further to notice are a few facts which have a tendency, by being disclosed, to

throw some portion of light on the motives which induced the young baron to disgrace himself by a murder so cruel.

Our readers will bear in mind the letter which Tom Reston had sent to Lord Burleigh, making the disclosures which led to the master's dismissal. Reston was rewarded for his communications just as he deserved to be. Lord Burleigh, while confessing that the statements of David Hay corroborated what his letter revealed, gave him to know that he sent him, as a reward of his treachery, half-a-crown to buy marbles; at least, an order to that amount on a friend in town. This letter stung Reston to the soul, and resolving to be revenged on the whole Burleigh family, procured his father's permission to travel, and got into the society of Balfour about his fortunate gaming speculation time. He had from the first exercised a wonderful power over the erratic mind of the young baron, but now his influence became unbounded. Perceiving that Lord Burleigh had kept secret from his son the circumstance of himself having written, he persuaded Robert that the perfidy both of David Hay and his daughter was without a parallel; then to have his fine speeches laughed at by Stenhouse and his pretty wife all their lives, and his vow of vengeance turned into a theme on which the latter might exhibit her powers of the ludicrous—the thing was not to be thought of. If that young woman married Stenhouse he must take vengeance—he must fulfil his vow. When the event was actually announced in his sister's letter, the consequences will be remembered by our readers. The accounts sent home of his illness was a mere scheme, plotted by Reston to give edge to his revenge; then the coming home an invalid, Reston attending him as valet; the pretended penitence, the proposed marriage, the exhibition of David Hay's head and arms, were all of Reston's invention, and were intended to give double eclat to the tragedy. Balfour, after committing the murder, wanted to ride off to Leith, allowing his accomplice to follow at his leisure; but Reston having discovered the secret of the tree, got him persuaded to return, and, concealing himself for a week or so, wait till an opportunity occurred for Reston to rifle the money-chest of the baron. They had, indeed, contrived to do a good deal in this way already, and had actually forwarded to a receptacle of iniquity in Edinburgh a large quantity of valuable plate; but it had been agreed that the deliberate forcing of the lock and spring of an immense desk, in which the Burleigh jewels and a number of gold coins were deposited, could not be safely executed till after the murder of Stenhouse. This, however, during the confusion of the search, Reston had that evening contrived to do, leaving in a casket which he had rifled of a good quantity of gold, two round marbles, and labelling on the lid an 'insulting invitation to look within and see how the "bowls rolled,' signed *Thomas Reston*. After selling his dupe into the hands of justice, Reston absconded and was never heard of more. We have mentioned the fiendish joy he displayed when in the act of handcuffing his unfortunate victim. His parting words, as he pushed him into the carriage, were—'Mind, neither Hay nor his daughter had the merit of your betrayal—it was I who did it; ask old Burleigh else.'

Mary Hay was, of course, long a sincere mourner for the husband of whom she had been so cruelly and horribly deprived. The humanity of the public kept secret from her the subject of the mutilation of her father's body, and she believed to her dying day that it was only a chimera of the brain which made her believe that when her husband was reeling into her arms, she caught a glimpse of old David's head. She lived to a good old age, however, and was successful in teaching a sewing and reading school, a situation procured for her by the patronage of Ralph Erskine in the adjacent town of Dunfermline.

Of the Burleigh family we have little more to say. Mary was married about the year 1712, and Margaret, we believe, died unmarried. Lord Burleigh died the year after the Union of a broken heart, caused not by his son's disgrace, but by the occurrence of that event.

RUSSIA AND NICHOLAS.

The work which we are about to notice* originated in the following circumstance: The author, Mr Ivan Golovine a Russian noble, being in bad health, received permission from the Emperor Nicholas to leave his native country for five years with the view of trying the benefit of a French climate. He came to Paris, and had resided there for about a year and a half, when the Russian Charge d'Affaires sent for him, and gave him to understand that a letter had reached him from Count Nesselrode, one of the emperor's chief ministers, ordering his instant return to the country he had left. Mr Golovine expressed his astonishment, and on being asked when he would be ready to depart replied that he could not tell, but, from the still unconfirmed state of his health, it would not probably be soon. He was informed that this excuse would not likely be sustained, and was advised, unless he wished to fall under the complete displeasure of the emperor, to prepare for instant departure. This he refused to do; and the consequence was, that after a considerable amount of chafing and letter-writing, his obstinacy was reported to the emperor, who, greatly enraged, immediately ordered that all his property should be confiscated, and that proceedings should be instituted against him for the crime of high treason. The recusant invalid was accordingly, in a few days thereafter sentenced by the senate to the luxury of a Siberian exile. The reason of his recall, it may, however, be proper to state, originated in sundry reports, transmitted by Russian spies to the imperial palace, that Golovine was preparing for publication a volume on some subject or other very probably injurious to the interests of Russia. The work in question, our author asserts, had nothing to do with Russia or politics, being purely scientific in its nature. With this, however, we have no concern; only the affair ended in the manner described.

In the indignation naturally consequent, therefore, on such persecution, the present work had its origin. And such a work! Russia, and Nicholas too, have frequently been exhibited in unfavourable colours, but all previous vituperation and abuse, whether lavished on the emperor or his country, are utterly insipid and pointless when compared to that which illustrates and bedecks every burning page of the first of these volumes. Hear how the enraged invalid begins his historical notice of the reign of Nicholas the First:—

'It is no part of my design to dwell at length on the history of a reign which is distinguished only by acts of cruelty and violence—acts which will, however, be useful, inasmuch as they will serve to fill up the measure of iniquity, and hasten the coming of a better order of things.'

It is true that Golovine's disclosures and abuse must be received with a small allowance of discount. The man is obviously in a towering passion. He had been ill used, and like an honest footman kicked out of doors by a tyrannical master, merely because extreme sickness prevented him from answering the bell-summons as soon as was expected, he proceeds to scold away in first-rate style, telling the world all manner of things which may have a tendency to throw disparagement on the country of his birth: and yet, in a somewhat amusing preface, we are given to know that all this is done in kindness, and that,

* Russia under the Autocrat, Nicholas the First. By IVAN GOLOVINE, a Russian subject. 2 vols. London: H. Colburn. 1846.

if he speak ill of Russia, it arises solely from love. He that spares reproof, it is said, evinces unkindness; and if Mr Golovine's affection for his native land is to be measured by the amount of abuse he bestows upon her, he must stand exalted, in the estimation of posterity, far above all the patriots of ancient or modern days. The mystery is, how, after what he tells us she is, Russia can ever have won his affection at all. Mothers are indeed said to evince usually most attachment to the child whose ugliness and deformity make it the object of dislike to every one else; and lovers are to be met with in scores who see the 'beauty of Venus in a brow of Egypt:' but then affection and rapture have blinded their eyes. His eyes open, however, to all her enormities—her brutalities, her low vices, her everything that is detestable—Golovine tells us that he loves Russia still! Had he allowed her one solitary good moral quality—had he said, as Byron has done, that she possessed a Tom Moore whose health he could drink, or a Scott, for whose sake he would wish once more to visit one of her cities—it would not have surprised us so much to hear him talk of loving her. But he does no such thing: her peasantry are all bad, her nobility are worse, her emperor is worst.

CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

'A bad, and unhappily too common penchant, in this people, is that of cheating. Not finding a worthy and sufficient occupation for his mind, the Russian turns his attention to fraud, which he considers as an easy means of rising in the world. This is an effect of the want of civilisation and the fruit of slavery. Not feeling his strength, or not daring to make use of it, he has recourse, in most instances, to craft. This is also a proof of his misery; not knowing any remedy for his sufferings, and unable to escape the evils which overwhelm him, he is more liable than another to fall into fatal derelictions, such as cheating, drunkenness, and general debauchery. But the very aberrations of mind may serve as a criterion of his ingenuity; the Russian sharper may rival the most adroit in the world, and surprising instances of his knavery are added.

'Cheating is carried to such excess in Russia, that one might be tempted to say, it is in the air or in the blood. Russian commerce and manufactures are unquestionably the most dishonest in the world. China and England have had equal reason to complain of it. The Chinese, who are too suspicious to receive, without examination, the rolls of Russian cloth, find pieces of wood inside; the English receive grease instead of tallow. Their government has in vain repeatedly protested against these abuses, and the emperor has in vain issued decrees to suppress them. A Frenchman, who was appointed by the government to unmask all this fraud, was well nigh killed by the manufacturers; and the officers have evidently not been proof against the seductions which he resisted, for his denunciations have had no effect. The petty shopkeepers live only by plunder: you purchase an article in a shop, and take a different one home with you; you must be always on your guard. All servants are notorious thieves, especially the cooks and coachmen. It may be pretty much the same every where, yet it is never carried to such excess as in Russia: there the officers, even of the public administrations, seize eagerly with both hands; they do not wait till you give them something, but they beg and bargain with you, accept large presents, and do not disdain the most trifling. Drunkenness is nowhere so common as in Russia. This may be traced to various causes: such as poverty, despair arising from the precarious state of things, the want of security for property, the uncertainty of the future, and, above all, the lack of education. Time, and the government, may do much to remedy these evils; the first, by enlightening the masses, and the second, by seeking more honourable sources of revenue

than the distilleries, of which it retains the monopoly, by making itself the first tavern-keeper in the country.'

'As I have before observed, it is very difficult to define the morality of any people, and especially to state, in this respect, its superiority or its inferiority, in juxtaposition with another. When compared with his European neighbours, the Russian has less of that immorality of mind which is the fruit of advanced civilisation; but he has less of that morality, founded on principle, which only a solid and prudent education can give. His sensual immorality has neither for its cause, its excuse, or ornament, that imagination which explains and redeems the polished nations. If he is debauched, he is so, even to brutality, through the heart rather than the mind; and the seductions which he finds in his country are not of such a nature as to cause or to extenuate his aberrations. The woman (I speak of the woman of the great world) is more refined in her license, thanks to the bitter-sweet fruits of French romance; but she does not take sufficient pains, or has not sufficient tact to veil her intrigues; and the want of reserve on the part of some Russian ladies has obtained for them European celebrity. This laxity is more fatal, because, as it spreads, it undermines domestic happiness, which is the only refuge of the Russian, who is so poor in pleasure and comforts, and contributes to destroy family ties, which other causes render very insecure.'

His countrymen, he indeed tells us, are pious; but then the piety of the Russian 'is closely allied to superstition, and consists almost entirely in the scrupulous observance of religious forms. I have seen a thief with one hand pick the pocket of a passenger, and with the other make the sign of the cross at the sound of the vesper bell. The Russian perpetually makes the sign of the cross; he does it in front of every church and every image, when entering a room or leaving it, when sitting down to table or when rising from it, when retiring to bed, and when getting up.' Neither does our author represent want of loyalty as the besetting sin of the amiable Russ:—"Next to the King of Heaven the czar is the object of the adoration of the Russian. He is in his estimation the representative and the elect of God, as he is the head of His church, the source of all the beatitudes, and the first cause of all fear. His hand distributes as bounteously as his arm strikes heavily. Love, fear, and humble respect, are blended in this deification of the monarch, which most frequently serves only to mask the cupidity of some and the pusillanimity of others. The czar is the centre of all the rays, the focus to which every eye is directed; he is the *red sun* of the Russians, for thus they designate him; while they call the vestibule of the Kremlin, where the ancient czars showed themselves to the people, the Red Vestibule; *Krasnoïe Krylito*."

Having, by these extracts, endeavoured to give the reader some idea of the estimate which our author has formed of the national character of his countrymen, we next proceed to his account of

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

'The distinctive characteristics of the Russian government are despotism and rapacity. It has never conceived the possibility of reigning without oppression; nor has it been able to comprehend that gentleness secures the happiness of the people and the security of the government, more than cruelty, which in Russia is called just severity. While tyranny is confounded with power.'

'The peculations of persons in office are beyond all conception. All the functionaries, high and low, steal openly and with impunity, from the ammunition to the rations of the soldiers and the medicines of the hospitals. Will it be believed that they actually conceal the number of men who fall in every action till the end of the campaign, and thus continue to receive the provisions and equipment of those who have disappeared from the ranks, but who nevertheless remain on the lists till the end of the war? In the Caucasus, where hostilities are incessant, this abuse had risen to an enormous excess; the ranks were thinned, yet the lists were full, as also were the pockets of the officers. The captain lives on his squadron or his company; the

colonel on his regiment; the general on his brigade; and so on. [It is a pity the worthy author has not descended a grade lower, and informed us how the men live.] On giving up the command of his corps, the general comes to an understanding with his successor, and nothing more is said. The officers of police who receive salaries of 1000 francs, have cloaks and horses worth many thousand rubles. The heads of the police have houses, and the governors hotels. Persons in office make their fortunes much quicker in Russia than in other countries, and in some departments sooner than in others. One hand washes the other. The officers, high and low, share their gains, and wo to him who shall pretend to act with probity; the poor innocent sheep would speedily be devoured by these rapacious wolves. By the aid of money the worst causes are gained in the tribunals, and money will purchase indemnities for every crime. Does any one desire to institute a lawsuit? He does not inquire whether he has better rights than his adversary, but merely examines whether he is richer. In that case, being certain of having the judges on his side, he proceeds to act. The emperor himself declares that he is powerless against his scourge, and it is well for him if his own fortune is not stolen.

'The Russian government is perfectly aware that the unworthy proceedings in which it takes pleasure, cannot subsist except under the shelter of the grossest ignorance and the deepest immorality: and, accordingly, the main secret of its policy is to brutalise and demoralise the people. It is wholly ignorant of the dignity of man, which it makes to consist in a blind obedience to its decrees, and whoever has a sense of his individual worth is considered by it as a rebel. It desires to command despotically and to be servilely obeyed.'

'Under the reign of the sabre and the mustachio, the peaceful citizen feels ill at ease. Talent is out of place where brutal force prevails; while the latter, though blushing at itself, fears, hates, despises, and persecutes it. Civilisation cannot be regulated by beat of drum; this noise is hateful, and it shuns it, withdraws in despair, and pines away in melancholy inactivity. "Persecution," says a German proverb, "is the fate of talent in Russia." Persecution might be endured, and talent might consider it as a crown of laurels whenever its power is thus acknowledged and honoured; but when barbarism sways the sceptre, it affects contempt for talent, as a futile object and the source of deception, rather than as a means of success. It encourages only those who amuse it, and, at the most, endures him who gives it no umbrage. In Russia, the term "learned man," is equivalent to an odd man, a poor devil, a sort of labourer—a professor is on a par with domestics; a literary man, one who has mistaken his vocation. If an artist is welcomed and received, it is for the most part with an excess of enthusiasm or indifference which exceeds the limits of propriety. The singer loses his voice in Russia; the artist can paint only soldiers or portraits; an architect of genius cannot get one plan adopted which does not resemble some edifice already known. The emperor effaced a portrait by Krilger, because he found eight buttons to his uniform instead of nine, and sent it back to the artist at Berlin! Count Benkendorf would not permit a celebrated painter to set out for Italy. "What would you do there with the peasants?" said he; to which the artist, being closely pushed, replied, "And what have I to do here with servants?" The President of the Academy of Fine Arts invited M. B—— to go and study the style of an obscure artist at Dusseldorf; to which the other answered, "There is nothing in common between us; he drinks water, and I drink wine." Another Russian painter presented some pictures for churches, which had been ordered, and the emperor not only would not receive them, but had him expelled from the academy, which did not afterwards dare to give him much employment as a drawing-master.'

RUSSIAN POLICE.

'The secret police of Russia has its ramifications both among the upper and the lower classes of society. Nay,

many ladies notoriously act as spies, and are yet received in society and have company at home; even men who are stigmatised with the same reputation, are not the worse treated on that account, and bear their disgrace with a kind of haughty dignity. There is not a single regiment of the guard which has not several spies; in the theatres, and especially in the French theatre, there are often a larger number of spies than of mere spectators. In short, there are so many spies that people imagine they see them everywhere, an apprehension which admirably serves the turn of the government.'

'Spies are divided into several classes. Some receive salaries, others act in consequence of agreements, or in expectation of the liberality of the government. Some again are mere complaisant parasites, or gossips, of whose services the government is glad to avail itself; while others are inflammatory agents, who fill a more or less distinguished position in society.'

'There are spies in uniform; these are the gens-d'armes: spies in disguise; these are the police officers: fashionable spies; travelling spies, who reside abroad, or are sent on special missions; certain functionaries are spies ex-officio. For instance, the governors of provinces are bound to make periodical reports respecting those persons who are under surveillance, or who deserve to be so; and ambassadors have the superintendence over their countrymen.'

NICHOLAS I.

'Struck with the troubles which his brother had bequeathed to him, Nicholas imagined that, in order to reign well, it would suffice to act in every case the opposite part which Alexander would have taken; to persecute liberty to the utmost, to endeavour to be as national as his predecessor had been foreign, as orthodox as the other had been catholic. Thus he disappointed the hopes and the expectations which he had given on his accession to the throne, in his several manifestoes, wherein he proclaimed that his reign should be in all respects the continuation and counterpart of his lamented brother's.'

'The favourite and daily reading of Nicholas is the *Abbe du Nord*, the most insignificant journal that ever was published in the two hemispheres. His Majesty, nevertheless, takes pleasure in it, and writes remarks in pencil on the margin. On one of these papers, which are all carefully deposited in the Hermitage, we read that the names of the tribunals of the governments of districts, &c., ought to be printed in large capitals!'

So much for the emperor's taste in literature; now for his courage in war: 'A quality which is most generally allowed to Nicholas, is that strength of character which it is affirmed he manifested in a high degree on the very day of his accession to the throne. But it appears, nevertheless, that he with difficulty could be persuaded to show himself to the insurgents, and it is certain that before leaving the palace he prayed to God with fervour. Was this piety, or was it fear? He is deemed quite enough of a dissembler to display the one and to conceal the other. In the square itself he was observed to be pale and trembling, while his satellites cried "All is lost," at the moment when all was going on as well as possible. The insurgents having no military chief, remained inactive the whole day, and Nicholas did not take courage till the evening, when twelve pieces of cannon were brought against 1300 men; whereas, there were more than 18,000 faithful troops!! The insurgents were fired upon at a distance of a hundred paces. The guns were then turned upon the people along the street of the galley and the quays. A woman who was at that moment looking out of her window, had her head carried off by a cannon-ball. "What a melancholy commencement of a reign," exclaimed Nicholas, on his return to the palace. His former tutor, Baron D——, one day asked him how he had acquired so much firmness, as he had always known him to be so weak. "My crown was at stake," he answered, "and it was well worth while for me to appear courageous." "I only did my duty," said he to the Marquis Custine, in a strange fit of modesty.'

The benevolence of the emperor, too, surpasses belief:—‘After the victory, Nicholas exercised clemency; the penal commission had condemned the principal conspirators to be quartered: the czar commuted their punishment for that of the gallows. The gallows was then unknown in Russia, and the honour of introducing it was reserved to Nicholas. No hangman was to be found in the empire, and one was accordingly obtained from Sweden. In the course of the executions the ropes broke, and three of the sufferers fell to the ground, still alive. A messenger was instantly despatched to Nicholas to inquire what steps were to be taken. ‘Hang them again,’ was his laconic answer.’

These extracts will serve for a specimen of the manner in which the first volume is got up. It is proper to say, however, that the assertions of our author are illustrated and enlivened by a great variety of anecdotes, which must render the volume peculiarly interesting to such as read for mere amusement.

A HINT TO THE CHURCH.

Self, is Dives in the mansion, clothed in purple, and faring sumptuously every day; the cause of Christ, is Lazarus lying at his gate, and fed only with the crumbs which fall from his table.

PIETY AND POLICY.

Piety and policy are like Martha and Mary, sisters. Martha fails if Mary help not; and Mary suffers if Martha be idle. Happy is that kingdom where Martha complains of Mary; but most happy where Mary complies with Martha. Where piety and policy go hand in hand, there war shall be just, and peace honourable.—*Quarles.*

THE BIBLE AN INEXHAUSTIBLE MINE.

The mine of Scripture is inexhaustible; and from the time at which it was first opened, till the time when faith shall be exchanged for sight, not one labourer who works therein, even from the most robust to the most feeble, will remain unrewarded by a participation in its wealth.

MUSICAL GENIUS.

The mighty magic that lies in the highest manifestations of musical composition must command the wonder and reverence of all who understand or even observe its operation. The power of giving birth to numerous forms of exquisite melody, delighting the ear and stirring every emotion of the soul, agitating us with fear or horror, animating us with ardour and enthusiasm, filling us with joy, melting us with grief, now lulling us to repose amidst the luxurious calm of earthly contentment, now borrowing wings more ethereal than the lark's, and wafting us to the gate of heaven, where its notes seem to blend undistinguishably with the songs of superior beings: this is a faculty that bears no unequivocal mark of a divine descent, and that nothing but prejudice or pride can deem of trivial or inferior rank. But, when to this is added a mastery over the mysterious combinations of harmony, a spirit that can make subservient to its one object immense masses of dissimilar, and sometimes discordant sounds, and, like the leader of a battle, can ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm, till it subdue the whole soul, taking captive all our feelings, corporeal and mental, and moulding them to its will—a power of this nature seems to equal in dignity the highest faculties of genius in any of its forms, as it undoubtedly surpasses all the others in the overwhelming and instantaneous efficacy of its agency, while thus working its wonders. Tame is the triumph of the artist in the exhibition-room, dim and distant the echo which the poet receives of the public praise, compared with the unequivocal and irrepressible bursts of admiration which entrance the great composer in the crowded theatre, or even with that silent incense which is breathed in the stifled emotions of his audience in some more sacred place. The nearest approach to any such enthusiastic tribute is that which sometimes awaits the successful tragic poet at the representation of his dramas; but, besides the lion's share of

applause, which the actor is apt to appropriate, what dramatic writer, in our experience or history, has been greeted with such homage as that paid to Handel, when the king and people of England stood up in trembling awe to hear his Hallelujah chorus?—that which hailed Mozart from the enraptured theatres of Prague when listening to his greatest operas?—that which fanned into new fire the dying embers of Haydn's spirit, when the Creation was performed at Vienna, to delight his declining days, before an audience of 1500 of the Austrian nobility?—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A SABBATH EVENING'S REFLECTION.

BY THE REV. PETER M'MORLAND.

Upon the solemn night of God's own day,
When my heart tells me from the heart I've spoken
His word, whose blood was shed, whose body broken,
How sweetly on my bed myself I lay!

Weary'd my frame,—oppress'd my heart may be;
But when I think it *may*, perchance, have been
That some *one deathless* soul has Jesus seen,
Such weariness feels *happiness* to me.

Oh! when life's short and chequer'd day is past,
And sleepless worldly cares to slumber go,
And 'neath the coffin lid we rest at last,
In lonely grave, once dark, but now not so;
May mine be *then* the feeling of to-night,
Weary to fall asleep—*hoping for BEST and LIGHT.*

INTERESTING CONFLICT.

A singular circumstance connected with a kestrel occurred at Dover some time since. The common guillemot (*Uria troiles*) breeds in considerable quantities in the cliffs to the eastward of the town, where they are rarely disturbed, excepting by some adventurer lowering himself from above to take eggs, or by some gunner, anxious to try his dexterity, from below. In the present instance a kestrel, soaring along the surface of the cliff, bore off a squat guillemot from its nest in one of the ridges. This, from the weight of the young bird, was a matter of some difficulty, and enabled the old one, which had taken the alarm and become desperate in defence of its young, to come speedily up to the kestrel, when a sharp contest began between them. The hawk, burdened as he was, and determined to keep his prey, was bent on retreat; the guillemot, therefore, notwithstanding the awkwardness of its flight, was enabled to push him hard and annoy him so much, that, in self-defence, he was compelled to drop the young one, which fell unhurt on the beach below. Then began the battle in good earnest: in a straight line the guillemot had the decided mastership, by charging the hawk *à posteriori* with its sharp bill, and apparently with some success, as the flying feathers indicated. But these attacks always finished by the hawk soaring upward and then stooping at its opponent. The watchfulness with which the guillemot avoided these charges and availed itself of the hawk being again undermost to renew the engagement, was highly interesting, and, from the vigour with which it pushed its foe on these occasions, the victory seemed to be safe; but, at last, one unlucky stoop made by the hawk, from a considerable height, struck the poor guillemot with such violence that it could not recover its flight, and came tumbling to the beach alive and unhurt, but so much exhausted that it was picked up, and now, with its young one, forms a portion of my cabinet.—*Note-book of a Naturalist.*

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THE POETRY OF BERANGER.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER was introduced to the readers of this periodical in one of its earlier numbers; and sufficient interest may have been awakened, it is hoped, in relation to that talented poet of France, to render the presentation of a few more of his pieces not unacceptable. It was before mentioned that his muse produced songs alone, but that these were extremely varied in character, ranging freely 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' Indeed, his pieces for the most part exhibit a combination of all these qualities at once in a greater or lesser degree, the very lightest and most sportive of them being interspersed with touches of philosophical reflection, sententious though good-humoured; while his graver compositions display an enlivening leaven of epigrammatic smartness, or betray traces of the naturally buoyant spirit of the poet. We allude not at all here, of course, to such of his productions—and it was formerly admitted that he had erred in this respect—as are tainted, like the early ones of our own Moore, with an undue tone of license; for which the youth of the writer, and the loose manners of Parisian society, afford the only, though, we own, insufficient excuse. But Moore, despite juvenile aberrations, will be an English classic; and Beranger, too, has produced a sufficient abundance of unexceptionable lyrics of high merit to take the same rank in the standard literature of France.

Beranger, to his credit, was proud of his humble origin. He did not labour, as some men who have risen in the world most foolishly do, to prove how little of their success should be ascribed to their own exertions, and how much to the advantages derived from the superior position of their parental predecessors—the latter representation, besides, being usually, or at least too often, a mere fiction. The Gallic song-singer spoke out plainly and manfully on the subject of his birth on all occasions. 'Je suis vilain, et très vilain (I am of the mob, the very mob)', was his admission in one of his songs; and another one continues in a similar open strain, as the reader may see from the following version of it. The coming mellifluousness of the language of Plato was indicated, say old stories, by the settlement of a swarm of bees on the lips of that famous Greek in infancy; and Hesiod fancifully avers also, that the Muses appeared to him in his early days, and bound his brows with the green laurel. Beranger, following up with many later poets the same idea, gives a more familiar picture of a similar imaginary event. The piece containing it was written, we believe, in the prison of St Pelagie, during one of his two periods of confinement for anti-Bourbon pasquinades.

THE TAILOR AND THE FAIRY.

In this Paris, so full both of sorrow and gold,
In the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty,
At a tailor's, my grand sire, a poor man and old,
There fell at my birth things both wondrous and weighty.
The same of an Orpheus by nought was foretold
To my cradle, which somewhat from rose-beds did vary;
But grand-dad, when my cries on his old hearing-roll'd,
Ran and found me one day in the arms of a fairy:
And with many a lay, both pleasant and gay,
This kind fairy soothed my young sorrows away.
With a spirit unquiet, old grandfather cried,
‘Say, what fortune awaits this dear little one, when man?’
‘At a wave of my wand, lo! the fairy replied,
‘You behold him a waiter, a printer, and penman.
To my presages you may a thunderstroke add;
By the lightning your boy shall be ready to perish;
But the gods shall look down on the song-loving lad,
And to brave other storms his existence shall cherish.’
Then with many a lay, both pleasant and gay,
The kind fairy soothed my young sorrows away.
All the pleasures that, sylph-like, environ the young
In the silence of night shall his lyre-strings awaken:
To the hearths of the poor, mirth shall flow from his tongue:
And the rich shall through him find their weariness shaken.
But what spectacle saddens his language to be?
‘Tis the gulping of freedom, the downfall of glory;
And like fisher returning alone from the sea,
Of the shipwreck of friends he in port tells the story.
Then with many a lay, both pleasant and gay,
The kind fairy soothed my young sorrows away.
‘Hath my daughter then brought,’ was the old tailor’s cry,
‘But a singer of songs, unproductive and bootless?
Better far were he destined the needle to ply,
Than to die, like an echo, in sounds that are fruitless.
‘Hush!’ the fairy responded, ‘thy fears are all vain,
For great talents can fail not of greatly succeeding;
Well-beloved by his country shall be thy gay strain.
And the hearts it shall cheer that in exile lie bleeding.
Then with many a lay, both pleasant and gay,
The kind fairy soothed my young sorrows away.

Yesterday I was weak, friend, and plunged in my woes,
When my eyes were surprised by the fairy appearing;
While her fingers were busily stripping a rose,
She exclaimed, ‘Thou the brink of old age now art nearing:
Like the bright-hued mirage which the deserts display,
Are the thoughts of joys gone to the aged in seeming;
To thy birthday thy friends come their homage to pay;
Live with them in the past—taste one sweet hour of dreaming
And thus with her lay, so pleasant and gay,
As of yore the kind fairy soothed sorrow away.

Beranger's admiration of Napoleon, generated and nourished in the ardent season of youth, so as ever afterwards to be ineffaceable, breaks out strongly in many regretful sketches of the old military glories of the empire. About Waterloo he only sings, however, to say that he *cannot* sing, evincing much the same feeling as the French emperor's favourite artist David, who, when requested to paint the Duke of Wellington's portrait at Brussels, was compelled, after a vain attempt at self-command, to throw down his instruments, and exclaim with tears, 'I cannot paint the English! I cannot paint the English!' The aroused recollection of his beloved hero proved too much for the old man's feelings; and the duke, it is said, respected them, and pressed not his request.

* Beranger was struck by lightning in his youth, to the serious endangerment of his life.

The subjoined piece seems to us touching, and to convey feelings not unnatural to a Frenchman, though it were well, certainly, that the event in question should be forgotten :-

COUPLETS ON THE DAY OF WATERLOO.

Our veterans said to me, 'Thanks to thy muse,
The people now have strains which they can sing;
Despise the bays which some to thee refuse,
And make our deeds once more in song to ring.
Tell of that day which traitor-ones invoked—
That final day of glory and decline.'

I answer'd, casting down my eyes tear-choked;

'Its name shall never sadden lay of mine.'

In Athens, who, of Cheroness's name,
Took joy to speak in sweet harmonious odes?
When Athens was by fortune spoil'd of fame,
Philip she bann'd, and doubted of her gods.
A similar day beheld our empire fall.
And fetters brought around our limbs to twine;
A day when basely Frenchmen smiled on all—
Its name shall never sadden lay of mine.

'Perish the giant of the battle-plain!'
Cried monarchs; 'nations, haste ye, every one;
Fair Freedom soundeth now her funeral strain;
We, saved by you, shall reign through you alone.
The giant falls; and spes that no name leave
Have vow'd the earth in slave-chains to confine;
That day did glory every way deceive;
Its name shall never sadden lay of mine.

But what! already men for new times born
Demand the object of my woful plaint:
What boots to them the shipwreck which I mourn,
Since from the flood their cradles took no taint.
May they be happy! and their rising star
Efface the thought of that sad day's decline!
But that its memory may no pleasures mar,
Its name shall never sadden lay of mine.

The next lyric which we shall offer to the reader in an English garb is, like the last, a serious one, though more intermingled with that spirit of satirical moralising which runs through so many of Beranger's songs. The comet of 1832, it will be generally remembered, was one which struck peculiar terror into the hearts of the multitude, the learned in astronomy having announced that it would pass very near the orbit of the earth's motion; and in fact, if we recollect rightly, that it would occupy in its course a portion of space through which our planet was bound to pass, and would pass but a very short time before. A 'miss is as good as a mile,' the proverb says; but the intelligence of the approach of an eccentric and mysterious rover of infinity to within so dangerous a proximity, left no slight impression on the minds of many worthy well-wishers of the globe which they and we inhabit. Beranger, displeased with the early proceedings of Louis Philippe on the throne of the days of July, was in a specially satirical mood at the period; and to the tail of the coming comet he appended one of his more spleenful effusions :

THE COMET OF 1832.

Against us Heaven a roving comet sends,
And we the dread concussion may not flee;
I feel earth shake already to its ends:
Vain now will all observatories be.
The table once removed, adieu each guest!
By few, indeed, the feast could be extoll'd.
Go quickly, timid souls, and be confess'd!
Close we the count; the world is very old
Old enough, and all too old.

Yes; thou poor globe, through ether wandering,
Confound at length once more thy nights and days:
And, like a schoolboy's kite with broken string,
Tumble and turn, and tumbling turn always.
Go bounding through the pathless airy plain,
And on the sun be to thy ruin roll'd;
Destroy him—and what hosts of suns remain!
Shut we the book; the world is very old,
Old enough, and all too old.

Would we see more of mean ambition still,
Of fools with pompous titles furnish'd out,
Of war and rapine, of abuse and ill,
Of lacquey-kings, and mobs—a lacquey rout?

Are we not tired of each small plaster-god—
Sick with but hoping bright days to behold?
Enough done for a sphere like our abode!
Sum we the count; the world is very old,
Old enough, and all too old.

Young people cry to me, 'All things progress;
At each slight stir our chains are worn away:
Gas gives us light, enlightenment the press,
And steam makes smooth the ocean day by day.
Wait still, good man, for twenty years or so;
A heavenly ray shall warm the egg yet cold.
For thirty years, friends, have I watch'd that show.
Finish we now; the world is very old,
Old enough, and all too old.

Far otherwise I spoke, I frankly own,
When my breast glow'd with youthful joy and love.
From the bright orbit God with light hath sown,
Oh, earth (said I), be thou not known to move!
But I wax old, and beauty scorns my vow;
My voice in song no more is glad and bold.
Come then, thou cometary terror, now!
End we the tale; the world is very old,
Old enough, and all too old.

If there be serious misanthropy here, it is that obviously of a man of naturally ardent hopes and the widest sympathies with his kind, who has long watched for the days of general betterment, and has grown something sick at heart with expectations long unfulfilled. The piece, however, is of course to be regarded but as an effusion of humour, though spleenetic; and the temporary existence of such a feeling in the usually cheerful mind of the poet may mainly be ascribed, as already hinted, to the conclusion drawn by him from Louis Philippe's early regal movements—namely, that the popularly chosen citizen-king was about to turn out very like self-elected kings in general; and against the immediately preceding specimens of that class in France, his persecutors and jailors, Beranger may be pardoned for entertaining some animosity. As a set-off to 'The Comet' we shall now present a piece of earlier date and a precisely opposite character; in which he expresses hope for the future, and paints the state of his country under an anticipated new *regime*. We translate in the exact measure of the original, which would sing very well to that mysteriously-designated old air, 'Tutti Taitti.'

SO LET IT BE!

I am inspired, my dearest friends,
The promised future to us tends,
And to my gaze itself unbends,
So let it be.

Our bards shall flatterers be no more;
The great shall parasites abhor;
And courtiers fawn not as of yore—
So let it be.

No usurers, no gamblers then;
No high lords made of little men;
And no clerks rude with tongue or pen—
So let it be.

Friendship, our life's most sweet resource,
Shall be no more a cold discourse,
In which mischance a breach can force—
So let it be.

From gandy dreeses woman flies;
The husband on his mate relieved,
Nor, far from home, dreads rended ties—
So let it be.

Our writings shall henceforth be lit
With more true genius, less small wit;
And gibberish from our tomes shall fit—
So let it be.

Of pride shall authors have some sense,
And actors less impertinence;
And critics shall avoid offence—
So let it be.

At great men's foibles one shall laugh—
Their slaves lampoon or paragraph—
Yet dread not tip of ballif's staff—
So let it be.

In France shall taste her sway again,
Justice resume her general reign,
Nor truth in exile shall remain—
So let it be.

We regret to say that, in a concluding stanza, the poet rather dashes the effect of these pleasant prognostications, by fixing his millenial epoch at a very distant date; but the vein of light sarcasm seems in him to have been irrepressible:—

My friends, then thank we heavenly grace,
That thus puts each thing in its place.
Ten centuries hence shall wear this face—
So let it be!.

One thing our readers will perceive, we imagine, in the verses of Beranger—a continuous train, namely, of intelligible thoughts expressed in distinct language. That is something in these times. For the present, however, we must bid the songster of France farewell.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LORD CLARENDON.

THE name of Lord Clarendon is so intimately united with the history of the times in which he lived, and he was personally connected with so many most important events, that it is impossible to relate the story of his life without frequent allusions to the course of public affairs. As we may, however, suppose all our readers more or less acquainted with the portion of our national annals with which his name is associated, we shall avoid, as far as possible, all historical details, and confine ourselves strictly to the personal biography of the historian of the 'Great Rebellion.'

Edward Hyde was born of a respectable family at Dinton in Wilts, on the 18th February, 1609. His early education was conducted at home, under the vicar of the parish, till, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to Oxford to prepare for the church. In 1626 he quitted the university with a bachelor's degree, and his elder brother having died, was sent to the Middle Temple to study law. The breaking out of the plague in London drove him to the country, where he was detained for some time by a lingering attack of ague. On his return to town, he engaged more in desultory reading than in the study of law, and spent much time with 'swash bucklers' and other loose characters in taverns, theatres, and fencing schools. His uncle Sir Nicholas, chief-justice of the King's Bench, prevented him from altogether neglecting his professional pursuits, and in 1628 appointed him to ride the Norfolk circuit as his marshal. At the first assize town, however, he was taken dangerously ill of smallpox, and had to retire to his father's in the country. Here he fell in love with, and married a young lady of high connexions, and was thus introduced into society, which materially influenced the whole future course of his life. His wife, in about six months, fell a victim to the malignant smallpox, and he remained a widower for about three years, devoting his time to literature rather than law, and cultivating the acquaintance of Ben Jonson, Cotton, Isaac Walton, Waller, Chillingworth, and other distinguished characters. He did not, however, neglect persons of influence at court, or in his own profession; his most intimate friend being Lucius Carey, the celebrated Lord Falkland.

In 1632 Hyde again married, and his father having died about the same time, he now devoted himself to the practice of his profession. His eloquence in a great degree compensated for the defects of his knowledge, and he was soon well employed. This was probably the happiest period of his life, his family prosperous, his practice increasing, and himself highly respected by the most distinguished men of the time; he was then in favour of liberal measures, and in one case even appeared in opposition to the government. In 1640 he was returned a member of the 'Short Parliament,' and attacked the Earl Marshal's court, or court of honour, one of the many engines of oppression in operation at that time. He, however, supported the court on the question of supply, and strongly opposed the dissolution of the parliament. In the end of this year he was again returned to the 'Long Parliament,' and then

gave up his practice at the bar. His first measures regarded the reform of some legal abuses, and the abolition of the Earl Marshal's court, and the court of the north. He also strenuously supported the prosecution of Lord Strafford. The bill preventing the dissolution of the parliament without its own consent likewise met with his support, though it was hardly passed till he saw the dangerous consequences it might produce, and in his history blames it as 'removing the landmarks and destroying the foundation of the kingdom.' In consequence of his alarms on this subject, and his fears of the designs of some of the popular leaders, Hyde now passed over to the side of the king. The bill for excluding the bishops from parliament was opposed by him, though favoured by his friend Falkland, with whom he generally agreed. He also resisted to the utmost the bill for abolishing episcopacy, and when its supporters, by way of silencing him, got him made chairman of the committee, he still contrived, by dexterous management, to obstruct its progress.

Hyde had heretofore been looked upon with suspicion at court, but was now received into favour, and admitted to a private interview with the king. In the end of 1641, he wrote his first state paper, in answer to the remonstrance of parliament, in which all the errors of the royal government, and all the grievances of the people, were recapitulated. He had now the offer of the situation of solicitor-general, but declined it, thinking he could be of more service in his private capacity. With Falkland and Colepepper he formed a kind of secret cabinet for managing the king's affairs in the Commons, without whose advice Charles promised to take no step in parliament whatever. But the king soon violated this compact by impeaching, without their knowledge, several members of the House of Commons, and going there in person to arrest them. This measure Hyde and his associates 'so perfectly detested,' that they had almost withdrawn from the house, leaving the king to his fate. They, however, continued to give him advice, and most of his answers to the parliament were written by Hyde, and afterwards copied by Charles in his own hand, so that the true author might not be known. A suspicion of his correspondence with the king having arisen, Hyde, in May 1642, to avoid being committed to the Tower, had to leave London secretly, and joining Charles at York, openly engaged in his service. He answered most of the parliamentary manifestoes, and was present at the erection of the royal standard at York, on the 22d August, 1642. He then undertook to raise money for the king by loans from persons of wealth and from the two universities. He was with the army at the battle of Edgehill, though not actually engaged, the two young princes being intrusted to his care. In the negotiations that followed he took a principal share, till they were broken off by the march of the king to Brentford.

Hyde had hitherto held no responsible office, but in February, 1643, he was made chancellor of the exchequer, and knighted. Near the close of the same year, his friend Lord Falkland fell at the battle of Newbury, 'a loss,' he says, 'which no time will suffer to be forgotten, and no success or fortune could repair.' The royal cause was now visibly declining. Hyde, from his talents, services, and influence with the king, had become a general object of dislike with the highborn but ignorant and profligate cavaliers, who treated him with indignity as an upstart. However, in the parliament called by Charles at Oxford, in January, 1644, his abilities secured him a decided pre-eminence, but it separated without accomplishing any important purpose. During the following campaign, Hyde was principally at Oxford, but in the negotiations at Uxbridge, in 1645, he was again the leading commissioner from the king. In March, he was sent to Bristol with Prince Charles, and parted from the king never to see him more. In March of the following year, the success of the parliamentary forces compelled Hyde to take refuge with his charge in the Scilly islands, where they remained for some weeks, often almost in a state of starvation from the uncertain supply of provisions. From this place they escaped to Jersey, and in July, the prince having gone

to Paris to join his mother, Hyde was left alone in the island.

It was during his retirement here that he conceived and partly executed that great work which has conferred its chief celebrity on his name. He resolved on writing a history of that memorable contest in which he had been engaged, and he applied to his friends for information on points where his own knowledge was imperfect. He communicated his design to Charles, then a prisoner in the power of the parliament, who transmitted to him some important information. Hyde employed ten hours a-day on his work, and read Livy and Tacitus in order to improve his taste. In this manner, his time passed pleasantly enough, till June, 1648, when he was commanded by the king to join the prince at Paris. On his way thither, he learned that the English fleet had mutinied and declared for the king, and having procured a vessel at Dunkirk, he with some others set sail to join the enterprise. But their vessel was becalmed and plundered by pirates, who carried them prisoners to Ostend, where they could procure no redress, as the governor and magistrates had the chief share in the robbery. Hyde then proceeded to join Prince Charles at the Hague; and shortly after the trial and execution of the unhappy Charles I took place.

Hyde found the little court divided by personal quarrels and contests for empty honours, to which neither power nor emolument was attached, and soon had his full share of them. In May, 1649, he set out with Lord Cottingham on a mission to Spain, the only country whence the royalists could now look for aid. Their reception was by no means friendly, and during the time that they remained, each change in the politics of the court produced a change in their treatment. They were in high favour when Prince Rupert with his fleet remained on the coast of Spain, courted and feted when it was known that Charles II. was crowned in Scotland, but neglected when a storm had dispersed the fleet, and ordered to leave the country when certain news arrived that Cromwell was victorious at Dunbar. In March, 1651, Hyde left Madrid, and after visiting the queen dowager at Paris, settled with his family at Antwerp. On Christmas-day of that year, he had again to join Charles in Paris, and was anew involved in the petty disputes of the exiled court. As he says himself—‘It is hard for people who have nothing to do, to forbear doing something they ought not to do,’ and whilst the king spent his time in dissipation, his followers were engaged in miserable intrigues. A more serious matter for Hyde, the nominal chancellor of the exchequer, was to provide funds for the daily wants of the court. They were generally in debt even for food, and in one letter Hyde complains that he was ‘cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat I have eaten these three months.’ In 1653 he met with a grievous disappointment, when Herbert, at the solicitation of the queen, was made keeper of the great seal. Next year Hyde spent some time with his family at Breda, and the same year his daughter Anne was appointed a maid of honour to the Princess of Orange, the king’s sister, an event which afterwards produced very important consequences.

Hyde soon after joined Charles at Cologne, where he lived for about two years, more like a private gentleman than a king. When Charles removed to Bruges, Hyde remained to pay the debts of the crown, and though only 4000 pistoles were needed, it was more than four months before he could join his master. Hyde usually discouraged all the royalist plots in England, trusting for the success of the cause to the general increase of discontent, but seems to have been concerned in the negotiation with Sexby, who had published the famous pamphlet of ‘Killing no Murder,’ and made no secret of his design to assassinate Cromwell. In January, 1658, Hyde was at length gratified with the appointment of lord chancellor, but his most important duty was still providing for the daily wants of the court. In September of that year the hopes of the royalists were raised by the death of Cromwell, but again depressed by the news that his son Richard had quietly succeeded him. In the two following years Hyde was busily

engaged in intriguing with various parties in England, and gaining over the Presbyterians by promises, which he afterwards shamefully violated. At length the restoration of Charles was effected, and after fourteen years of exile, Hyde returned with him to his native land.

On the first of June, 1660, Hyde first entered on the real duties of the office he had so long held, by presiding in the House of Lords. Many attempts were made to exclude him from office, as he was obnoxious to several powerful parties in the state. He, however, retained his place, and was the king’s chief adviser in various measures that followed. He hurried on the bill of oblivion, and seems to have superintended the trial of the regicides. The execution of Sir Harry Vane, and the exhumation of the bodies of Cromwell, Blake, and other of their associates, which he must have advised, are a more decided reproach to his memory. He also contrived to amuse the Presbyterians, till after the dissolution of the convention parliament, and restored the church to all its former privileges, without any of those reforms he had promised at Breda. But these are matters on which it must be left for history to pronounce an impartial decision.

Hyde was next engaged in a personal affair of a more troublesome nature. His daughter Anne had gone with her mistress to visit the queen at Paris, and there became acquainted with the Duke of York. James, who had all his life shown a partiality for plain women, fell in love with Anne Hyde, who was more distinguished for her wit and manners than for beauty. She contrived to draw from him a written promise of marriage, and after their return to England, the ceremony was privately performed in the chancellor’s own house, probably by his advice. The duke now confessed the matter to the king, and wished to acknowledge her openly, but his mother and sister opposed it with much violence. When the matter was first mentioned to Hyde, he broke out into a very immoderate passion against his daughter, wished she had been the duke’s mistress rather than his wife, and spoke of cutting off her head for her presumption, or sending her to the Tower. He then shut up his daughter at home, but by the connivance of his wife, permitted frequent interviews between her and James, at the same time that he endeavoured to soften the king. In the mean time Anne gave birth to a son, and soon after she was publicly acknowledged at court, where she maintained her place with much ease and dignity. Her father was soon after created Earl of Clarendon, by which name he is best known to posterity.

In the parliament which met in May, 1661, Clarendon was chiefly occupied in prosecuting his designs against the Presbyterians. The Commons first resolved to expel all their members who refused to take the sacrament according to the rites of the English church, and the same test was soon after applied to all members of corporations or persons holding any civil office or public employment. This was followed in March, 1662, by the celebrated act of uniformity, by which, on St Bartholomew’s day following, 2000 ministers were ejected from their livings. The king’s marriage with Catharine of Braganza increased the unpopularity that now began to assail the chancellor. Though he refused bribes himself from the French court, he yet encouraged Charles to receive them, and the sale of Dunkirk drew upon him almost universal indignation. His zeal for Protestantism at length alienated from him the affection of the king, who even before his return had been secretly reconciled to the Romish church, and wished to grant some indulgence to those of his subjects who professed the same faith. But Clarendon was hostile to all such toleration, and on one occasion even rose from a sick-bed to oppose a bill for allowing the king to dispense with subscription to the doctrine and discipline of the church. So powerful was the feeling of the court against him, that the Earl of Bristol, in July, 1668, rose to impeach him in the Lords, but Clarendon made such a convincing defence that he was at once acquitted, and Bristol had to remain in concealment for some years.

His enemies being thus defeated, Clarendon, though no longer the private friend of the king, continued to manage

all public matters. His chief care seems still to have been to aggrandise the church by laws of the most oppressive nature against dissenters. He next, after privately opposing the war with Holland, defended it in public, and remained in office to conduct it. In 1666 we find him incurring much odium by defending a free trade with Ireland, in opposition to large majorities in both houses of parliament, who declared that the importation of Irish provisions was 'to the common nuisance of all his majesty's subjects residing in England.' This support of enlightened commercial measures perhaps contributed more to his ruin than the disgraceful results of the Dutch war, which were ascribed to him with as much truth as the plague or the great fire which had recently destroyed the capital. The most unfounded calumnies were now circulated against him in lampoons and scurrilous verses, whilst he had no party in the state to support him. He had sacrificed the catholics and dissenters to the church, yet the bishops reproached him for not doing more to suppress schism, and the clergy generally hated him for exposing their vices. Buckingham and the other wits at court mimicked his pompous gait and language, with a pair of bellows and a fire shovel carried before them, instead of the great seal and mace.

Other events alienated Charles still more from Clarendon; and his enemies, taking advantage of his temporary absence from court in consequence of the death of his wife, induced the king to send a private message, requesting him to resign the seals, as the only method of avoiding a parliamentary impeachment. Instead of complying, Clarendon requested an interview with the king, when he expressed his determination to defend his conduct. He retained the seals for some days, but at length Charles was wrought upon by his mistresses and courtiers to send a formal order for him to resign them on the 30th August, 1667. Clarendon bore this reverse with firmness, and thought that no further steps would be taken against him. In this he was deceived, for Charles soon forbade all his courtiers from visiting him, and then resolved on his impeachment. A motion to this effect was made in the Commons, and seventeen charges brought against him, so vague and absurd, that most of them were rejected as inconclusive, even by his enemies, and nothing more than a general charge of treason could be sent up to the Lords. On this, however, the upper house refused to commit him; the Commons insisted on the charge, and resolved that this refusal of the Lords was an obstruction of public justice. A quarrel ensued between the two houses, in which Clarendon might probably have escaped, when he was seduced, by false promises and representations, to fly from the country. He left England on the 29th November, driven from his native land by that monarch whom he had done so much to restore to it. This step was evidently impolitic, as it seemed to justify all that his enemies had done against him. A letter in defence of his conduct, which he sent to the House of Lords, was voted 'a scandalous and seditious paper,' and ordered by the Commons to be burned by the common hangman. Soon after, a bill was brought in for his perpetual banishment from England on pain of high treason, and received the royal assent; Charles thus testified his gratitude to the guardian and adviser of his youth—to the firm friend who had stood by him in all his adversity and dangers.

In this bill, he was allowed to return and stand his trial within a limited time, but circumstances prevented him from taking advantage of this favour. On landing at Calais, he was at first received with much kindness, and Louis wrote him a letter in his own hand, permitting him to reside, as he had requested, at Rouen. But on his way thither, another message was sent, ordering him to quit the kingdom, as any favour shown him might offend the king of England. Clarendon now found himself a prisoner, but was allowed to proceed to Rouen. On the way thither, his coach was three times overturned, probably by design, and he reached it much bruised and very unwell. He had resolved to proceed to Avignon, then belonging to the Pope, when he received news of the measures taken against him, and determined to return to England. He reached Calais,

but so unwell that he could not move from his bed till the time fixed upon for his appearance was gone by, and he was now stigmatised as a traitor, and banished for life.

In April, 1668, he returned to Rouen, and left it for Avignon. At Evereux, the inn in which he lodged was broken into by some English sailors, who knocked him down, robbed him of all his property, and were about to hang him in the court, when he was rescued by the magistrates and city guard. He remained some time at Avignon, and then fixed his residence at Montpelier. He lived in this town for about two years, much respected by all the inhabitants, but troubled by frequent attacks of gout, which rendered him completely lame. He now completed his 'History of the Rebellion,' which had been suspended by his political occupations. He also commenced his autobiography, intended to contain his private history, and an account of the transactions in which he had been engaged since the restoration.

In these and other literary employments, his time passed perhaps more pleasantly than in his highest state of power. He was much afflicted by the news that his daughter, the Duchess of York, had openly professed the Romish religion; and in a long letter, endeavoured, but in vain, to recall her to the Protestant faith. Her death, in March, 1671, followed soon after by that of her only son, greatly aggravated his grief. He now retired to Moulins, and from that place wrote a letter to Charles, asking liberty to return to England. This was refused, and Clarendon again turned to literature and religion for support. Among other works, he wrote an answer to Hobbes's Leviathan, and some controversial tracts on Popery. In 1674, he removed to Rouen, and, his health now being almost gone, again petitioned Charles to be allowed to return home and die among his children. He was again refused, and soon after died on the 9th December, 1674, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His body was brought over to England, and privately interred in Westminster Abbey.

Clarendon is chiefly known to posterity by his 'History of the Great Rebellion,' few of his other writings being read, except by professed students of history. This work, as Carlyle well remarks, after being long unduly overrated, now runs a great risk of being as unduly depreciated. His talents, though not of a very high order, were yet cultivated with much care and diligence, and his history is excellent in all points on which he bestowed sufficient attention. For truth and beauty in the delineation of character, it has been rarely surpassed, and his account of Lord Falkland, in which the warm feelings of the friend no less appear than the delicate discrimination of the historian, has been justly celebrated. His long periods often suit well the gravity of the sentiments, but, in the general narration, prove tiresome to a modern reader. His neglect of grammar and perspicuity, and his carelessness about all the minor graces of style, are probably now more felt than in his own age. A more serious charge is its inaccuracy in facts, and its concealment of important events, which he thought disadvantageous to his own cause. He himself acknowledges that he was writing an apology for the king, which 'should give no information to posterity, where it could not give that it would.' But such a mode of writing history is utterly opposed to all honour and good faith with the public, and the wilful suppression of important truths differs little, if at all, from direct falsehood. As a statesman, his character is far from immaculate. His dread of republicanism induced him to push the royal power to an extreme, to issue illegal proclamations, and to countenance unjust trials for treason. His zeal for the established church led him to violate the solemn promises and obligations, both of himself and of his sovereign; to deceive, and afterwards persecute dissenters; and to pass laws which occasioned much evil, both to the country and to the royal family. As a private man, he was haughty, pompous, and overbearing, fond of show and empty titles. The splendid palace he built for himself, which Evelyn describes as 'the best contrived, the most useful, graceful, and magnificent house in England,' and which cost nearly £60,000, was one great cause of his unpopularity and fall.

Yet with all this love of pomp, he was so notorious for his desire of amassing wealth, that Evelyn remarks of him, 'that he never did, nor would do anything but for money.' In his own family, he seems to have been much loved and respected; his children were faithful to him in his adversity, and his sons watched by his deathbed in a foreign land.*

CHARLES PRICE.

It is now upwards of twenty years since, by an act of Parliament, lotteries were finally abolished in the United Kingdom. They had their day—performed for nearly three centuries an incalculable amount of moral mischief—and were then, amidst almost universal execration, swept overboard as a nuisance. In the following extraordinary narrative, extracted, with some slight abridgment, from 'Hone's Every Day Book,' we have the history of a person who, infected by the prevailing lottery mania of his times, and possessing a truly wonderful aptitude for fraud, was led to adopt a most daring course of procedure, so ingeniously contrived as for a considerable time to baffle all attempts at discovery. The result of all his plotting and scheming, however, was an ultimate disgraceful exposure, ending in an unhappy death. Never was a more striking practical commentary on the truth of the Scripture declaration, 'Be sure thy sin shall find thee out,' exhibited for the warning and guidance of the young, than is provided by the following account of this most singular and guilty man:—

Charles Price, the hero of our history, when about six years of age, was sent to school, where he acquired the rudiments of the French language, and was so neglected in his own that he was complete in neither. At about twelve years old he was taken home to assist his father, who was a master tailor in London. The father soon experienced the effects of his son's knavery, which was exhibited on every opportunity; and, hoping that his conduct would be different from what it had been at home, he apprenticed him to a hatter and hosier. The latter, however, had soon as much reason to complain of him as his father, and Price was accordingly discharged. Before his father's death, he became a gentleman's servant, and in that capacity lived some years, till he got into the service of Sir Francis Blake Delaval, went with him the tour of Europe, returned to England, and through Sir Francis, who was the companion of the celebrated Samuel Foote, became comedian. Price afterwards contrived to conjure Foote out of £500 in a sham scheme in a brewery, wherein that gentleman and Price were concerned. Price was made a bankrupt, and afterwards set up in a distillery, defrauded the revenue, was sent to the King's Bench, released by an insolvent act, again turned brewer, and defrauded a gentleman out of £6000 through one of his disguises. He then became a lottery-office keeper and stock-broker, gambled in the alley, was ruined, again set up lottery-office keeper, courted a Mrs Pounteney, and ran away with her niece, who was the daughter of Justice Wood in the Borough. He practised innumerable frauds, became an adept in swindling, and had the effrontery to avow his depredations and laugh at those he injured.

Price was intimate with a Mr R.—s., a grocer retired from business, with whom he had for a long time passed as a stock-broker. Price, who then lived at Knightsbridge, frequently used to request the favour of Mr R. to take a bank note or two into the city, and get them changed into small ones. In this he had a twofold plot. He in-

formed his friend that he was intimately acquainted with a very old gentleman, exceedingly rich, who had been an eminent broker in the alley, but had long retired; that his moneys in the funds were immense; that the only relation he had in the world was one sister, to whom he intended to bequeath the best part of his property; and that his sister was near fifty years of age, had never been married, and determined never to marry; and that it was impossible the old gentleman could live long, as he was very old, very infirm, and almost incapable of going out of doors. This old gentleman, Price said, had often asked him to become his executor; and besought him to recommend another person, in whose fidelity, character, and integrity, he could repose entire confidence, and that he would make it well worth their while if they would undertake so friendly and solemn an office. 'Now,' said Price to Mr R., 'here is an opportunity for us to make a considerable sum in a short time, and, in all probability, a very capital fortune in a few years; for the sister being determined not to marry, and having no relations in the world, there is no doubt but she will leave us the whole of the estate; and, after his decease, she will become totally dependent upon us. I shall see the old gentleman, Mr Bond, to-day, and if you will join in the trust, the will shall be immediately made.' To this proposal Mr R. consented. In the evening Price returned to Knightsbridge. He told Mr R. that he had visited Mr Bond, who expressed great happiness and easiness of mind on such a recommendation, and desired to see Mr R. the next day. Price appointed to meet him at twelve o'clock at Mr Bond's. At the appointed hour, Mr R. knocked at the door. He was shown up stairs by the aforementioned sister-lady, and introduced to Mr Bond, seated in a great chair, his legs in another, and covered with a nightcap. The poor, infirm, weak, debilitated, old gentleman regretted the absence of his ever-dear friend Mr Price, the most worthy man in the world, and rang a peal on his friendship, honour, honesty, integrity, &c., &c., accompanied with emaciated coughs—was obliged to go to the city coffee-house—a punctual man—never failed an appointment—it was the soul of business—and then he told Mr R. that his dear friend desired to meet Mr R. there exactly at one o'clock—he approved highly of Mr Price's recommendation, and was now happy in his mind—it wanted but a quarter to one, he believed, and he hoped Mr R. would not fail, as his dear friend was very exact indeed. The usual compliments passed; the sister conducted Mr R. to the door, who posted away to the city coffee-house, and left old Mr Bond, the rich brother, who was in reality no other than Mr Price, and the brother's maiden sister, who was a Mrs Pounteney, to laugh at Mr R.'s credulity. Mr R. had not been five minutes in the coffee-house before he was joined by his friend Price, to whom Mr R. recapitulated what passed, and as soon as Price had despatched some pretended business, he proposed calling on Mr Bond. This was readily acquiesced in by Mr R., and away they drove to Leather Lane. When they came there, they were informed by the lady that her brother was just gone out in a coach on an airing to Highgate. In short, Price carried on the scheme completely for several days, during which time Mr R. had twice or thrice seen the old gentleman. The will was made, and, on the strength of the joint executorship and expectancy, Mr R. was swindled out of very near a thousand pounds in cash, and bonds to the amount of two hundred pounds.

Price was servile to extreme meanness, where his servility could be recompensed by a shilling. He was master of consummate effrontery, which principle called upon him for that shilling, if it was unsupported by law. He never paid but with an eye to further plunder; and then he abounded in that species of flattery distinguished under the word *pallaver*. He possessed an extensive knowledge of men and manners, and to superficial observers appeared a very sensible person. He knew something of most of the living languages; had travelled all over France and Holland, and been at most of the German courts. He was at Copenhagen during the crisis in the fate of King

* It may not be amiss to mention, that the first edition of his History, published by his second son, Lord Rochester, was altered and corrupted in many hundred places, important statements being often omitted, and the meaning of others directly reversed. The first correct edition was that issued from the Clarendon press, at Oxford, in the beginning of the present century.

queen of Denmark, sister to George III.; and he wrote a pamphlet in her behalf, tending to prove that the true motive for the attack on her character was to effect a revolution in favour of the queen dowager's son. Price's dishonesty was the spring of all his misfortunes; it made him shift from place to place to avoid the abuse of the vulgar, and the clamorous calls of the few fortunate adventurers in the lottery. His last office was the corner of King Street, Covent Garden, from whence he was driven by a run of ill luck into a private decampment.

From that period Price lived in obscurity. Though a perfect sycophant abroad, at home he was an absolute tyrant; nor could a prudent virtuous woman, endowed with every qualification to render the marriage state happy, soften his brutal disposition, when the ample fortune he obtained with her had been squandered. Having a family of eight children to support, he turned his thoughts to fatal devices, and commenced to forge on the Bank of England. His first attack on the bank was about the year 1780, when one of his notes had been taken there, so complete in the engraving, the signature, the water-marks, and all its parts, that it passed through various hands unsuspected, and was not discovered till it came to a certain department, through which no forgery whatever can pass undiscovered. The appearance of this note occasioned considerable alarm among the directors; and forgery upon forgery flowed in, about the lottery and Christmas times, without the least probability of discovering the first negotiators. Various consultations were held, innumerable plans were laid for detection, and they were traced in every quarter to have proceeded from one man, always disguised and always inaccessible. Had Price permitted a partner in his proceedings—had he employed an engraver—had he procured paper to be made for him, with water-marks upon it, he must soon have been discovered—but he 'was himself alone.' He engraved his own plates, made his own paper with the water-marks, and, as much as possible, he was his own negotiator. He thereby confined a secret to himself, which he deemed not safe in the breast of another; even Mrs Price had not the least knowledge or suspicion of his proceedings. Having practised engraving till he had made himself sufficient master of it, he then made his own ink to prove his own works. He next purchased implements and manufactured the watermark, and began to counterfeit hand-writings. Private attempts to discover him proved thoroughly abortive, and the bank came to the resolution of describing the offender by public advertisement, which was inserted in all the newspapers for a considerable time to no purpose.

This advertisement drove Price to extremities: it forced him to refrain from the circulation of his forgeries, and for some months put a total stop to them. It was posted on the walls, and printed as handbills, and delivered from house to house throughout the whole of the quarter where he was most suspected to reside; at the very house which he daily resorted to, and where all his implements were fixed. One of them was thrown down an area to the only person in whom he placed any confidence, a female whom the reader will be better acquainted with. By these means Price was informed of his immediate danger, and took his measures accordingly. Eagerness to secure banish the foresight and caution which are necessary in the pursuit of artful villainy. The animal whose sagacity is a proverb, can never be secured in haste; he must be entrapped by superior patience and caution. Though Price had no partner in any branch of the forgery of a bank note, yet he had a confidante in his wife's aunt, by the mother's side, whom he had known previous to his marriage; her name was Pounteney. He divided his dinner-times equally between the two, and Mrs Price had for ten years past, through the impositions of her husband, considered her aunt either as dead or residing abroad. His wife had too little art or understanding in the ways of the world to be what is commonly called cunning. In short, her character was that of perfect simplicity. Price therefore thought her not fit to be trusted. Her aunt, on the contrary, was wily,

chalk out for her; and having made choice of this woman as an assistant, and his apparatus being ready, he began his operations. He lived then at Paddington with his wife, whom he went to nightly; and at lodgings, near Portland Place, he daily visited her aunt, where the implements for his undertakings were concealed. His next and chief object was a negotiator, and he procured one in the following manner.

Previous to the drawing of the lottery for the year 1780, Price put an advertisement into the 'Daily Advertiser' for a servant who had been used to live with a single gentleman, and the direction was to 'C. C., Marlborough Street Coffee-house, Broad Street, Carnaby Market.' An honest young man, who at that time lived with a musical instrument-maker in the Strand, read this advertisement, and sent a letter to the specified address. At the end of a week, one evening about dusk, a coachman inquired for the person who had answered the advertisement, saying there was a gentleman over the way in a coach wanted to speak with him. The young man went to the coach, was desired to step in, and there saw an apparently aged foreigner, gouty, wrapped up with five or six yards of flannel about his legs, a camblet surtout buttoned up over his chin, close to his mouth, a large *patch* over his left eye, and every part of his face concealed except his nose, right eye, and a small part of that cheek. This person was Price. To the young man, whose name was Samuel, he affected great age, with a faint hectic cough, and so much bodily infirmity as almost to disable him from getting out of the coach. Price told him he was not wanted by himself, but as under servant to a young nobleman of fortune, under age, and then in Bedfordshire, to whom he was and had been some years guardian. He inquired into the particulars of Samuel's life, and thinking him honest and ingenuous, and therefore unsuspicious and suitable to his purpose, he hired him at eighteen shillings per week, and gave him a direction to himself, as Mr *Brank*, at No. 89 Titchfield Street, Oxford Street.

Pursuant to appointment, on the second or third evening afterwards, Samuel went to Titchfield Street, and there entered on the service of the minor nobleman by waiting on Mr *Brank*. Price resumed his discourse respecting his ward, the eccentricity and prodigality of his manners, and his own hard task in endeavouring to prevent him from squandering his money, especially in those deceitful allurements called lottery tickets; and Samuel talked of his wages and clothes, and whether he was to be in livery or not. It was concluded that for the present he should procure a drab coat, turned up with red, till the nobleman's pleasure was known, or he came to town; he was ordered to get the clothes at his own charge, and make out his bill; which he did, but was never repaid. Before Samuel took leave of the old gentleman, he was ordered to come again in the evening of the first day of the drawing of the lottery. Price pretended that he seldom went to the nobleman's town house of an evening, and therefore, to avoid giving him unnecessary trouble, he was to attend in Titchfield Street. On that evening he pulled out a variety of papers, letters, &c., and told Samuel he had received orders from the thoughtless young nobleman to purchase lottery tickets, as a venture against his coming to town, and for that purpose he meant to employ Samuel. He produced some seeming bank notes, and gave Samuel two, one of twenty pounds the other of forty pounds. He directed him to take their numbers and dates on a piece of paper, for fear of losing them, and to go to a lottery-office in the Haymarket, and with the one of twenty pounds to purchase 'an eight guinea chance:' from thence he was to go to the corner of Bridge Street, Westminster, to buy another out of the forty pound note, and wait at the door of the Parliament Street coffee-house till he came to him. With these notes Samuel bought each of the chances, and was on his way to the Parliament Street coffee-house, when, from the opposite side of the way, he was hailed by Mr *Brank*, who complimented him on his speed, and said he had been so quick that he, *Brank*, had not had time to get to the coffee-house. He was then informed if he had

made the purchases, and, replying in the affirmative, was again commended for his diligence: Brank also inquired if any mistake had happened, and all this with a deal of coughing imbecility of speech, and feigned accent. When Samuel received the notes, he received as many canvass bags as he was ordered to buy shares, and to put each distinct share, and the balance of each note, into a separate bag, for fear, as Brank said, the chance of one office might be confused with the chance of another, and Samuel be thereby puzzled to know where he had bought the different chances; and by such confusion or forgetfulness it might not be recollect'd where to apply in case of a fortunate number.

Mr Brank having secured the chances and balances, ordered Samuel to go and purchase some other small shares and chances, and then to meet him at the city coffee-house, Cheapside. The young man went, and having bought his numbers and changed his notes, as he was going along York Street, his master called to him from a coach, pretended he was fortunate in thus seeing him, made Samuel step in, got the produce of the forgery, and away they drove to the city. In their way thither, Brank applauded his servant's despatch; gave him more notes, to the amount of four hundred pounds, with instructions to purchase shares and chances at offices about the Exchange; and directed him, as before, to put the chances and money received at each office in a separate bag. For this purpose Samuel was set down from the coach in Cheapside, and having executed his commissions, returned, agreeable to his orders, to the city coffee-house, where he waited a few minutes, and then Mr Brank came hobbling up to him, and took him into a coach that was waiting hard by. Brank resumed complaints of his health and infirmities, and observed that the fatigues of business had kept him longer than he expected; but he warned Samuel to be always exceedingly punctual. His reason for urging punctuality was the dread of a discovery, and to prevent consultations by which he might be detected. On their way to Long Acre, where the coachman was ordered to drive, Brank amused his servant with flattering promises for his attention and fidelity; and at parting put a guinea into his hand, and gave him orders to be in waiting, for a few days, at his old master's in the Strand.

It afterwards appeared, that whenever Samuel went to an office a woman, unobserved by him, always walked in at the same time, and looked about her as if accompanying some one else in the shop; and as soon as Samuel had done his business she also walked away. This woman was Mrs Pounteney, the aunt of Price's wife. She constantly accompanied Price in a coach whenever he went out, watched Samuel at every office, as soon as he had safely got out stepped across the way to Price, who was in the coach, informed him of the success, and then Samuel was hailed, and Price secured the property while she kept out of sight; nor did Samuel ever see her during his servitude. During his residence at Titchfield Street, which was but a week, Price always appeared and went out as Brank, accompanied by Mrs Pounteney. In case of any accidental discovery, she was ready to receive the disguise, so that Brank might be instantly shifted to Price, and Price to Brank, and Samuel thereby be rendered incapable of identifying the man that had employed him.

One Sunday morning a coachman inquired for Samuel at his old master's, by whom the coachman was informed that though Sam worked he did not lodge there, and that he should not see him till the next morning. The coachman held a parcel in his hand, which he said was for Samuel, and which the master desired him to leave, and he should have it the next day; the coachman replied he was ordered not to leave it but to take it back in case he could not see the man, and accordingly went across the way with it; there the master saw the elderly gentleman, with whom he had conversed on Samuel's character a few days before, to whom the coachman delivered the parcel. Samuel's master saw this old gentleman get into a coach; but in a minute the coachman returned and left the parcel, which contained notes to the amount of three hundred

pounds, with a letter directing Samuel to buy, on the next morning, a sixteenth, an eight guinea chance, and a whole ticket, to repeat his purchases as before till the whole were changed, and to meet his master, Mr Brank, at Mill's Coffee-house, Gerrard Street, Soho, at twelve o'clock the next day. Samuel duly executed these orders, but, on inquiry at the coffee-house, he found no such person as Mr Brank had been there; in a few minutes, however, as he was standing at the coffee-house door, a coachman summoned him to Mr Brank, who was waiting in a coach at the corner of Macclesfield Street. He desired Samuel to come in, and having received the tickets, shares, and balances, ordered him to bid the coachman drive towards Hampstead. On the way he gave Samuel three sixteenths as a reward for his diligence, and talked much of his ward, who, he said, would be in town in a day or two, when he would speak highly of Samuel's industry. He discoursed on these subjects till they reached Mother Black-cap's at Kentish Town, and then Samuel received orders to bid the coachman turn round; and on their way back Samuel had noted for five hundred pounds given to him, with directions to lay them out in the same manner about the Change, and meet his master at the same place in the evening, where he said he should dine; but, for reasons easily imagined, Samuel was ordered not to make his purchases at the offices he had been to before.

Samuel having performed this task also, went to the coffee-house, where a porter accosted him, and conducted him to his master, in a coach as usual. He was now blamed for his delay, and an appearance of anger assumed, with a declaration that he would not do if not punctual, for that the nobleman was very particular in time, even to a minute. Samuel apologised, and Brank received the cash and shares, and ordered him to go to the New Inn, Westminster Bridge, and hire a postchaise to carry them to Greenwich to meet the nobleman's steward, who was also his banker, to whom he was going for money to purchase more tickets; observing, at the same time, on the imprudence and prodigality of his ward. At Greenwich, Samuel was desired to go to the Ship and order a dinner, while Brank was engaged, as he pretended, in negotiating his business; he instructed him not to wait longer than three o'clock, but go to dinner at that time if he, Brank, did not return. It was not till half-past four that Brank came, hobbling, coughing, and seemingly out of breath with fatigue. They then drank tea together, and afterwards returned in the chaise to Lombard Street, where it was discharged. There Sam received more notes to the amount of £350, which he got rid of in the usual way; and at the city coffee-house was again fortunate enough to meet his master before he got to the door. Brank ordered him to attend the next evening at his lodgings, which he accordingly did, and afterwards at three or four other times, in the course of which attendance he negotiated £500 more of the forged notes.

We now arrive at the close of Samuel's services. In negotiating the last sum he had received, he went to Brooksbank's and Ruddle's, where he was interrogated as to whom he lived with; Samuel said he was servant to a very rich nobleman's guardian, that he was at board wages, and gave his address to his old master, the musical instrument-maker. Having delivered Brank the cash, &c., in the usual way, he was told that perhaps he might not be wanted again for a week, and that he might wait till sent for. Before the expiration of that time, however, Samuel was apprehended and taken to Bow Street, where he was examined by the magistrates and gentlemen from the bank; and telling his artless tale, which was not believed, he was committed to Tothillfields Bridewell, on suspicion of forgery. The forged note he had passed at Brooksbank's and Ruddle's, where he had been interrogated, was the means of his apprehension. In a day or two it was paid into the bank, traced back to Brooksbank's and Ruddle's office, and, immediate application being made to Bow Street, the lad was taken into custody.

Samuel's examinations were frequent and long, and in the end the following scheme was laid to secure the fabri-

cator.. Samuel having been ordered by Brank to stay till he was sent for, an inferior officer of Bow Street was stationed at the musical instrument-maker's in the Strand, where Samuel worked, in case Brank should call in the mean time. After the lapse of a few days Price sent Samuel a message to meet him the next day at Mills's coffee-house, exactly at eleven o'clock. This was communicated to Mr Bond, a clerk at Bow Street office, who ordered Samuel to comply, but not to go till five minutes past the time. The above inferior officer attended at a distance, disguised as a porter, with a knot on his shoulder, and Bond, dressed as a 'lady,' followed at a small distance. When Samuel arrived at the coffee-house, he found that a real porter had that instant been there and inquired for him, and could have been hardly out of the door. This information Samuel directly communicated to the 'lady' (Bond of Bow Street), and Samuel was sent back to wait; but Brank, in a hackney-coach hard by, had discovered the momentary conversation between Samuel and the disguised officers, and took immediate flight. An instant rush was made at Titchfield Street, but in vain: Brank had not been there since Samuel and he had left it together, and the police were entirely at fault. The advertisements were again issued, and handbills were showered around to no purpose. Poor Samuel, however, having tolerably established his innocence, was, after suffering eleven months' imprisonment, discharged with a present of twenty pounds.

In the ensuing lottery Price played the same artful game with notes of higher value; those of £20 and £40 were grown too suspicious. His next scheme was an advertisement for a person in the linen-draper business; and with notes of from £50 to £100, two young men, his agents, purchased linen-drapery at different shops. They were detected by having passed a £100 note to Mr Wollerton, a linen-draper in Oxford Street, who recovered the whole of his property through Bond the officer, by whom it was seized at No. 3 on the Terrace, in Tottenham Court Road.

To follow Price through all his proceedings would be impossible; but one more of his frauds may be noticed as a proof of his audacity. He had already swindled a gentleman, a Mr R. of Knightsbridge. One of a family was not enough for him, and Mr R.'s brother, who lived in Oxford Street, experienced the effect of Price's ingenuity in crime. Price had been often there, and bought a variety of things, and was perfectly well known in his real person and by his proper name. One day, however, a hackney coach carried him thither, disguised as an old man, and in that character he made some purchases. In a day or two he repeated his visit; and on a third day, when he knew Mr R. was from home, he went again with his face so coloured that he seemed in a deep jaundice. The shopman, to whom he was full of complaints, told him he had a receipt for that disorder, which had cured his father of it, and offered him the prescription. Price accepted it, and promised that if it succeeded he would liberally reward him. In a few days he again appeared before the shopman, perfectly freed from his complaint, and acknowledging his great obligations to him, said he had but a short time to live in the world, and having very few relations to leave anything to, he begged his acceptance of a £50 bank-note, at the same time, he said, he wanted cash for another. Mr R. not being in the way, the grateful shopman stepped out and got change for it. The next day Price having watched Mr R.'s going out, prevailed on the lad to take five other £50 notes to his master's banker, and there get them changed for smaller ones. Price's notes soon got to the bank, and of course were stopped. They were traced to Mr R.'s. His lad was interrogated, and as Mr R. positively refused to pay the £250 to his bankers, they brought an action against him, which was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, before Lord Loughborough, and the bankers obtained a verdict. The most extraordinary circumstances pending the suit were, that Mr R. communicated the story to Price, who offered him all the assistance in his power, and became a principal agent in the defence. He was of all others the most active in procuring witnesses for Mr R., and actu-

ally attended the trial, without the least suspicion on the part of any individual concerned that he was the perpetrator of the mischief.

It is an extraordinary and almost incredible fact, that during a period of six years, five of which had elapse after the advertisement issued at the instance of the bank in December, 1780, Price committed depredation of this nature on the public with impunity. The deceits by which he circulated his forged notes through a long a period were as varied as the nature of each new circumstance required. At last he turned to another species of forgery, equally artful, and, for a time, equally successful. He went to the coffee-houses near the Royal Exchange in a new disguise, and there was accustomed to get a boy to take a sum of £10 to the bank, with directions to receive from the teller the customary ticket to the cashier who pays: but the lad had his especial orders not to go to the cashier for the money, as the teller is accustomed to direct but as soon as the boy was out of the teller's sight he was to turn another way, and bring the ticket to Price at the coffee-house. There Price used to alter the teller's ticket from £10 to £100 by adding an 0, or by placing a 1 before any other sum where the addition was easy, so as to make 50 into 150, &c., and then send the tickets by other hand to the cashiers, who paid the increased sums unsuspecting. This scheme was his last. One of the notes he had received at the bank, on a forged ticket, he had passed at Mr Aldous's, a pawnbroker in Berwick Street, where he was known by the name of Powell, and went two or three times a-week to pledge things of value. An officer was placed at Mr Aldous's till his next call, which was the next day but one, when he was secured and sent to Bow Street. His behaviour there was exceedingly insolent. Mr Bond who, when Price kept a lottery-office in King Street, Covent Garden, was clerk at Bow Street, had visited him on account of some money due to Sir John Fielding's maid servant, gained by insuring with Price, which he refused to pay her; but when informed by Mr Bond who her master was, he waited on Sir John and satisfied her claim. He now taxed Mr Bond, who had been made a magistrate with prejudice against him on account of the insurance affair, and complained that he should not have justice done him. He also urged against Abraham Newland, Esq. principal cashier of the bank, that he could expect nothing from him but every possible injury, on account of some former antipathy that gentleman had conceived towards him; and he imputed desire of revenge to every individual whose duty it was to render him amenable to justice.

When under examination, the chief magistrate, Sir Sampson Wright, suddenly called out 'Sam;' the young man immediately answered, and at the same moment appeared before his old master, who started as at a ghost; but, re-collecting himself, made a polite bow to his former servant with a view either to awaken his sympathy or to hint at what he might expect if he disclaimed him. Samuel, however, could only swear to his voice, for he had not the least idea of his person or features. Price was committed to Tothillfields Bridewell, where he turned his thoughts to the destruction of the implements. Well knowing that nothing could be extracted from Mrs Price or any of his family to affect him, he had declared, when under examination, that he lived with them at a cheesemonger's in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road; and he was equally secure that nothing could be found there to afford the least suspicion of his being the forger described under the character of *Patch*. His next step was to obtain an interview with Mrs Price and his eldest son, a youth about fifteen years of age. To his wife's great surprise, he communicated to her the secret of his lodgings, and the circumstances respecting her aunt. He wrote a letter to Mrs Pountney, informing her of his situation, and desiring her instantly to destroy every atom of the apparatus, clothes, &c.; he tore up the inner sole of his son's shoe, and putting the letter under it, it passed safe. When Mrs Pountney received the letter, she burned every article of clothes in which Price had disguised himself, and sent for a carpenter, to whom he had never been visible, to take down the

wood-frame, presses, and other instruments with which Price had made his paper and printed off his notes. While the maid was gone for the carpenter, her mistress put the copperplates into the fire, and, rendering them pliable, reduced them to small pieces. These, with a large bundle of small wires, used in the manufacture of the paper and water-marks, she desired Price's son to take to the adjacent fields, and there distribute them beneath the dust heaps; and the pieces lay there till by a stratagem they were discovered and brought to Bow Street. The carpenter took down the apparatus, and being paid and despatched, every thing was brought down and reduced to ashes.

Throughout Price's examinations, his assurance was the most remarkable feature in his conduct; but the audacity by which he sought to baffle his accusers was so reckless, as to disclose a circumstance which largely added to the grounds for believing him to be the criminal who had so long eluded justice. From the extreme art he had adopted to effectually disguise his person, while committing his enormous frauds, there was no connected proof of his identity. Long before his apprehension, he had hazarded experiments to discover whether his disguises were effectual. He would go to the coffee-houses about the 'Change, where he was thoroughly well known as Mr Price, and in his real character inquire for Mr Norton, write a letter, and leave it at the bar. In ten minutes he would return as Mr Norton, receive the letter, and drink his coffee. While in Tothillfields Bridewell, a boy who had more than once taken cash for him to the tellers at the Bank, together with the boy's mother, who had also seen him, were conveyed to the prison to view him. The boy could not at all identify him; the mother was more positive, but still the proof was deemed scarcely sufficient to convict him. He had pledged things of value several times, under the name of Powel, with Mr Aldous. Mrs Pountney had done the same in the character of Mrs Powel. They had talked of each other, and each of them had at different times pledged the same article; yet Price, on his examination, denied the least knowledge of her; impudently threatening to bring actions for false imprisonment; and ridiculing the officers for not finding a ten-pound note in his fob, under his watch, when he was searched, he heedlessly produced it—this identical note was one of the notes delivered by the cashier upon a tanner's ticket which Price had forged!

Price had been brought up three times for the purpose of being viewed, and his sagacity perceived the impossibility of his escaping the hand of justice. He told the keeper he had been '*betrayed*', but this was not the fact. Meditating to avoid a public execution, he informed his son that the people of the prison came into his room sooner than he wished; and that he had something secret to write, which they might get at by suddenly coming upon him, which he wished to prevent. On this pretence he gave his son money to purchase two gimblets and a sixpenny cord, pointing out to him how he would fasten the gimblets in the post, and tie the cord across the door, which opened inwards. The poor youth obtained the implements, and Price having fastened the gimblets under two hat screws, was discovered hanging in his room, without coat or shoes, on the 25th of January, 1786. Under his waistcoat were found three papers. One was a petition to the king, praying protection for his wife and eight children; all of whom, he said, had never offended; and staking that he had written a pamphlet with a view to prevent a war between the crowns of England and Denmark, and to rescue the character of Queen Matilda from the aspersions of the queen dowager's party. The second was a letter of thanks to Mr Fenwick, the keeper of the prison, for his indulgence and favours. The third was a letter to his wife, wherein he begged her forgiveness for the injuries he had done her, and entreated her attention to their offspring. In these papers, written with his dying hand, the guilty man solemnly denied every thing laid to his charge.

Immediately upon Price's self-destruction, his unhappy wife, who had been innocent of his iniquities, was urged to discover the woman with whom he had been connected;

and, after some persuasion, she communicated the residence of her aunt, who, on being taken into custody, disclosed several of the circumstances attending the destruction and concealment of the presses and implements. What remained of them were destroyed by the police, and she was delivered out of custody to the punishment of her own thoughts. Price was buried in the cross-roads, but, in about a week, his body was privately removed by night.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

In a late notice of a work entitled 'Travels of Lady Hester Stanhope' we regretted the very meagre and unsatisfactory description of the city of Jerusalem and its surrounding scenery which the volumes furnished. Though the author traversed almost the entire length of the Holy Land, his remarks on what he saw are neither numerous nor interesting. To remedy what many of our readers must at the time have felt to be a deficiency, we give the following luminous account of the Holy Sepulchre and adjacent localities from Jolliffe's 'Letters from Palestine.' The reader need hardly be told that at this distance of time much doubt necessarily exists as to whether these venerated spots be in all cases the identical localities mentioned in Scripture; but such at least they are held to be by the Christian population of Jerusalem, and as such they have for centuries been hallowed by the pious regards of pilgrims:—

The tomb of our Saviour is enclosed in a church to which it has given name, and appears in the centre of a rotunda, whose summit is crowned by a radiant cupola. Its external appearance is that of a superb mausoleum, having the surface covered with rich crimson damask hangings, striped with gold. The entrance looks towards the east; but, immediately in front, a small chapel has been erected to commemorate the spot where the angel appeared to the two Marys. Just beyond this is the vault in which the Redeemer submitted to a temporary interment; the door of admission is very low, probably to prevent its being entered otherwise than in the attitude of adoration. The figure of the cave is nearly square, extending rather more than six feet lengthways, and being within a few inches of the same width; the height I should imagine to be about eight feet: the surface of the rock is lined with marble, and hung with silk of the colour of the firmament. At the north side, on a slab raised about two feet, the body of our Saviour was deposited; the stone, which had been much injured by the devotional zeal of the different pilgrims, is now protected with a marble covering; it is strewed with flowers and bedewed with rose-water, and over it are suspended forty-four lamps, which are ever burning. The greater part of these are of silver, richly chased; a few are of gold, and were furnished by the different sects of Christianity, who divide the possession of the church.

In an aisle north of the sepulchre, is the spot where Christ appeared to the Magdalen in the habit of a gardener; and a few steps further is the scene of his interview with his mother. The pillar to which he was bound, when undergoing the punishment of being scourged, has been taken from the court near the Hall of Judgment, and affixed to the right of an altar, erected in a chapel at the extremity of the aisle; this chapel, and the altar within the sepulchre, are consecrated to the worship of the Catholics. The place where he was tortured by the crown of thorns, that of the agony, of his being affixed to the cross, and the partition of his vesture by lot, are all severally comprised within the limits of the church, which is thus made to include a considerable portion of Mount Calvary. Tradition has even attempted to designate the spot where the mother of the Messiah stood, a weeping spectress of the cruelties and ignominy to which he was exposed.

The irregularity of the surface on which the temple is erected, has been made subservient to the preservation of that particular part of the mount, where the sacrifice of our Saviour was accomplished. The place where the cross

was planted retains its original elevation, the adjacent ground being merely flattened sufficiently to receive a marble pavement. It is seventeen or eighteen feet above the common floor, and is approached by twenty-one steps. The aperture in which the cross was fixed is below the centre of a Greek altar; it appears to have been perforated in the rock, and is encircled by a large plate of silver, inscribed with bas-relief figures, representative of the Passion and other scriptural subjects: thirteen lamps are constantly burning over the altar. Not far from this part of the church, but several feet below the level of the floor, is the descent to the well, where discovery was made of the cross and crown of thorns, and the spear with which one of the soldiers pierced our Saviour's side. An inscription to the memory of Godfrey and his brother is affixed to the wall, near the steps; but in repairing the injury which the church suffered from fire about eight or ten years since, the Greek Catholics, who are proprietors of this part of the building, either from neglect or caprice, allowed the tablet to be plastered over. During the whole of the time that we were engaged in examining the objects of veneration, the numerous altars were thronged with votaries of the different sects, exercising, in their respective rituals, the solemnities of religion.

On quitting the church, we proceeded to the Mount of Olives: our road lay through the *Via dolorosa*, so called from its having been the passage by which Christ was conducted from the place of his imprisonment to Mount Calvary. The outer walls of what was once the residence of Pilate, are comprehended in this street; the original entrance to the palace is blocked up, and the present access is at one of the angles of the court. The portal was formerly in the centre, and approached by a flight of steps, which were removed some centuries ago to Rome, and are now in a small chapel near the Church of San Giovanni di Laterano. Very little of this structure is still extant; but the Franciscan monks imagine they have accurately traced out the dungeon in which our Saviour was incarcerated, as well as the hall where Caesar's officer presided to give judgment. The place where the Messiah was scourged is now a ruined court, on the opposite side of the street; and not far from thence, but in a direction nearer to Mount Calvary, is the arch which the Latin friars have named '*Il arco d' Ecce homo*' [the arch of 'Behold the man'], from the expressions of Pilate, as recorded by St. John (chap. xix. 5). Upon an eminence between the pillars which support the curvature, the Roman governor exhibited their illustrious victim to his deluded countrymen. Between this place and the scene of his crucifixion, Christ is said to have fainted under the weight of the cross; tradition relates that he sunk beneath its pressure three times, and the different stages are supposed to have been accurately noted; they are severally designated by two columns, and an indenture in the wall.

Towards the eastern extremity of the town, not far from the gate of St. Stephen, is the '*piscina d' Israel*': this is the pool of Bethesda, which an angel was commissioned periodically to trouble. It appears to have been of considerable size, and finished with much care and architectural skill; but I was unable to ascertain either the depth or dimensions; for its contiguity to the enclosure which contains the mosque of Omar, made it rather hazardous to approach even the outer borders; and our dragonet entreated us to be satisfied with a cursory view. Near to this place is the church of St. Anna, so named from being erected on the ground where the house of the Virgin's mother formerly stood, and where the Virgin herself was born. Between that structure and Pilate's palace is the Torre Antoniana, a ruined pile, which has a more striking air of antiquity than any other building in the city.

Just without the walls is the scene of St. Stephen's martyrdom: we pass over it in our descent to the Brook Kedron, which flows through the valley of Jehoshaphat, at the base of the mountain. At present the channel is entirely dry, the breadth is little more than a yard, and the depth scarcely two feet. At a short distance to the left is a cavern, which has been consecrated to the sepulchres

of the Virgin, of Joseph, of St. Anne, and St. Joachim. It is a very magnificent vault, spacious, and chastely ornamented, and preserved with great care and neatness; the descent includes fifty steps. The several tombs are distinguished by chapels and altars, with the usual accompaniments of lamps and tapers, and embellished with decorations adapted to the respective characters whose virtues they commemorate. We had no means of ascertaining of what authority it is asserted that the mother of the Messiah expired at Jerusalem, or that her mortal remains were preserved in such a receptacle. It is worse than useless to apply for information on points of this nature at the convent. Any attempt to investigate reactionary statements, seems to be regarded by our hosts as conveying an oblique reflection on their own credulity. The date of the sepulchre is entirely unknown. The Gospel represent the Virgin as being consigned, by the dying injunction of our Saviour, to his beloved disciple, and some authors have conjectured that she closed her earthly existence at Ephesus; yet, whatever was the original destination of this vault, the cost and labour which must have been expended in its construction, sufficiently entitle it to be classed among those objects which claim an attentive examination.

After passing the bridge thrown over the bed of the rivulet, a few paces brought us to the garden of Gethsemane, where the Messiah prayed in agony, and the sweat fell from him as it were great drops of blood. Here to was the scene of Judas's treason. This spot, scarcely half an acre in extent, is partly enclosed by a low wall, and contains eight venerable olive-trees, which are said to have been growing at the time of Christ's entrance into the city. They have certainly the marks of extreme age; but Josephus expressly states that *all the trees* which were in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem were cut down by Titus, for the purpose of embankments. At the summit of the mountain is fixed the scene of our Saviour's last appearance on earth, and his ascension into heaven. The impression said to have been made by his foot, is engraven on the surface of the rock, so as to preserve a record of the Messiah's attitude when he bade adieu to this lower world. It appears from thence, that Christ's left hand was towards Jerusalem, which lays west of the mountain, and that his face was consequently directed to the north. The view from this elevation is grand and extensive, comprehending the valley watered by the Jordan, and the entrance of that river into the Dead Sea, which appears like a vast plateau of burnished silver.

The place where our Saviour dictated the universal prayer to his disciples, is supposed to have been a garden about one hundred yards to the north-west. In an opposite quarter, and farther removed from the apex of the hill, is the cave where the apostles assembled to compose the creed which bears their name. It is a long subterraneous recess, supported by twelve arches, but not otherwise an object of curiosity, than as having been the retreat of those illustrious martyrs.

To these graphic descriptions of scenes and places, following 'Legend of Mary Magdalene,' by Mrs Jameson will form an appropriate sequel:—

Mary Magdalene was of the district of Magdala, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, where stood her castle, called Magdalon; she was the sister of Lazarus and of Martha, and they were the children of parents reputed noble, as some say, of royal race. On the death of their father, Lazarus, they inherited vast riches and possession in land which were equally divided between them. Lazarus took himself to the military life; Martha ruled her possessions with great discretion, and was a model of virtue and propriety—perhaps a little too much addicted to worldly cares; Mary, on the contrary, abandoned herself to luxurious pleasures, and became at length so notorious for her dissolute life that she was known through all the country round only as 'the sinner.' Her discreet sister Martha, frequently rebuked her for these disorders, at length persuaded her to listen to the exhortations of Jesus, through which her heart was touched and converted. The seven demons which possessed her, and which we

xpelled by the power of the Lord, were the seven deadly sins to which she was given over before her conversion. In one occasion Martha entertained the Saviour in her house, and being anxious to feast him worthily, she was cumbered with much serving.' Mary, meanwhile, sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his words, which completed the good work of her conversion; and when some time afterwards he supped in the house of Simon the Pharisee, he followed him thither, 'and she brought an alabaster box of ointment, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with ointment;' and he said unto her, 'Thy sins are forgiven.' She became afterwards one of the most devoted of his followers, 'ministered to him of her substance, attended him to Calvary (Matt. xvii. 56), and stood weeping at the foot of the cross. She, with the other Mary, watched by his tomb, and was the first to whom he appeared after the resurrection; her unfaltering faith, mingled as it was with the intensest grief and love, obtained for her this peculiar mark of favour.

Thus far the notices in the Gospel and the suggestions of commentators; the old Provençal legend then continues its story:—After the ascension, Lazarus with his two sisters, Martha and Mary, with Maximin, one of the seventy-two disciples, from whom they had received baptism, led on, the blind man whom our Saviour had restored to sight, and Marcella, the handmaiden who attended on the two sisters, were by the heathens set adrift in a vessel without sails, oars, or rudder, but, guided by Providence, they were safely borne over the sea till they landed in a certain harbour, which proved to be Marseilles, in the country now called France. The people of the land were pagans, and refused to give the holy pilgrims food or shelter, so they were fain to take refuge under the porch of a temple. And Mary Magdalene preached to the people, reproaching them for their senseless worship of dumb idols; and though at first they would not listen, yet being after a time convinced by her eloquence, and by the miracles performed by her and by her sister, they were converted, and baptised. And Lazarus became, after the death of the good Maximin, the first bishop of Marseilles.

These things being accomplished, Mary Magdalene retired to a desert not far from the city. It was a frightful barren wilderness in the midst of horrid rocks and caves; and here for thirty years she devoted herself to solitary penance for the sins of her past life, which she had never ceased to bewail bitterly. During this long seclusion, she was never seen or heard of, and it was supposed that she was dead. She fasted so rigorously, that, but for the occasional visits of the angels, and the comfort bestowed by celestial visions, she must have perished. Every day during the last years of her penance, the angels came down from heaven and carried her up in their arms into regions where she was ravished by the sounds of unearthly harmony, and beheld the glory and the joy prepared for the sinner that repented. One day a certain hermit, who dwelt in a cell on one of those wild mountains, having wandered farther than usual from his home, beheld this wondrous vision—the Magdalene in the arms of ascending angels, who were singing songs of triumph as they bore her upwards; and the hermit, when he had a little recovered from his amazement, returned to the city of Marseilles, and reported what he had seen. According to some of the legends, Mary Magdalene died within the walls of the Christian church, after receiving the sacrament from the hand of St Maximin; but the more popular accounts represent her as dying in her solitude, while angels watched over and ministered to her.

The traditional scene of her penance, a wild spot between Toulon and Marseilles, is the site of a famous convent called La Sainte Beaum (which in the Provençal tongue signifies *Holy Cave*), formerly a much frequented place of pilgrimage. It is built on the verge of a formidable precipice; near it is the grotto in which the saint resided, and Mount Pilon, a rocky point about six hundred feet above the grotto, the angels bore her seven times a-day to pray.

The middle of the thirteenth century was an era of religious excitement all over the south of Europe. A sudden fit of penitence—'un subito compunjone,' as an Italian author calls it, seized all hearts; relics and pilgrimages, and penances and monastic ordinances, filled all minds. About this period certain remains, supposed to be those of Mary Magdalene and Lazarus, were discovered at a place since called St Maximin, about twenty miles north of Toulon. The discovery strongly excited the devotion and enthusiasm of the people, and a church was founded on the spot, by Charles, count of Provence (the brother of St Louis), as early as 1279. A few years afterwards, this prince was vanquished and taken prisoner by the king of Arragon, and when at length set free after a long captivity, he ascribed his deliverance particularly to the intercession of his chosen patroness, Mary Magdalene. This was sufficient to extend her fame as a saint of power, and from this time we may date her popularity, and those visible pictorial representations of her under various aspects which, from the fourteenth century to the present time, have so multiplied, that scarcely any catholic place of worship is to be found without her image, and numerous churches have been dedicated to her; as also to her sister Martha and her brother Lazarus. Perhaps the most sumptuous fane ever consecrated to her especial honour, is that which, of late years, has arisen in the city of Paris. The church, or rather the temple of La Madeleine, stands an excellent monument, if not of modern piety, at least of modern art. It is built on the model of the temple of Jupiter at Athens.

'That noble type is realised again
In perfect form ; and dedicate—to whom ?
To a poor Syrian girl of lowliest name—
A hapless creature, pitiful and frail
As ever wore her life in sin and shame.'

R U S S I A.

In our last number we presented our readers with a few extracts from the first volume of Mr Golovine's recent work, entitled Russia under Nicholas I. The picture presented there of the present moral, intellectual, and, we may add, political condition of Russia, surpasses, in the hideousness of its aspect, anything of the sort which has heretofore been similarly exhibited. Even admitting that the descriptions may in some cases have been slightly exaggerated, still enough has issued from Mr Golovine's indignant pen, to stimulate curiosity, excite wonder, and call forth the most unqualified regret and sorrow that such a state of things should exist. The tone of the author, from the commencement to the close of the second volume, alters so completely from that which pervades almost every page of the first, that it is with difficulty we can bring ourselves to believe that we are perusing the produce of the same pen. In the former we have impassioned description, angry invective, biting sarcasm, and an approach not unfrequently to broad humour. The second volume not only exhibits nothing of all this, but an opposite charge, of almost positive dryness of detail, in reference to the majority of its recorded facts, may be preferred against it. The first volume will be read by all, and that, too, in the majority of cases, at a sitting, so full is it of anecdote, of court gossip, and palace scandal, of bear-hunting and serf-flogging. The second, however, though out of all comparison the most valuable of the two, will possibly not only command a more limited circle of readers, but those who do enter upon its statistics will find that a cursory perusal will serve little purpose; that to be remembered, its pages must be studied; and that if they are, a rich reward will be secured, if a knowledge of the legislative, judicial, and administrative courts of that mighty empire, an acquaintance with her literature, her church, her navy, her army, her finance, and, in short, everything that the politician, the scholar, the merchant, or the churchman can desire to know in reference to her internal affairs—affairs concerning which travellers and historians have so frequently disagreed in opinion—can be regarded as an acquisition. To attempt, even in the most abridged

form, to give the reader anything like an adequate idea of the multiplicity and variety of valuable information which this volume contains, is utterly impossible. In the first chapter, for instance, under the head, 'Classes of the People,' we have what we may term a concise list of the duties, privileges, and restrictions of the Russian nobility, clergy, and serfs. This is accomplished in about 120 separate paragraphs, every one of which contains information differing from that which precedes it. We make these observations for the purpose of excusing ourselves if neither by extracts nor a condensed summary we endeavour to give the reader an idea, however superficial, of this part of the volume. The same remarks apply to chapters second and third, in which all the information which can, we suspect, be adduced in reference to the public service, and different orders of Russia, is laid before the reader, with all the gravity, accuracy, and minuteness of a national almanac or city directory. Contenting ourselves, therefore, with merely recommending this portion of the volume to the reader's attention, we proceed to that part of it where the information is communicated more in detail. We quote the following from the

COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE.

'The council of the empire is divided into departments, which we will also call sections, or meets in general assembly. The members of the departments are members of the general assembly, which comprehends others not belonging to them. There are five departments: 1, that of justice; 2, war; 3, religion and civil affairs; 4, economy; and 5, affairs of Poland. The members of the departments are nominated every six months by the emperor himself, and are composed of a president and at least three members for each department. The sections can summon to their assistance and consult persons of whose knowledge they wish to avail themselves. For matters which concern several departments at once, these can meet and deliberate in common. The members of the council of the empire can at the same time be invested with any other office in the judicial or administrative line. The ministers are by right members of the council of the empire, but they cannot be nominated presidents in the sections. The president of the general assembly is the emperor himself, and in his absence the person whom he thinks proper to appoint once a-year. The vice-president is the one of the presidents of departments who is of the longest standing. The members speak standing. If several rise at once, the preference is given to the oldest in rank. Amendments to projects under discussion must be presented in writing. The votes are entered beside the name of each member, and the decisions are recorded in the minutes. At the conclusion of each sitting, the order of the day for the next is made known. In the departments members take rank according to the *tchkins*. When any extraordinary measure is in agitation, the affair is sent directly to the general assembly, by command of the emperor. The departments refer to it those matters on which their members cannot agree. The council of the empire can refer to the senate affairs in which the latter has not taken into consideration some important document, in order that it may undergo revision. The secretary of the empire submits the decisions of the council to the confirmation of the emperor. The affairs of Poland are laid before him in minutes, whenever they have not been debated in the general assembly; and the others in the form of memorials, signed by the president or the vice-president, and by the secretary of the empire. The will of the emperor decides the affair definitively, even though it should be in favour of the opinion of the minority. In case of lengthened absence of the emperor, his majesty himself fixes the extent of the power which the council of the empire is called upon to exercise in the interim.'

The fifth chapter commences in the following manner, and is entitled

OF THE MINISTRIES.

'There are nine ministries in Russia; 1, the ministry of the interior; 2, that of finances; 3, of public instruc-

tion; 4, of justice; 5, of the domains; 6, of war; 7, foreign affairs; 8, of the court; 9, of the marine. There are, besides, three administrations equivalent to ministries, namely, 1, the control of the empire; 2, the department of ways of communication and public building; 3, that of the posts. There are in every ministry seven directions, which are called in Russia departments, the council of the minister, and the chancellery of the ministry. The directions are divided into sections, and the sections into bureaux. The council of the minister composed of all the directors and of the under-ministers under the presidency of the minister. To these the emperor can add particular members, and the council itself can desire the attendance of persons not belonging to the ministry, whose opinion it may have occasion to ask. Each direction may also meet in *general assembly*, composed of all the chiefs of section, under the presidency of the director, who can, with the authorisation of the minister, summon to the meeting persons unconnected with the administration, for questions relative to science, art, or industry. Most of the directions have particular chanceries. The ministers are chosen by the emperor; the directors by the minister, with the assent of the emperor; the other functionaries are appointed and removed on the presentation of the director, by the minister, and the subordinate *employés* by the director alone. The power of the ministers is exclusively executive. In case of abuse his majesty decides whether there is occasion to prosecute, and the council of the empire takes upon itself the investigation and the proceedings. If these prove that the minister has rendered himself unworthy of the confidence of the emperor, he is removed from office; and if they bring to light serious offences, he has to appear before the criminal tribunal.'

We now quote from the sixth chapter, which treats

THE PROVINCIAL ADMINISTRATION.

'Russia is divided into fifty-three governments, forty-three of which are administered after one and the same general fashion, while the others have a particular administration, such as Siberia and the Caucasus, with their sub-divisions, Bessarabia, the countries of the Cossacks, and those of the roving tribes. The Russian legislation thus defines the duties of the civil governors. The civil governors, being the immediate chiefs of the governments confided to them by the supreme will of his majesty the emperor, are the first guardians of the right of *autocracy*, of the ukases of the directing senate, and of the orders emanating from the superior authorities. Charged to watch with a continual and vigilant care over the welfare of the inhabitants of all classes, and to enter into their position and their wants, they ought everywhere to maintain the public tranquillity, the security of each and all, the execution of the regulations, order, and decorum. It belongs to them to take measures to ensure plenty in their respective governments, to succour the indigent and the sick. They attend to the prompt administration of justice, and the immediate execution of all legal ordinances and prescriptions.'

Still more interesting is the information contained in chapter seventh in reference to

PENAL LEGISLATION.

In Russia 'no fixed law determines the mode of execution for those condemned to capital punishment. It left to the pleasure of the judges for each particular case. The supreme tribunal can, if it pleases, order a man to be buried alive, quartered, or hanged. It is not even necessary that a criminal should receive sentence of death before he can be put to death. The executioner can kill a man with a single stroke of the knout or *pleie*. A culprit may be suffered to perish under the gauntlet of the surgeon who attends the sufferer need only be told to shut his eyes, and he is thus dispensed from all responsibility. Again, the executioner may, either by wilful involuntary awkwardness, break the sword of a noble, pursuance of the sentence of condemnation, upon his head instead of breaking it above his head, and bear rather than hard, without having precisely received any express i

struction on the subject. Every man who, in whatever manner it may be, has the knowledge of a political plot, is bound to give information of it, upon pain of being reckoned an accomplice and treated as such. The ukase of the 25th of January, 1715, says: 'Whoever is a true Christian and a faithful servant of his sovereign, may, without doubt, denounce verbally or in writing *necessary and important affairs*, and especially the following: 1. Every wicked plot against the person of his majesty, and treason; 2. rebellion or insurrection.' Hence the crimes called crimes of the two points. In 1730, slander against his majesty and the imperial house was added to the first. Relationship exempts in no degree from this obligation. Serfs receive their liberty for denouncing their masters, if they conspire against the sovereign. Any other denunciation on their part against their lord cannot be received. Children are in the same predicament in regard to their fathers. Neither has religion found any more favour from this law, which pays no respect to the sacredness of confession, but enjoins every priest to denounce any man who acknowledges himself guilty of conspiracy. The punishment of death is applied indiscriminately to rebellion in arms or with violence; to treason, a crime which consists in having lent assistance or co-operation to the enemy, or kept up an understanding with him; to the surrender by an officer of forts or ships intrusted to him, unless in case of absolute necessity; and lastly, to those who, by outrages, have diffused a panic-terror in the ranks of the army. Sentence of death may also be pronounced by the military tribunals, before which citizens may be brought for infraction of the quarantines. Offensive words against the members of the imperial family, either written or uttered *viva voce*, constitute the crime of lese-majesty, which is punished with death whenever it is carried before the supreme tribunal; but, before the ordinary tribunals, it incurs only those punishments which are substituted for the penalty of death, such as the knout and compulsory labour. The same is the case in regard to all crimes against the two points. Political death entails the privation of all the rights of citizenship. He who is condemned to it, is laid down on the scaffold, or placed under the gallows, and then sent off to compulsory labour. The decrees of 1753 and 1754 have limited these symbols of capital punishment to the purely political crimes carried before the supreme tribunal.'

The eighth chapter, which has for its title

RUSSIAN LITERATURE,

begins by asking 'Is there a Russian literature or not?' to which the author returns for answer, 'Yes, but it is yet in its infancy, for it has nothing to boast of but poets; and poetry has always been the first step of a nation in the career of letters. There is not a single Russian philosopher. Karamzin is the only historian of his country, and he himself, in the opinion of many persons, is rather an agreeable story-teller than a profound historian. To this opinion I by no means subscribe; for I think that, if Karamzin is not the Niebuhr of Russia, he has more than one claim to be called its Gibbon, if it is absolutely necessary to judge by comparison of the known from the unknown. The other Russian historians are but annalists or compilers. The novel has scarcely sprung up in Russia, and it cannot yet claim a single classic work. Still some distinguished productions of that class are enumerated, such as 'Juri,' 'Miloslavsky,' and 'Roslavlet,' by Zagostine; 'the Icehouse,' by Lejechnikof; 'The Family of the Kholmskis'; 'The Dead Souls,' by Gogol. To make amends, there is a whole host of tale-writers, at the head of whom must be placed M. Pavlov, whose 'Yatagan,' and 'The Demon,' are productions of sufficient merit to grace the literature of any country; M. Dahl, more national than his name; Count Slobobub, the gentleman of Russian authors; the fertile Marliniski, who is no other than Alexander Bestoucheff, exiled to Siberia in consequence of the revolt of 1825, and killed in the Caucasus; the patriotic Blinck, &c. In the class of science, there is a complete penury. Kaidanoff's 'Universal History,' is not even a

good school-book. M. Arsenieff's 'Statistics of Russia' and his 'History of Greece' only prove what he could have done had he dared to write; his 'Geography' does not prove even that. In politics there is absolutely nothing. As for jurisprudence, M. Nevoline's 'Encyclopædia' is mentioned with commendation. M. Mourasief has made himself singular by his theological works. M. Norof has published 'Travels' in Sicily, to Jerusalem, and in Egypt, where biblical observations are agreeably mingled with archaeology. M. Levchine has produced a description of the steppes of the Kirghise Kaisacks, which has been translated into French. Father Hyacinth has studied China under all its aspects; thanks to his long residence in the Celestial Empire as a Russian missionary. He has consequently become an authority on every subject relative to the Chinese language, literature, and manners. Journalism is in a state of the deepest degradation. 'The Northern Bee,' the only daily journal, not official, which assumes the title of political journal, cannot get or dares not publish any domestic news, and is more than circumspect in regard to foreign news. It flounders in a slough of vulgar, low polemics, feasts itself upon the vile flatteries addressed to the Russian government, and tortments itself to bar the road against all intelligence which deviates from its own ruts, against every free spirit, and against every heart that has the least independence. Messrs Gretsch and Boulgarine are at the head of this publication. The first has the character of being an excellent *purist*, but a worse than middling novelist; the second is a tale-writer, who aims at the piquant without rising above the trivial. They are neither of them Russians, which does not prevent them from being the staunchest patriots in Russia: the one is of German origin, the other of Polish; without prejudice to Germany or Poland be this said. Genius and baseness are of all countries. If Russia has but one daily journal that is not official, on the other hand, the number of monthly 'reviews' is considerable; they frequently contain valuable articles, among others which are insignificant, worthless, or bad. The 'Reading Library,' edited by M. Sinkovsky; the 'Patriotic Annals,' by the indefatigable M. Kräfsky; and the 'Moscovite,' which has been recently transferred by M. Podogine to M. Kirčesky, are the most estimable of these publications; but their encyclopedic and voluminous form bears witness to the infancy of this species of literature. M. Polevoi's 'Moscow Telegraph' has nobly distinguished itself in the history of Russian journalism, and been suppressed for its liberal spirit. The 'Son of the Country' and the 'Russian Courier' have closed their melancholy career. M. Korsakoff's 'Pharos' is a subject of railraillery for M. Boulgarine himself; it darkens rather than enlightens. The 'Contemporary,' by M. Pletnef, does not answer the legitimate hopes given by Pouschkin, the founder of that quarterly review, and has ceased to agree with its name. The 'Literary Gazette,' which reminds one by its title of that founded by Pouschkin and Baron Delweg, appears three times a week, keeps itself aloof from the obscurantism of a Gretsch and a Boulgarine, and in its spirit resembles the 'Patriotic Annals.' Beside Messrs Gretsch and Boulgarine are placed at the head of Russian journalism, Messrs Polevoi and Sinkovsky, who represent a less dark and more consolatory shade. M. Sinkovsky is not deficient either in science or acuteness of understanding. M. Polevoi has made himself a study for the mass of Russian readers. He has published a 'History of Russia,' unfinished and imperfect, and a great quantity of tales and dramatic pieces, in which patriotism is coupled with a courtier-like obsequiousness that descends to servility. Such are 'Pauline, the Siberian,' 'The Grandfather of the Russian Navy,' 'Igolkin,' &c. His drama of 'Death or Honour' forms an exception to this sad rule, and is liberal without being national. For the rest, M. Polevoi is a writer more deserving of indulgence than any other, on account of his circumstances. We must also do him the justice to admit that, whenever he has had leisure to take pains with his articles of criticism, he has risen above mediocrity. But let us return to poetry, which

alone has attained a tolerably high degree of development in Russia. I shall not treat here either of Lomonosoff, not less profound than universal, who, on the same day, made astronomical observations, and wrote pages of history or philosophy, fruits of his studies in Germany, or even bespoken odes; nor of Soumarakov, as insipid as he was old; nor of Trediakovski, not less ridiculous than dull; nor of Fon-Visine, that pamphleteer of the age of Catharine, equally witty and sarcastic. His 'Court Grammar,' several comedies, and his 'Letters from France,' defy time and the revolution which the Russian language has undergone since he wrote. Neither will I pause at Dimitrieff, whose fables are better than his odes; nor even at Derjavine, who wanted nothing but science to be the Russian Göethe; nor at Kniajuine, the father of Russian comedy; nor at Ozerof, the real creator of tragedy in his country, and whose 'Dmitri Donskoi,' 'Fingal,' and 'Edipus,' are meritorious imitations of foreign dramas. Unfortunately, these pieces no more exhibit the stamp of originality than that of genius, and are not remarkable either for the plot or the characters. All these authors belong to bygone ages, and their language has become so antiquated, that it excites regret to see so many fine ideas and happy sentiments doomed to oblivion. Pouschkine, Krylof, and Griboïedoff, are the three worthy representatives of modern Russian literature; all three died during the present reign. Griboïedoff was assassinated in Persia, where he performed the functions of chargé d'affaires. Pouschkine fell in a duel in 1836; and Krylof expired peacefully, as he lived, amidst the general esteem. The court bestowed a splendid funeral upon this man, who gave it no umbrage. Krylof is the Russian La Fontaine, in all the glory and splendour of that name; he is the good-natured and the pure, the profound and the humorous fabulist, whose imitations are equalled only by his original productions, and who leaves far behind him the fables of Khemnitzer and Ismailof. Griboïedoff has left a masterpiece—'The Misfortune of Genius.' One might say, in one sense, that he has opened, but it would be more correct to say, that he has closed the arena of comedy, inasmuch as he has attained a height to which no writer either before or since has arrived. By his masterpiece he has, as it were, exhausted Russian comedy, and rendered it impossible for time at least, or manners, to be such as he has depicted them. So cleverly has he seized and delineated the defects of his countrymen, that he has left nothing to do even for genius, which is obliged to wait till time, remodelling characters, has destroyed the resemblance of Griboïedoff's portraits.'

In reference to the

STATE OF INDUSTRY

In Russia, our author supplies very minute details, into which, however, we cannot enter farther than to give a mere outline. Agriculture 'is in a state of alarming backwardness. Dearth occurs periodically: more or less general, they happen regularly every five or six years, and each time bring the country to the brink of ruin. The fault of this is not, as one would be tempted to believe, in the severity and the inconstancy of the climate, but in the deplorable state of agriculture, which in Russia has not yet profited by the progress which it has made in other countries; it is likewise owing to the insufficiency of the ways of communication, in consequence of which certain parts of the empire are sometimes glutted with corn, while others are suffering famine, without any possibility for the former to afford assistance to the latter.' The cattle are very inferior—the Russian cows being like goats, and the horses like asses; the sheep consumes quite as much as it brings in. The greater part of the cattle are raised in the steppes, where they are of no use for agriculture. It is from that quarter that Russia derives nearly the whole of the tallow and hides which she exports. The forests are of enormous extent, but not turned to good account. Internal commerce is carried on chiefly by canals, steam-boats being only known on the Wolga and Dnieper. The breeding of bees is diffused throughout the whole empire, and is practised with success even in

Siberia, some provinces deriving millions annually from this single branch of industry. The culture of silk has not hitherto prospered. The vine is cultivated and win made with quite as much negligence as ignorance. Hunting in Siberia, and fishing in the Caspian Sea and the rivers which discharge themselves into it, are source of considerable wealth, but no estimate can be formed of their produce. The mines, which produce gold, platinum, silver, malachite, precious stones, iron, copper, &c. though already a great profit to the crown, as well as to some private persons, are destined to fill a still more important place in the resources of Russia. The 'government,' says our author, 'does not pay sufficient attention to the diffusion of normal schools of arts and trades, nor take pains to place information useful to the pursuits of industry within the reach of workmen,' but by merely confining 'itself to securing manufacturer against all foreign competition, causes them to persevere in their apathy and incapacity.'

THE ARMY.

'Russia,' says Mr Golovine, 'believes that she has resolved this problem: that in the army the cane can and ought to supply the place of honour. It is impossible to conceive all the ill usage to which the Russian soldier is exposed on the part of his superiors, high and low. Without pay without suitable food, overwhelmed with oppression and stripes, he is destined beforehand to the hospital and premature death. Hence the Russian army loses nearly as many men in time of peace as in time of war, and during the reign of Nicholas the recruitings have been continued without intermission. Men are still held so cheap in Russia that more than once, at Leipsic, at Varna, in the Caucasus, when a Russian detachment, on the point of succumbing, has been liable to occasion the loss of an entire corps, volleys of grape-shot have been poured over Russians and enemies, mowing down both alike.' To such a length has 'the mania of parades and exercises of all kinds and denominations been carried,' that 'a corps of nearly a hundred thousand men is specially reserved for the diversion of the emperor, and this diversion is most expensive, for the guard absorbs the greater part of the material and moral force of Russia. There it is that the sons of the wealthiest families ruin themselves, and each regiment of the guard costs twice as much as a regiment of the line. The age required for being a soldier is fixed at from twenty to thirty-five years. The nobles who wish to make soldiers of some of their serfs in addition to their contribution, can get them admitted from eighteen to forty. The recruiting takes place annually; the levies are of five recruits to a thousand souls; there are also extraordinary recruitings at such times and in such proportions as the supreme power thinks fit to assign to them. The recruits admitted have the front, and those who are rejected the back of the head shaved.' Next to the want of instruction in the officers, the weak side of the Russian army is in the want of intelligence in its soldiers; but yet they are not entirely destitute of intelligence; every courageous man is intelligent, and nobody denies the courage of the Russian soldier. His spirit is meek, bowed down beneath the stick; and if he were ever to have officers capable of appreciating him, he would be the first soldier in the world. In this respect, the army and the whole nation are in the same predicament.

We now take leave of Mr Golovine's work, not without a shrewd suspicion that the last of these volumes was the book originally intended to be published in France but earnestly desiring that it may be the means of drawing attention to the evils which *really* exist in 'Russia under the autocrat, Nicholas I.'

SOCIAL LIFE OF WOMEN.

Not unfrequently have I heard women who were surrounded by all the advantages that outward wealth can give, say, with sad and timid self-reproach, 'I ought to be happy. It is my own fault that I am not. But, I know not how it is, I cannot get up an interest in anything.'

When I remind them that Richter said, 'I have fire-proof perennial enjoyment, called employment,' few have faith in such a cure for theanity of life. But the only certain way to obtain habitual content and cheerfulness is by the active use of our faculties and feelings. Mrs Somerville finds too much excitement and pleasure in her astronomical investigations to need the poor stimulus of extravagant expenditure, or gossiping about her neighbours. Yet the astronomer discharges all womanly duties with beautiful propriety. She takes nothing from her family. She merely gives to science those hours which many women in the same station waste in idleness and dissipation. What can be more charming than the example of Mrs Huber, devoting herself to the study of natural history to assist her blind husband in his observations? Or Mrs Blake, making graceful drawings in her husband's studio, working off the impressions of his plates, and colouring them beautifully with her own hand? Compare a mere leader of *ton* with the noble German Countess Julie Von Egloffstien, who dared to follow her genius for art, though all the prejudices of the people of her own rank were strongly arrayed against it. Mrs Jameson says, 'When I have looked at the Countess Julie in her painting room, surrounded by her drawings, models, casts—all the powers of her exuberant, enthusiastic mind, flowing free in their natural direction, I have felt at once pleasure, admiration, and respect.' The same writer says, 'In general, the conscious power of maintaining themselves, habits of attention and manual industry of women, the application of our feminine superfluity of sensibility and imagination to a tangible result, have produced fine characters.' That woman is slowly making her way into free life is evinced by the fact that, in a few highly cultivated countries, literature is no longer deemed a disparagement to woman, and even professed authorship does not involve loss of caste in society. Maria Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, Frederika Bremer, our own Catharine Sedgwick, and many others widely known as writers, were placed in the genteel ranks of society by birth; but they are universally regarded with increased respect, because they have enlarged their bounds of usefulness, to strengthen and refresh thousands of minds. Dorothea L. Dix, when she retired from school teaching, because the occupation disagreed with her health, had a competence that precluded the necessity of further exertion. 'Now she has nothing to do but be a lady and enjoy herself,' said an acquaintance. But Miss Dix, though characterised by a most womanly sense of propriety, did not think it lady-like to be useless, or enjoyment to be indolent. 'In a world where there is so much to be done,' said she, 'I felt strongly impressed that there must be something for me to do.' Circumstances attracted her attention to the insane inmates of prisons and alms-houses; and for several years she has been to them a missionary of mercy, soothing them by her gentle influence, guiding them by her counsel, and greatly ameliorating their condition by earnest representations to select men and legislators. Her health has improved wonderfully under this continual activity of body, mind, and heart.—*Mrs Child.*

SNUFF-TAKING AT MADAGASCAR.

Tobacco is cultivated to a considerable extent by the Malagasy, but it is not smoked or used alone, as in other countries. With its medicinal properties the natives are acquainted, and in their medical preparations it is frequently employed, but it is chiefly used in the manufacture of snuff. In the preparation of this article, which is akin as a luxury and a stimulant, the leaves of tobacco are dried and pulverised; to this powder is added the ashes of the leaves of a sweet-scented herb, in the proportions of two-thirds powdered tobacco and one-third ashes; a small quantity of potash or salt is thrown in, and the whole well mixed is considered fit for use. The Malagasy, it may be remarked, take great quantities of snuff, but have their own mode of doing it. Europeans prefer taking it at the nose; the Malagasy, perhaps less wisely, prefer the mouth. The former deposit the grateful narcotic in the nostrils; the latter pour as much as the space will conveniently hold

between the teeth in the lower jaw and the inner surface of the under lip; thence to suck it leisurely, they think, renders the pleasure more lasting than a mere hasty, evanescent sniff could afford. Which custom is really most conformable to nature, or best answers the purpose for which tobacco was originally designed, is a point which it is not essential at present to decide. The use of the *rongona*, or native hemp, a powerful stimulant, usually smoked, was formerly very general; it was frequently taken before going to battle, on the same principle that an extra allowance of ardent spirits is served out to men in the army or navy of our own country before going to action, but its use has lately been prohibited by the government under the severest penalties. There is, however, every reason to believe that it is still used secretly as a means of intoxication; especially in the districts and villages at a distance from the capital.—*Eliza.*

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

A decent means of livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conscience, and one firm trusty friend can any body that has these be said to be unhappy?—*R. Burns.*

SAFETY FROM LIGHTNING.

People and cattle in an open and level part of the country are very liable to be struck down, injured, or killed, during thunder storms. A few simple precautions may be the means of saving lives. A person leading an animal with a metal chain, no part of which is touching the ground, is in the most dangerous circumstances. If one be struck, the other will rarely, perhaps never, escape. This was exemplified, near the Bridge of Dee, in the case of an old woman and her cow, some year or two ago. If part of the chain, the more the better, be touching the ground, both person and animal may be struck and escape injury. The chain being the better conductor, the discharge would pass through the metal to the earth. In such circumstances, the best arrangement, when danger is apprehended, would be to pass the chain over the head of the person and the back of the animal, and drive the iron pin at the end into the ground. A person leading an animal with a rope is tolerably safe, especially if the animal be large and horned, and the rope quite dry. The chances of safety to the person would be increased by wrapping a bit of cloth of any kind (a napkin, for example, and silk is the best) round the part of the rope which is held in the person's hand. The two persons who were leading the bull which was killed near Rhynie lately, must have been isolated by a rope or some non-conducting substance. Had they been connected to the animal by any conducting metal, no part of which was touching the ground at the instant of the shock, their destruction would have been as certain as that of the old woman and the cow.—*North of Scotland Gazette.*

PROPERTY OF FELONS.

By a recent act of parliament all the goods, chattels, money, &c. belonging to a person convicted of felony, are declared forfeited to the crown, and the sheriff of every county is bound to make a quarterly return to the treasury of the actual amount so accruing.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

It is in vain to regret a misfortune when it is past retrieving, but few have philosophy or strength enough to practise it. A famous physician ventured five thousand guineas upon the South Sea project: when he was told at Garraway's that it was all lost—'Why,' said he, 'tis but going up five thousand pair of stairs more.' This answer deserved a statue.

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A CHAPTER ON BORES.

THE bore inquisitive is one of the most teasing persons you can possibly fall in with. All men avoid him, either instinctively or from experience; and yet we defy any one to walk abroad without meeting him. He is everywhere; and were you at night to compare notes with half-a-dozen of your intimate friends, who, as well as yourself, know him, or rather are known of him, all at one period or other of the day, in public square or private lane, in the green meadow or by the sea-shore, have been fated to encounter the bore inquisitive. All regard him as a perfect pest, and yet no one ever dared say so to his face. A bore of this class is generally a middle-aged, respectable-looking man, who limps slightly, uses a cane, and makes slow progress. He is staid, temperate, and rosy-cheeked; he is, moreover, well to do, calm and unruffled in his deportment; and when he comes up to shake hands and to victimise you, you cannot for your life offer resistance. His small, blue, unmeaning eye has a fascinating influence which you can neither describe nor avoid. 'He holds' you with it till he has wrenched and wrung your inmost soul. He asks question after question, and yet never seems to care for your answer. When you are beginning to give him the necessary amount of information on a topic he just seemed anxious to know about, he stops you with a query respecting the age of your grandmother; and while you are returning a somewhat uncertain and hesitating response, he will ask you as suddenly what you regard as likely to be the ultimate fate of the last ministerial measure. But this is not the worst of the matter; the wretch not unfrequently tortures you with questions in reference to affairs connected with your own or the private history of your friends, in a manner so provokingly calm and cool, that though you feel he deserves to be knocked down with the umbrella you are carrying, you cannot avoid standing, and though blushing and perspiring with agonised feeling, endeavour to give him all the information you can stammer out. You are possibly residing at your father's, out of a situation for the present; and you must be pestered with inquiries as to what made you leave your old one. He hears you have been ill-used, and wishes, out of the love he bears you, to get particulars. While you are endeavouring to explain, he cuts you short, by expressing his sorrow to learn that your brother Thomas made such an unexpected failure last week; and when, to gratify his curiosity, you are about to venture a guess as to what he is likely to allow his creditors per pound, he stops your mouth by regretting to hear of the delicate health of your sister Jane, who has been but recently married, and asks whether there is any truth in the report

that her husband is given to the bottle. You are about to reply, but his small, calm eye now espies another victim advancing up the road, and bidding you good day, he crosses over to him, and as you make your escape, you heave a sigh for him who is now caught by 'the button.'

If, when in company with the bore inquisitive, we are put to the torture from having our own private affairs to explain, we nearly suffer as much when the bore communicative happens to meet us, and detains us to hear a long detail of his own private affairs, telling us a goodly number of things connected with his family and relations, which we indeed knew before, but which we are ashamed to let him know we did, they are so shocking—so utterly unmentionable. Yet there are persons of this class—men who, without an effort and without a blush, tell you family incidents and scenes, which you hear with that suppressed agony that always accompanies communications and recitals to which you know not well how to reply. The man possibly has had a quarrel with his mother-in-law in the morning, and he tells you all, not only about it, but about her, which is necessary for setting his own conduct in as favourable, and hers in as shocking a light as possible. His own wife, whom, however, he professes still to love, is dragged in as not much to blame indeed, but as too simple in allowing such a horrid wretch as her own mother to influence her in the least. One family disclosure then follows another in rapid succession, till the bore communicative runs the complete circle of family news. His sister Mary, who, under a smiling face conceals a shocking temper and a bad heart, is attempting to impose herself upon a certain person who shall be nameless, but woe to the poor man if he is dupe enough to allow her to succeed; but she is just of a piece with his own mother, who, he is sure, has too cordial a hatred of him to permit his father to include him in the will which he understands is to be drawn up next week. You here give an expressive, and, as you would have it, wondering *indeed*; and that simple word operates with talismanic effect upon the personage we are now describing. He turns upon you an eye of triumph in having it in his power to enlighten your ignorance, when he proposes the question, whether you were not aware that his mother is one of the crossest and most vindictive of all human beings? When you have professed, sorely to the disquiet of your conscience, an almost total ignorance of a fact notorious as noon, he proceeds to inform you that her ebullitions of rage might be tolerated; but the thing most to be deplored about the woman was her total lack of truth, or indeed moral principle of any kind. You here exhibit more astonishment than ever, when he commences marvelling why anything he has told

you about his mother should excite your surprise, for, 'Consider,' says he, 'the family she is come off.' Immediately you do, with a kind of shudder, remember a cluster of Uncle Johns and Aunt Betsies, who, though certainly akin to the bore, are no better than they should be. This, however, he does not observe, for he immediately begins treating you to the reasons which influenced his father in making such an unhappy choice of a partner for life. And promising to let you know, the next time you chance to meet him, how he has done the whole wretched set of relatives who are plotting his ruin, he at length permits you to depart. Bores communicative are to be shunned as companions—shunned, aye, as you would avoid your worst enemy. They will ensnare you unless you are all the more guarded. Constantly talking of themselves and their persecutions and grievances, they will, on some unlucky occasion, very likely draw you in to sympathise with them, and will get you to speak unfavourably of individuals whom you esteem, and whom it is your interest to please. Never do this, ye who wish to be on good terms with the world. The bore, if you do, will inform the next person he meets, in reference to the abused individual, that you think exactly as he does. This may reach the ear of one of your best friends, and the most disagreeable of consequences may be the result.

Nothing can be more amusing than to witness an interview between the bore inquisitive and the bore communicative. You would imagine that the former, in meeting the latter, had just encountered his man. No such thing. The bore inquisitive delights to put his victims to the torture by extracting news from them which they are reluctant to communicate, but when an individual cheerfully volunteers information, he flies off at a tangent, and at once gives him 'good day.' The two therefore never, when they meet, do more than shake hands. They have a cordial contempt and even hatred of each other. This, as we have said, may seem singular, but such is the fact, though the philosophy of the thing we are unable to explain.

There is another bore in society, and he must not pass unnoticed. You do not often meet him. He does not, like the bores inquisitive and communicative, encounter you at the corner of every street, or in every quiet, secluded lane you may have selected for a meditative walk. You are not forced *nolens volens* to stand as in the other two cases, though on your way to a dinner-party, either to hear or to give information, should you actually chance to encounter him; on the contrary, you may, for a long while, pass him repeatedly, and all that occurs is a simple bow of mutual recognition. At last, however, on some unlucky occasion, you chance to stumble upon him just at his own threshold, and as if all his fondness and affection for you had, until that hour, lain unrevealed in the deepest recesses of his bosom, he comes up to you with a happy smile on his countenance, and extending his own, grasps the hand you give him in the excess of your wonderment with a hearty squeeze. Having set the man down in your thoughts for a stiff and formal blockhead, you feel considerably surprised at all this; but before you can arrange your ideas, he invites you in to see his wife, or mother, or sister, just as it may happen, and there you are at once in the parlour of a person with whom you never exchanged above ten sentences in your life before, shaking hands with every one you are introduced to, and finding yourself told to be quite at home.

Ah, poor fly! you little know the texture of the web into which the spider is fast getting you—a web from which there is no present extrication, and out of which you can only escape with life; yet, for a few minutes things go on in a manner not so far amiss. There is rather too much bustle and fuss to be sure, too many demands for presents, too much ado made about sundry refreshments, of which the house chances at present to be minus. At last you see all things put down, and you are offered your choice of a considerable variety of liquids and sweet cakes. You break a piece of shortbread, and help yourself to what, after drinking, you are pleased to call excellent sherry, but are told it was shrub you took, which makes you blush slightly; but, no matter, your wretchedness has yet to begin. Insisting that you spend the afternoon with him, and have an early tea, the bore exhibitive shows you his drawing-room, where, after pulling up the blinds, you are treated to a prospect rural and romantic, and are requested to tell whether you ever witnessed a better. The words magnificent and sublime have scarcely fled from your lips, when a voice from a small closet in the opposite side summons you away: your friend left you though you did not perceive it when you first began to admire the view inland; and now you step across to the closet, and are desired to witness a still finer sea view from the opposite side. You are just about to commit the folly of expressing your rapture a second time, when, fortunately for your poor conscience, the voice of kindness, from the centre of the drawing-room, calls you away for the purpose of making you attempt to guess whose likeness the portrait right before you might have been meant for. You have scarcely stammered out your surprise at the marked resemblance it bears to your tormentor himself, when he places before you on the table two boards, one a backgammon and the other a chess, and while you are admiring these, he opens his sister's piano, to which you instantly advance. While you are making it sound, you are asked if you love music, and before he has heard your answer, he takes from the mantelpiece a German flute belonging to himself, and after making it discourse a few melodious notes, thrusts it into your hand, and asks if you can guess the kind of wood out of which it has been constructed. He then has you into his own room, a stair further up, where he keeps his books, his antiques, his everything. He pushes a volume of history into your hands, but you have hardly got time to examine the title-page, when he is at you again with a volume of Childe Harold, asking, of course, whether you admire Byron; a volume of sermons, by an eminent modern divine, is next exhibited; and after you have set down the other two volumes, and are admiring this, you are desired to inspect a small volume of Buchanan's Psalms, the first, he believes, ever printed in Scotland. This information, of course, calls forth your extreme wonder; and you are then asked to look narrowly at a piece of gold coin he had just extracted from the drawer of his writing-desk, and attempt deciphering its date. While you are expressing your ignorance, another, and another, and yet another, are exhibited, and suitable information granted, which, however, you have no leisure to digest; for, next requesting to know your opinion of phrenology, the model of a murderer's head is placed before you, and as you are examining 23 or 24, he brings out of a recess two pieces of spar and a lump of granite, and after something has been said about primary and secondary formations, chemical instruments are dragged out. In short, you are thus nearly tired to death, when, sinking back into a chair, you complain of headache, which, however, you hope tea will remove. You next find yourself in the bore's garden, and here you are required to admire a bed of dahlias in full blow, which you would no doubt attempt doing were time allowed; but no such thing, for he calls upon you to see his onions, and next his carrots, and then his cherry-trees. You are now severely fatigued; but, delightful summons, the servant girl descends the gravel walk announcing tea. His sister

is rather pretty, and as a recompense for the fatigues of your previous campaign, you would fain be allowed leisure to admire her fine features while she is filling out the delightful beverage. Vain wish! the bore is again at you with the *Times* newspaper, showing you a paragraph, which he requests you to read aloud; during tea, the same thing is repeated; you have Blackwood or Tait put into your hands, or it may be Hogg's Weekly Instructor or the last number of *Punch*. The room is warm, the tea is hot, you perspire from head to foot, and never feel so happy as when, extricated from the Fowler's snare, at last you find yourself in the open air, alone, and no one to bore you.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

THE fate of men of talent and learning in old times was singular enough in many respects, but in nothing so remarkable as in regard of the strange repute which their accomplishments created for them in life, and entailed posthumously upon their memory. Whoever stood eminent above the vulgar in point of acquirements, was popularly set down either as a wizard or as a fool and jester. It was the fortune of Friar Bacon, for example, of Sir Michael Scott, and of Thomas the Rhymer, to be ranked in the former class, while George Buchanan, for two centuries after his death, actually went among the common people of Scotland under the denomination of the 'king's fool,' and was seriously believed by them to have held that honourable office. Few persons who can remember the flying sheets sold by the hawkers only a quarter of a century ago, will fail to recollect one collection of silly and obscene anecdotes to which the name of George Buchanan was appended. Several reasons may be assigned for the utter ignorance of the true character of this eminent individual—one of the first scholars of his own or any other age—which so long prevailed among the generality of his countrymen. The leading one, however, undoubtedly is, that he composed his works, with trifling exceptions, in the Latin tongue, impelled thereto by the fact of its being the common language of the learned over the whole civilised world, and also by the rude and unformed condition of the vernacular speech of his own land. It is somewhat unfortunate for the fame of Buchanan, that, just as the many have grown more capable of appreciating the productions of genius, the taste for the language of Rome should have fallen into comparative decay. But the name of such a man 'should not willingly be let die,' and we purpose here to call him to the remembrance of our readers, by sketching his history briefly, and presenting a few translated specimens of his poetry.

George Buchanan was born in the year 1506, in the parish of Killearn, situated in that portion of the ancient district of Lennox which lies in Stirlingshire. The small clan of Buchanan has long occupied that locality, their chief being Buchanan of Arnsprior, once so potent in his own little region, as to be termed the 'King of Kippen.'* The branch from which the subject of our notice sprung was that of Drumkinnill, of which house his father was second son, his mother being Agnes Heriot, of the family of Traboulay, in East Lothian. In the old farm-house of Middleowen, on the Blane water, of which some portions yet remain in a newer dwelling, George, the third of five sons, was born. The death of his father threw the family into an embarrassed state, but, by the generous care of a maternal uncle, the future scholar received the elements of a good education at Dumbarton, and was sent subsequently to complete his studies at Paris. Though but fourteen years of age, he

soon began to distinguish himself there by his talents for the composition of Latin verses. His uncle died, however, after two years had been spent at the Parisian university, and Buchanan was forced to return home by poverty and ill health. On his recovery, he attempted to find a new path to fortune by joining the Duke of Albany's French auxiliaries in the expedition against England in 1523. That campaign proving completely abortive, he resumed his favourite studies in the capacity of a pauper exhibitor at St Andrews, where he obtained the degree of bachelor of arts. John Mair, a doctor of the Sorbonne, was a leading professor at that time in the Scottish college, but he taught a sophistical logic by no means pleasing to his clear-headed pupil, who accordingly vented on him some juvenile epigrams, not of very great merit though sufficiently severe. For example, when Mair published a book, and prefixed to it a pun on his own Latinised name of 'Major,' calling himself in the title, with affected modesty, 'Major (greater) by cognomen only,' Buchanan gave forth the epigram which we here roughly translate. The Cretans, it may be observed, were the most noted liars of antiquity:

'When, reading Major (great by name alone),
You find in all his book no same page shown,
Muse not when the title's truth descry—
The very Cretans did not always lie.'

Returning to France, then the principal seat of polite learning, Buchanan took the degree of master of arts in the Parisian university in 1529, and continued struggling to maintain himself by private teaching till 1531, when he was nominated to a professorship in the college of St Barbe. This was a poor position, however, and he was glad to accept soon afterwards the office of tutor to Gilbert Kennedy Earl of Cassillis, with whom he returned to Scotland in 1537. The principles of the Reformation then formed the great topic of discussion and agitation in the European world, and Buchanan became one of their most zealous advocates. While John Knox swayed the minds of the common people by his antimonastic invectives in their own homely mother-tongue, Buchanan addressed himself to the more educated classes, and endeavoured to disabuse their minds in reference to the then new doctrines. We know not, indeed, if the part performed by him was not the most important in that age, when so much of the feudal subserviency of the many to the few still characterised the social condition of the countries of Europe. Be this as it may, it was at the request of James V., whose natural son had been placed under his tutorage, that the subject of our memoir produced successive satires on the Romish priesthood, the last of them being 'the Franciscan,' a piece unequalled for terrible yet truthful severity, as well as perfect Latinity, since the days of Juvenal and Persius. It so unmercifully exposed the general conduct of the monks, that the half-converted king himself could not save the author from the rage of Cardinal Beaton and the clerical brotherhood. He was imprisoned, but contrived to escape to England. Protected in London for a time by Sir John Rainsford, he at last found a better refuge at Bordeaux Paris being rendered unsafe by the appointment of Cardinal Beaton as ambassador there. At Bordeaux, his now known and proven learning obtained for him the chair of humanity in the new college of Guienne, and he lived there admired and respected for a number of years, though still an object of hostility to the Romish priesthood of Scotland.

Buchanan wrote at this period his two original Latin tragedies of the 'Baptist,' and 'Jephthah,' and composed versions besides, in the same tongue, of the 'Medea' and 'Alcestis' of Euripides. The exquisite scholarship evinced in these productions was not their sole or principal merit. By producing them he accomplished one phase of the Reformation, affecting deeply the instruction of youth in schools. His labours served to banish those *mysteries* which the pupils were wont to enact periodically, and to substitute for them his own sound and healthy dramas. 'Jephthah' is a piece full of tender sentiment and ardent passion, while the 'Baptist' contains a new and stern de-

* The comparative smallness of the clan Buchanan has caused the peculiar family features of the race to be preserved strikingly among all who yet bear the name in Scotland. It forms a marked instance of what is also plainly observable in the cases of some other lesser tribes or families. The long face, pointed chin, bold strong nose, and straight brow of the portraits of George Buchanan, are exactly the features recognisable in those of his name at this day. We here but give a hint to curious inquirers, on which they may speculate interestingly, we imagine.

nunciation of clerical bigotry and hypocrisy, as well as of regal tyranny.

In 1547 we find Buchanan at Paris, acting as regent in the college of Cardinal le Maire. Here he enjoyed the friendship of the eminent scholars Turnebus and Muretus, as he had before done of the two Scaligers. An invitation to accept the principalship of a new university at Coimbra, in Portugal, seemed to promise the Scottish scholar a higher and stabler position than he had ever yet enjoyed, and he removed thither accordingly. But the death of his main protector at the court of John III. exposed him anew to the assaults of the clergy, and, after being catechised, confined, and tormented by them for a year and a half, during which time he composed his beautiful version of the Psalms of David, he was glad to escape to England. From that country he recrossed the channel to France, where he was more secure, and most highly esteemed. For a number of years thereafter he was attached to the family of Marshal de Brissac, whose son's education he superintended, producing at the same time his long philosophical poem '*De Sphera*' (upon the universe). When the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots came to France to wed the Dauphin, the poet wrote their Epithalamium, and, on the return of the prematurely widowed princess to her own country, she seems to have invited him to accompany her as assistant in her classical studies. She subsequently gave to him the temporalities of Crossraguel Abbey for his maintenance, to which provision the Earl of Moray added the Principalship of St Leonard's College, St Andrews. Warmly countenanced by Moray, Morton, and the strong party of reformed nobles generally, Buchanan could now publish his collective satires on priesthood without much fear, though he lost the queen's favour thereby. He also became eminent as a member of the General Assembly, and sat in 1567 as moderator of that body. When Mary fell into dissensions with her subjects, and at last fled to England, Buchanan took the side of the Earl of Moray, and drew up a paper called a 'Detection' of the royal doings, for which he has been greatly censured by the defenders of the queen. At a later period, when James VI. became ripe for receiving his education, Buchanan was called to the high office of his principal teacher. That he succeeded in imbuing his pupil with an extensive knowledge of letters, is a fact known to all the world, and that he at least did his utmost to keep him free from the faults incidental to his high position, or to which he was constitutionally prone, is also universally admitted. For the special use of James, he wrote his tract '*De jure regni*', a piece inspired by the noblest spirit of constitutional freedom. But the king preferred the flattering counsels of the under-tutor, Young, to the sound lessons of his head-preceptor, whom indeed he latterly hated with bitter hatred.

The latter years of the life of Buchanan were expended in his History of Scotland, and here again he spoke what he certainly believed to be the truth respecting Queen Mary. James Melville tells us in his Diary that he and others, on seeing the sheets of the work at press, remonstrated with the now aged author on the danger of exciting the king's anger. 'Tell me, man,' said the historian, if I have spoken the truth?' 'Yes, sir, I think so,' was the reply of the party addressed. 'Then I will bide his end, and all his kin's,' retorted Buchanan. He was at his time very ill in health, and died about a twelvemonth afterwards, on the 28th September, 1582, at the age of eighty-six. Before that event, King James did attempt to make him retract portions of his history, but he resisted all solicitations of the kind; and he is traditionally said to have been at last so far fretted as to bid the royal agent inform the monarch that no threats could affect him, as he was going to a place where few kings could come.'

The History of Scotland by Buchanan is too well known to require especial notice here. It may suffice to say, that he certainly performed a great service in culling timeously from native records, now long lost, as fair a narrative as could be of our early and obscure annals, while his account of the times nearer his own must ever be the standard chronicle of the national story. The principal poetical

works of Buchanan have been named incidentally in passing. They comprise the Versions of the Psalms, and the two tragedies of Euripides, the original dramas of the Baptist and Jephthah, the satire of the Franciscan, the poem *De Sphera*, and several books of minor satires, elegies, epigrams, and miscellaneous pieces. The reader of course understands all these to be composed in the Latin tongue, of which, it may be said with confidence, no greater master has ever appeared since it became a dead language. Among the miscellaneous pieces, one short poem on May has long been a favourite with scholars, and has been rendered into English by Archdeacon Wrangham and others. The following is an attempt to render it literally in nearly the same measure as the original—a measure which Collins and Henry Kirke White used most effectively, though rhyme be not employed:

THE FIRST OF MAY.

'Hail! morning vowed to immortal joys,
First child of May! sacred to mirthful sports,
To wine, and jest, and song,
And to the choral dance!
Hail! thou delight and honour of the year,
Unfailing ever in thy sweet return;
Flower of the youth of time,
That soon again grows old!

When the mild temperance of Spring erewhile
Cheered new-born nature, and the primal age,
Spontaneously good,
Shone bright with yellow ore:
Such harmony as thine through all the months
Ran lastingly; warm breezes soothed the lands;
And then gave they forth fruits
Where seeds were never sown.

The like amenuitudo of clime as thine
Perpetual broods above the Happy Lakes,
Where none know painful age,
Nor querulous disease.

Such breathings whisper softly through the groves
That hold in peaceful shade the silent ones;
Such gales, on Lethe's banks,
Stir the sad cypresses.

Hail, when God with final fires shall cleanse
The universe, and to the earth restore
Her happy days, such air
Shall blessed spirits breathe.

Glory of ever-fleeting time, all hail!

Day worthy still of memorable note:

Hail, image of old life,

And type of that to come!'

We would fain give a specimen of those grave and severe poetical pieces, to which we have alluded as exerting no slight influence in furthering the cause of the Reformation; but that would be a difficult task, since a single brick can give but a lame idea of a great building. However, one short poem, on the subject of shrines and images, may give some notion of the tone and cast of Buchanan's polemical verse. An image is supposed to address a pilgrim come to worship before it in the subjoined strain:

'Say, pilgrim wandering over lands and waves,
What seekest here? What cause thy travel craves?
No shrim'd divinity by me is claimed;
Of wasted wood and stone my form is framed;
A thing that gives to worms and insects birth,
Vile before heaven, a mockery to earth.
Celestial power no mean abodes contain,
Nor piles of stone upreared by hands of men.
That spirit which sea, earth, and air hold not,
Can be imprisoned in no single spot.
To find out Christ, search thou the secret soul,
And deeply muse on each prophetic scroll;
View the great globe which is thine own abode—
That is the fane, the sanctuary of God!
But whoso joys to kiss mere wood alone,
And spreads rich colours on material stone,
Falls justly, since alive he worships dust,
And places on inanimate things his trust.
If paintings please thee, paint no carious tree,
But tinge thy mind with white simplicity.
Thus shalt thou find at home what all thy toil,
In roaming earth, but makes thee lose the while.'

There is a number of Buchanan's minor poetical pieces in which considerable grossness, it must be admitted, is discoverable. But while we must take into account that no single writer of his age, in any language, is entirely free from the same unfortunate characteristic, for the majority of the poems alluded to the same apology may be made, which Mr Gifford has so eloquently advanced in the case of Juvenal—'When I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome, that every thing which can alarm and

disgust is directed at her in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design.'

We must now close this notice of the most eminent of Scottish scholars, and shall do so with another specimen of his verses, choosing for the purpose an Epicedium or Monody on the great founder of the church system of Scotland, John Calvin, written immediately after his decease:

' If one there be who deems that human souls
Live not beyond the grave, or who so acts,
Believing otherwise, as to have hell
And its eternal pains before his eyes,
He rightly may lament in life his fate,
May dread the tomb, and wake the wail of friends.
By death grown envious of thy high designs,
Thou, Calvin, shouldest call forth no weak regrets,
No idle tears, no vain funeral shows.
Freed now from cares, and from the bonds of earth,
Thou holdest heaven, and closely dost enjoy
The God by thee in spirit worshipped long;
Pure light in purest light thou dost behold;
And, filled with the infused divinity,
Tastest eternal life without alloy—
Which sorrow never taints, nor hope exalts
To empty joy, nor any fears assail,
Nor pains which vex the flesh-imprisoned soul.
This day which rescued thee from bitter cares
I well may call thy natal day, in which
Thou to thy home returnest, borne aloft,
And after the despites of banishment,
With spirit fearful of no second death,
Raised above fortune, enterest lengthened life.
For as in all the sections of the frame,
When soul is there, motion and life exist,
And vigour permeates each agile limb;
And as that soul once gone, it moveless lies,
The putrid fabric of a mass of clay;
So of the spirit God the spirit is,
Whom wanting, it is plunged in deepest gloom,
And, easily deceived by empty seeming,
Claims but the shadowy forms of good and ill.
But when the influence divine is there,
The darkness flies, with all illusive shows;
And the eternal naked front of truth
Displays itself in day, which never eve
Can shroud at bidding of impertunate night.
Though thus in port received, 'mid heaven's applause,
And resting placidly in grateful calm,
Invidious death could yet not wholly reave
Calvin from earth. Eternal monuments
Of thy high genius shall remain, and when
The torch of envy languishes betimes,
On every shore where pure religion shines,
Thy fame shall spread and flourish evermore.'

If we were called on to assign to George Buchanan his place in the roll of Scottish men of genius, we know not that we would name before him any others than Burns and Scott.

NOTES ON LONDON AND THE LONDONERS, BY A FRENCHMAN.

In the year 1765, M. Grosley, a native of France, visited London, in which city he remained for several months, and has left his observations on the manners and customs of the metropolitan population in three small volumes. In looking over these, we find records of the past so nearly resembling the characteristics of the present day, that at first we are surprised at the small amount of change that has really taken place. At the date of the traveller's visit, the French nation were considered as the 'natural enemies' of England. If an unfortunate Parisian appeared in the streets of London, he was regarded as a fair object for the abuse of the lower orders. An advance of eighty years, however, thirty of which have been spent in profound peace with our continental neighbours, has done much to remove those symptoms of national antipathy; the most *ostre* Frenchman may now traverse the metropolis from day to day without exciting greater notice than he would in his own native city. 'The porters, sailors, chairmen, and the day-workmen scattered in the streets,' says the writer above referred to, 'are the most insolent rabble that could be found in any country unprovided with law or police. The French, upon whom their coarseness is principally discharged, would do wrong to complain, since the well-disposed portion of the population are not exempt from it. Ask the way to a street; if it be to the right, they point to the left, or send you

from hand to hand among their comrades.* These attentions are seasoned with the most brutal insults. To be assailed with such, it is not necessary to enter into conversation; you have only to pass within hearing. My French appearance, notwithstanding the simplicity of my dress, drew upon me, at the corner of every street, whole litanies of abuse, mingled with the epithet *French dog*. Any answer would be sure to produce a fight, a result to which my curiosity did not extend. The late Marshal Saxe had an affair with a scavenger, which he finished with a dexterity applauded by all the spectators: he permitted his man to approach, when, seizing him by the nap of the neck, he tossed him into the air in such a manner, that in his descent he fell into the middle of his cart, filled to the brim with liquid mud.

' The day after my arrival in London, my servant learned, by painful experience, what the rabble could attempt against the French or those of foreign appearance. He had followed the crowd to Tyburn, where three rogues, two of whom were father and son, were hanged. The business over, as he was returning by Oxford Street with the stragglers of the numerous mob who had witnessed the execution, he was set upon by two or three scoundrels, and speedily surrounded. Sir Jaquett (Jack Ketch), finisher of the law, himself took part in the mischief, and entering the circle, he slapped the poor fellow's shoulder, while the others began to pull him about by the skirts of his coat and his *queue*, when, by good fortune, three grenadiers of the French Guards, who had deserted and crossed the sea to London, and were drinking in a tavern near the spot, armed themselves with whatever weapons chance threw in their way, made a rush at the mob, rescued their countryman, and escorted him to my lodgings.'

As a set-off to this coarse and unmannerly rudeness, the polite and prepossessing manners of the respectable people and tradesmen are favourably noticed. ' However hurried any decent man may appear whom you meet, he stops at the first inquiry, answers you, and frequently turns out of his way to point out what you are inquiring for, or puts you under the guidance of some person who appears to be going in the direction you wish. A gentleman one day placed me under the care of a young and good-looking governess, who was going home with a pretty infant in her arms. My walk, which was tolerably long, was very agreeable, as I gave my arm to my guide, and we conversed as well as two persons could, neither of whom understands a word of what the other says. I frequently held similar conversations, in which, notwithstanding the efforts made to understand me, and mine to be understood, I could never succeed; then, shaking the hand of my interlocutor, I said, with a laugh, "Tower of Babel;" he laughed too, and we separated.'

' This manner of taking your friend by the hand and shaking it with a violence that threatens dislocation of the shoulder, is one of the great tokens of friendship which the English offer to one another when they meet, in perfect gravity, the countenance expressing nothing, while their whole soul passes into the agitated arm. This holds place of the embraces and bows of France. The English seem to have taken the regulations of their visages from those prescribed by the Emperor Alexander Severus to those who approached him.'

The following picture of London life is exceedingly graphic and truthful, and, with scarcely an iota of change, would answer as well now as it did eighty years ago: ' The life of merchants and bankers, in spite of the cares and details attendant on their commerce, to which no object of speculation is unknown, is the same as that of the gentlemen of the bar, physicians, and tradesmen. They rise rather late in the morning, and pass an hour in drinking tea with their families. Towards ten o'clock they go to the coffee-house, where they pass another hour; after which they return home, and receive visits of business. At two o'clock

* Most readers will recollect Roderick Random's experience of this practical fun.

hey go on 'Change; at its close they go again to the coffee-house; and from thence to their houses, at four o'clock, o dine. In summer, the rest of the day is passed in walking, sometimes out of town, if they have a country-house. At ten o'clock all return to their houses, and, after a light repast, retire to their beds. In every season, will London sets out for the country on Saturday, where they pass the Sunday, and return on Monday in time for Change or Parliament.

' Even the little tradesmen and artisans follow, at a distance, the same kind of life. In the month of May, the offices and shops are not opened till near eight o'clock. The inferior operatives, journeymen even, carry still farther what they call English independence: want of money is the only motive for their return to the workshop. Once here, they battle, so to speak, with their work—they live like madmen angry with their labour. They prefer rather to work with all their might, and to rest from time to time, than to pass their days in easy and gentle occupation. The workmanship gains by the workman's activity, as may be judged by the perfection of the mechanical skill of the English, whether in hardware and cutlery or needlework. Tailors, shoemakers, &c., in their shops are either busy or standing still; you never see them amuse themselves while working by singing or whistling.

' The perfection of workmanship and the love of liberty in the lower class of artisans, contribute equally to augment the value of all English manufactures. The government has sometimes tried, but in vain, to diminish this leanness, by the laying on of imposts, so as to leave as little money as possible in the hands of the operative; who, however, raises a mob, revolts, and refuses to work, and always, at the expense of commerce, obtains an increase of his daily wages, as soon as their amount is insufficient for his ordinary mode of life.

' The facilities which the general reputation for probity affords for the acquisition of riches, attract a crowd of rascals from every country, and of every religious sect, whether reformists or rigid moralists; and the experience have had of London tradesmen does not permit me to think of higgling with them. Nearly all the shopkeepers have but one price, and at this price you must either take or leave the article. They have borrowed this usage from the Quakers—as convenient for themselves as for the public. A child can make a purchase as well as the man best acquainted with the market prices. If the Dutch prefer placing their deposits in the Bank of England at three per cent. rather than in the government loans of France at five, it is less on account of the safety of the investment than the invariable certainty of the payment.

' The liberal manner in which English merchants and bankers manage their affairs, does not prevent their observing the most rigorous exactitude in their mode of doing business with others. A certain banker, to whom a letter of exchange was presented for acceptance, took up his pen, and had written the first letters of his name in the back, when he bethought himself of referring to his books; and finding that he owed nothing to the drawer, he scored out the commencement of his signature, and returned the letter without acceptance. The affair was agitated and discussed in my hearing on 'Change, and it was decided that the merchant (banker?) having written the first letters of his name, had really given his acceptance, and that he should pay the money.

' Every Englishman, whether merchant, artisan, or agriculturist, enriched by his own industry, or attached to the glebe inherited from his ancestors, fixes generally his ambition on dying rich; to have a handsome funeral; and to make a will, whose singular bequests may spread broad, through the public papers, the fame of his opulence: this is their way of enjoying themselves. During my stay, the famous legacy of £200,000 or £300,000 in favour of Mr Pitt, left by a country gentleman, was everywhere talked of.'

Some points in our nationality and national manners are well depicted in the following paragraphs. 'All that

confers honour in England, honours every one of her citizens. The individuals whose services, acquirements, or talents have rendered her illustrious, enjoy all the respect, veneration, and homage that were the sweetest hope of the great men of antiquity. The British Museum, the palaces of the nobles, the cabinets of the learned, the houses of the people, the taverns, are profusely ornamented with portraits, either painted or engraved; with busts, of every size and material, of Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Locke, Addison, Newton, even Cromwell himself. It was not without surprise that I saw a fine bust of the latter occupying a distinguished place in one of the chief apartments of the museum.

' The equestrian statue of Charles I. stands in the open space at Charing Cross, looking towards Whitehall, on the precise spot where the monarch was decapitated. I speak of it only for the purpose of recalling that this statue, exposed for sale during the heat of the revolution, was sold at a very low price to a cutler, who announced that he should melt it down for handles of knives. He, in fact, exhibited knives with bronze handles, by the sale of which he greatly profited, as each partisan of the contending factions wished to possess, with his knife, some portion of the metal. The cutler had, however, buried the statue, and on the restoration of Charles II., he gave it to that prince, who caused it to be fixed on a new pedestal, in the place it had previously occupied.

' There is a monument in the centre of London regarded with much superstition, and deeply interesting to every order of the community. This is the three poles, at the top of which were fixed the heads of three lords, who, in 1745, having espoused the cause of the young Pretender, were taken, with arms in their hands, and executed. These poles, from fifteen to twenty feet in height, are placed at equal distances on the top of Temple Bar, a gate in the style of the ancient Porte de la Conference at Paris, which separates Old London from the Strand. It appeared to me that the natives were generally persuaded that the fall of each of these three heads would be the sign, and perhaps the signal, of some revolution in the state. This popular prejudice was strengthened by the fall of the central head at the death of the late king.'

The following pleasantries on the absurdity of certain domestic manners is as clever as it is now amusing: 'In large parties where both sexes assemble, gaming is the only bond of union among them. If conversation be the only object, you see the ladies generally intrenched around the door, abandoning the talk and the upper end of the apartment to the gentlemen. At one of these assemblies, a lady inquired if there were many objects of interest remaining in London that I wished to examine. I replied that there was one, very important, on which she and her friends could throw all the light that I desired; it was to know which of the two, the man or the woman, was master in English domestic life. My question being explained to all the ladies, they discussed it with much amusement, and said that its resolution rested with the gentlemen. I went to propose the question to the husbands, who unanimously declared that they did not dare to pronounce their opinion.'

' The idea which English ladies entertain of their beauty tends to weaken their attention to dress and their taste for ornament. A lady, while at home, is almost always in a *dishabille* adapted to her domestic arrangements. If in the morning she shows herself in St James's Park, she wears a little gown, a large white apron, and a hat; and is accompanied by her waiting woman, dressed exactly in the same manner.'

Turning to our funeral rites, which still withstand in a great measure the inroads of innovation, the Frenchman indulges in remarks which, in certain quarters, will not be quite so palatable as the preceding extracts: ' Interments are the principal source of profit to the curacies. The charges are much increased by the magnificence of these ceremonies, which, in every class, forms the chief object of their extravagance. The dead are buried in frilled shirts with ruffled sleeves, and rest on pillows in the coffin.'

In virtue of a law which had in view the interests of the woollen manufacturers, these vestments and pillows, as well as everything appertaining to funeral solemnities, must be of woollen cloth. The bodies are carried without any train, in an uncouth vehicle hung with black, to the parish, of which they receive the last honours in proportion to the expenses which the heirs are willing to incur on the occasion.

Burial in churches is at so high a price that the rich only can aspire to it. In churchyards even it is very dear: the mere opening of the earth costs a guinea. The precautions necessary to protect the corpse from the designs of the anatomists, add still more to the expense, as the graves are dug of an enormous depth. I saw a bill of charges for the burial of a child three years of age, from the middle class, which amounted to two guineas. Christenings are paid in the same proportion, and marriages are not less costly.'

After discoursing of religious sects, the writer comments on the scientific associations of the day, which, he says, 'form the glory of England in the eyes of her own people and of foreigners. The Royal Society is the first of these institutions in age and dignity; it dates from the year 1660, the year of the restoration of Charles II., who made it his earliest care. This society, which was established three years before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, does everything for honour, and nothing for the fortune of its members, who provide for all the expenses. The rarest objects in the museum are, for the most part, presents, which are forwarded from all parts of England. The best use which an Englishman imagines can be made of a rare or curious specimen, which he has acquired by accident or purchase, is to give it to the nation and the public, by placing it among this collection.'

'Every person, of whatever condition, whether English or foreigner, who has made any observation which he considers interesting, or worthy the attention of the society, is admitted to propound it, either by speech or writing. I once saw a carpenter, in his working dress, announce to the society, in meeting, the discovery of a means which he had conceived for explaining the cause of the flux and reflux of the sea. He spoke a long time, not knowing what he said or what he meant; he was, however, listened to with the greatest attention, thanked for his confidence in the wisdom of the society, and requested to put his ideas into writing; after which he was conducted to the door of the apartment by one of the principal fellows.'

'Such are some of the advantages and inconveniences—good and evil—resulting from the existing state of the English character, which lead me to entertain strong doubts whether the French, who manifest the greatest infatuation for England, would consent to exchange with her manners or mode of life. If any one would wish this, it would be the king, who does not find his people so submissive or docile as they were under the Edwards and Henrys. But under those princes the vine was cultivated in England; all her ports were open to the wine of France. If the use of wine were re-established in this country, either by France or America, the English would become more tolerable and less speculative, more cheerful and less argumentative, fonder of life and less spleenetic, less occupied with state affairs and more dutiful subjects, less dogmatic and more religious.'

'I have shown that the political interests of the king of England and the economical interests of France concur to bring back wine to Great Britain. It would be, in fact, curious to inquire, which I am not in a position to do, how far the heat of discontent and of revolution has had a gradual progression, in proportion to the increase of the duties on wine.'

With these remarks, which are eminently French, we take leave of our traveller, whose volumes have afforded us glimpses of a past state of things; of manners to which we can now look back with pity or a smile, as we regard their tendencies. Yet although we have outlived the days when the heads of traitors were exposed on city gates, we have retained many of their errors and absurdities,

with no small portion of their short-sightedness. To much of coarse and brutal manners is still to be found in our streets, too much of severity in the administration of justice, too much of chicanery in business, too much coldness in the social relations, with too much reverence for the mere externals of wealth and station.

THE BONNINGTON LINN.

'Are you ready, Thomas?' cried Andrew Middlemas the farmer, as he came to his neighbour's door one sultry morning in August.

'Come in, Holmside,' replied Mrs Paterson; 'I'm just tyng on his o'erlay.'

'Oh, sirs,' rejoined Andrew, as he entered, speaking hal in to himself, but loud enough to be heard by the partie for whom it was meant; 'some folk never get the gumstick out o' their mouths, or the free use o' their ain hands.'

'Gumstick here, gumstick there,' retorted Mrs Paterson, with affected displeasure; 'some folk would need the broomstick when the gumstick's laid by, and the free use o' ither folks hands to haud them in order.'

'I weel believe ye're speaking the mind o' your tribe,' said Andrew, in return, with a dry smirk on his face; 'bu' it's matter o' thanksgiving that we live in a land where the law is respeckit. But though it can keep your hands down, a' the laws in the statute-book 'ill no tie your tongues up.'

'We hold our privilege frae a higher court, Holmside,' said Mrs Paterson, with some dignity; 'and it would be a pity if the laws o' man could set aside the laws o' heaven! But if it were to happen, Holmside, your tongue, I'm thinking, would die o' the dry-rot as weel's the rest.'

'Ye're aye at it, and weel met,' interposed Thomas Paterson, the husband, a quiet, peace-loving, good man.

'Awel, that might be, Margaret,' answered Holmside without taking notice of his friend's remark; 'for I'll ne deny that I gie my tongue fair play; but I'm sair missta'e if the first half hour o' the silence didna clean the kintry side o' the worst part o' the evil, and my tongue, after that could try another exersice that would just suit the purpose as well as speaking.' Holmside sat down with an air of triumph as he spoke, and rolled and chuckled by way of illustration to his meaning.

'It's the privilege o' fools to laugh at their ain folly,' continued Mrs Paterson, as she gave the last finish to the arrangements of her husband's dress, for she loved to make him 'known in the gate'; 'but I'm thinking it's no every cook that craws crouseos on its ain middenhead.'

This shaft went home. Holmside was in many respects an excellent and even superior man, but like other men he had his drawbacks and imperfections. He was somewhat money-getting, and had a considerable share of vanity; but was withal a good neighbour, a sincere christian, and kind to the poor. He was exceedingly well-informed for his station in life, and plumed himself particularly on his powers of banter and repartee, and had often a trial of skill in this way with Mrs Paterson; but she usually managed, when hard pressed, to silence, if she could not conquer him, by alluding, rather ungraciously it must be owned, to Mrs Middlemas, who it was well known carried matters with a high hand. Mrs Middlemas, however, was in other respects a prudent, managing, attached wife, and affectionate mother, and made every reasonable sacrifice for her husband's comfort, but the reins she would not let go. They had been the fruits of a seven years' war, intermittently carried on, and she prized them accordingly. The victory had been thrown into Mrs Paterson's hands by her last remark, and Holmside retreated as quickly as possible to other ground.

'Joking aside,' observed the discomfited farmer, with a red cheek and an assumed smile; 'what think ye o' the morning, Mrs Paterson? I woudna wonder though we should have a thunder storm about the afternoon, for it's awfu' hot and sultry, and there's thousands o' steeple-clouds already in the lift, and a chirting and working amang them that I dinna like.'

'Hout, Holmside, ye're aye boding ill,' replied Mrs Paterson, in perfect good-humour, and half vexed for the hrust she had given him; but what will a woman not do rather than be beaten with her own weapons; 'wasn't it like thunder yesterday as the day? and there was Monday eight days, and this day three weeks, ye mind.'

'Weel, weel, woman,' interrupted Holmside, 'the proof's the pudding's the preeing o't; but I've ta'en my plaid wi' me at any rate.'

'I'll take mine too, Marget,' said Thomas, who had gone to the door to look at the sky. 'It's no heavy, and if we linna need it, there's nae harm done. It's best to be prepared baith for time and eternity; and oh, that we may a' get a glint o' eternity through the glass o' death before leath comes! For he'll no haud it lang up at the last, and t's but an unsteady hold at the best.'

'Rin ben, Jenny,' said Mrs Paterson to her third daughter, a fine young girl about nine, who was washing some lishes in a corner of the apartment. 'Rin ben and fetch our faither's Sunday plaid and the copper-headed stick.'

'Ye're wrang for once, woman, clever as you think yoursel' interrupted Holmside, with an air of confidence. 'It's no muckle I ken, but I ken this for certain—I haes in black and white yonder—that the less metal ane has about hem the better when there's lightning gaun.'

'I'll no dispute your word, Holmside,' said Mrs Paterson, glad of an opportunity to say something conciliatory; 'ye ken mair than a hantle, and it's no often ye're trippit. Bring the auld thorn ane then, Jenny, it's weel worn in the head and kindly for the hand. And what hink ye, Holmside; d'y'e think it'll be a good fair at Stonehouse the day? They're alleging the winterers'll gang aff dear, for the crap o' turnips is going to be extraordinary, and the straw's to be rife.'

'It's my opinion,' replied Holmside, gratified by the deference paid to his skill—'it's my humble opinion they'll be off and on wi' what they were last year; but if not, I'll ust be doing wi' what I hae, for the trade, they say, is getting dull, and the manufacturers in Glasgow are predicting a gloomy winter. I aye like, Mrs Paterson, to look low the shuttle's going before I fill my barnyard.'

'That's ayont my fit, Holmside, but you men folk see ar. Now, sirs, ye maun take the road, for the morning's getting on, and it's a lang gate. Are ye a' ready?'

'I think we are,' replied Thomas. 'Is my spleuchan here, Jenny?'

'Isn't it in your hand, gudeman?' said Mrs Paterson. I whiles tell him, Holmside, that he takes o'er light a grip o' this world.'

'I've tell'd him that too, but ye may as weel speak to the stable door.'

'Ye're aye joking, neighbours,' said Thomas, quietly; but I wish it were gien us to reach mair than we do to he things that are before—living in the world as not of it—diligent in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

'Now, Thomas, my dear,' intreated Mrs Paterson, 'ye will make yourselves o'er langsome.'

'Ca' in the bairns, then, Marget,' said the affectionate husband, 'and let us join in a word o' prayer before we part.'

The good man committed them all to God's care throughout the day, whether in the house or by the wayside, and the two farmers set out on their journey. In a few minutes they were at the river side, and crossed the Clyde at a place called Crookbeat Ferry, about a mile from where Hindford Bridge now stands.

The fair, when they arrived, presented a scene of bustling activity and cheerfulness. The friends, after settling their business in the cattle market, went away down, as usual, to see what was going on in the village. All was gaiety and stir. What a picture to the student of his species is a country fair! Some of the most striking elements of our nature are at work there, in a state of repulsion or attraction. It is the great world on a small scale, and the machinery that creates or overturns empires is moving in juxtaposition within the breasts of the assembled

peasantry. Pride kindles here and envy there, joy abhorts yonder and grief sighs beside it; ambition rises in this place and revenge in that; love and hope are in these hearts, and spleen and jealousy in those, and in all is a love of human praise, which, when in excess and ill-directed, either nationally or individually, sometimes sets the world on fire, and makes the cauldron of our evil passions to boil and overflow. But only the practised eye can see beneath the veil, for peasants as well as princes go masked; and if they have not sufficient art to hide themselves from the man of the world, they have enough at least to conceal themselves from each other, and that is all that is required. No assemblage of men, however, in hall or levée, can boast of so large an amount of hearty happiness as is usually enjoyed at a village market. The lads and lasses were crowding about the sweetie-stands, and breaking their jests on the itinerant proprietors, as they asked for gib or gingerbread, bulls-eyes or raisins, or whatever else their sweethearts fixed on. The good-humoured but mercenary venders laughed heartily at the jokes directed against themselves, and professed to be quite put down by them, and slipped in a sly compliment on the red cheeks or gentle waists of their fair attendants.

The clamour in the change-houses was gradually becoming louder, and the windows were flying up here and there, and merry red faces, excited with ale and whisky, were seen at them, and occasionally looking out and crying lustily in a half cavalier manner on a passing companion to come up and taste with them. Old disputes were settling, and new ones fast forming, and some of the rawer country lads were already picking quarrels with men twice their size, indulging in rude gibes, and offering to fight the first comer for half-a-mutchkin. A recruiting party was parading the town and taking advantage of the excitement, and many an inexperienced youth that day fell a victim to the extravagant hopes which were held out to him by the fluent and gaudy eloquence of the corporal who conducted the affair in his majesty's name. He spoke of bounty-money, and patriotism, and glory, and spoils, and rewards, and ribbons, and captaincies, and pensions, and the plaudits of posterity. The sparkling tinsel of his oratory was too much for the heated blood and excited spirits of many of his hearers. So they took the king's coin with a swaggering air, and bade adieu to the harrows and the plough with expressions of triumphant contempt.

The half-red clouds, by this time, had drawn closer to each other, and mingled themselves in many places, and the heat was every moment becoming more oppressive, and the silence above more imposing and ominous. A broad sheet of lightning leapt out at last, and a loud sharp rattle followed, and the tumult below ceased. Hundreds of eyes looked up, and faces became pale, and disputes stopped, and even the chronic drunkard grew quiet, and left his oath unfinished, and there was a rushing into the change-houses, and a general movement among the crowd in the act of dispersion to places of safety. The taverns were soon thronged, and poor people were visited that day, who had not been so honoured by their wealthier relatives for a long time. Peal succeeded peal, and the clouds, as if riven in pieces, let down their contents in rivers rather than in rain. In less than half an hour the fair was cleared of booths and shoe-stands, confection-stalls and all, and only a solitary idiot, who was in the habit of frequenting that market, perambulated the drenched and deserted street, and even he was awed into silence, and looked more blank and dismayed than usual. The thunder at length became less frequent, and the intervals betwixt the flash and the peal more prolonged, and the gush of the accumulated waters had formed, and were flowing on each side of the street, became louder than the descending rain, and at last the drops became smaller and wider, and Sweetie Jean was again beginning to take out and uncover her baskets of damaged sweetmeats, and crying, loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance, that 'the storm was a' by now, and it was going to be a fine afternoon.' One after another dropped out, and stall after stall was covered with its temptations, and groups began to form, and con-

versation to circulate, till it thickened into a confused hum; but there was not the same heartiness and high-toned gaiety as before—everything was more subdued and serious.

The two farmers were again upon their road home. The sun was going down the slope of heaven streaming and refreshed, and the earth was sending up incense in every direction, and the birds were chirping among the trees, and the cattle were browsing in the fields, and every creature was expressing its joy after its own manner.

'He held back the face of his throne the day,' said Thomas to his companion, on quitting the village, 'and spread his cloud upon it; but a hundred storms cannot leave a spot on it, nor fifty winds blow out a horn o' its light. Andrew, it's the same with the Sun of Righteousness—the clouds of sin and the storms of human passion cannot darken or quench it.'

'No,' replied Holmside, thoughtfully. 'He hides his face, too, from his own when they forget themselves, but when they return, He comes back again, like that sun, and lifts up upon them the light of his reconciled countenance; but it's dangerous work trying it. Saul tried it, and an evil spirit took possession of him; David tried it, and a drawn sword hung aboon his head ever after; and many go softly all their days after a great fall. May the Lord keep us in the right gate. It's awfu', man, when He thunders with his voice. The wanest and weirdlessest feel it. Did ye notice that Jamie o' Kilcagie, poor witless chiel, was lown while it lasted?'

'Poor man! I never see him but I mind o' what he said to a wehen farmers one day. He put in his head amang them, and asked, 'D'ye ever thank God, men, for the use o' your reason?' It was a rebuke to us a', Holmside.'

'It was! God can make broken things speak for him, and ordain praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Man, it's a mysterious thing in Providence that daffness. But what need we say! Every thing's a mystery when we dive into it; but it's a' in a good hand and a wise, who knows the end from the beginning. We see through a glass but darkly, Thomas.'

'Yes, Holmside,' said Thomas, after thinking a while; 'His tender mercies are over all his works. Would we could be grateful, but we're no' grateful. He who feeds the ravens 'll no' forget Jamie; and his soul, poor man, that's rowin' and doukin' in the socket, 'll yet burn gloriously, I hope, before the altar aboon.'

There was a pause in the conversation for some time, when Holmside began again by remarking—"As we were saying, Thomas, did ye notice yon twa Glasgow fleshers, how they gied up the swearing when the thunder commenced. It was a dreadful bolt, man, yon first ane—the hale town dirled, and I thought the sky had gi'en way.'

'What must the last thunder be, Andrew, when the heavens will pass away with a great noise, and the firmament be rolled up as a scroll?'

'Heard ye yon?' interrupted Holmside. 'It's thundering away yet in the Douglas direction. The water will be down frae bank to brae before we get to the ferry. But we're a' in a good hand.'

'We can take the brig if it's flooded,' observed Thomas; 'but let us lengthen our steps, for we'll need to give Saunders Burnside a call in passing, and nae doubt they'll be a' anxious about us at home.'

The deluge which the sky had cast out had found a home in the streams. The higher grounds were still pouring down their torrents, and the little burns which they passed occasionally offered considerable resistance to their progress. The two friends lightened the way by profitable discourse on the ways and wonders of God in nature, providence, and grace. They were both well versed in their Bibles; and few men had so much of the Scriptures by heart or could use them so readily and appropriately, as Thomas Paterson. Holmside could enter more deeply into controversial points, but he had not the same felicity or facility in quoting, or the same impressive manner of repeating the inspired writings as his neighbour. No man's prayers were more valued or welcome at the bedside of the sick and dying than Thomas's, for they

were full both of heart and gospel, and carried the balm of Gilead with them wherever they went.

They reached a stripe of planting where their friend Saunders resided—a good old man whom they had long known, and whom they had not found at home in the morning. They entered his cottage, which stood at the edge of the wood, intending to remain only a few minutes but what was their surprise, when they saw a number of women sitting demurely around the fireside, and the wings of the close bed in which the old man slept thrown open, and a white sheet there, with a trencher and salt standing upon it.

'The destroyer has been here,' said Thomas, as he went reverently up to the bedside. 'When was the debt paid?'

'He gaed out to the wood in his usual way after breakfast,' said an oldish talkative woman, who made her livelihood by dressing the dead and attending sick people, 'and was brought hame a corp about twae o'clock.'

'How did it happen?' asked Holmside. 'Was't a tree?'

'He gaed out to the wood in his ordinary way in the morning,' said the woman, with an air of mystery and importance, 'and Mysie and Jamie there—haud your tongue, Jamie, like a man, till I tell the men a' about it, it's the Lord's will, ye ken—so Mysie and Jamie there, as I was saying, gude away wi' his dinner about ane, but just as their grandfather had spread out the bread and cheese on his knee, and had aff his bonnet asking a blessing, the first clap o' the thunder cam' and he was wi' the dead.'

'O Lord,' ejaculated Thomas with uplifted hands, 'thy way is in the deep! As the bird in the snare and the fish in the net, so man is caught, and he knoweth not his time.'

'It's a true word ye say, honest man,' began the woman again, with evident satisfaction at the effect her narrative was producing. 'So, as I was saying, and as Mysie there tell'd me, puir thing—dinna greet sae muckle, my bonnie leddy; ye ken it's the Lord's will, and your grandfather was an auld man be's the like o' me. I'll warrant he was the feck o' a score aboon me, and couldna' ha'e stoodn't muckle langer by the course o' nature, for it's the gate we maun a gang—'

'And what was you going to say, friend?' interrupted Holmside, with some impatience and displeasure.

'As I was saying, Mysie there tell'd me, for she cam' rinning o'er to John Stobbie's first, where I happened to be at the time, by chance like, that she spak' to him after the thunder stoppit, for she was frightet, but he didna speak back, and his dinner had fa'en frae aff his knee, and his shoulders were sliding away frae the tree where he was sitting, and they tried to waken him, for they thought he had fa'en asleep—wasn't that the way, Mysie, hinny?'

'Yes,' answered the poor girl, scarcely able to sob out a reply.

'That's enough,' said Holmside, cutting short the painful garrulity of the old woman. 'Thomas, will ye put up a petition for these bairns and a' concerned?'

Thomas made an effort to suppress his feelings, and drawing his hand across his eyes, he began to pray with such fervour and pathos, that every heart was touched and searched, and every eye wet before he concluded. He had just ended when the parents of the grandchildren arrived. They had been at some distance from home. Some arrangements were entered into, and among others, the day of the funeral was fixed on, for both of the farmers expressed a strong desire to attend it—'if they were spared'—and Thomas laid a peculiar emphasis on the last word, and turned his eye in the direction where the corpse lay.

The farmers again started, but long before they came to the ferry, the sun had set, and the full moon had risen. The noise of the swollen river was heard at a considerable distance ere they reached it. When they did arrive, their wives and families were waiting anxiously on the opposite bank. A shout of joy arose when the farmers made their appearance.

'Gang round by the brig,' cried Mrs Paterson; 'there's trees gaun down, and they'll coup the boat.'

'What think ye, Holmside?' said Thomas; 'I daresay it'll be best to gang round—what d'ye think?'

iar predilections of the 'grand monarque' and his mis-
resses.

The first *Moniteur*, of which there has been several in
rance, borrowed its name from that of an English cotem-
orary journal. One of the offspring of this paper is the
Moniteur Universel, which for half a century has been the
ficial organ of the government. It was originally started a
1789 by an enterprising bookseller of the name of Pan-
houcke. While on a visit to England he had been struck
y the great size of the London journals as compared with
ose of his own country, and resolved to introduce a
arger form into France : the idea was eminently and de-
verely successful. During the stormy time of the Re-
olution the *Moniteur* was in the practice of giving exact
eports of the addresses delivered in the national assem-
lies ; and this feature, added to its valuable dissertations
n the science of government, and its tables indicatory of
he national progress, render this paper of great value as
work of reference. Men of high name in politics and
iterature have occasionally co-operated in conducting this
urnal. An able and courageous writer was at its head
uring the crisis of the Polignac ministry in 1830. When
he minister handed him the famous ordonnances against
he press for publication, the editor boldly remonstrated
ith him on the folly of his conduct ; but Polignac persist-
d, and every one knows the result.

The *Journal des Débats* was also one of the creatures of
he revolutionary epoch. It contrived to steer its way dur-
ng the arbitrary reign of Napoleon with admirable tact,
nd speedily reached an unheard-of prosperity. The
Journal des Débats soon had 82,000 subscribers—a num-
ber never equalled, we believe, even by the *Times* for any
engthened period, though surpassed on particular occasions. One of the writers who mainly contributed to this
result was a person of the name of Julien Geoffroy, who
upplied the light literary matter for this journal. He
was almost worshipped by the French people. 'Jules Janin
elates that a friend of his saw in Provence a travelling
showman, with magic lantern in hand, who exhibited for
wo sous the heads of the most remarkable men in France.
The first of these was Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of
he French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation
of the Rhine, &c. ; the second was Geoffroy !' This eminent man died in 1814, at a good old age ; and the pro-
prietors of the paper handsomely recompensed his exer-
cises by securing to his widow a yearly pension of some
£200. An additional example of the value attached to
superior newspaper composition occurred in the person of
another writer connected with the *Débats*. This individual,
Loëve Weymar, was lucky enough to secure the approba-
tion of the minister of the day, and was dispatched on some
kind of literary mission to Russia. At St Petersburg, he
married a young Russian lady with a handsome dowry, and
now figures as consul-general of France in some part of the
eastern hemisphere. 'The political articles in the *Débats*
re superior in style and reasoning to anything in the
English periodical press. They are not merely distinguished
by first-rate literary ability, but by the tone of well-bred
and polished society. For these articles large sums are
paid in money ; but they bear a value to the writers far
above any pecuniary recompense. An eminent writer in the
Débats is sure of promotion, either to a professorship,
to the situation of maître de requêtes, or conseiller d'état,
or peradventure to the post of minister at some second or
third rate court—a position attained by M. Bourguenay,
a fourth or fifth rate writer in that paper at the period of
the July revolution. It was the well-founded boast of the
Times, little more than a twelvemonth ago, that it had
made the son of one of its proprietors, and its standing
counsel, Mr (now Baron) Platt, a judge ; but the *Journal des Débats* may boast that it can give power as well as
take it away. It has made and unmade ministers, ambas-
sadors, prefects, councillors of state, and masters of re-

quests, as well as poets, historians, orators, musicians,
dancers, &c., &c.'

The *Constitutionnel* is another of the most flourishing and
influential of the French newspapers. M. Mignet, the his-
torian of the revolution, contributed to this journal, and
M. Thiers, since so famous both as historian and politician,
here made his maiden essay in political writing. For six
years he continued to write in the *Constitutionnel*, after
which he transferred his services to the *National*. This
journal was projected by one of the ablest writers that
France ever produced, the late Armand Carrel, and was
started in conjunction with Thiers and Mignet. It was
agreed that each should take in turn the place of chief
editor for a year. 'Thiers, as the eldest of the three, was
first installed, and conducted the paper with energy and
spirit till the revolution of 1830 broke out. From the first
the *National* set out with the idea that the reigning dy-
nasty was incorrigible, and that it was necessary to change
it. The leading principle of the journal was Orleansism ;
yet at this period Thiers had never seen the Duke of
Orleans, now Louis Philippe. It was at the office of the
National that the famous protest was drawn up and signed,
which proclaimed the right, and exhibited the example, of
resistance, on the 26th of July, 1830, the authors of which
were Thiers and Remusat—both afterwards ministers—and
Cauchois Lemaine, a journalist and man of letters. To
issue such a document was to put one's head in peril ; yet
it was signed, and speedily too, by the soldiers of the pen.
On the following day the office of the paper was surrounded
by the police, aided by an armed force, and there the
presses of the journal were broken, Thiers and Carrel pro-
testing against this illegal violence. It was Carrel's turn,
after the revolution had been accomplished, to take
the conduct of the paper, for Thiers and Mignet had both
received employments in the new government. Ably
for some time did he fulfil his task, till public opinion
pointed him out as the fittest person to be sent on a pa-
cific mission to the insurgent west. On his return from
this mission, he was named Prefect du Cantal, and also
offered promotion in the army ; but he rejected both offers,
and resumed the editorship of the *National*. The mas-
culine breadth of Carrel's style ; his bold, brave, and defiant
tone, procured him many enemies ; and there were not
wanting those who speculated to rise in life by coming
into personal encounter with a man so formidable. Carrel
was intrepid as a lion, chivalrous, and somewhat touchy on
the point of honour ; prompt to take offence, yet forgetful of
injuries. He became engaged in a miserable quarrel, or
squabble, which was not his, and this remarkable man, and
most eminent writer—to the irresistible ascendancy of
whose character all who came in contact with him bowed
down—was shot, in 1836, by the hand of M. Emile Girar-
din, the editor of *La Presse*.

'The *Siecle* is a paper which, though established within
the last eleven years, has a greater circulation than any
journal in Paris. This is owing partly to its having been
the first to start at the price of forty francs a-year, at a
period when every other journal was published at a cost of
from seventy or eighty francs ; partly to its being pub-
lished under the auspices of the deputies of the constitu-
tional opposition, and partly to its being what the *Consti-
tutionnel* was from 1820 to 1825—the journal of the shop-
keepers and small tradesmen. Ten years ago there were
only two journals which paid, as a literary and commercial
speculation : these were the *Gazette des Tribunaux* and the
Constitutionnel ; but now the *Siecle* and the *Presse* are
the most successful as such. To show the vicissitudes of
newspaper property in France, it may be here stated that
in 1830 the *Presse* was sold for 1200 francs ; but in 1841,
two years afterwards, it was worth a million to its new
proprietors.'

Regarding the other numberless members of the French
newspaper fraternity, we have nothing of interest to lay
before our readers ; but any account of the French press
would be altogether incomplete without some notice of that
portion of each newspaper called the *feuilleton*. Those
of our readers who have seen a French newspaper will

* We quote here and elsewhere from a carefully compiled as well
as amusing article in the *British Quarterly* for May—a publication
which bids fair to take its place with its elder brethren of the
reviews.

have observed that the lower portion of each page is separated from the upper portion by a broad line. This lower part, till within the last few years, was reserved exclusively for criticism on the drama, fine arts, &c. These short columns often contained the productions of eminent men, and were always read by persons of taste. Of late, however, a new fashion has sprung up in the French press of allowing this part of the paper to be the vehicle of tales and light literature of any description, and the name it has now received is that of the *Roman feuilleton*. It was under this head that Eugene Sue's 'Mysteries of Paris,' and others of his novels, first came before the public. So great has been the rage for romances in this form, that at present the principal literary men of the French capital are hired by the newspaper proprietors to supply per diem a regular quantity of matter for the *feuilleton*. The *Press* is understood to pay about 300 francs (£13 : 10s.) each day for such matter, to some of the most popular novel-spinners; and the taste of the Parisian public being unfortunately not of the highest order, it may readily be supposed that most diabolical stuff is occasionally presented before them in these columns. The writer in the *British Quarterly* makes this strong statement on the subject:—'Romances are now ordered by the wholesale houses in the journal line, by the square yard or the square foot—with so many pounds of abuse of priesthood; so many grains of double adultery; so many ounces of poisoning; so many scruples of seduction; and so many pennyweights of common sense to knead together the horrid and disjointed masses of parricide, fratricide, seduction, suicide, fraud, gambling, robbery, and extravagances of all sorts, of which the odious whole is compounded.' It is sad to think that this species of literary monstrosity should be eagerly devoured by any class of persons, and still more sad that men can be found (and men of talent, too) who are willing to pander to so depraved an appetite.

The rage for political intelligence and romance reading which exists in France causes the newspaper to be more widely diffused than it is in this country. But when we compare the actual number of newspapers in each country with their respective populations, we find little difference between Great Britain and France. Our population amounts at present to about twenty-eight millions, and, as stated in our former article, the number of existing newspapers is 550. In France, the population numbers thirty-five millions, and the amount of newspapers (according to the writer previously quoted) is 632. So that the proportion of newspapers to the population is somewhat higher in England than it is in France—a fact for which we were scarcely prepared, considering the inviting appliances brought to bear on the French broadsheet.

Such are a few scattered snatches regarding the origin and progress of the newspaper press in France and Britain. Like other great discoveries, despised at first and of no account, it has gradually assumed an importance which is likely to increase rather than diminish with growing intelligence. Humble in its origin, and at the outset scarcely aiming at being more than the vehicle of gossip and mercantile announcements, it has now come to be the leader and guide of public opinion in many of the most important matters to which that opinion can be directed. Politics is not the only sphere to which the newspaper is now restricted. Science, the arts, literature, and philosophy, all lend their aid to furnish the banquet set before us in the newspaper columns. As regards the influence exercised by the newspaper editor, Napoleon made this forcible remark—'A journalist is a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets.' In the humbler office of exposing fraud and redressing wrong, the power of the press is not less felt. If public sympathy and benevolence are wished to be excited, the columns of the newspaper are the chosen vehicle. Is a grievance to be redressed, or an impostor exposed, the newspaper is at once called into requisition. In short, it is the most powerful as well as widely-spread influence which can be brought to bear on public opinion; and that

question which can enlist in its support the abilities of a large section of the newspaper press, is one the issue of which is no longer doubtful. Bulwer says—'It is a daily and sleepless watchman, that reports to you every danger that menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home or abroad; it informs legislation of public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution.' Let us venture to hope, in conclusion, that the influence of the newspaper will continue to be more and more exerted in a good cause and to a beneficial end; and that, itself the helper-on of a healthful intelligence, it will borrow increased honesty and purity with increased opportunities of extending its dominion over the minds of men.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

INTENDING in a subsequent number of the *INSTRUCTOR* to present the reader with a biographical sketch of that eminent Italian poet Torquato Tasso, we take the present opportunity of inserting from the *Dublin University Magazine* an interesting incident in his life, recorded in that admirable periodical several years ago, by the pen of that talented authoress, Miss Pardoe:—

It was evening; and a bright moon, riding through a sky whose deep blue was unsullied by a single cloud, shed its flood of clear cold light over the fair city of Florence; brought into strong and bold relief the outline of the lofty hills by which it is partially surrounded; gave to the villa-studded plain, which stretched towards Pisa, the aspect of a sheet of molten silver; made the fairy bridge of the Trinity look like a band of ivory linking together the two shores of the lovely Arno, whose mimic waves were dancing and crisping beneath the splendour of the hour; slept upon the lofty tower of the Cathedral; and relieved, by its bright flakes of light, and the long deep shadows with which they were contrasted, the heavy Tuscan architecture of the ducal palace.

In a spacious apartment of that regal habitation, and beside a high-arched casement, which was widely opened to admit the moonlight that poured across the tapestry-covered floor, sat a lady, so beautiful, that although forty summers had already passed over her head, and that the traces of both care and passion were written upon her brow, she seemed to have defied alike time and trial to rob her of her haughty and excelling loveliness. It was the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the wife of Francesco de Medici, the celebrated and worthless Bianca Capella, of whom it has been said, by an accomplished writer of the present day, that 'her story was a romance, and her death a tragedy.' Further within the chamber, and beyond the influence of the cold light which rested upon the person of the lady, reclined a man, some four or five years her junior, whose lofty and well-proportioned figure gave a promise of strength and vigour which was negatived by the worn and languid, although handsome, countenance above it. The extraordinary magnificence of his dress, and the majestic grace of his bearing, would at once have distinguished him as the sovereign of the Grand Duchy, and the representative of the princely line of the Medici, without the witness of the elaborately-carved shield, bearing the arms of his house, by which the tall back of the large oaken chair in which he sat was surmounted, and which was fully revealed in the strong light of a silver lamp, that was suspended from the ceiling immediately above it. He held a paper in his hand, upon which he occasionally dropped his heavy eyes, though rather, as it seemed, instinctively, than from any inclination to decipher its contents. But there was yet another individual in the chamber, standing a few paces distant from the regal pair, and immediately in front of the Grand Duchess, whose nobility, based upon a genius which was to render him immortal, was, nevertheless, not sufficiently recognised at that moment to entitle him to a seat in so august a presence. The person in question wore a

plain dress of black velvet, closely fitted to his tall and elastic figure, which was gracefully rather than powerfully moulded, and was principally conspicuous for the exquisite symmetry of his limbs, and for a certain expression of lofty and powerful intellect, which made him, despite the elevated rank and sumptuous apparel of his companions, by far the most prominent and interesting figure of the group. If, however, this were the first impression produced by the appearance of the individual under mention, a second glance complicated the feeling of the observer; for there was a wild and wandering expression in his large dark eye, and an occasional restlessness in his manner, which told that the flame within burned at times too fiercely for the goodly lamp from whence it emanated, and that it had been fed so lavishly as to endanger all within the sphere of its influence. Such was Torquato Tasso, as, in the year 1585, the immortal author of *The Gerusalemme Liberata* stood a suppliant before the sovereigns of Tuscany.

The ducal houses of Medici and Ferrara had been long at feud; and Tasso had warmly espoused the party of his friend and patron, Alfonso, duke of Ferrara, to whom, in terms of grateful affection, he had dedicated his wondrous epic; whose sister he had loved even to madness; and in whose cause he had put forth several writings, in which he had deeply wounded the pride of the Florentine nobility. The aberration of intellect, of which he had been occasionally the victim, since the discovery of his ill-fated passion, and the imprisonment by which it was followed, had so thoroughly unsettled his tastes and habits, that, pursued by imaginary evils, he had wandered to Turin, to Rome, and thence to Sorrento; but the magnet around which all the deepest feelings of his nature unceasingly revolved, drew him back once more to Ferrara, where the violence of his passion for the Princess Leonora displayed itself so publicly that he was carried, as a lunatic, to the Hospital of St Anne. The hypochondriacal malady deepened upon him in his compulsory solitude; but, conscious that his incarceration, far from originating in vindictiveness on the part of Alfonso, had been designed by that prince rather as a boon than a punishment, he employed his weary leisure in writing letters to the Italian courts, imploring their interference to terminate a captivity which he believed to be rapidly undermining his reason. His entreaties were at length complied with, and on the occasion of the marriage of Donna Virginia de Medici with Don Cesare d'Este, Tasso withdrew to Mantua; and a short time afterwards, when a reconciliation was effected between the houses of Medici and Ferrara, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany having expressed a wish to see the author of the *Gerusalemme*, he was invited to Florence by the sovereign, who seldom suffered a request of Bianca to remain unsatisfied; while Tasso, on his side, probably feeling that Ferrara was no longer to him the home which it had once been, and still imbued with that love of wandering which had of late years formed so conspicuous a feature of his character, readily yielded himself to the invitation; and was so courteously received by the beautiful Bianca, that, after celebrating her attractions in a score of deathless lyrics, he resolved to offer his services to Francis, and attached himself to the court of Tuscany.

As the project presented itself, he ascertained that the Della Cruscan Academy, which had constituted itself the supreme court of criticism in Italy—perhaps, partly moved by a desire to ensure its own popularity among the patricians of Florence, whom he had so deeply offended—had resolved to subject to the ordeal of their shallow and verbal analysis, the *Gerusalemme*; and great was the contempt in which he individually held their decisions, Tasso was, nevertheless, aware that their verdict might operate unfavourably upon the mass of his countrymen, who were either too indolent or too prejudiced to form their own unbiased judgment upon a work in which he had woven the brightest portion of his genius. Can it be wondered at that this reflection gave strength to his determination? He hesitated no longer. He at once addressed a letter to Francis, in which he implored his protection against the attacks which he had been taught to expect, and which

were to involve both his person and his writings; and, in return for this concession, he volunteered to devote all his energies, both of body and mind, to the interests of Tuscany. But the Grand Duke had appropriated the affront which Tasso had offered to the Florentine aristocracy; and not even the entreaties of his consort could shake his resolution for revenge upon the unhappy poet. Vanity, ambition, and the love of power, alike urged Bianca to persevere in her endeavour to procure the reception of Tasso as an accredited member of the court. Every endeavour, both on her part and on that of the poet himself, had hitherto failed; and it had been with considerable difficulty that the Grand Duke had been induced to grant the interview which we are about to describe, and which had commenced by a presentation of the petition which Francis held in his hand, and over which, as he received it from the poet, he had glanced his eye listlessly, and with a stolid expression of countenance, which almost rendered words superfluous. ‘I cannot entertain the prayer with honour to myself,’ he said, coldly, as he slowly raised his heavy eyelids, and looked from the paper which he held towards the poet; ‘for not even your skill, sir bard, can blind me to the fact, that we of Florence are indebted to the reconciliation which we have just effected with the house of Ferrara, for the proffer of Torquato Tasso's services.’

‘I came to Florence by your highness's invitation,’ was the somewhat haughty reply.

‘I admit the fact; but it is not the less certain, that in the feud which has so long divided the courts of Ferrara and Tuscany, you have little served my interests, either by word or pen; and surely you, the friend of princes, and the lyrist of royal dames, would not lean your fortunes upon the nobili artisti of Florence,* or il giogo della nuova tirannide della casa Medici—I believe that I do not err in thus reporting your own words!'

‘We must strive to overlook the intemperance of his language in the brilliancy of his genius,’ said Bianca, with a gracious smile, intended to blunt the edge of the Grand Duke's sarcasm. ‘Suffer the graceful compositions which he has lately addressed to myself, my lord, to counteract in your mind the hasty expressions wrung from him by party feeling.’

‘If report wrong him not,’ pursued Francis, who evidently entertained a great distaste for the poet, ‘his homage to the sex does not always confine itself to adulatory sonnets, even where the strong barriers of birth and station might compel him to a more guarded worship; and your highness has rather to thank his necessities than his sincerity for the verbal incense which he has offered at your shrine.’

As the Grand Duke spoke, Tasso advanced a couple of paces toward him; his eye burned with light, his lofty figure dilated, and he crushed between his hands the velvet cap which he had withdrawn on his entrance into the apartment. Every nerve quivered, and his beauty was almost fearful, as he shook back the dark mass of curling hair which fell low along his cheeks; while a smile, that was half bitterness and half defiance, played about his lip. The eyes of Francis were fixed upon him at the moment; for he designed that not only the irony with which he spoke, but also the subject to which he had made allusion, should wound the sensitive spirit of his listener; yet, nevertheless, there was something so overpowering in the wild emotion which his words had conjured up, that he suffered himself to be interrupted, almost unconsciously, when the poet vehemently exclaimed—

‘You do well to reproach me, my lord duke, and to cast back upon my spirit the load which it has long been striving to shake off. It is true that I have loved—deeply and passionately—as those only can love who look beyond earth and earthly things for fuel to feed the fire which consumes them. I have loved and suffered. The heart does not study place or pedigree when it gives itself away; for, where it is warm and honest, it must, in every case,

* Tasso, during the courtly controversy, in which he supported the party of his patron, has so designated the Florentine nobility.

ennoble the object of its worship. And yet, men who bow down before an ermine-bordered mantle and a glittering star, called it *madness* in Torquato Tasso to love perfection because it was so robed. Out on the sycophants! One throb of such a passion was worth the lip-service of a century.'

The enthusiast paused for a moment, and the Grand Duke was about to speak, when the Lady Bianca, whose flashing eye and burning cheek betrayed how deeply she had been moved by the energy of the poet, made a gesture of silence, as she looked imploringly towards her consort.

'And what though I stand before your highness, proffering fealty to the house of Medici?' pursued Tasso, proudly; 'I am no vulgar plebeian, unworthy of the service that I seek. I am the son of that Bernardo Tasso, who, not content with the unsullied nobility of his birth, rendered himself honoured by his virtues and distinguished by his genius, and upon whose tomb it was held sufficient to inscribe the words, *Ossa Bernardi Tassi*. For myself, my lord, my only crime has been that I have clung too closely to the cause which I espoused; but, surely, if your highness hath found it meet to extend the hand of fellowship to the sovereign of Ferrara, it may be also fitly granted to those to whom he had vouchsafed his friendship!'

'Tasso pleads well, my lord,' said the Grand Duchess, 'and, I trust, not vainly. As he has truly stated, he is no common suppliant; his fame is bruted throughout Italy; and if he be but just to his own powers, he will be an ornament to the court of Tuscany.'

'The Academy judges otherwise,' said Francis, dryly.

A withering curl of scorn played about the mouth of the poet. 'And shall a Medici bow down his judgment to such a fiat?' he exclaimed, contemptuously. 'Shall a Medici consent to test the outpourings of genius by the verdict of a bench of dullards, who allow the bright spark of thought emitted by the spirit to escape them, while they are struggling amidst the sea of words upon which it scintillates? Shall a Medici content himself to deal with those emanations of intellect with which the Creator has permitted his creatures, from time to time, to light up the dull materialism of a sensual and selfish world, as the schoolboy cons his daily task? What are love, ambition, fame—save as the spirit robes them with its own brightness, and invests them with its glory? What is even life itself, save a hideous skeleton, until the glowing draperies of mind have been flung over it, and lent a grandeur and grace to the crudo mass beneath them? Let the Della Cruscan sages cavil at words—'tis their vocation—and the extent of their intellectual power will reach no further than to make them the world's gibe; but the house of Medici, and the author of the *Gerusalemme*, look for a worthier and a prouder immortality!'

'I am content to share mine with the Academy,' was the cold reply of the Grand Duke. 'We will detain you no longer, sir. Her highness thanks you for the courtly phrases in which you have done her homage; and I add my own acknowledgments for the proffer you made of your talents and services to the Court of Tuscany. While you continue in Florence all honour shall be paid to you as my invited guest, even by the *nobilità artisti*, for whom you have expressed so sovereign a contempt; but I cannot interfere with the decisions of the Academy.'

'I shall not urge you farther, my lord duke,' said the poet, 'nor will I longer intrude on your hospitality. Future will be the judge between me and my critics. Florence has granted a lordly tomb alike to Michael Angelo and to Machiavel; and perchance Rome will not refuse a resting-place to the ashes of Torquato Tasso.'

'You speak gloomily, signor,' said Bianca Capella, in her softest and most sympathising tone.

'Not so, madam, though perhaps somewhat solemnly; for such a grave as I aspire to gain will not be lightly won. Fare you well, lady. This was my last appeal, and to-morrow I depart. I leave my gratitude with your highnesses—it has been nobly earned, and regally compelled.'

'At least, sir poet, wear this trinket to recall sometimes to your memory Bianca of Tuscany,' said the Grand Duchess, and while she spoke, she withdrew a heavy chain

of gold from her neck, which, as Tasso knelt before her, she flung over his head; and then, extending towards his small and beautiful hand, which he pressed with reverence to his lips, she added, graciously—'Whatever may be the decree of the Academy, rest assured that you leave behind you warm friends in Florence, who will rejoice in your prosperity.'

'Heaven prosper the Grand Duchy!' murmured Tasso in a low deep voice; and, when he had risen from his knee, and made a profound obedience to Francis de Medicis, which was courteously but coldly returned, he quite of the apartment, and hurriedly withdrew from the precincts of the palace.

Early on the morrow, Tasso was on his way to Rome.

THE EFFECT OF FREE TRADE IN GLASS.

An example will serve to show how the supply of a article may indefinitely increase without meeting the demand, and how the profit of the maker and the wages of the artisan may be found compatible with an indefinite reduction of prices. It is a comparison of the plate-glass trade in 1827 and 1846. It must be premised that, in 1827, a ton of coals cost at the works 30s.—now only 13s. The difference in the price of pearl-ashes is almost as great. The chief difference, however, is the great improvement in the methods of manufacture, in the use of larger furnaces, melting-pots, steam-engines, grinding and polishing benches. The result is, that whereas large plates were then made with great difficulty, they are now made with perfect facility; the manufacturer then kept a large supply on hand—now they can only supply their customers from hand to mouth, and that with difficulty. Wages were then comparatively low; now, though of course not so much per foot, they are high. The prosperity of the trade has been progressive. In 1827, glass sold for about 12s. per foot, to the extent of about 5000 feet per week. In 1836 for 8s. or 9s., to the amount of 7000 per week. In 1844 from 6s. or 7s., to about 28,000 feet per week. In 1846 for 5s. or 6s., to about 40,000 feet, *exclusive of foreign glass*. There can be no doubt, then, in a few years the demand will increase, and the price fall, till every small tradesman has plate-glass, not only in his shop, but also in his parlour, or even in his bedroom, with a great increase of his comfort, and without much extravagance. Even at the present prices, at 5s. or 6s. per foot, builders are recommending the use of plate-glass, by the argument that, in a few years, the want of it will be remarkable.—Times.

TAILORING MACHINE.

The Boston correspondent of the *Worcester Spy* (American paper) writes as follows:—'I have been examining a new machine for sewing, which has recently been invented and constructed by an ingenious mechanic of Cambridge. So far as I am informed on the subject, this is the first attempt to construct a machine of the kind, and it appears to me to be an eminently successful one. The machine is very compact, not occupying a space of more than about six inches each way. It runs with so much ease, that I should suppose that one person might easily operate twenty or thirty of them, and the work is done in a most thorough and perfect manner. Both sides of a seam look alike, appearing to be beautifully stitched, and the seam is closer and more uniform than when sewed by hand. It will sow straight or curved seams with equal facility, and so rapidly that it takes but two minutes to sew the whole length of the outside seam of a pair of men's pantaloons. It sets 400 stitches in a minute with perfect ease, and the proprietor thinks there is no difficulty in setting 700 in a minute. The thread is less worn by this process than by hand-sewing, and consequently retains more of its strength. The simplicity of the construction of this machine, and the accuracy, rapidity, and perfection of its operation, will place it in the same rank as the card-machine, the straw-braider, the pin-machine, and the coach-lace loom, machines which never fail to command the admiration of every intelligent beholder.'

A GENERAL ANSWER TO PARTICULAR QUESTIONS.

At the conclusion of this our Third Volume, we take the opportunity addressing a few words to our readers, relating both to ourselves & to those who have during eighteen months cheered us on in our duos but at the same time pleasant duties. We are not without fears that some of our friends may entertain the opinion that on several occasions we have been less attentive to the communications they have sent us than we ought to have been; but when we state that the great majority of those to which we here refer have been in our own praise, & hope to be forgiven for any seeming indifference or neglect on this score. There is nothing more difficult than for an editor to sit down day after day and answer communications congratulating him on the success he displays in conducting the publication with which he may be connected; and these, however flattering to the individual, can be of interest whatever to the public. To such friends, whom we shall call the *laudatory*, we beg to be excused for our seeming want of courtesy, assuring them that although like other people susceptible of flattery, want of time, apart altogether from modesty, must plead our excuse for giving a general answer.

The next class, which we may designate the *serviceable*, and whom, we are happy to say, are (barring our poetical friends) by far the most numerous, we have sometimes felt ashamed of our carelessness in referring to, when such questions are put to us, as 'How can I best serve you?' or 'Let me know if there is anything I can do to aid you in your praiseworthy exertions to impart a healthier tone to the cheap literature of the day.' While to the kind and well-meaning individuals so write in such terms as these, we cannot but feel deeply indebted, we must frankly tell them that they are the parties best qualified to judge of the aid which they can render. They know the principles on which the *Instructor* is conducted, and till we are aware what they are capable of doing, it is impossible for us to say how their assistance can be made available. There is one general reply, however, which we can give, not only to those who have already volunteered their aid, but to all who are interested in our success, viz., that each one will use his or her influence to add one or more names to the list of our subscribers, 'his we respectfully request as the most effective aid which can be rendered us.'

There are others, again, whom we may style the *unknown*, and who appear before us under the signatures of 'A Friend,' 'A Reader,' 'A subscriber,' &c. To these an answer can only be given in a general way, their *incognito* preventing a private one. If the *modesty* of such persons prevents them from favouring us with their address, our *safety* from imposition must form our excuse for not paying attention to such communications. We have received several valuable papers in this way, which we have refrained from making use of, solely on the ground that as the writers did not think them worthy of their name, on that very account we do not think them worthy of insertion. Of course it will be understood that we do not wish the name for publication, but merely as a guarantee, in some measure, for the accuracy of the information conveyed. It will in future be distinctly understood, then, that no communication, unless accompanied with the name and address of the writer, can be attended to.

There is another class of communications, the receipt of which gives us not a little uneasiness. These come from parties who may be styled the *annoyed*. We refer to our friends who reside in thinly populated districts, where there is no bookseller, or, as sometimes happens, where there is one who considers it not worth his while to be troubled ordering, it may be, only a copy or two of the *Instructor*. We have in numerous instances recommended such parties to endeavour to get a few subscribers from among their acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and hand the names of these to a bookseller, or, where there is no such person, to transmit the same to one in the nearest town, who will have no difficulty in getting the requisite number forwarded. We could mention several instances where this plan has been successfully adopted, with very little trouble; but the initiatory step must in all such cases be taken by those wishing the work. There are other parties who complain that on application for the early numbers, or for odd numbers to complete sets, they are told these cannot be procured. We beg to inform all who have to complain of this, that the blame in all such cases rests with the bookseller, as a *single* number, as well as the whole, can at all times be had on application by any bookseller to the agent through whom he is supplied.

So much for our correspondents. We will now devote a few lines to ourselves. As to the past, all parties can and will judge for themselves; for would we have here reverted to it, had it not been to say, that the volume of the *Instructor* now concluded has been in one respect under a different superintendence from the first two, and that the same management will be continued in future; the publisher being the only

party who is responsible for what appears in its pages. He believes that the articles which have appeared in the *Instructor* during the last six months, will stand comparison with those which appeared in the first two volumes; and at the same time he can assure the numerous parties who have supported him since the commencement of the publication, that at no period in its history has such an array of talent been employed in its service as at the present moment. The position which the publication has assumed among the cheap periodicals of the day demands this, and it shall ever be his aim, as it is unquestionably his interest, to maintain and if possible improve the character of the work.

Since we commenced our labours, the cheap literature of the country has been greatly on the increase. On this point we have no paltry jealousy, as we feel satisfied each publication will ultimately meet with that share of support to which its merits entitle it. We cannot but lament, however, that so much of what is, to speak in the mildest terms, pernicious to the morality of the rising generation, should meet with so ready a welcome, particularly in England, and that in the struggle at present going on for supremacy, the talented and enterprising publisher of the *Penny Magazine* should have felt it necessary to discontinued that excellent periodical. In an address to the reader, in the last part of this work (which has been ably conducted for fourteen years), Mr Charles Knight says, that during the hygine year it has met with a 'scarcely remunerating sale,' though the success of the Magazine for the last twelve months was greater than during the preceding year. We are told that there are now 73 weekly sheets issued in London, while in 1844 there were only 60. Had the object of these been the elevation of the people in religious and moral feelings, we would have hailed with gratitude the increase to the number; but, alas! from the picture which Mr Knight draws of the present state of matters, we regret that there should be one instead of scores of such a character. He says—

'There are manufactories in London where hundreds of teams of vile paper and printing issue weekly, where large bodies of children are employed to arrange types at the wages of shirtmakers, from copy furnished by the most ignorant at the wages of scavengers. In truth, such writers, if they deserve the name of writers, are scavengers. All the garbage that belongs to the history of crime and misery is linked together to diffuse a moral miasma through the land, in the shape of the most vulgar and brutal fiction. "Penny Magazines," and "Edinburgh Journals," and "Weekly Instructions," and "People's Journals," have little chance of circulating amongst the least informed class, who most require sound knowledge, while the Booksellers' shops are filled with such things as " " " and " " " and twenty others, all of the same exciting (and debasing) character to the young and ignorant. But the detrimental exercise of the printing-press is only to be met by its wholesome employment. We have no fear for the righteous cause of cheap literature.'

This is certainly a lamentable state of things; and with the public and the public alone, rests the cure. Although the demand for such sheets as those above described prevails to the largest extent in England, we are aware that very considerable numbers find their way to all quarters of the country; and on all who have the present and future welfare of the community at heart, devolves a share of the responsibility to check such an injustice perpetrated on the young and the ignorant. The excuse cannot be pled that the people will have reading of some sort, and that they must take such as they can find. No. Let us feel thankful that amid so much that is positively ruinous to both soul and body, there are to be found several of an opposite character. We by no means insinuate that we are the only parties capable of imparting salutary and sound information; but this we unhesitatingly assert, that there is a serious responsibility attaching to parents, ministers of religion, teachers of youth, and all concerned in the welfare of the great body of the people, vigorously to use the influence they possess in directing the attention of all with whom they come in contact to those channels of information and amusement which they feel assured will aid in rectifying the evil. We take the liberty of pressing this matter seriously on the attention of our readers; and let no one say he can do nothing to remedy such a state of things. The industrious and hard-wrought mechanics of the country have been of late turning their attention to the inroads making on their respective trades. Are the cheap-publication manufactories in London not a fit subject for their investigation? We will conclude by quoting the words of the late Dr Arnold of Rugby, than whom no one ever had a clearer insight into the means which ought to be adopted in the education and training of the young. Dr A. says, 'Childishness in boys, even of good abilities, seems to me to be a growing fault; and I do not know what to ascribe it to except to the great number of exciting books of amusement. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetite of a boy who is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, but for good literature of all sorts.'

J. H.

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END OF VOLUME III.

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